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Movie Mirror

LMLAND'S MOST BEAUTIFUL MAGAZINE

MAY

10 CENTS

Vol 2

APR 21 1932

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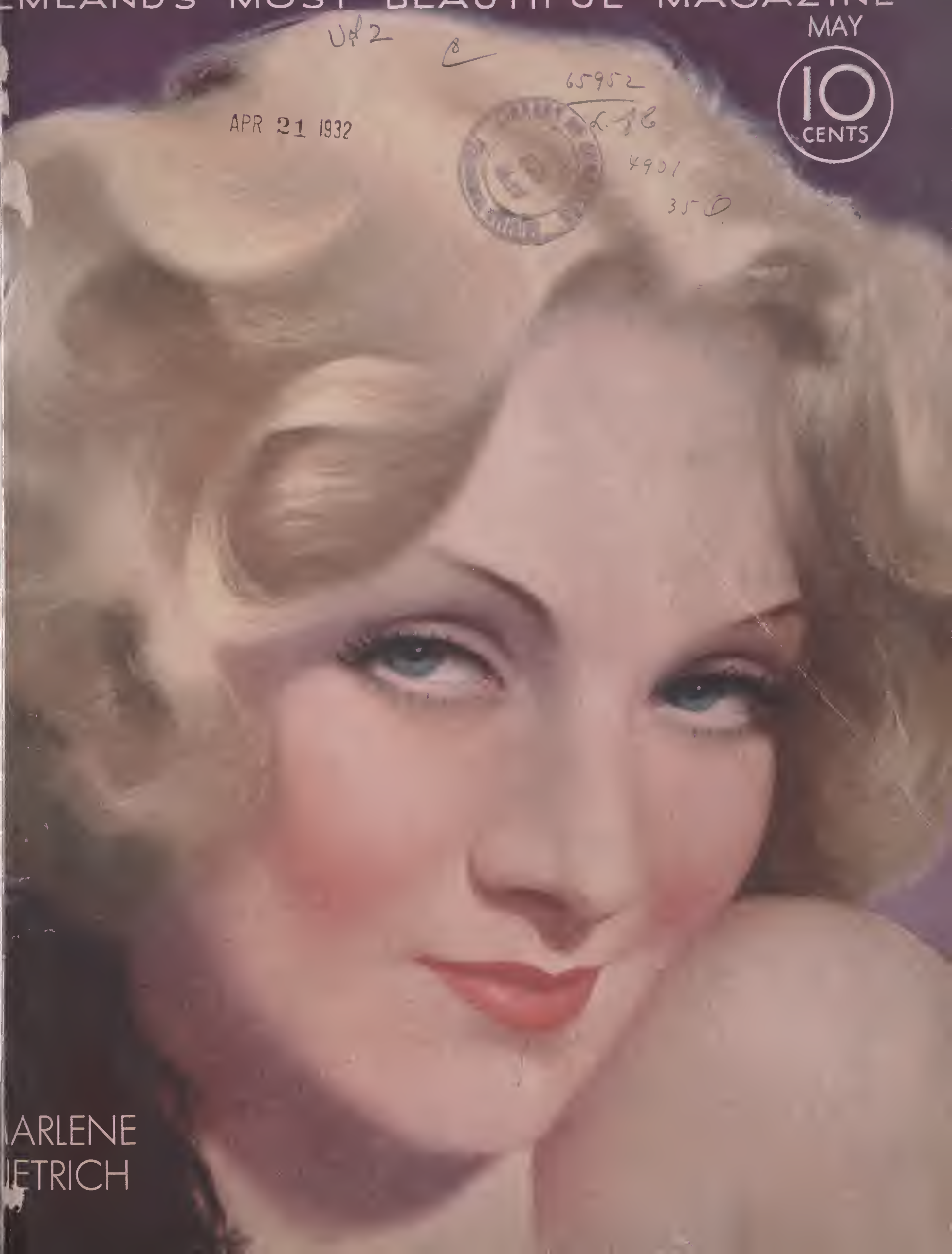

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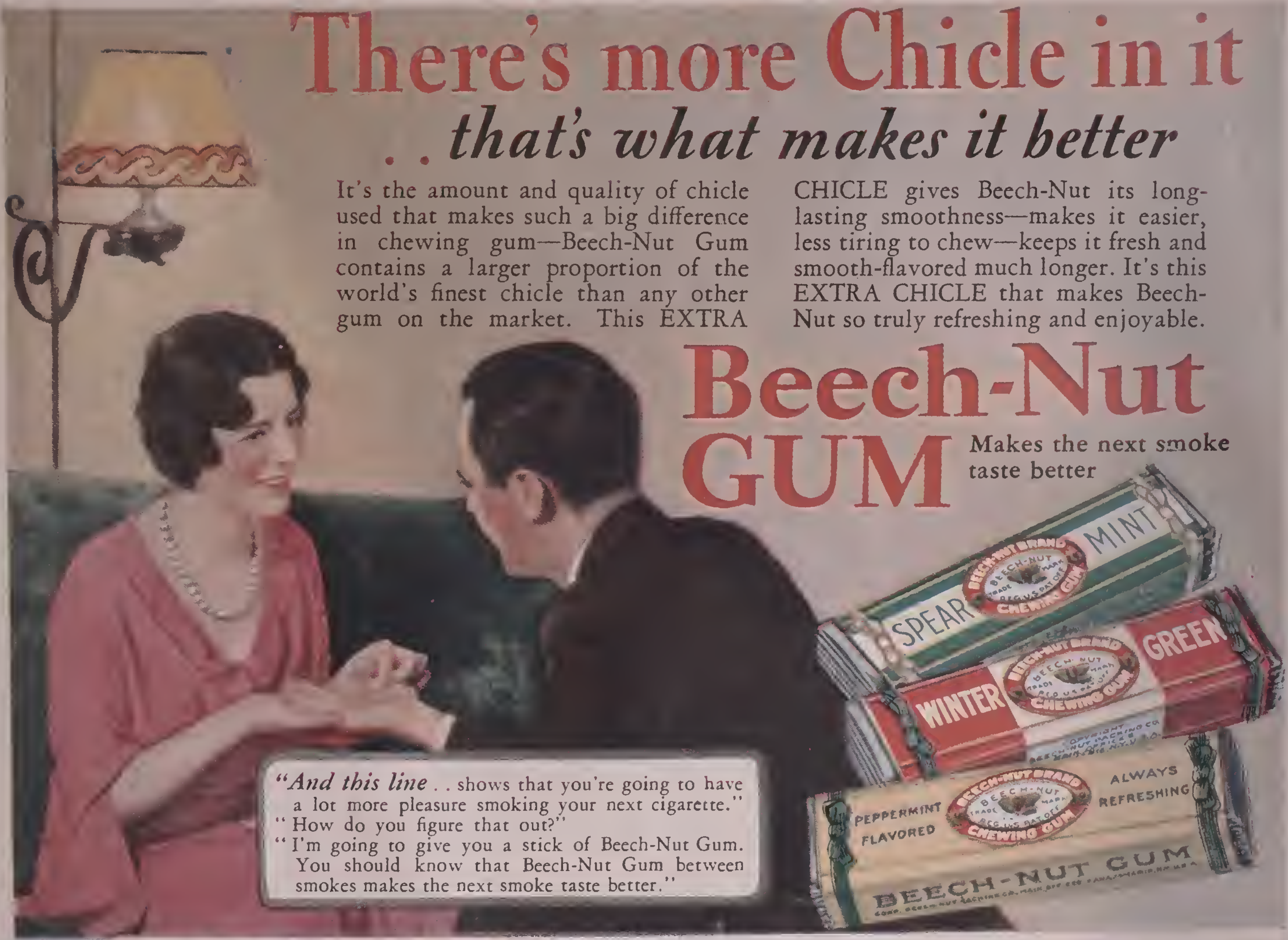
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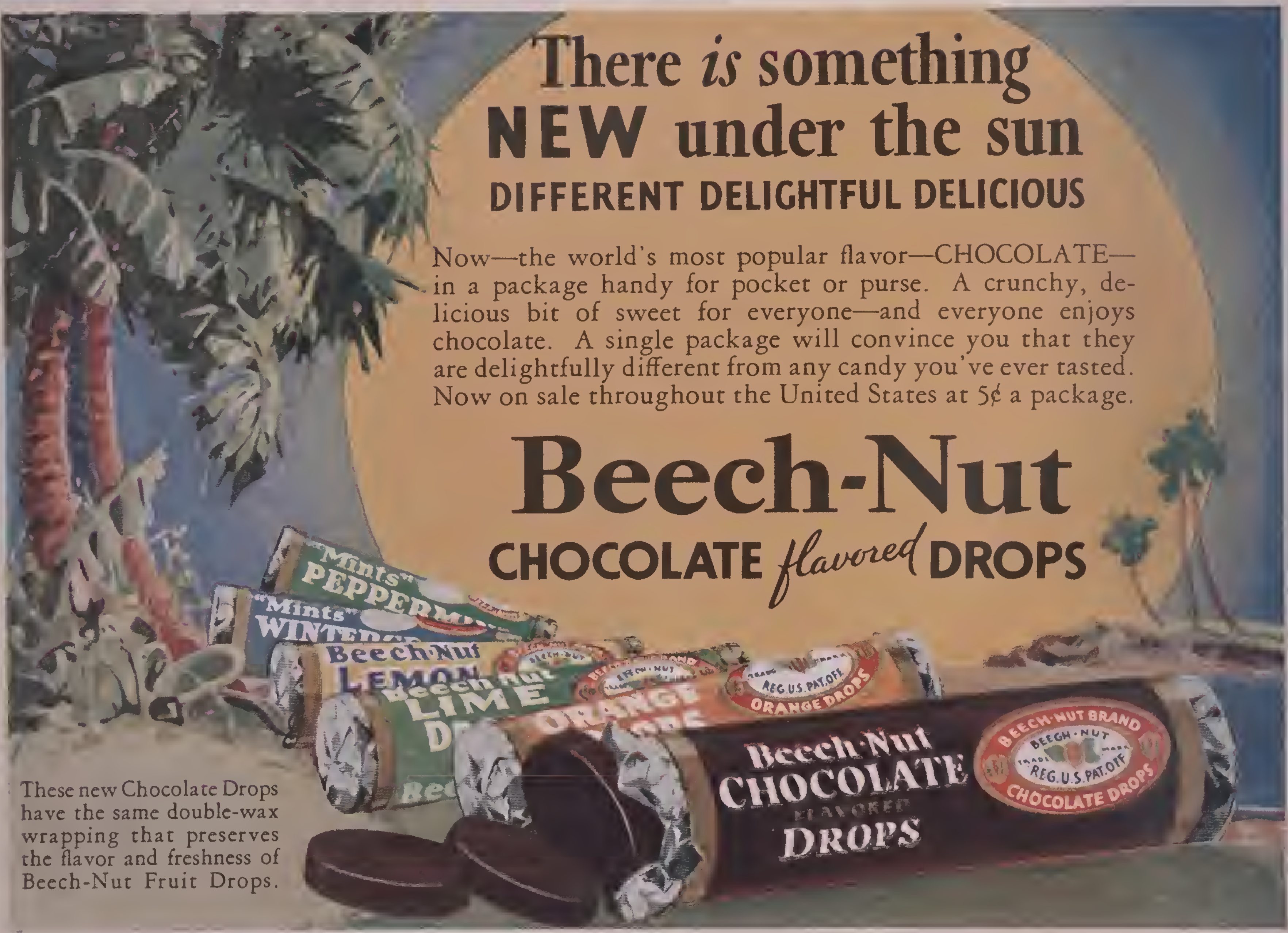
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From the play by KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN and CHARLOTTE THOMPSON
Screen Play by S. N. BEHRMAN and SONYA LEVIEN

FOX

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Movie Mirror

FILMLAND'S MOST BEAUTIFUL MAGAZINE

VOL. 2, No. 1

MAY 1932

HARRY LANG
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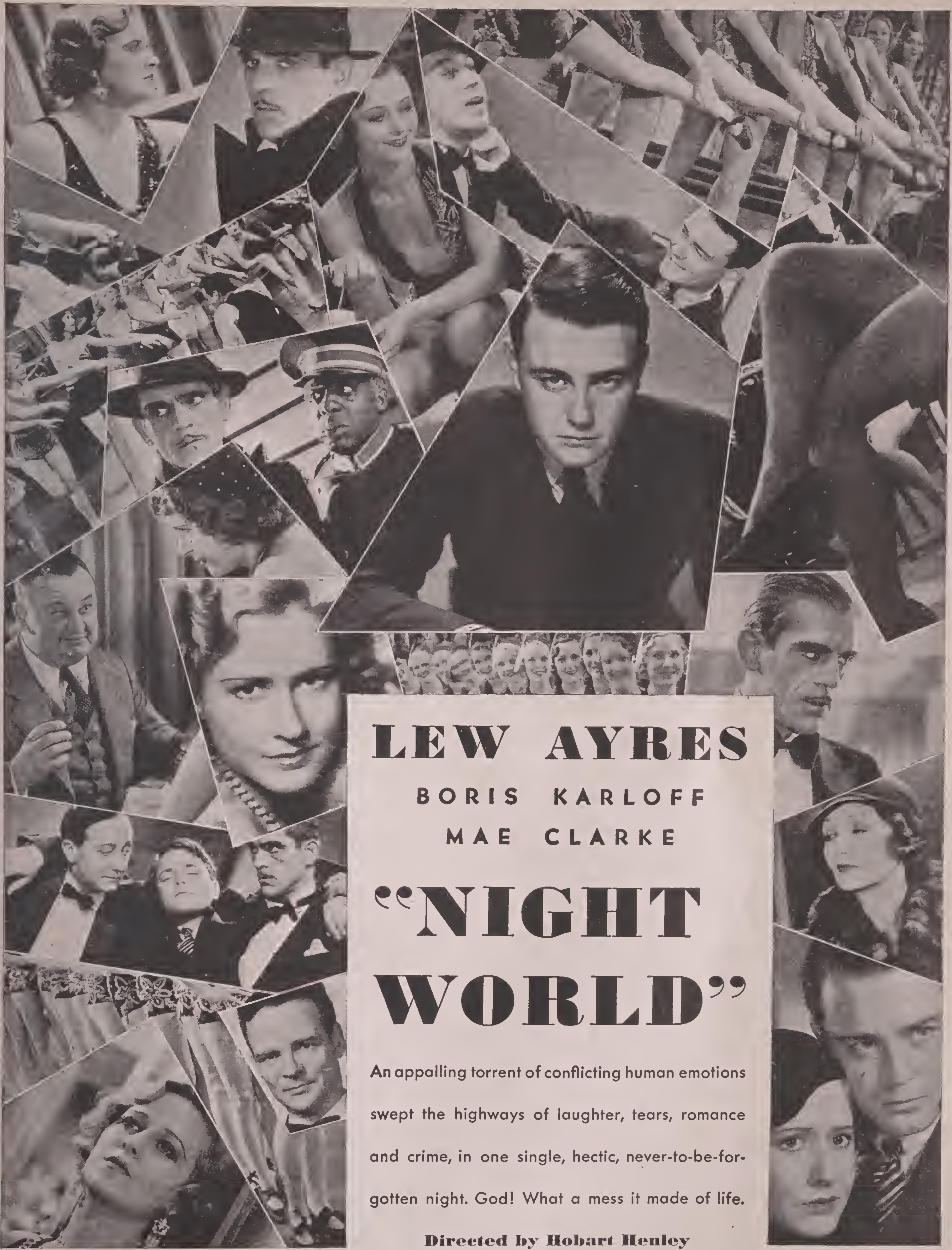

LEW AYRES

BORIS KARLOFF

MAE CLARKE

"NIGHT WORLD"

An appalling torrent of conflicting human emotions swept the highways of laughter, tears, romance and crime, in one single, hectic, never-to-be-forgotten night. God! What a mess it made of life.

Directed by Hobart Henley

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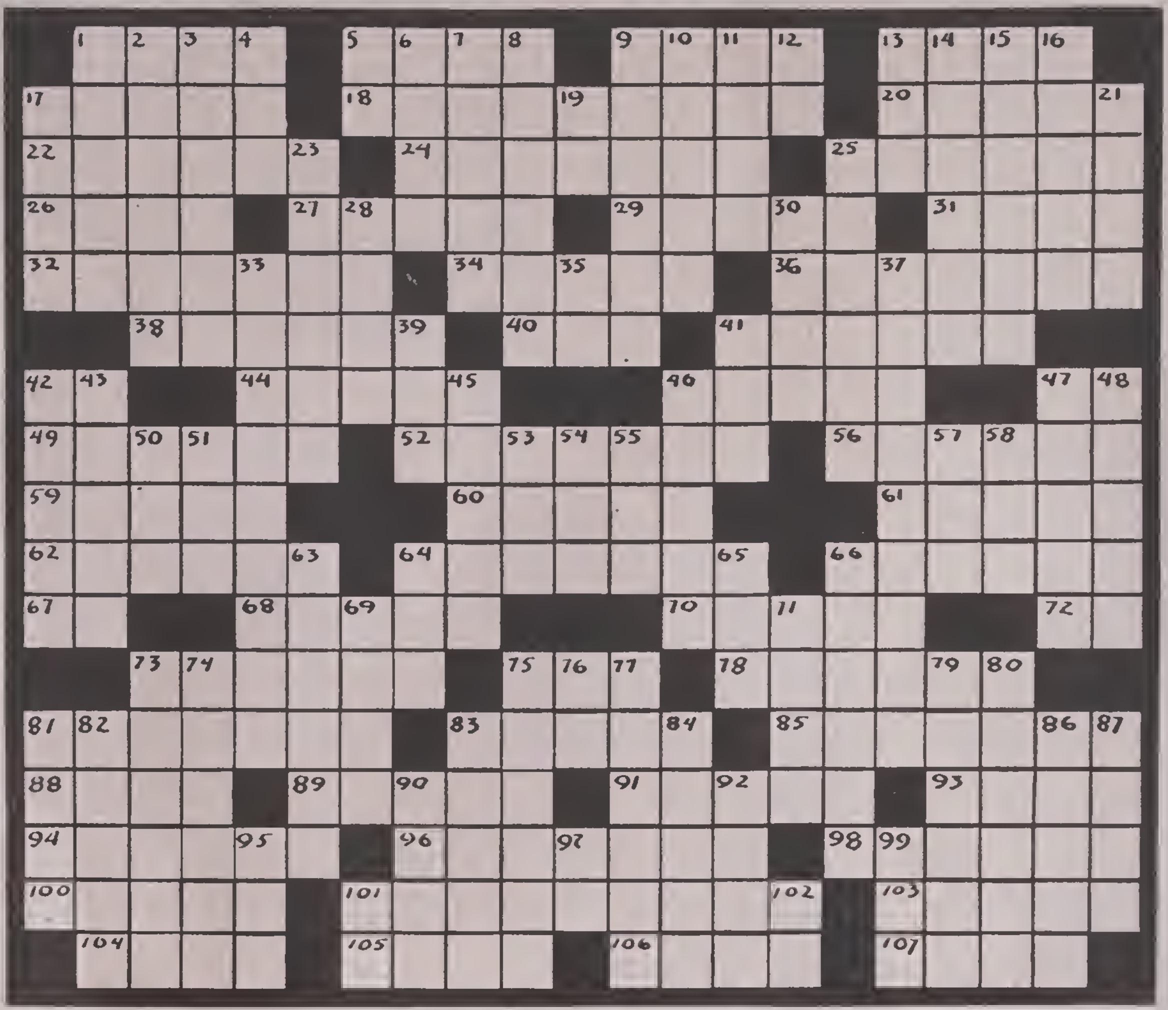
MOVIE FAN'S CROSSWORD PUZZLE

By Alma Talley

1 Down

82 Down



20 Across

66 Across

ACROSS

1 "This is the Mrs." in Ben Lyon's house.
5 Seaweed.
9 A thick slice.
13 Malt liquors.
17 A monk.
18 Lionel and John, of the movies.
20 Mrs. Irving Thalberg.
22 Lounged.
24 To take.
25 Loud breathing in sleep (pl.).
26 Is indebted to.
27 Breadth.
29 To instruct.
31. A woman star's undies are probably made of this.
32 Made angry.
34 A tree.
36 Regrets.
38 Odors.
40 A great contrast to no.
41 Pertain to.
42 Like.
44 Rest.
46 Is sensitive to.
47 What you say to your noisy neighbor at the movies.
49 You'll find these in jungle films.
52 Mrs. Edmund Lowe.
56 A line
59 Good-bye.
60 Dissipated men.
61 Filled in with glass (as windows).
62 The men who take care of the lions in a circus.
64 Becomes lenient.
66 Samuel Goldwyn's male star.
67 Printer's measure.
68 To plant deeply.
70 A luring lady.
72 Note of the scale.
73 Refused.
75 To take a light meal.
78 Male lead in "Private Lives."
81 Your nerves get this way after an all night party.
83 Part of a flower.
85 Malady.
88 A male screen star wears this around his hat.
89 June Collyer's new married name.
91 Has gotten up.
93 Lawrence, Alexander, and Gilda—also a color.
94 Endowed.
96 Louise Fazenda's home state.
98 A talkie Irene Rich played in for Fox.
100 Fleet animals.
101 Rising.
103 To operate (as an axe).
104 A woody plant.
105 The villain's facial expression.
106 Therefore.
107 After the final close-up, the picture does this.

DOWN

1 Joe E., the comedian with the broad grin.
2 The girl who made good in "Bad Girl"
3 A tree.
4 Before.
5 College degree.
6 Animal fat used in cooking.
7 The greatest actress of the screen.
8 Coyly.
9 Strikes.
10 A sweetheart.
11 Surface.
12 Part of to be.
13 Star of "Devotion."
14 Untie.
15 Sinning.
16 Small fish.
17 Floating ice.
19 Biblical pronoun.
21 Inquires.
23 Resides.
25 Lots of these are fired in war films.
28 Not working, like so many actors.
30 An Indian tribe.
33 A ham actor is always doing this with his hands.
35 Of, as Chevalier says it.
37 Delays.
39 Put.
41 The Lyon that Bebe tamed.
42 To moderate.
43 A style of automobile.
45 Peeled.
46 Goes without food.
47 Something you must learn to do in school.
48 Her last name is Hopper.
50 Object, purpose.
51 To notice.
53 The sun.
54 Color.
55 The people girls marry.
57 Sped.
58 The ex-Mrs. John Gilbert.
63 Looked pleased.
64 The color of a star's lipstick.
65 Honorary title.
66 Put together again—as a book.
69 A malt beverage.
71 Tom Mix always did this on Tony.
73 Temper (colloquial).
74 To last.
75 The one whose address is on the back of a letter.
76 Where you go in an airplane.
77 A group of people marching.
79 To get back.
80 Covered with a viscous mixture (feathers sometimes go with it).
81 In bed.
82 Fox's most popular star.
83 Because.
84 An ocean steamship.
86 What a boat does.
87 Peered at.
90 Full of knowledge.
92 Lawrence Tibbett did this in the opera.
95 Compass point.
97 Inside of.
99 A female sheep.
101 Our most famous Mammy singer.
102 Towards.

The answer to this puzzle will appear next month. On page 108 you'll find the answer to last month's.

Help Yourself to a Half Hour!

Or even fifteen minutes. Anyway, while you're getting these perfectly irresistible magazines—*Love Mirror* and *Movie Mirror*—look around.

We know you'll relish taking *Movie Mirror*, retiring to a big easy chair, and devouring every sparkling page.

BUT, while you are in the store in which you bought this magazine, help yourself to a few pleasurable moments. *Movie Mirror* and *Love Mirror* are fine. Certainly. But do you know that this store has as many as *five thousand* other items on its counters?

Interesting things, useful things, artistic things for the kitchen, for the boudoir, for the toilet.

And they're all swell values—like *Love Mirror* and *Movie Mirror*. Just take a look. You'll be surprised . . .

And, once again, just a reminder that you get *Love Mirror* and *Movie Mirror*—out the *fifth of the month*—only in these stores:—

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Hot News!

By HARRY LANG

HOLLYWOOD—Last-minute news as Movie Mirror goes to press—

Here's your sit-up-and-cheer opportunity . . . Joan (them EYES!) Crawford and Robert (sic 'em, flappers!) Montgomery will co-star in "Letty Lynton" . . . and Nils (beating-the-accent) Asther will have a fat part too stop . . . do you or don't you care that the tentative title of the stage play Ruth Chatterton is to produce with Hubby Ralph Forbes in the leading rôle is "Let Us Divorce" question mark stop . . . by this time you *must* have heard Chatterton's remark when she saw tests of George (another Gable?) Brent . . . "where," asked Ruth, "has he been all my life?" . . . and demanded and got him for her first leading man on the Warner lot stop . . . Norma (planning film return) Talmadge and Hubby Joseph Schenck, divorcing, are arranging an amicable property settlement involving "more than a million" stop . . .

. . . Melvyn Douglas, who crashed through with such a grand performance in Gloria Swanson's "Tonight Or Never," gets a great big break . . . he'll be Garbo's leading man in "As You Desire Me" . . . Dorothy Mackaill off on a vaudeville tour . . . with Hubby Neil (Crooner) Miller . . . *and* a male quartette stop . . . so Stu Erwin is to be starred at last . . . Paramount's going to give him the title rôle in the talkie remake of "Merton of the Movies" . . . what a Merton Stu will make, eh question mark . . . and has Wifie June (beautiful-as-Stu-ain't!) Collyer quit the screen for good question mark exclamation point stop . . . maybe we'll see Erich Von Stroheim playing a rôle in Garbo's next . . . it's in the air stop . . . George (monocle) Arliss picked Mary Astor for his next leading lady . . . in "A Successful Calamity" stop . . .

. . . and didn't Hollywood and Park Avenue both buzz tongues when Virginia ("City Lights") Cherrill set out for the South Seas to join the yacht-cruising party on Vincent (count the millions!) Astor's boat . . . because William Rhinelander (social register) Stewart is atwitter stop . . . isn't spring grand question mark stop . . .

. . . Peggy (ex-another clarabow) Shannon goes to Fox on a long-term contract . . . and will be opposite Jimmy Dunn in "Society Girl" as her first stop . . . Look out, Great Britain . . . Stan Laurel and Oliver Babe Hardy are planning to visit London on their vacation . . . Laurel was born there, but it'll be Hardy's first trip abroad . . . they'll need the Leviathan stop . . . would you be surprised if Barbara (swellactress) Stanwyck and Hubby Frank Fay adopt a baby . . . well don't be . . . and don't say we didn't tell you stop . . .

. . . Chester (tight-lip) Morris and Richard (big boy) Arlen are to split the feature billing in "Come On Marines" which tells of the "devil-dogs" in—yep, you've guessed it!—China stop . . . Jack (big silence) Holt flew east to see his mother, seriously ill, in Virginia stop . . . Eugene (grumpy) Pallette has been in pictures 21 years and is now playing his 640th film rôle stop . . . well, Connie (wampas baby star) Cummings finally won out and got the lead rôle opposite Harold Lloyd in his comedy about Hollywood stop . . . Miriam (talk about S-A!) Hopkins got a new Paramount contract . . . of course stop . . . Bob (cigar) Woolsey and Bert (wifeless) Wheeler have bought an airplane . . . well anyway that still leaves Laurel and Hardy stop . . .

. . . Elissa (what if she *is* an emperor's grandchild?) Landi's new novel—yes, she writes too—is called "House For Sale" and is out this month . . . (no charge for the ad, Elissa) . . . Radio pictures have decided that Ann (wants to go back to the stage) Harding needs "more sophistication" . . . so they're going to dress her in sophisticated clothes in "Westward Passage" wait and see stop . . . add foreign importations: Adrianne Allen to Paramount and Phyllis Clare to Radio—both from the London stage stop . . . Colleen (honeymooner) Moore is to do a stage play on the Pacific Coast stop . . .

. . . the ashes of Otto Mattieson who died in an auto crash were sent back to his native Denmark stop . . . Erich Von Stroheim underwent two operations in quick succession for tumor stop . . . John (persistent papa) Barrymore's hip was wrenched when his auto ran into another in the Hollywood hills stop . . .

. . . Marion Nixon goes into the cast of the next Jimmy Cagney picture . . . which'll probably mean she'll get a sock or two . . . and at the same time Marion's dad gets sued for divorce and his wife says he bumped her head onna floor exclamation point stop . . . Greta (nordic) Nissen keeps on denying that she and Weldon Heyburn will lohengrin it stop . . . Polly (whittled-down nose) Moran got a new long-term contract at M-G-M . . . and so it's okeh that her next picture should be titled "Prosperity" stop . . .

. . . on his way to a preview of the latest picture in which he had a rôle, Character-Actor George MacFarlane stepped out of his car to mail a letter . . . another car ran him down . . . he died a few hours later in the hospital stop . . . there's a triple-Barrymore film in the making . . . Ethel, John and Lionel may all work in one picture for M-G-M . . . wotta cast wotta cast stop . . . Tom (bridegroom) Mix plans to remarry his new wife because they're not sure the Mexican marriage "took" stop . . .

. . . Edna (Chaplin's discovery) Purviance, seriously ill, with heart trouble, is being kept in ignorance of the sudden death of her father in northern California stop . . .

. . . Hubby Cedric Gibbons sent long cablegrams daily to Wifie Dolores Del Rio while she was in Honolulu shooting "The Bird of Paradise" . . . there's a romance that's lasting stop . . .

. . . the Chinese-Japanese war in the Orient is a mere nothing compared to the Chinese-Swedish imbroglio that happened when Radio pictures said they would give Swedish beauty Gwili Andre more important billing than Anna May Wong, in "The Roar of the Dragon" . . . "oh yeah?" said Anna May Wong, in her best Chinese, and walked out of the picture . . . so Gwili can have *all* the billing now stop . . .

. . . Victor McLaglen is to get $5000 a week for making a picture in London . . . too bad, this depression exclamation point stop . . . no end of troubles for poor Duncan ("Trader Horn") Renaldo . . . now that his marital troubles are fairly well settled, Uncle Sam accuses him of making false statements on the passport he got to go to Africa for the "Trader Horn" shooting stop . . . Ethel (one of the first stars) Clayton finally gets her divorce from Ian Keith . . . Ian is still aflutter about Fern Andra stop . . . figure it out if you can but Ramon Novarro will sing an Italian love song in "Huddle"—and it's a *football* picture stop . . . Joan Crawford signed a new contract with M-G-M . . . uh huh, more pay stop . . .

. . . you'll see Ro-ro-rosco Ates next in Radio's thriller, "Roadhouse Murder" stop . . . Uncle Sammie's lawmakers in Washington are getting all wrought up over foreign stars . . . want to know why Garbo and Chevalier and such can't take out American citizenship, as long as they're taking American paychecks . . . oh well stop . . . war or no war, Chinese flappers want to look like American movie queens . . . so from Shanghai to Hollywood came a makeup expert to learn from the Westmore Brothers and Max Factor, Hollywood star makers-up, how to do it . . . stop . . . Ann Harding and Hubby Harry Bannister announce they'll quit the movies *forever* in the middle of 1933, when Ann's contract with Radio expires stop . . . the Chinese government has been offering big pay to Hollywood's stunt aviators to come and fly their war planes . . . but the stunt aviators feel movie checks are fat enough stop . . . Sylvia Sidney's fan-mail is now the biggest on the Paramount lot stop . . . and the latest crack at Greta Garbo was uttered by William Haines, no less, when a friend commented on a new pair of shoes Bill was wearing . . . "Oh, just breaking them in for Greta," said Will . . . and was that nice question mark stop . . .

. . . Before Ralph Forbes appears in the stage play Wifie Ruth Chatterton is going to produce he will take one more fling at pictures in the new Tallulah Bankhead film, "Thunder Below" . . . stop . . . Johnny (What-a-Man) Weissmuller celebrated his first wedding anniversary the other night—and won't the Missus be envied when "Tarzan, the Ape Man," appears on the screens of this and other countries . . . stop . . . Hey, Mister Stork, what is this about your flying over the house of Sue Carol and Nick Stuart question mark stop . . . Gene Raymond, whom you liked in "Ladies of the Big House", is going to return to the screen, so look out, Gable . . . stop . . . Irene Dunne and John Boles will team up in Universal's "Back Streets", Irene winning the part after some dozen other actresses had been tested for it . . . stop . . . George

Last Minute Review

✓ Devil's Lottery (Fox)

You'll See: *Elissa Landi, Victor McLaglen, Beryl Mercer, Alexander Kirkland, Halliwell Hobbes.*

It's About: *The strange and horrible things that happen at a house-party to which an eccentric British peer has invited the winners of race sweepstakes prizes.*

An amazing group of characters, brought together in an amazing tale—and an exciting one! A girl and her no-good lover, a punch-drunk pugilist, a war cripple, two lovers—all these, made suddenly rich by winnings, get tangled up in murder, mystery, melodrama, in a baronial castle. Sounds hectic—and it is. There are tense moments aplenty before good old love points the happy ending.

Elissa Landi, directed and photographed splendidly, does more in this picture to warrant her pre-arrival ballyhoo than in anything else she's done. She's got some of the exotic appeal that you associate with Garbo, Dietrich—and if that starts something, okeh!

"Devil's Lottery" won't go down as one of the year's ten best films, but thanks to excellent acting and direction, it won't give any box-office headaches either.

The rest of the cast is exceptionally well chosen. Beryl Mercer turns in her expected appealing performance as the prize-fighter's mother.

(He-Man) Bancroft's next film will be a prize fight picture . . . stop . . . Make-up wizard, Perc Westmore, had his appendix out and was he mad when the papers printed that "her" condition was good . . . exclamation point . . . that recent society scandal murder in Philadelphia will be the story basis for Connie Bennett's next . . . stop . . . Roscoe "Fatty" Arbuckle is all set to test the fan reaction to his coming back in pictures with a series of personal appearances in theatres . . . stop . . . a girl in Los Angeles court tried to collect damages from a riding academy because she fell off a horse named Elizabeth. It developed that Elizabeth is the horse Garbo rides . . . the man who owned the stables told the judge so . . . Garbo, he said, is an excellent horsewoman . . . the girl who sued lost the suit . . . it seems the court sympathized with the horse . . . once ridden by Garbo what horse (Elizabeth or Oscar or Percy) would let just ordinary people ride question mark stop. . . . Aileen Pringle is at last getting her divorce . . . stop. . . .

. . . Among the excellent pictures previewed since mailing the Movies of the Month add this last minute picture that you mustn't miss . . . Warner's "The Crowd Roars" . . . it's a double check picture. For sheer thrill value and action you'll find few movies packing a stiffer punch than "The Crowd Roars" . . . It's a story of the Auto Race Track and its drivers and how women and liquor, neither weak, can mess up their lives.

You meet two brothers, Jimmy Cagney and Eric Linden, that new kid sensation of the talkies, both race drivers. For his kid brother's sake, Jimmy gives his girl friend the byebye and does she burn! Vengeful, she sets a playgirl pal after the younger brother and sits back to watch the fun. How that fun gets balled up with love and auto race track crashes and booze and all sorts of excitement makes a picture that will root you to your seat and tear you out of it by turns. Cagney and Linden do splendid work and Joan Blondell, as the gal friend, is grand as usual. Ann Dvorak and Frank McHugh add plenty to the worth-whileness of the show but frankly cast, story, direction, in fact everything, is subordinate to the hair-raising, heart-stopping thrill shots of the auto race scenes.

Last Minute Reviews

Destry Rides Again (Universal)

Whoopee . . . ! ! ! Tom Mix rides again!—and rides good ol' Tony, of course. And does he give them the western stuff with all its trimmings? And does he talk? Does he? He does.

Tom's over the 50-year-old mark, but he looks, rides and acts like a lot of younger fellers ought to. Never mind that the microphone picks up all his spurs and spangles when he walks, so that it sounds like a convention of the Swiss bell-ringers, the fact remains that Tom Mix and Tony are all set in the hearts of a great gang of juvenile picture-goers, and a lot of grown-ups, too. And so, herein, Tom gives them what they want.

The story's not at all unusual. Tom is framed by the crooked sheriff and his gang, sent to prison. He is pardoned, comes back and hoaxes them into thinking he's a "tamed wildcat." Then suddenly he cuts loose—and the dirty dogs bite the dust!

✓✓ Mister and Mistress (M-G-M)

No matter how much you hand the pretty girl in the box-office for this comedy, you'll get your money's worth in chuckles. Oh, once in a while as the gloriously nonsensically funny story unfolds you'll find yourself doubled up in a good old-fashioned below-the-diaphragm laugh, but for the most part it's one of those things that just keeps you giggling and gurgling.

It's the story of two jolly paupers, father and son, and their gold-digging adventures. They are both out to marry wealthy women. But a pair of blue eyes sidetrack sonny. No skeletonized story can possibly convey the delicious flavor of this ultra-modern talkie comedy.

Bob Montgomery and Aubrey Smith as the fortune-hunting son and father are simply grand, but whether you're a Montgomery fan or not, you'll be highly intrigued, to say the least, at Hollywood's new imported leading ladies, Heather Thatcher and Nora Gregor. Both are fascinating new screen personalities and welcome.

Rochelle Hudson and Eric (he-Cinderella) Linden are looking romantic these days . . . Gene (ex-Gloria Swanson's beau) Markey's birthday gift to Joan (wistful) Bennett was an emerald bracelet . . . just watch those wedding bells ring out exclamation point stop . . . and have you heard Jimmy Durante's latest crack when someone asked him how he expected to get on in the movies where there are such great lovers as John Barrymore . . . "John Barrymore," snorted Jimmy, "what's he got on me? My profile begins where his leaves off."

Lily (hotsy totsy) Damita, who's had titled suitors galore, is off to Honolulu with Sidney Smith, to whom she's rumored engaged, but she says it's just a vacation stop . . . and now the latest Mary Brian rumor is that she'll wed Ken Murray, with whom she's appearing in vaudeville, but after those Jack Oakie-Brian rumors and those Russell Gleason-Brian rumors, you don't know what to believe exclamation point stop . . . Lois Moran laughs off rumors that she's going to marry Douglass Montgomery (Kent Douglass), by saying, "I can't catch him. I've done my best, but I can't."

With all this terror that's been aroused by kidnappers, it's interesting to know that Barbara (Mrs. Morton Downey) Bennett, narrowly escaped being kidnapped at Palm Beach.

Movie Mirror
FILMLAND'S MOST BEAUTIFUL MAGAZINE

Memo to Irving Thalberg from Ruth Waterbury

I KNOW you are a very busy man, Mr. Thalberg, but I do feel I must write you about a problem that concerns the happiness of some ninety million—or more—women.

I wish you would stop making Clark Gable play ministers! I think it must be your fault, for I can't imagine any other man in Hollywood being powerful enough to get away with casting like that. Clark Gable as a minister! Oh, Mr. Thalberg, really!

The first time you made Clark play a minister, all of us who follow the movies more or less forgave you. We knew you were using Clark to snatch your chestnuts out of the fire, as the saying goes. The chestnut (and what a chestnut!) in that case was "Laughing Sinners." You'd had Johnny Mack Brown in the rôle, you remember, and then when it was previewed, you just had to take Johnny, nice boy that he is, out and put somebody good and punch-y in the part. And naturally you chose Gable, the most punch-laded boy in all Hollywood.

But right after that you made Clark just a nice leading man in "Sporting Blood" where he had to play second to a horse and then you followed with "Susan Lenox" where the wildest thing he did was to grow whiskers in the tropics, and "Possessed" where all we saw was the back of his neck, anyhow. In "Hell Divers" you let Clark go around looking rough but—good night—you had him trembling with fear at Dorothy Jordan's frown. Now Clark might possibly tremble with fear at the frown of your very brilliant Norma Shearer, or even at Garbo or Joan Crawford. But can you imagine him trembling before such a sweet little gal as Dorothy? You know darned well he would probably have smacked her down where she stood, and she would have adored, he would have adored, and "Hell Divers" would have had to have had a new plot. Still, "Hell Divers" was a step back toward those hard-boiled guys Gable had played originally, and we all felt much better until you made Clark play a minister again in "Polly of the Circus" ! ! ! !

Now I shouldn't grumble at you like this, Mr. Thalberg, if I didn't know that you are practically a genius at handling people. You've got the busiest lot in Hollywood. You've got a corner on the personalities and instead of there being constant warfare at M-G-M as we'd expect, there's peace and industry.

I remember when I was out there last summer. You were in Europe, and the whole place was haywire as a result. Bob Montgomery was brooding because he had to play something called "A Family Affair." Joan Crawford said she wasn't getting the right directors. Billy Haines thought he was through. Novarro wasn't sure he'd sign up again. I talked to the bunch of them.

Said Bob, "When Irving gets back, I know it will be all right!"

Said Joan, "If I can only talk to Irving, he'll see I get directors."

Said Bill, "I'll do whatever Irving tells me to do."

Said Ramon, "If Irving really wants me to re-sign . . ."

And then you came back. And Bob didn't have to play "A Family Affair." Joan got Clarence Brown as director. Ramon re-signed. Billy staged his come-back. They were all happy again and it was all your doing.

That's why I'm bringing this Gable matter to your attention. You are making us, the fans, unhappy by this putting a halo around Clark's head. Don't ask me why we want a brutal, tough hero right this moment. I don't know. Maybe it's because with so many of us women working we're beginning to find lots of men more than a bit weak. Or maybe we want chivalry dead. Or maybe we've got the old, old yen to be conquered and nobody's doing much about it. But I do know we want Gable. Only we don't want him with his collar on backwards. For that matter we don't want him with his collar on frontwards. We prefer him with no collar at all.

So will you do something about this soon, please? And thanks ever so much.

Ruth Waterbury.
Editor

Broken Hearts *and* Wedding Bells

The Story of Three Stars who are Taking a Second Chance at Happiness

By SYLVIA CONRAD

TOM MIX got married at Mexicali the other day. He had said time and again that he would never remarry. "We'll stay single for a while, Tony 'n I," was the way he put it. He married Mabel Ward, a circus aerialist.

On the very same day that Tom Mix got married for the third time, Colleen Moore married Al P. Scott at Fort Pierce, Florida. Her friends had often said that they did not believe she would ever marry again, that she was still in love with John McCormick, whom she had divorced. But Colleen is making a desperate second try at happiness.

And still on the same day Norma Talmadge and Joseph Schenck announced what the whole world has known for a long time but which they would never before admit, that their marriage was a failure and that Norma would seek a divorce in Paris.

Thus three of Hollywood's most important sob stories met in the day's news.

Three people who have known the ecstasy of love and the aching emptiness it leaves behind when it vanishes. Three people who have known and faced heartbreak. Who expected wonderful things from love and who were bitterly disappointed. Who found happiness crumbling like dust in their hands.

The world censures them a little for the break-up of their first marriages. If they had done thus and so, instead of so and thus, might they not still be happy, it asks. Passionately they say that they did their utmost and they want to know if they haven't the right to another chance at happiness. They are seeking it again ... but will they find it? Because there is that doubt, they are still three of Hollywood's most important sob stories.

All three of them found their perfect, ideal love before they attained their greatest success. And for all of them, wealth wrecked their happiness.

Tom Mix, no matter which way you look at him, is a tragic figure. He has always been seeking happiness and never finding it. The people he has known and cared for have grown up and grown away from him, but he has remained a cowboy at heart. Hollywood still talks about his white and plum colored evening clothes, his sweeping white sombrero, his studded platinum belt buckle, his purple tuxedo, his love of monograms, so that even his home has monograms in huge electric lights above each gate.

When Tom was just a young lad seeking adventure all over the globe, he became sheriff in some county in Oklahoma and met and married the daughter of an Oklahoma rancher.

The romance of Colleen Moore and John McCormick was a legend in Hollywood. Yet recently Colleen married Al Scott

It didn't take long for her to outgrow Tom. She got her divorce from him in 1917. When Tom Mix wrote about it afterwards in his life story all he said was, "Young folks make some queer mistakes like that. We did. And later my wife got a divorce—and the second time I was the luckiest man that ever lived."

HE was speaking of his marriage to Victoria Forde, that heart-breaking marriage that was to end in the ruin of all Tom Mix's hopes and dreams.

Tom Mix was just an ordinary cowboy in motion pictures when he first met Victoria Forde. And Victoria was just a small time actress at Universal Studio.

Victoria's mother, a character actress, had been making some pictures with Tom, and Tom went to see one of them in a little theatre at Glendale. After the performance was over, Victoria's mother introduced him to her daughter, who was waiting outside, a little girl in her teens with a lot of golden hair.

Tom Mix's heart just went into his throat when he saw her. He stood there looking at her and wondering how he'd ever lived without her and how he was ever going to live a day longer if he couldn't win her. That's how it was with Tom.

Tom Mix's years of heartbreak over Victoria Forde were followed by his marriage to Mabel Ward, shown here with his little daughter by his previous marriage, Thomasina, for whose sake he is remarrying

He found out where she worked—on Sunset Boulevard—and the next day he drove up and down in his car (a second-hand one, by the way) in front of the studio, hoping to catch one glimpse of her. He was so busy trying to look inside the door that he ran into a roadster standing at the curb. It cost him two weeks' pay to repair the damage.

But all that mattered very little to Tom beside the glory and the wonder of his love for Victoria. She seemed to care for him, too, and when he decided to establish his own studio in Arizona, she went with him as his leading lady in Westerns. When they got married in 1918, Tom Mix thought that the most wonderful thing in his life had happened—the thing that made everything else worth while, the hard work easy and the dreams of success glorious.

AND for a while he and Victoria were very happy. They didn't have much money, they lived in a little two-room shack, but they had love to dwell with them. And Tom kept working harder and harder so that he might give Victoria everything in the world that she might possibly want.

There was just one thing he wanted besides her happiness—a son. He would name him Tom and teach him to ride and rope, as he himself had done on a Texas ranch when he was a boy. He had a girl, Ruth, by his previous unhappy marriage.

About four years after his marriage to Victoria, a baby was born to them, and because it turned out to be a girl they named her Thomasina. Tom Mix adored her. Victoria and his daughter were the two things in life he cared for most.

And in trying to give them everything in the world to make them happy he lost Victoria. Tom Mix grew wealthy, successful, signed a starring contract with Fox. He moved to a pretentious estate in Beverly Hills.

WITH wealth Victoria became socially ambitious. She tried to gather about her only the people who could help advance her socially.

Tom Mix had no sympathy with her social pretensions. He hated her friends, because they didn't understand him and he didn't understand them. He was still a cowboy at heart.

And she was ashamed of him—ashamed of his purple tuxedos and his huge sombreros, ashamed of his cream-colored cowboy suits, and all that love of splash and display that always amused and electrified Hollywood.

Tom Mix would stay away for days from the ranch, hating to mingle with Victoria's guests. To him they were just sycophants.

He and Victoria quarreled again and again. And each time she would pack up her bags and leave him.

A rather tragic story is told of one of these quarrels. One day Victoria left him, as she usually did at the height of their quarrels.

She left all her evening dresses hanging in a closet. Tom Mix cut them up and made them into pillows to decorate the room that had been Victoria's.

When guests came he would show them around the house, show them the pillows and say, "See that little oval pillow? It's made of the skirt of my wife's favorite dress. Do you remember when Victoria wore it at the Cocoanut Grove?"

There came a time when their quarrels could not be patched up any longer. Victoria tried to get a divorce in Paris, but Tom refused to help her. So she came back to this country to begin divorce proceedings all over again. She claimed that Tom still acted like a cowboy at home, that he used to twirl six-shooters around the house.

Tom blamed all their unhappiness on wealth.

"When we lived in a tent together, we were happy. We worked in the same picture and made $100 a week. We were happy then, but wealth came and happiness left. Mrs. Mix entertained a Hollywood

Norma Talmadge with Gilbert Roland, with whom she has quarreled, and Constance Talmadge with her third husband, Townsend Netcher, with whom she has found happiness

set that I could not make my friends. Hollywood parasites fastened around us. I don't need this Beverly Hills estate to make me happy. I can do without a yacht and $75,000 worth of automobiles."

But the court gave Victoria her divorce decree. And divided the custody of the child, Thomasina, between them, each to have her six months of the year.

Of course, there were the usual rumors of new romances for Tom Mix after the divorce. To all of these he would say, "If I ever marry again, it will be to remarry Victoria."

THEN why did Tom Mix marry Mabel Ward, the circus aerialist, at Mexicali the other day?

To understand Tom, you have to understand his devotion to little Thomasina, his daughter and Victoria Forde's.

One day Thomasina said to him, "Daddy, when are you going to get married?"

Mix replied, "Well, honey, whom do you want me to marry?"

"Why, Mabel, of course," said the child.

And those who know Tom say it wouldn't be at all surprising if at least one of the reasons why Tom Mix got married was to give Thomasina a mother.

Colleen Moore is also seeking in another marriage the happiness she missed in her first marriage. And strangely enough, with Colleen, too, it was when she gained wealth and success that she lost happiness and love.

She was only a little girl with a Dutch bob when she married John McCormick. She had a dark little dressing room at the Fine Arts Studio, which she shared with Mildred Harris—an unimportant dressing room for an unimportant little actress, with a lot of ambition.

Joseph Schenck blames himself for the failure of his marriage to Norma Talmadge

John McCormick set out to make Colleen famous. He became her manager, got her a big contract with First National and managed to get the right to pick her stories. Under his guidance she became the greatest box-office draw in (*Continued on page* 113)

Dietrich is more beautiful than ever in "Shanghai Express," though her famous legs are at no time visible

MARLENE DIETRICH
—*Master or Slave?*

Is She the Victim of an Ambitious Man or Is She, Rather, a Clever Woman Who Uses a Very Different Method to Get What She Wants?

By ARTHUR WILLIAMS

WITH the solid success of "Shanghai Express" behind her, Hollywood is beginning to look at Marlene Dietrich with different eyes.

What is this woman who flashing from obscurity—with the benefit of one of the world's finest advertising campaigns—reached the heights in a single picture?

She came into pictures, admittedly trading on the lure of another actress, Garbo. Even today with "Morocco," "The Blue Angel," "Dishonored" and "Shanghai Express"—all box-office successes registered by her—she still is Garbo-compared. Many thousands say they like her better than Greta. More thousands say they like Greta better than her. But Garbo always comes into the Dietrich story somewhere—Garbo and Von Sternberg.

And that is what Hollywood is asking today—what would Dietrich be like if she weren't directed to ape Garbo and also what would she be like if she were directed by any other person than Von Sternberg?

Which is she—Von Sternberg's puppet, who has no personality of her own, or a wise and wily woman who has used a man to climb to the place she coveted?

Let's consider Von Sternberg and Dietrich as individuals. They're vastly different—yet the difference can be expressed in the slight phonetic difference between the words "egoism" and "egotism."

Marlene is an ego-ist. Which means she is not a deliberate self-exalter, but is, rather, subconsciously controlled by the belief that everything else is subordinate to the fact of her own existence, and the furtherance of her aims.

Von Sternberg, on the other hand, is an ego-tist. He *is* a deliberate self-exalter. In thought, speech, actions he intentionally builds up the structure of his own importance. "The way to succeed," he once said, "is to be hated." So he has taught Hollywood to hate him. Like many other men of small stature (he is shorter than Marlene!), he has been able to rise by sheer, colossal selfish arrogance.

Until, in Germany, Von Sternberg beheld Marlene in a stage play, cast her in "The Blue Angel," brought her to America, and made her famous, however, Josef himself didn't really amount to any great shakes in the movie world. Oh, he made magnificently artistic pictures, and as such, he could be called a great director. But Art, in Hollywood, is subordinate to Box Office. "Art," once said a famous producer, "is any picture that grosses a million dollars." And Von Sternberg's pictures didn't gross millions, no matter how artistic they were. So Von Sternberg, genius though he undoubtedly is, was headed for not-so-much in Hollywood, for directors whose pictures don't make money don't get places.

Von Sternberg was called an artist before he discovered Dietrich, but until then he had never been a success

Then he went to Germany and found Marlene, who until that time had been very obscure. Nobody else saw much talent in her. He must have realized that what his Art needed was a dash of what he believed Marlene could give it. He made a picture with her and Jannings —"The Blue Angel"—and it was both Art and Box Office, and the movie moguls sat up and realized Von Sternberg could now make them money—if he could repeat. Josef knew he could—with Marlene. And Marlene demonstrated her canniness, her astuteness, her intelligence by realizing that on Von Sternberg's genius she could ride to the top. And probably not at all without him.

So Marlene, the egoist who believes nothing important save self, followed not Von Sternberg the man but Von Sternberg the master to America. Behind her she left her husband, her baby—and *also her love*. For whisper what you may, Marlene does *not* love Josef Von Sternberg. You have only to watch them when they are together to know that.

Once in America Von Sternberg began creating today's Dietrich. Even in "The Blue Angel" under his direction in Germany she was not the woman she is today. She was all raw sex then, fuzzy-haired, buxom, and if you will pardon me, more than a little vulgar. It was a vital vulgarity. It attracted you even while it might shock you. But it was a long way from what we Americans demand—glamour. In America Von Sternberg began giving Dietrich glamour.

Not the smallest thing escaped his attention, and he has an eagle eye. The way Dietrich walked, the way she stood, the way she did her hair, the very way she said "yes"—and she said "yes" some five hundred times before it satisfied him enough to record it on the sound track—were all Von Sternberg's doings.

Marlene wins credit there. She was a willing and an eager pupil. All her childhood background of complete German obedience stood her in good stead. She listened. She worked. And she obeyed. And Hollywood began whispering that it was a regular Svengali-Trilby affair, that the poor girl was under the spell of a man stronger than herself.

But now Hollywood is wondering. It seems now less like Svengali and Trilby than it does like Frankenstein and his creation. Von Sternberg has created the glamorous Dietrich and she has grown greater than he. She is now in a position to turn against him and the signs are that she may do that very thing at any moment—that she certainly will do that very thing if she feels it is to her advantage.

Sternberg, by nature, is a deeply sensitive creature. His arrogance is merely the shell which protects him against an inferiority complex's pains. There have been manifestations, already, of the hurt Dietrich can cause him—and it's not at all improbable that Dietrich may have caused that hurt intentionally. For she does not love Von Sternberg, and when he goes too far with her, she may strike back. Look:

Marlene's true nature is bubbly, gay, laughing, merry. Von Sternberg's is the opposite—dark, heavy, saturnine, deep-mental. So, willing to pay the master his demands, she puts herself in sympathy with his mood when he is present.

When he works, Von Sternberg is a fiend for work. He does not reckon time, effort, or pain. So when he demands twenty or thirty time-killing, nerve-wrecking, body-torturing retakes on 200-foot close-ups (they run some two minutes each), Marlene pays the master his demands—sits for them, suffers his browbeating, suffers bodily and mental torture, and does not complain.

But—when Sternberg one day on the set openly criticised her for what he believed was overeating—too much tummy, to be utterly frank!—he hurt the woman Marlene. And the woman struck back. She walked off the set, flashing woman's first weapon—tears. Von Sternberg went into a panic—a panic that was seen by his co-workers, and commented on. Marlene went further. For ten days, she snubbed Von Sternberg. Those were the ten days during which she was seen with Maurice Chevalier. In the Paramount studio café, she lunched with Chevalier—and they laughed, and joked, and giggled, and gazed into each other's eyes. And out of the corner of her own eyes, Marlene might have seen Josef Von Sternberg at a nearby table, with a little-touched dish of food before him, the picture of—shall we say distress, or jealousy or what?

Never has an actress been blessed with such close-ups as those which flatter Dietrich the glamorous in "Shanghai Express"

The Marlene of "The Blue Angel" was all raw sex appeal. Von Sternberg has taught her glamour

Then, when she apparently thought he had been sufficiently punished, she stopped lunching with Chevalier; stopped laughing, smiling, giggling with the Frenchman; went back to Von Sternberg's table, and the dark, moody, quiet, unsmiling luncheons they have together.

One other time when Dietrich hurt Von Sternberg is amusing—and indicative, too. That was the day Von Sternberg appeared on the set, without warning, with his moustache shaved off. Marlene looked amazed for a moment—and then laughed. Laughed at Josef!! They say that never has Von Sternberg been more the martinet on the set than he was the rest of that day—and that's something!

Von Sternberg won't discuss the ethics of directing with anyone. He directs according to his way, gets hated for it, and doesn't care what people (*Continued on page* 85)

What One Year of Success has Meant to Clark Gable

Out of the nowhere to becoming the most discussed man in movies, this is Gable's record. What has such a rise done to him?

By ALLAN JORDAN

"Two things have kept me from doing the things I've always really wanted to do —first poverty, and now, success!"
—*Clark Gable*

THERE'S one thing about writing a story about Clark Gable. You don't have to explain who he is. Every movie fan knows. Every woman in the world seems to want to know more. Gable is, of course, the greatest "natural," the greatest instantaneous success to hit motion pictures since Garbo and Valentino. He's a hit. He's a success. He's a riot. Yet just one short year ago he wasn't anything except a good actor who couldn't get a look-in.

One year. Just one year to go from being nothing at all to one of the great sights and sounds of the world. One year to go from not being too positive about dogging the bill collectors to money and more money in the bank.

What has this past year meant to Gable? What has it done to him? What would it do to you if you could put yourself in his place?

In order to find out I had to go, not to Clark, but to Clark's friends. There's no getting at Clark these days, but it's not for the reason you may fear. He hasn't gone high-hat and he's not holding out on interviews or interviewers. He's doing the thing that is so common in Hollywood that people forget to talk about it. He's working. He's almost working day and night and so far he hasn't had time to stop. As this is written, he's playing the lead opposite Norma Shearer in "Strange Interlude," a long, hard rôle that keeps him before the cameras for hours on end.

The average star makes two to four pictures a year. In this past year Gable has made thirteen pictures, frequently going from one to another without a day's rest, sometimes working on two at once. Besides, he has been photographed, interviewed, feted.

You can tell a man by his friends. Clark Gable's pal is Wally Beery, Wally who is wise and kind and who won't stand for any high-hat foolishness

So trying to find out about this year, I sought out Gable's cronies at M-G-M. We got together, a writer, a director, one actor and myself.

"He is the perfect example of what 'success' means," said the director.

"Success had brought him a lot, the lucky guy!" said the actor.

". . . and cost him a lot more," countered the writer, who was his friend. "I *know*. You see, I knew Clark 'when'—and I know him now.

"Funny thing about that lad. You think he's got everything, now that he's THE Clark Gable. But I happen to know that he hasn't got anything of what he really wants. He always seems to be wanting things he hasn't got—always did want 'em, still does. Maybe it's what we call ambition.

"I've heard him say: 'Two things have kept me from doing what I've really wanted to do. First it was poverty and now it's success.' I heard him say that one night a million miles from here. Well, maybe not a million, but anyway, a few. You see, it's this way: it happened one rainy Saturday night when I stopped in a little restaurant in a drab, small town on the edge of the desert, to get a cup of coffee before driving on through the cold mist. And there, muffled in a warm, heavy coat, sat Clark Gable, all by himself, drinking coffee at a table in the corner.

"He was as surprised to see me as I was to see him, on a night like that in a little jumping-off-place town. If anyone had thought about it, he would probably have pictured Clark Gable, sleek and dinner-coated that rainy Saturday night, dancing at one (*Continued on page* 88)

Clark Gable, the big sex appeal lad from the Middle West. He treats ladies rough —in films—and makes the feminine world cry, "Hit me, hit me again." And if M-G-M has him photographed, as here, hitting the bullseye, why not? He has made thirteen pictures in one season and every one of them a box-office riot

Carole Lombard knows men. She is blonde and beautiful. She has been around. She is the new wife of Bill Powell, a most desirable husband

Ten Ways a Man

Carole Lombard tells the Woman's Side

To GLADYS

I CAN think of no group of women in the world better qualified to speak on this subject than the women of the screen. For these girls attract men, not only as their birthright but also as their profession. They are not called upon merely to attract the boys in their own circles. They cannot stop when they have attracted the man they are to marry. They must attract, they must know *how* to attract thousands and thousands of men—men they have never seen—shadow men in audiences from whom they must get none the less, the flattering male reaction.

And of these women on the screen Carole Lombard is especially fitted to speak. She is blonde. She is young. She is beautiful. She has been around. She knows what it is all about. And she is successfully married to a very successful man. Bill Powell, as shrewd in his appraisals of women and wine and situations as was the "Philo Vance" he played, could not be easily or cheaply beguiled. The lodestone to draw him to the altar would have to be authentic and something deeper than the surface charms of golden hair and dazzling skin. Cheap commodities in Hollywood.

And so to Carole I brought my question: Tell Us Ten Ways To Attract A Man:

She said:

1. *Be a clinging vine dressed in modern clothes.* Be the old-fashioned woman in the new-fashioned way. Men never change, fundamentally. Their ideas do—their *ideals* never. There is a great difference between the two. Men still marry their grandmothers' type—with lip-stick and eye shadow in place of powdered wigs and black patches. With sweaters and berets in place of crinolines and lace mittens. They still marry the homebody who doesn't always stay at home.

If you are an independent girl, with a career of your own and your own place in the world which you love, don't love it so much or so often that you can't find time to mention a little home in the country and the patter of baby feet. Not in so many words, you understand. Oh, but I know you *do* understand . . .

2. *Play with* (*Continued on page* 22)

to Attract a Woman

Paul Lukas tells the Man's Side

HALL

IF any man should know, Paul Lukas should. He is a Continental. He was born on a train as it pulled into Budapest. Not that this has anything to do with it. He was born in the month of May. On the 26th, if this means anything in the horoscope of love. He has admitted to sweethearts, sometimes two at one time, when he was soldiering in Budapest and when he was in the theatre in Vienna and in Berlin. He has been married twice. The second time it was love at first sight with him. It was love at second with Her. And during that very brief and very whirlwind courtship Paul must have exercised at *least* Ten Ways—and put them all over. He is a woman-expert. Or he should be.

We went to Paul with our problem. We asked him to tell us Ten Ways to Attract a Woman. So that boys and men in small towns may know the secrets Paul practices so successfully in public and private.

And Paul smiled at the question, with his mouth but not with his eyes. Because he never smiles with his eyes if you have noticed . . . And he said:

1. Money
2. *Money.*
3. MORE money!

Really, don't you know this yourself, the whole Ten Ways are the same way? *Money.* For it doesn't matter what other attractions a man may have, or what other virtues or what charming vices, if he hasn't money to back them with they do not avail him for long.

I have, perhaps, had some unhappy experiences with women. Experiences that make me know all women are mercenary at heart. I have watched the experiences of my friends, in my country and in other countries. Always the same. I have seen love tried in an attic and I have watched love fly out of the nearest window before it was full fledged.

I have seen women try to go without pretty clothes, furs, charming boudoirs, flowers and trinkets, and I have seen them turn cold, freeze, grow hateful and indifferent in the very arms of their lover.

I am telling (*Continued on page* 23)

Paul Lukas is a woman-expert. He admits to sweethearts, sometimes two at a time before marriage, and to two marriages

Carole and Bill Powell. Carole says, "Laughter wins more men than all the tears ever wept. Never makes scenes"

(*Continued from page* 20)

a man. Have fun with him. Go places. Do things. Be able to do things—at least a little. Know something about sports. You don't have to be an athlete to be fairly good. Men love to laugh. They love to think they are having the heck of a time. They gravitate to the girl they can have the heck of a time with. They are invariably attracted to gaiety and a sense of humor—to women who laugh. There are a few men, I suppose, who are attracted to the morbid, suffering type of woman. But these men are usually psychopathic cases and are themselves suffering and morbid. Laughter wins more men than all the tears ever wept by Niobe ever could. Men run away from tears. They pursue the golden will o' the wisp of laughter.

3. *Be natural.* I should have put that first of all. It is the most important way of all. And when I say to be natural I mean in every way. Use as little make-up as you can get away with and still look charming. Men like a dash of lip-stick, enough powder to prevent shiny noses. But they most certainly do not like mascara and eye shadow and a face that looks more like a Benda mask than a human, desirable *girl.*

MEN are always repelled by artificiality. They loathe girls who pose and strike attitudes and pull lines. Just be *yourself,* and the real self you are will be ten times more attractive to most worth-while men than any self you could manufacture.

4. *Use perfume.* Always one particular brand so that, wherever a man may be, in China or Timbuctoo and that fragrance comes to him it will be reminiscent of—*you.* Men say that they dislike perfume. Pay no attention. The majority of nice, masculine men either do not know what they like or are ashamed to say so. *All men love perfume* and are attracted by it.

5. *Wear black just as often as possible.* Black is more attractive to a man than any shade or combination of shades you could devise. If you are fair and have a clear skin you can wear black unrelieved. If you are darker and less vivid, wear black with touches of white. Always wear severe lines. Men hate fussiness. They draw away from a lot of gewgaws and trimmings and tricky stuff. They are especially attracted to women when they are wearing sports clothes. In fact, if I were to meet a man I wanted to attract for the first time, I would see to it that I met him wearing a sweater and skirt, a beret and a pair of sneaks.

Clothes are a *very* important way of attracting a man. But many girls have the wrong idea of what this means. They think they have to 'dress up' for a man. When what they should do is dress *down.* Evening clothes should be severely cut, too. And just enough décolleté to be charming. Never enough to be sensational. Men loathe going out with a girl who looks circusy. They always shy away from being seen with a woman who might invite ridicule. Never let a man see amusement in another man's eyes when he looks at you—unless you are pining to lose him. It's far more important to be neat than to be nifty.

6. *Be sweet to children.* Especially little babies. This is an infallible way of attracting a man. A *nice* man. There is something repulsive to a man in a woman who is not drawn to babies, who does not handle them lovingly and longingly. It may be that they feel, subconsciously, that the basic instincts in such a woman are wrong. After all, attraction is the method used by the mating instinct. The mating instinct was originally (*Cont. on page* 114)

Paul and Carole appeared together in "No One Man." "Women," says Paul, "like to feel mastered and maternal"

(*Continued from page* 21)

the truth to you instead of inventing pretty lies. Lies that would sound well but ring false. I am being honest about something it would be easy to be dishonest about.

I AM making a statement of fact, not issuing a complaint. *For it is right that women should be so.* It is natural. It is primitive. It is fundamental. It is purely feminine. Women, in the prehistoric era, *had* to have the man who could provide them with the safest cave, the warmest animal skins, the most food. They had to have such a man not only for themselves and their own comfort, but, what was more important, for the comfort and safety of their children. It was not vanity in those early days, *it was self-preservation.*

The same instinct prevails today. It is a survival. It takes different forms and attributes. It is, really, attractive. It is always the most attractive, the most feminine woman who demands the most of a man in the way of his check-book.

This, then, is at least three of the ten ways to attract a woman. *Have money.* Be able to spend money and do it. Be able to provide a home and cars and furs and theatre tickets and orchids. If you fail in these ways, nine times out of ten you will fail in every other way. The young swain who makes such beautiful love in the moonlight must also be able to take his beloved to a massive hearth and a tray of champagne cocktails.

4. *Social position.* This is a very important way to attract a woman. Women are more inclined to be aristocrats than democrats. What a man does is enough for another man, whether his forebears came from ashcans or palaces. What a woman *is* is the important thing to a woman. "The right kind of people" is a phrase constantly heard on a woman's lips. "He belongs to the Four Hundred, my dear," is another cliché. Always said with awe and envy.

A woman may marry the clerk at the bank or the lad who sells magazine subscriptions but she lives to regret the marriage more often than not. She reads in the Sunday papers of the exploits of Willy Van Rensaeller or the Duke of Poitiers or the scion of some noble House on the polo field, and a shudder of envy sweeps over her and a shudder of antagonism toward the man who is no more than a Rotarian or an Elk.

Be somebody if you want to attract a woman—permanently.

5. *Fame.* Almost any kind of fame from that of Mussolini to that of Al Capone is attractive to women. Women have no sort of use for the under dog. They may pet him—*they will also kick him.* Women love pomp and parade. They adore brass buttons and uniforms. Second to showing off themselves, they love to show off their man, their *scalp.* Anything that gives a man prominence and prestige is attractive to women.

That is more than half of the attraction movie stars possess for girls and women. Those girls and women who write us fan letters, wait out in the snow and the rain to watch us pass into theatres at premières and other public occasions.

(*Continued on page* 114)

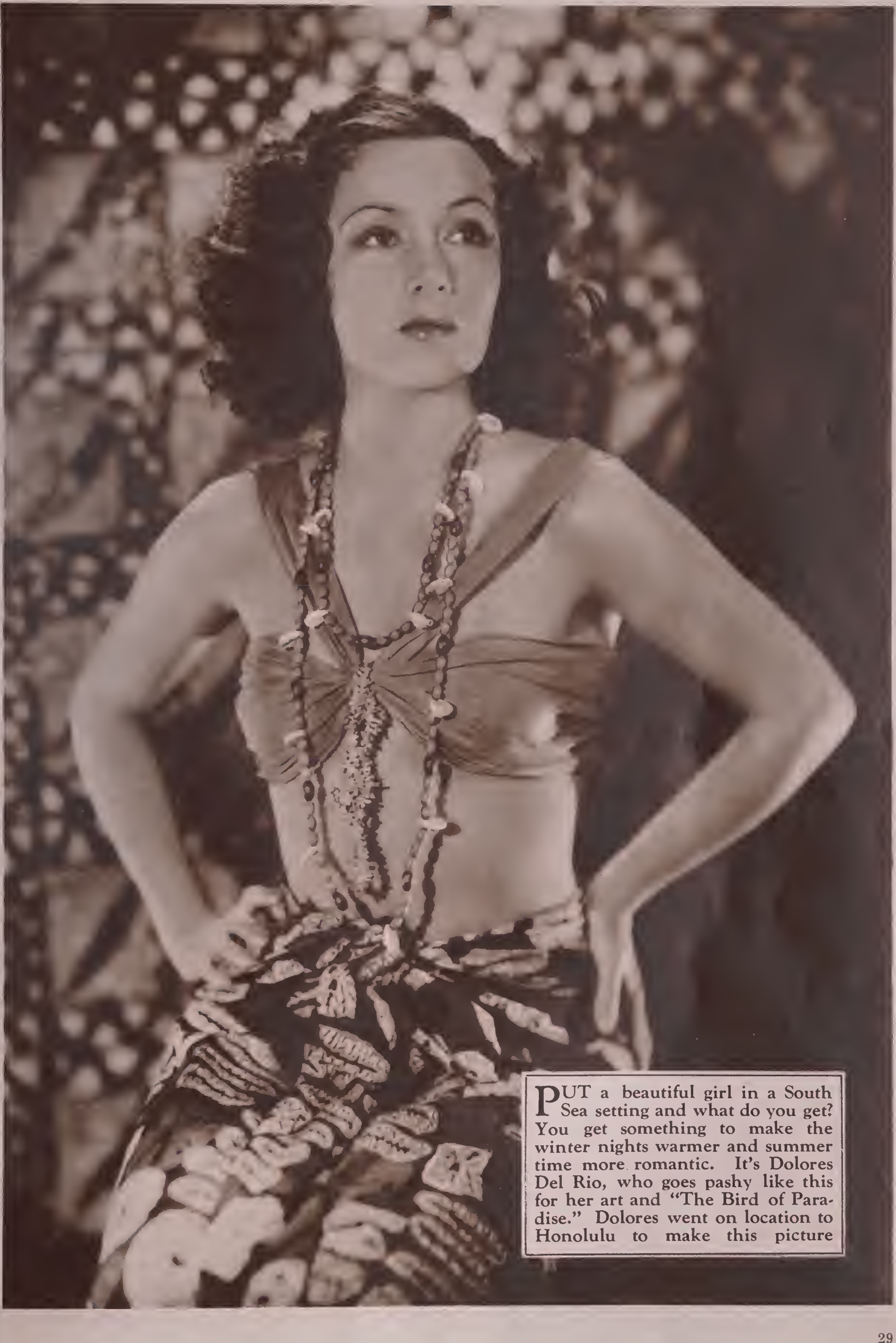
THE red pepper petter from Mexico, Senorita Lupe Velez, and that surprising heart-thumper of Swanson's "Tonight or Never," Mr. Melvyn Douglas, are appearing together in "The Broken Wing." If that weren't enough to guarantee torrid scenes, there's Leo Carrillo added, who's no slouch when kisses are being exchanged. Paramount is producing all this and is Paramount glad? Hot-cha-cha!

TWO charming people making the most of one of life's better moments. They're Warren William and Marian Marsh in "Beauty and the Boss" in which the love scenes are tender and ardent. You know that springtime's here when you see two young people looking at each other like this, even though they know that it's all for their art and Warners'. Still, they seem to be enjoying this moment, and who can blame them?

IT was the former King of Spain who gave Lily her name of Damita. It—Damita—means "Little Woman." Now Alphonso has no throne but Lily is one of Hollywood's queens. Something of a mystery woman, she tells little of her plans, past, present or future. She is making "This is the Night" for Paramount. Her suitors are wealthy, titled and handsome but she remains single. "Little Woman" indeed! In Hollywood they call her "Wise Baby"

HE'S flying high again, this handsome Dick Arlen. It was in "Wings" originally that Richard won his spurs. But then Paramount gave him spurs too literally — in hoss operas and Westerns. And was Dick annoyed? Then came "Touchdown" last winter and a big success. Now Dick is returning to the air again in "Sky Bride." A swell guy, a grand husband, a peach of an actor and an all-around elegant person

SINCE Fredric March appeared in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" his popularity has grown faster than love in the springtime. But he is still the same quiet, unassuming person, interested only in doing his darndest. Paramount wanted to turn him into the next great lover of the screen, but Fredric refused to be typed. Having touched the depths of horror in "Jekyll," he goes as gay and as mad as the four Marx Brothers in "Strangers in Love," which is another honey



PUT a beautiful girl in a South Sea setting and what do you get? You get something to make the winter nights warmer and summer time more romantic. It's Dolores Del Rio, who goes pashy like this for her art and "The Bird of Paradise." Dolores went on location to Honolulu to make this picture

Two Kinds of Love

Kay Francis has known two different varieties in two different marriages. Only this time it's a happy love

By RUTH ALLISON

WHAT has marriage meant to Kay Francis?

Now there *is* a question. Considered on the face of it, you might think only of her recent very happy marriage to brilliant Kenneth MacKenna, writer and director for Fox, which took place in January, 1931, and which has seemingly meant great happiness for both.

But Kay was married before. When she was 17 she pledged her troth to a handsome young Easterner, Dwight G. Francis. At the end of two years, she went to Paris and obtained a divorce on the grounds of incompatibility.

When she returned, she found a job on the New York stage and later, because she is lovely looking and because she has that rare gift of both beauty and real acting ability, found herself drafted for the screen.

COLD-BLOODEDLY then, one might say that Kay's first marriage meant, because it was unsuccessful, that she became a motion picture star. If it had worked out, if she had settled down into a comfortable married life, with children and bridge parties, you might have never heard of her as a star.

Kay Francis and Kenneth MacKenna met while making "The Virtuous Sin" for Paramount. Now Ken's a director for Fox and Kay is a star for Warner's

I suppose to Kay, that first marriage meant a good many heartbreaks, disillusionment, learning that no matter how much you love, if you cannot give and take, you cannot be truly happy. She learned that marriage was something to be worked at, something more than just being in love, something very big. She gained experience, a broader outlook on the life which she had thought would be so simple.

She waited nine years before she married again, the nine very important years that lie between seventeen and twenty-six.

Well, what has her second marriage meant to her? Remember, Hollywood was surprised when it happened, not because Kay and Kenneth had not been "going together," but because, keeping as they both had, away from the care-free groups that take their fun at the Cocoanut Grove, the Embassy, the Mayfair, theirs was a romance that had attracted little publicity. And Hollywood is always surprised to find that romance is going on where there have been no headlines from the first kiss to the engagement ring, to the minister or the justice of the peace.

Kay and Kenneth slipped away to Catalina on Kenneth's boat. They took their honeymoon on this boat, a thirty-six foot schooner that takes no crew but with an experienced sailor at the helm can buck the stiffest waves.

They came home to Hollywood and found a house in Westwood, quiet residential section between Beverly Hills and Hollywood. It was a simple colonial-style house set in four acres of ground where the two can garden, when they can find time away from the studio, to their hearts' content. Into the house they have put some lovely pieces of furniture, Early American, things they have gotten piece by piece and which will eventually fit into the rooms of the big home they hope to build on Cape Cod in Massachusetts.

Do you remember Kay had just been discharged from the hospital? In fact, she took out her intention to wed on the way home from the hospital. There had been rumors of a nervous breakdown. There had been rumors that Kay, eagerly anxious to give her best on the screen upon which she had been making great strides, straining every part of her being, had sadly over-worked. It looked as if "Ol' Davvil Cinema" was getting Kay too, as it had Gary Cooper, Renee Adoree, Lila Lee.

Friends who knew her at the time tell me that her illness evidenced itself in extreme nervousness. That the usually tranquil, poised, composed Kay gave way at odd moments to tears. One afternoon, when informed she had an interview with a writer, an interview she had not known about in advance, she burst into a torrent of sobs that lasted an hour. She did eventually see the writer—it wasn't that she didn't want to—it was just one more thing to do on a strenuous day that came after many strenuous days.

Today, Kay looks better, acts better, feels better than at any time since she came to Hollywood. This year of second marriage has given her, for one thing, health, composure again. And this, although she only recently completed an arduous year of work at Paramount, went to a new studio at increased working responsibilities and has adjusted herself to many different conditions.

In the year that has elapsed, she appears to have found herself. Outwardly, at least, marriage appears to have agreed with her, ripened her, given her peace and enjoyment.

Why? What has she found that has had such an effect upon her general outward demeanor?

"Companionship, first of all," she said without hesitation. "There can be a great romantic love between two people, but it cannot last unless there are other bases of enjoyment. There must be companionship.

"I learned that the first time I married. For the most part, I'd rather not say anything about that first episode. Not because there isn't anything in it I wouldn't willingly discuss, but because it is of the past and this is today. I was seventeen then. I am twenty-seven now. I have learned a great deal and I am a different person.

(*Continued on page* 105)

How to be Healthy though Famous

Hollywood knows Beauty is Much More Than Skin Deep, and Every Star Has a Personal System of Exercise, Diets, Aches and Pains

By MARQUIS BUSBY

WHEN grandpappy was a lad, taking care of one's health consisted of sulphur and molasses in the spring, goose grease and red flannel on the chest in the winter, and a liberal potion of that ambrosiac, castor oil, at the beginning of each season.

If you don't mind a free use of the colloquial, them were the good, old days. Physicians didn't specialize on the eyes, ears or bunions. The same medico treated pa for his gout, ma for her rheumatiz, and Willie for the hives. Adenoids and Mahatma Gandhi were still undiscovered. The family M. D. wasn't above giving a little friendly consultation to Shep or the spavined Old Dobbin.

You have to travel way back, through the long corridor of the years, to even remember. Modern invention has brought the radio, tonsils, automats, diets, speakeasies and "moompitchers." The movies brought Hollywood, and Hollywood has thought up more new aches and pains, and more new ways to treat them than all the pill-peddlers since Adam bit into that apple and lost his happy home.

Would you like a figure like Anita Page's? Yes? Well, would you diet carefully, go to bed at nine, and never, never tear around on parties?

Neil Hamilton giving you the low-down on his trainer. Neil wrestles, swims, bicycle rides and walks the baby to sleep

Now most of the stars were born beautiful or handsome, but it takes a little figuring to hold onto it. Beauty is one of the most perishable of gifts bestowed by the gods, and no star is going to let down sooner than possible—not as long as it brings $3,500 a week on the hoof. In Hollywood there are more health fetishes, more recipes for charm and physical vigor than you could find in any dozen hospitals and sanitariums.

Some studios actually insist on health régimes for their players. M-G-M, for instance, says firmly that Marie Dressler must go to

In other towns it's women exclusively who work for beauty. In Hollywood the boys put in time, too. Here's Ramon Novarro rowing away for his art and waistline

Santa Barbara or Palm Springs between pictures. They know that Marie, with her active interest in charities, would never rest from one picture to another, if they didn't put down the executive foot. Her health is not strong. She hasn't the time or the energy for hard physical exercise. She takes osteopathic exercises —the C. O. D. way to develop the muscles.

Come to think of it, it isn't so much fun being a famous movie star. There was a time when Universal insisted that Lew Ayres wear socks with white feet. There is some theory, I believe, that white feet in a gentleman's footwear is better for the pedal extremities. Lew also had to drive his car with the top down. It made him look collegiate, and then it was good for his health. It made him tan, and doesn't the sun have ultra-violet rays, or something? Lew didn't mind much, although it was a hot summer, and there were times when he actually sizzled.

BETTY BRENT (Betty being the Hollywood nickname for Evelyn), being one of the first to inaugurate the deep tan for ladies, spends her summer on the beach. When winter rolls around Betty moves to town along with several hundred dollars' worth of sun lamps. Betty is reclining under those lamps when her sisters not in the acting profession are out gadding about at bridge teas, eating those silly little sandwiches which nearly always taste so good and play such hell with the figure.

I know that you are going to be awfully glad that you stenog for a living, sell ribbons or anything, when you hear the involved rigmarole that Louise Closser Hale must go through to insure sufficient sleep. Like anyone else, if she doesn't have the proper amount of rest she cannot stand the rigors of exacting work. Acting in front of the camera does not come under the category of whoopee, whatever you might hear to the contrary.

When she retires Miss Hale puts pink putty in her ears to keep out all noises. Why it should be pink instead of blue, "yaller" or green, I don't know. But pink it is. Then she uses a narrow, soft black band to tie around her eyes—to shut out all light. George Arliss told her of these measures. He has them made in Cambridge, Mass. Now you know that something comes out of Cambridge besides Harvard students.

It works, according to Miss Hale. The average person, after completing this ritual, would be completely out of the notion of sleeping and all for starting on a tour of speakeasies, or ice cream parlors, if speakies aren't to be mentioned in polite company.

Stardom and lettuce leaves. They go together, as Joan Crawford can testify

Garbo, of course, is famous for her sunbaths in the all-together. It tones up her nerves, and serves to allay that ever present malady, insomnia. Incidentally, real estate men are very enthusiastic in endorsing the Garbo sunbaths. You have no idea how property increases in value in that particular neighborhood. Lots of people have got thorns in their eyes, too, trying to peep through the hedge fence surrounding Casa Garbo.

Now, don't take my word for this, but I have been informed that Lawrence Tibbett always stands on his head for a minute before he sings those rollicking arias for the screen. It brings a rush of blood and warms the vocal chords. All I hope is that he does it in the sanctity of his own dressing room. I don't think a star should go around destroying romantic illusions like that. Personally, I don't think a hero has any business standing on his head. After all, something should be left for the comedians.

Janet Gaynor believes in sun bathing. Naturally frail, little Janet has to guard her health carefully

LOTS of people don't like spinach, and lots of people scream until it is taken away. Poor Carole Lombard feels like Joan of Arc, being led to the stake every time she approaches a luncheon table. Spinach is her principal dish at noontime. She eats it disguised as broccoli; ground fine with lemon juice; adorned with hard boiled eggs, or shameless in its nudity. It's still spinach and she hates it. She'd probably give a nice, big autographed picture of herself to the fellow who could grow the stuff and make it taste like a chocolate nut sundae. However, she doesn't give up, so spinach must do whatever it is supposed to do.

While Carole is making faces at her spinach, William Powell is over at Warners' in his dressing room, hard at work at his rowing machine. He doesn't have time for golf or tennis, and rowing is a lot of exercise. It exercises everything in fact, including the temper. Bill has rowed enough to get somewhere or other — maybe Timbuctoo — but he always stops right where he started. The scenery does get monotonous.

If you've read any Hollywood novels lately, you probably have the impression that gin comes out of the cold water faucet, and Scotch out of the hot one. Just ask Miriam Hopkins what she will have to drink. It's water, and plenty of it. She drinks a glassful after each scene. Once when California was facing a drouth, the water commission almost had to take steps about it.

George Bancroft used to eat raw, ground steak, raw eggs and chopped onions. He said it made him strong. At least I never found anyone who disagreed in the slightest. His leading ladies used to swoon when he clasped them to his manly bosom. Jean Hersholt still goes in for this diet occasionally, and it was a favorite luncheon dish of the late Lon Chaney.

George O'Brien, the brawny boy, gets up at dawn, runs on the beach, works with his trainer, has a massage and then settles down to a quiet day of golf, tennis and handball

Maybe if you don't like your carrots and spinach you could write and get the name of those little pills that Jimmie and Russell Gleason take. They don't like fresh vegetables, and at dinner time little pellets containing the necessary vitamins are passed around. And, my, my, you've no idea how much easier it is for the cook.

INSISTENCE on plenty of sleep when working is one of the most usual and sensible of Hollywood's innumerable guides to health. Ann Harding and her husband, Harry Bannister, sleep out of doors the year around. There's no fooling about getting to bed either. Comes nine o'clock, and Ann, if she is acting in a picture, retires to the sleeping porch. If guests are present it is just too bad. The sun gets around to that porch pretty early in the morning, and Ann is going to have her eight hours before Sol goes to work. She swims every morning in her pool, whether the Californian weather is making the Chamber of Commerce

Tallulah Bankhead goes in for the old Spanish—also English and Garbo—custom of walks, and then more walks

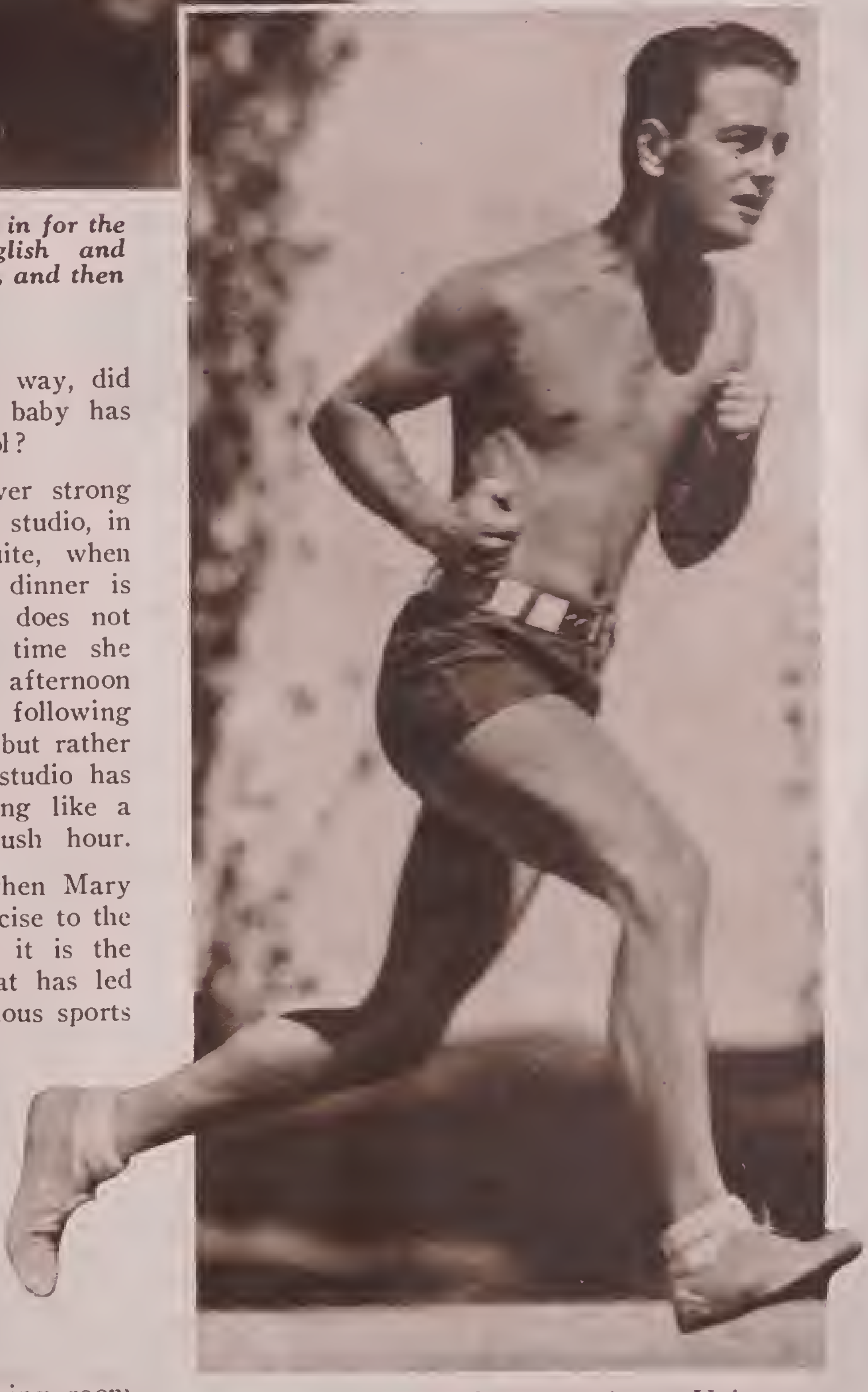
happy or not. By the way, did you know that Ann's baby has her own miniature pool?

Ruth Chatterton, never strong in health, sleeps at the studio, in her dressing room suite, when she is working. Her dinner is served there, and she does not see a soul from the time she leaves the set in the afternoon until she returns the following morning. It's relaxing but rather lonesome. A deserted studio has a haunted castle looking like a subway terminal at rush hour.

There was a time when Mary Pickford left hard exercise to the college stars. Perhaps it is the Fairbanks influence that has led Mary to take up strenuous sports to retain her health and figure. Last winter she even took skating lessons, in addition to instruction in tennis, golf and dancing. The Fairbanks ritual, of course, is amazing. He has a swimming pool, steam room, and massage table in his dressing room quarters at United Artists. He probably vaults over the grand piano at Pickfair just to work up appetite for the morning ham and eggs.

Leave it to the English to go in for ruddy health in a big way. Clive Brook looks well tubbed, and you don't know the half of it. Icy cold showers in winter, and in summer, when the water in the shower is still cold enough for most hardy souls, Clive has cakes of ice put in his tub. He literally bathes in ice water. It's a standing order with the house staff that huge chunks of it are carted to the bathroom every morning.

Most people would just give up and move into a sanitarium for the rest of their lives if they had to follow the George O'Brien schedule. Of course, George attracts plenty of female agitation when he displays those rippling muscles on a bathing beach, but the ordinary run of man would stay out of a bathing suit before he would follow in the O'Brien footsteps. At the crack of dawn he is trotting down the Malibu roadway. It seems that the early morning sun has greater health-giving qualities, although, come to think of it, I've never thought that people who made a habit of not going to bed until sunup looked so darned rugged. Then breakfast, and by that time, he settles down into a nice, quiet day of golf, swimming, riding, boxing, wrestling, and what can you offer? Joel McCrea is another adherent of strenuous exercises.



Studios get goofy ideas sometimes. Universal decided it would be good for Lew Ayres' health if he wore white socks. So Lew does

JOAN CRAWFORD could write a big book on "Diets I Have Known." Joan's figure, so much admired by the fans, didn't just grow like Topsy. There was a time and not so many years ago, when she was a pretty buxom lassie. Diet did it—and that famous lettuce leaf salad at lunch time in which she formerly indulged—did take off the pounds. It almost ruined her health in addition. She still eats lightly. It has been said that her regular meals are so light that she must take a slice of pineapple or half an apple between luncheon and dinner. There must be times when Joan would like to pound a typewriter, earn $25 a week, and spend it all for sirloin and cottage fried.

If you want an off-screen closeup of Tallulah Bankhead, just go prowling around the Hollywood foothills in the early morning, or even in the evening. The exotic lady of the languid bearing takes two or three long hikes every week. Garbo used to like to walk along the beach, and if it were raining, that made it all the better.

There isn't a star in Hollywood who hasn't a (*Continued on page* 103)

The Lonesomest Boy in Hollywood

Being the Real Explanation of Why Phil Holmes is a Hermit

By DOUGLAS W. CHURCHILL

Phillips Holmes has worked for three years without stopping. Here he is in "Broken Lullaby," his latest picture with Nancy Carroll

PHILLIPS HOLMES threaded his way between the crowded tables of a Hollywood restaurant. To two or three of the groups he nodded pleasantly as he recognized friends. From other tables he received stares, quizzical looks; people recognized him but they didn't know him. Few people in Hollywood know Phillips Holmes.

At the rear of the dining room he seated himself at a table. Famous people passed back and forth, saw the young man seated alone. Some spoke; the rest looked and went on.

It was a strange sight in the town where success means that you can never be alone, where once you attain public recognition you become public property.

Watching him eating, pausing to read some paragraph in his newspaper, staring into space while a waiter served his steak, you instinctively knew that Phillips Holmes is one of the loneliest men in Hollywood. And he is.

Talk to him and you get the impression that he is bored. You feel that he is trying to be nice to you but rather wishes you would go on about your business. You think these things until he begins to talk. Then you get a slight understanding of Phillips Holmes.

You find him lonely, yes. But you find him pleasant. You find a man yearning for understanding and realizing that people don't understand him, one who would like to have an all absorbing romance, to be madly in love, but who can't.

Phillips Holmes' Day

6 a. m.; Arise

6:15 to 6:45; Workout with trainer.

6:45 to 7:05; Bathe, shave and dress.

7:05 to 7:25; Breakfast.

7:25 to 7:50; Drive to Studio.

8 until noon; On the set.

12 to 12:30; Lunch and interviews with newspapers.

12:30 to 12:45; Look at rushes.

12:45 to 1:00; Pose for publicity photographs.

1 until through, generally about 7 p. m.; On set.

7 to 8; Letters, more interviews, business conferences.

8 to 8:25; Drive home.

8:30 to 9:15; Dinner.

9:15 to 6 the next morning; Nothing to do but to study his part for the next day, answer personal mail, and try and get a little rest.

There is a reason for it. Phil Holmes knows the reason; the mad whirl of Hollywood doesn't. They wonder why he has sacrificed the usual coterie of friends that cluster about the successful young men of the town. They don't know why he has never fallen in love.

The reason is a very prosaic one: He hasn't had time.

He could have the time, of course. He could be one of the "hey-hey" boys of the town, he could attend all of the openings and have at his side almost any one of the glorious and famous girls you see on the screen. But it would interfere with his becoming a good workman, the dominating obsession of Phil's life.

Three years ago he was a typically carefree college boy at Princeton. He sang "voo-deo-do" and "hot-cha-cha" or whatever undergraduates were singing three years ago. A director went to the college to make a picture. Phil knew all about pictures. His father is Taylor Holmes. And Phil wasn't remotely interested in a screen career.

"I wanted to go into Wall Street," Phil explained. "The whole thing was mapped out. I knew what company I was going with. All my studying had been directed toward a financial career. I knew all about Hollywood and it didn't mean a thing."

But Frank Tuttle, Buddy Rogers' director at the moment, had other ideas. He saw in Phil an actor of promise and he argued and argued and Holmes went to Hollywood.

Most young men, bitten by the cinema bug, see in Hollywood a life of ease, of glory, of adulation, of some day attaining the heights symbolized by names in electric lights and interviews in newspapers, of gay friends, of popularity, of fame.

But Phil only saw a job to be done. Public acclaim, should he ever receive it, meant nothing to him. His name in lights on a thousand theaters in America meant nothing from a thrill standpoint. There was but one thing that interested him and that was having people say, "There's a swell workman."

"I had carefully laid my plans to be in the market," Phil continued. "I just as carefully laid my plans to try and reach a goal on the screen. I knew that was the only way it could be done and I knew it would take three years, at least. I had to make my choice between having a good time and being classed with a thousand who live for good times in this town or living to myself and getting where I intended going. Of course, there was the chance of missing the goal and missing the good times, too."

But he attained his goal. He had to get up at six o'clock in the morning, be worked over by a trainer because he hadn't time to take his exercise, have breakfast, be at the studio by eight, work, be interviewed and photographed while having lunch, work, home at eight-thirty or nine at night for dinner and to learn his lines for the next day. But he did attain his goal.

Such a program doesn't leave much time for girls. Phil longingly wishes it did. "But you can't tell a girl that maybe you will be by at eight-thirty to take her to the theater and maybe you won't. It all depends on whether you have to work. Not Hollywood girls, you can't. And there is certainly no fun having a romance unless you can put on the proper campaign. You can't be half way about it."

So, being unable to devote the time to an intense romance which, knowing Phil, you know would be as intense as his devotion to work, if not more so, he put thoughts of love out of his mind until he can take the time to be a gay lover. But it looks bright for some girl when Phil does finally decide to put on a spectacular romance in a town that is used to rather blasé or overdone campaigns. There are plenty of both in Hollywood.

The three years are up. "Varsity" was his first picture. Then there was a year of inactivity. Then came three opportunities—"All Quiet on the Western *(Continued on page 97)*

Life's no bowl of cherries to Phil Holmes. He does take it serious. And that makes him mysterious to Hollywood and the world

Edna May Oliver is a comedienne who has risen above poverty, tragedy and loneliness

"Pick the Goal You Want to Reach"

Says Edna May Oliver, Who Proves That's the Way to Success

By EDWARD CHURCHILL

THIS is a story of contrasts.

It is the tale of a desperately serious woman whom you consider a comic character.

It is the strange saga of a woman who missed the laughter of childhood and who is trying to capture it on the sunset-side of life.

I write of Edna May Oliver, the immortal Mrs. Tracy Wyatt of "Cimarron," Fanny Foley of "Fanny Foley, Herself," and eleven-twelfths of the jury of "Ladies of the Jury."

She has the astounding record of lifting herself to fame by sniffing through ten reels of "Cimarron"—of giving an even finer characterization than did Richard Dix and Irene Dunne in that picture, although her part was smaller.

She combines the spinsterish qualities of the mistress of a lonely Beacon Hill household and the hoydenish qualities of the bicycle-riding Dorothy Lee.

At one moment she is the gay, coquettish and nonsensical Edna May. At the next, she is the forbidding, at times domineering, Miss Oliver.

At the Radio Pictures studios, where I have seen her day in and day out, I have observed her riding on the baggage rack of a bicycle being propelled by Guinn (Big Boy) Williams, laughing herself and sending her audience into gales of laughter. Again, she has swept by me, regally alone and quite frightening in her cold demeanor, the solitary occupant of the back seat of her luxurious town car.

Wesley Ruggles, director of "Cimarron," says of her:

"I think she is the greatest actress of her age on the American screen today. She is malleable, interpretive and easy to handle where one would expect stiffness in a woman of her age. She is more versatile than the average actress of twenty-five and her understanding nature is remarkable."

So much for her ability as an actress. Far more fascinating is the story of how she became what she is on the screen today, and the conflicting fires in her being which make her a stern and unbending yet laughingly carefree person off the screen.

She has had a tragic life—a life without girlhood—a life of solitude—and because of all these things, she never has had, until now, an opportunity to be herself.

Edna May is one of the older generation of actresses who are bringing the screen such fine performances. Here she is in "Fanny Foley Herself," her first starring picture, with Rochelle Hudson and John Darrow

In telling me of her early days, she did not dwell on the tragedy of her disappointments nor did she harp on the penury and the heartbreak involved in her struggles. She only hinted at what she went through by offering the following advice:

"Pick the goal you want to reach, start plugging and keep plugging," she said. "If you really, honestly want anything enough to fight for it, you'll get it.

"You'll be discouraged. You'll feel licked. But you can't give in if you are going to get where you want to go. Believe in yourself. Know that you can deliver the goods and you'll deliver them in the end, sure as fate."

Edna May Oliver, whose real name is Nutter, was born in New England.

She was born in cold, forbidding old Boston, and from the time she was able to talk she was interested in acting. She cast aside her early dignity and pinned up her pigtails to stage shows for the price of five or six pins.

She soon developed a remarkable voice. The range which she gives in pictures is not accidental, for she is a vocal gymnast as the result of natural endowments and rigorous training. This voice became evident to her elders; and her kindly father, a seemingly wealthy but highly impractical man, promised to send her to Italy and have her trained to sing in grand opera.

She reveled in this promise and hugged this ambition to her breast.

As a mere child, she sang in a church in Malden, Massachusetts, and the congregation praised her voice. She meant to go to Europe to study further.

Her father, however, died when she was fourteen. The family was plunged into poverty, for his wealth was only a myth. He had lived up to every cent he was making. Her hopes, long nourished, were shattered—and this made poverty a more poignant thing than mere physical privation.

She didn't get to Europe, of course.

She went into "open air opera" and toured New England for a very long time. It was a terrific comedown for this prim Boston youngster who took life so seriously, and who sang in church. But she didn't give in.

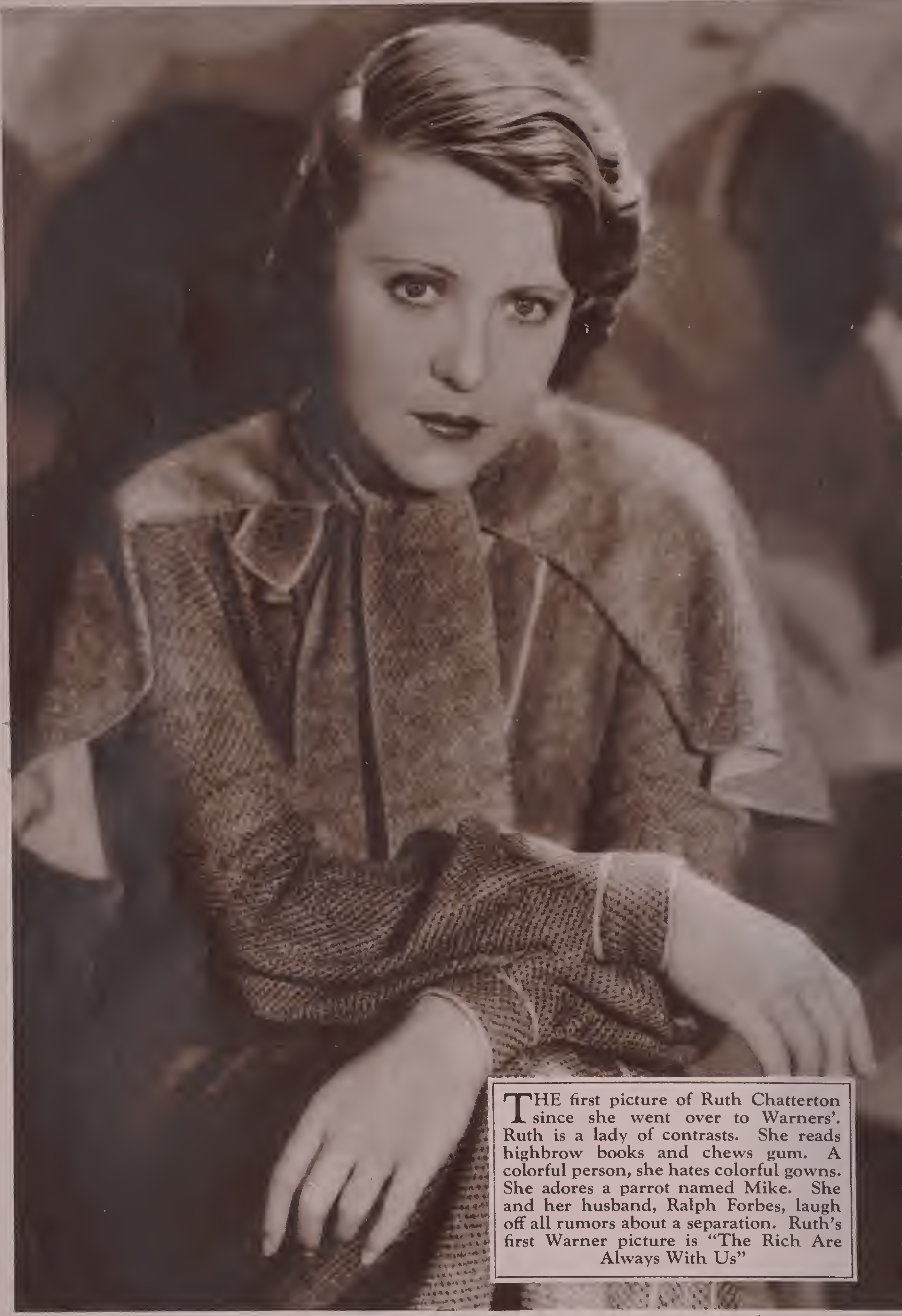
As we say today, she took it on the nose, and worked and plugged and fought to fulfill her ambitions just as she had expected to.

She was twenty-four when her mother died and she was left alone in the world, save for a brother. She had little physical equipment for success. She was not attractive in the sense that a "Follies" girl is attractive. Recently, she was hurt because the writer of an article which appeared in a current magazine said that she felt sorry for herself because she was so homely.

This isn't true on two counts. In the first place, she isn't homely. In the second, she isn't sorry for herself.

I think—and I'm sure that if you knew her as well as I do that you'd think—she is darned good looking. These good looks are intangible, and they come from inside her, so to speak. They start in her heart and her head and just sort of trickle down to her toes and her fingertips, into her eyes, and make her smile most thrilling. It's a hard thing to express.

At any rate, to get back to her story, she didn't have any playtime, from the time (*Continued on page* 112)



THE first picture of Ruth Chatterton since she went over to Warners'. Ruth is a lady of contrasts. She reads highbrow books and chews gum. A colorful person, she hates colorful gowns. She adores a parrot named Mike. She and her husband, Ralph Forbes, laugh off all rumors about a separation. Ruth's first Warner picture is "The Rich Are Always With Us"

Inside Stuff

Mothers' Day is May 8, so Movie Mirror presents five famous children and their mothers. Here is Carole Lombard and her mother, Mrs. Peters. Carole's real name is Jane Peters

Anyway, Eddie Tried!

Five children has Eddie Cantor. All five are girls.

The other day, Eddie got an autographed picture of Jackie Cooper from little Jackie. Comedian Cantor had the picture gorgeously framed, had an inscription engraved on the frame, presented the thing to Mrs. Eddie Cantor.

The inscription read:
"Let This Be a Lesson to You!"

"To have a boy
Would give me joy,"
Is Eddie Cantor's banter;

"I've had five tries;
All GIRLS!" he sighs;
"Guess Cantor's just a can't-er!"

Realism:

Being "shot" by an independent producer was one of those African jungle pictures — sort of another "Trader Horn." He had a lot of wild animals at so much per day, scattered about a big outdoor jungle set.

Then came unusual rains—more rain than California has had in 17 years, by weather bureau records.

So, to prevent the poor wild animals from catching cold, the producer had to rebuild his jungle set in a studio stage, and shoot the rest of his scenes there!

Hollywood Daughter, 1932:

Outright confusing to the tender years of Wallace Ford's little daughter are the differentiations between right and wrong, good and bad. At the breakfast table the other morning, Actor Ford heard his little girl pipe:

"Daddy, I was bad in Sunday School last Sunday."

Papa Ford sipped coffee, said nothing.

"I laughed right out loud, daddy; I was bad."

Still Papa Ford remained silent, waiting.

"Daddy, I wonder what the hell's the matter with me anyway . . . !"

Actor-Papa Ford snorted, stuffed a napkin into his mouth, hurried to the studio to tell the tale.

Slim Joins the Parade

Husband, but no father, is lanky Slim Summerville. Yet he loves children. He was interested a few months ago when Neil Hamilton adopted a baby. He was more interested when Wallace Beery adopted three! But when Constance Bennett appeared in court, filed papers to adopt the orphan son of her distant relatives who died in an auto crash, Slim Summerville waited no longer.

"Maybe I ain't so beautiful as she is, but Connie Bennett's got nothing on me!" said Slim. And forthwith adopted, from a Los Angeles orphanage, a handsome baby boy. He's to be named Elliott Summerville.

When a Thriller Goes Wrong

Out of a stunt formation, a quarter mile high in the sky, an airplane dived. Watchers waited for the straighten-up; it didn't come. The thing hurtled unchecked to a grinding crash. In the cockpit, Leo Nomis, veteran stunt flyer for the movies, died.

Jack Oakie, Richard Arlen—their eyes watched Nomis' death-plunge. It came during shooting of some of the air-thrill scenes for Paramount's "Sky Bride." Unable to

Also celebrating Mothers' Day are Joan Crawford with her mother, Anna Belle Le Sueur. Joan's real name is Lucille Le Sueur

Frances Dee and her devoted mother, Mrs. Dee. Aren't they an interesting contrast and isn't it easy to see where Frances gets her beauty from?

work further, the company called off shooting that day.

Rarely has Hollywood been as deeply shocked by a production accident—for there have been accidents before, some, like this, fatal. But this came, with strange irony, right on the heels of the preview of the Radio Picture, "The Lost Squadron," which relates the adventures of three stunt aviators in Hollywood—and the deaths of two of them. Leo Nomis, to add to the irony, was one of the four stunt flyers who did the trick aviation stuff in "The Lost Squadron."

Dick Arlen, who saw Nomis die, was an aviation enthusiast. After the death-crash, he admitted it'd be long before he could fly again.

Paul Lukas, too. Paul said he didn't think he'd ever take to the air again. You see, Leo Nomis taught Paul to pilot.

. . . He's only eight years old—yet there's a book soon to be published telling the story of his life. Whose?—why, Jackie Cooper, of course. His mother authored the volume.

Renee Nears the Big Goal!

By the time you read this, Renee Adoree will be out of the Arizona sanitarium where she's lain in bed for so many months she doesn't like to count 'em, fighting her way back to health.

The doctors have told her she's so near cured, that she can leave the hospital, take a cottage on the desert for three months—and then return to Hollywood, 100 percent well!

By midsummer, Renee will be in movieland again, ready to resume the fight for the cinema heights. And to the hundreds of fans who've stayed loyal, written her cheering letters through the long months in bed, Renee gives her heart's utmost gratitude.

One of cinemaland's most persistent walkers is George Arliss. Daily, he walks three miles from his home to the studio; grows annoyed at the number of autoists who stop and offer a lift to the poor, bent old man.

The Irish Stick Together

The other night, John McCormack gave a concert in Los Angeles. Naturally, many movie folk were in the audience. Rarely has McCormack been more brilliant. Afterward, at a party tendered the tenor, Tommy Meighan was present.

"And how," asked an acquaintance, "did you like McCormack's voice tonight?"

"Magnificent. Gorgeous. Splendid," enthused Meighan. "After hearing him, I'm going right home and break all my Bing Crosby phonograph records."

Whether producers get along with her or not, no actress is more popular with those who work with her on the set than Barbara Stanwyck. At Columbia, finishing "Shopworn," Barbara was presented with a beautiful smock by her fellow-workers; at Warners' the cast and director of "So Big" chipped in, bought her a thermos-bottle set to replace a battered old one she'd been using.

Punnier and Punnier!

They tell that Paul Lukas, on a recent visit to New York, visited one of those hole-in-the-door places whose address a friend had given him. He rang. The hole in

(Acme Photo)

Here are the first pictures of Bebe Daniels' and Ben Lyon's baby, famous little Barbara Bebe Lyon. Quite a family gathering was present at her christening—all of four generations. From left to right: Ben Lyon; Mrs. Phyllis Daniels, Bebe Daniels' mother; Mrs. Georgia Butler Griffin, Bebe's grandmother and the child's great-grandmother; the baby herself, and Bebe Daniels

Will Rogers and the Missus return to Hollywood after one of Will's globe-trotting expeditions. They have been married for twenty-three years. Will is all ready for his next picture, "Down to Earth"

Of that number, only 619 averaged one day's work a week during 1931. Their average pay check was $9.32.

Only 218 of the 17,500 extras registered earned as much as $18.64 a week, averaging the year's income.

Ex-Debutantes

Peeved because none of their young girls were included on the 1931 list of Wampas Baby Stars, Fox studio officials named three of their players "Debutante Stars." They were Conchita Montenegro, Linda Watkins, Helen Mack. That was in 1931.

This is 1932. The contracts of all three expired. Fox didn't renew.

Greta Garbo attended a matinee performance of her latest picture, "Mata Hari," at the Chinese Theater in Hollywood not so long ago. Not even the theater attendants knew it, though, and no one recognized the star until she was leaving, after the performance, when Sid Grauman spotted her.

Anyway, She's Getting Practice

Dorothy Peterson isn't a mother.

Yet her most recent film rôles have been mother-rôles: in "She Wanted a Millionaire," "Rich Man's Folly," "Forbidden," and now in "Limpy." And her first big rôle was in "Mother's Cry."

More Marquee Signs

Well, if you go in for that sort of thing, you've always a chance of finding a giggle in the announcements of these double-feature bills. For instance:

LADIES' MAN
IRON MAN

Or:

AMBASSADOR BILL
COMPROMISED

Or even:

JEAN HARLOW
TWO FEATURES

Fame's Rewards

Not so many years ago, Mae (*Continued on page* 102)

Don't Call Him A Platinum Blond!

Even Though Gene Raymond Seems to be What Ladies Prefer, He Merely Wants to Be Known as a Good Actor

By DORA ALBERT

Gene Raymond has made only two pictures, "Personal Maid" and "Ladies of the Big House," but already he's a hit

EVER since Gene Raymond played in "Personal Maid" and "Ladies of the Big House," Movie Mirror has been deluged with letters like this: "Gene Raymond is the greatest discovery of the year." "Gene Raymond is my favorite screen hero." "I like he-men heroes on the screen, like Gene Raymond and Clark Gable."

The editor decided that something would have to be done about it.

And that was how and why I found myself having lunch with Gene one day at the Algonquin, one of Broadway's favorite eating places.

I found Gene was different in many ways from other actors. He is, in fact, exactly what every young actor should be and so seldom is.

He doesn't talk incessantly about himself; he has other interests in life besides acting; he has the physique of an athlete and he *is* an athlete.

He is modest, natural and unspoiled.

"When I first came to Hollywood," he said, "no one knew who I was, *naturally*. The publicity department at Paramount asked me if I had ever worked in a stock yard or a freight yard, had been a hobo, ridden on a freight train or been a cowboy. When I said no to all these things, they asked me what, in heaven's name, I had done. I told them I'd been an actor, but they turned up their noses at that."

It never occurred to Gene to invent a more colorful background for himself. It probably never will.

He was born Raymond Guion, in New York, of French parentage.

An artist for whom he once posed ("and that is no laughing matter," he says) told Raymond that the name "Guion" comes from one King William of Sweden. It seems that Guion is a corruption of something like Guillon, and that Guillon is a corruption of William. All very complicated, but anyway Guion is a good old French Huguenot name.

Raymond later changed his name because no one could pronounce that French monicker. People began calling him Gene when he was playing the character of Gene in "Young Sinners" on the stage. When he went into the movies, he took the name for his own and changed his first name, Raymond, into a surname.

Raymond's parents had nothing to do with the theatre. His father was in some sort of building line—his mother was just "mother."

When Raymond was still very young, she got the idea that the boy had talent (and right she was!). And so at the age of five, Raymond made his first stage début. He played child rôles in stock companies in and around New York.

"But," says Raymond, and he is very firm on this point, "I never starved. I never went hungry for weeks at a time, the way most actors say they have."

Raymond went to grade school and then to the Professional Children's School. He hesitates to mention this, because most people think it's a school where youngsters learn how to act. It isn't. It's a school where all the regular high school subjects are taught to professional children. Just that, no more and no less.

As for Raymond, he kept appearing in any number of plays from the age of five on. His first personal big hit was scored in "The Potters," about seven or eight years ago. After that (*Continued on page* 95)

Gene Raymond is twenty-three, blond and blue-eyed, but he says he has no dissipations, not even a love life

This Oh, So "Grand Hotel"

THERE'S never been anything like it before. There probably never will be anything like it again. Old Three-Star Hennessey must be whirling around in his grave with envy, for this is eight-star, double powerful, uncut entertainment. Eight stars and what stars—Garbo, two Barrymores, Joan Crawford, Wallace Beery, Lewis Stone, Jean Hersholt, Tully Marshall. Even the bits are played by actors like Ferdinand Gottschalk, Frank Conroy, Purnell Pratt, Kathryn Crawford and Ruth Selwyn. Edmund Goulding is directing, Cedric Gibbons is contributing his finest settings, and the story from the original novel and highly successful play by Vicki Baum has been adapted to the screen by Hans Kraly, one of the best little adapters in all Hollywood. M-G-M is making it and are all the other producers in a lather about it! But it certainly ought to be the answer to the theatre man's prayer.

The story happens to be laid in Germany but it might happen anywhere. It is the tale of people in hotels, of the stories each of the rooms might tell. Every character has his own story, yet the stories all meet somewhere, intertwine and mingle as stories do in life.

Garbo, who gets this whole page to herself, plays Grusinskaya, the ballet dancer. Hers is the main story and there are those on the M-G-M lot who believe it is her greatest rôle to date, a woman who has had everything in the world except the thing of greatest importance—that little tremendous thing called love.

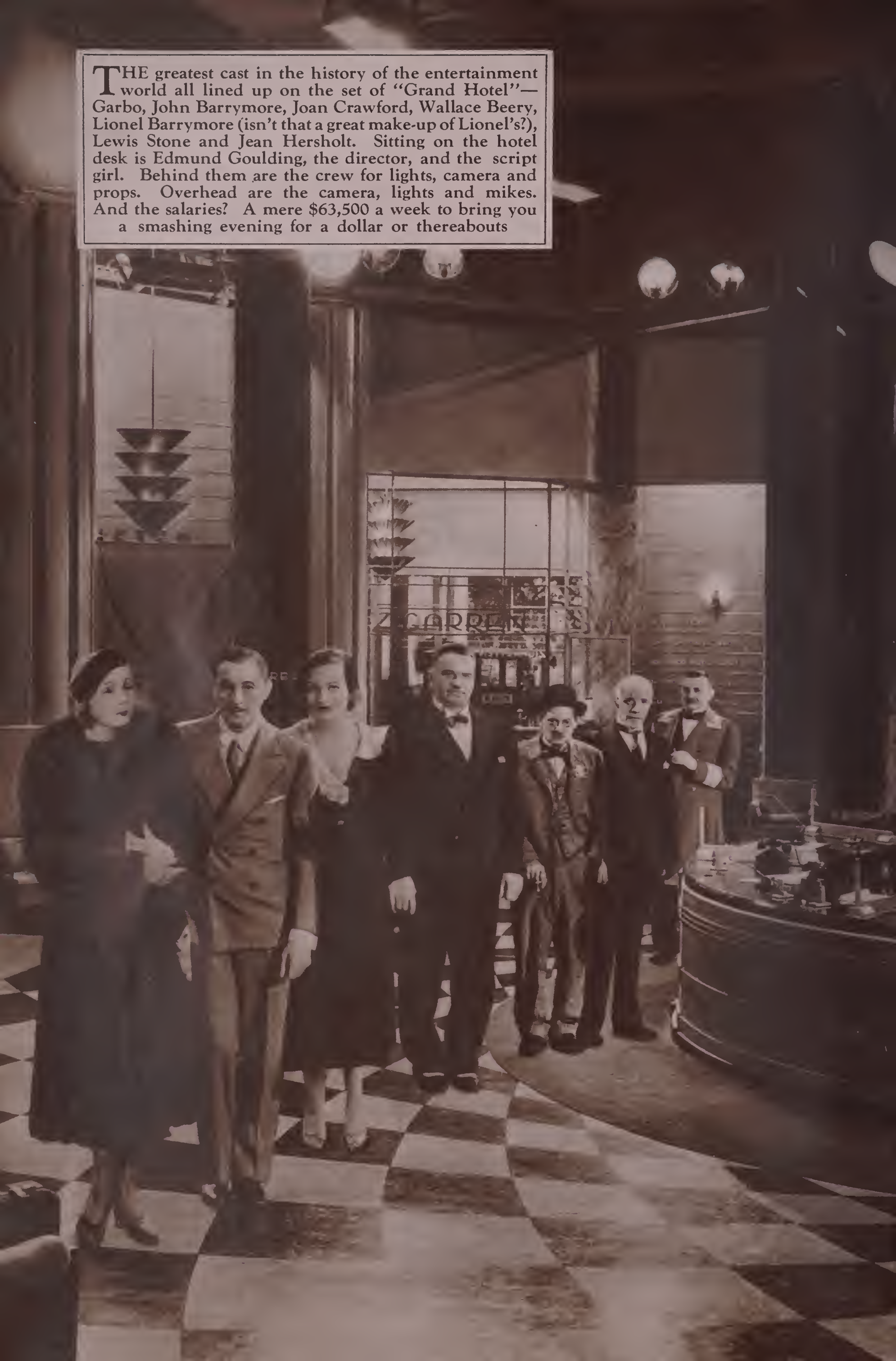
Grusinskaya, who had been a poor little Russian child, has become the darling of the gods. She has known wealth, adulation, fame. Her temperament knows no bounds. She hounds her manager and her faithful maid with silly orders. She is all temper and impulse. But underneath it all, she is afraid. She fears that she is losing her public. She is afraid of her birthdays. She really wants to die and is even attempting suicide when love intervenes and stops her.

The other stories? Well, read on across the page.

THIS dancer, Grusinskaya, who has worked and worked and worked since childhood, meets the Baron, who has known only ease but who is now broke and practically dishonored. He creeps into the dancer's room to steal her fabulously valuable jewels. She returns unexpectedly from the theatre where she has refused to dance and discovers him. One look and the awful loneliness both of them have always known falls away. They have found life in each other's eyes. They love, madly, wildly, instantly. They believe they shall love forever, come what may. Can you picture Garbo and John Barrymore in such scenes? Won't they be ravishing?

Below are John and Lionel Barrymore. What about Lionel? Well, Lionel has a rôle as is a rôle. He is Kringelein, a small village bookkeeper whose doctor has warned him he is soon to die. Kringelein has never known a moment's happiness, nothing but work and saving, saving. He gives up the job which has meant only slavery to him and makes up his mind to spend all that he has saved as one final escape from being the under-dog clerk for a tyrannical employer. He decides to meet death in luxury, to spend his final hours in the "Grand Hotel," the most beautiful place he can imagine on earth. He expects nothing except to see beautiful people and surroundings. But he finds drama and romance, glamour and kindliness in the figure of the lovely Flaemmchen, the hotel stenographer.

THE greatest cast in the history of the entertainment world all lined up on the set of "Grand Hotel"—Garbo, John Barrymore, Joan Crawford, Wallace Beery, Lionel Barrymore (isn't that a great make-up of Lionel's?), Lewis Stone and Jean Hersholt. Sitting on the hotel desk is Edmund Goulding, the director, and the script girl. Behind them are the crew for lights, camera and props. Overhead are the camera, lights and mikes. And the salaries? A mere $63,500 a week to bring you a smashing evening for a dollar or thereabouts



THE male stars of "Grand Hotel". Besides the Barrymores, there are Lewis Stone and (in the photographs at the bottom of the page) Jean Hersholt and Tully Marshall, grand character actors all. The suave Lewis Stone departs from his usual style completely. He plays a shell-shocked doctor, his face half destroyed by the war, his family, his friends completely wiped out. He believes all feeling in him is dead, too, but when he sees that the Baron intends to steal the dying Kringelein's money at the gambling table (as in the center scene) he comes to his rescue.

Those usually important actors, Tully Marshall and Jean Hersholt, who nearly always have fat rôles play bits in "Grand Hotel." Jean Hersholt is seen as the doorman, Tully Marshall as Gerstekorn.

JOAN CRAWFORD as Flaemmchen, the stenographer who wanted to be good and Wallace Beery as Preysing, the respectable, middle-aged German who forgot his family in his mad passion for her. These are the rôles these two stars play in "Grand Hotel".

An old situation? Yes, old as the tragedy of every girl with an intelligent mind hidden behind too beautiful a face, with working hands and lovely, provocative legs. Joan in such a rôle may very well steal the picture even from Garbo, the great.

Steve Clemente is head hatchet man in Hollywood. When knives are thrown in scenes, he throws 'em. The actor throws only the bluff

An Open Letter to Mr. Ripley

Believe it Or Not, but the Craziest Jobs in the World are in Hollywood and You Can Make a Living Out of Anything from Angleworms to Antiques

By KENNETH BURKE

DEAR, Dear Mister Ripley:

For quite a long time, now, you've been amazing people with your Believe-It-Or-Nots. You've been travelling all over the world, finding incredible things to draw pictures about, and Rip, you've found some wows. But honest, Rip, you've been wasting an awful lot of time. All you'd need do would be to come out here to Hollywood, and you'd find the *darndest* things . . . ! For instance, Rip, in just one field alone—the utterly screwy ways certain people out here make perfectly good livings!

It's a wise goose that stays with J. H. Kerr, for it learns to act as well as pay an income tax

Look here, Rip; you Holly-wood Believe It, but out here we've got a professional angleworm raiser!

And that's nothing—*nothing* at all. Why, we've got a bat-cave-locater, a trick-murder-deviser, a baby-timer, an overnight-forest-maker, a booze-bottle-renter, a queer-musical-instrument-supplier, a firm of sea-turtle-catchers, a professional fog-maker . . .

And furthermore, Rip, we can prove it, just like you say you can prove everything you startle us with. So let's go—

LET'S start, for instance, with that angleworm-raiser, because that gets us right into the whole amazing array of men and women who make a livelihood in this topsy-turvy movieland by raising and training all sorts of animals. Probably M. B. Milkosky's angleworm ranch is the queerest.

You see, Rip, every now and then they have barnyard scenes in movies, or sequences where there are chickens (no, Rip; *not* what you're thinking! Regular feathered ones, like Sunday dinners, you know.) Well, movie-makers have found that there's nothing like a nice, fat, luscious angleworm to keep movie chickens contented. So when they take those fowl sequences, they call up Mr. Milkosky, and tell him to send over some lunches for the feathered actors. So Mr. Milkosky goes to his nice heated-and-moistened angleworm incubators, picks out a few dozen worms, sends them post-haste to the studio, and follows up with his bill. That makes everybody happy—the movie moguls, the director, the chickens, and Mister Milkosky. But *not* the angleworms, but nobody seems to care about that.

MISTER Milkosky makes a good livelihood out of his worms. But so does L. F. Comport out of bats. Nothing gladdens Mr. Comport's heart like the news that another weird and horror-striking movie is to be made. It's a cinch they'll be calling him up to order some bats, to make the scene more sinister. Now bats, Rip, are funny. They pine away and die overnight in captivity. So Mr. Comport has a list of places he's located—old mine-tunnels, caves, dark barns—where bats hang out. He can't keep 'em in his home; they'd die. So when he gets a call, he goes out to one of his list of bat-addresses, plucks a few bats off the timbers or walls, delivers them to the studio—and bam, there's another movie-shocker. More than once, Mr. Comport has delivered a mess of bats to the studio one day, and had to duplicate the order the next day, because the original shipment played a mean trick on the man whose job it is to keep production expenses down. They died overnight. Mr. Comport is delighted at the high bat mortality.

When Jack Allman sees snakes, he collects dollars. He also makes money out of gila monsters, scorpions and such jolly things. In the lower picture Sam Comer displays one of his 1800 bottles, all of which are accurate—though empty

No money chasing butterflies? Hal Newcomb cashes in that way. Remember when the dying boy in "All Quiet" reached out for a butterfly? That was one of Hal's pets

ANGLEWORMS and bats, Rip, aren't the only animals that make movies. There are supervisors, armadillos, sea-turtles, birds, butterflies, ducks, monkeys, horses, lions—oh, you go to the movies, don't you, Rip? You remember that final scene in "All Quiet on the Western Front," where Paul reaches over the trench parapet to catch a bit of beauty—the butterfly that flits over deadman's land? And an enemy bullet snuffs out Paul's life. Well, it was one of Hal Newcomb's butterflies that played that trick on Paul. Hal is Hollywood's "butterfly man," —and not the kind that Lew Cody was once cracked up to be. No, Hal is respectable. If you can call breaking up butterfly homes respectable. He and his wife spend their time collecting butterflies and moths; they've traveled the world over, have an amazing collection of dead and live ones. Newcomb can supply virtually any

Mrs. Elizabeth McGaffey searches the papers for new situations—better ways of murdering and such—and gets paid for it

When an actor wears a chest full of medals such as Lowell Sherman is here displaying, you can bet they came from Hollywood's chief medal renter and cost plenty

species of butterfly or moth called for—and can supply the domestic sort, alive, by the hundred, for springtime scenes, or such.

It isn't once in a blue moon that armadillos are called for. "Ingagi" proved it wasn't shot in Africa because one shot showed an armadillo and they don't exist in Africa. For Hollywood, the Appelt Brothers of Comfort, Texas, supply armadillos to the studios on 36-hour call. Then there's Jack Allman, the snake-man. He thinks nothing of necking with a rattlesnake. That's how he catches them—slips a forked stick over their neck, then grabs 'em with his bare hands, pops 'em into a bag tied on his belt, brings 'em to his home where he dumps 'em in glass-and-wire cages, and sells or rents them to studios for desert stuff and such. He also deals in gila monsters, scorpions, horned toads and jolly things like that. He also has a way with them—he has succeeded, through devious means, in making a snake enter a room, crawl up a table leg, and into an opening traveling bag. Script-writers think up things like that, and that's what makes Jack Allman's bank-account fatter, Rip.

OF course, there's nothing very new about the dog-trainers, hoss trainers, monkey-trainers, and such. Henry East is probably the best-known dog man in cinemaland—can supply everything from the right type for a Dutch milk-cart to an Alaskan malamute, or what do you want in dogs, Rip? Tony Campanero trains monkeys, but he has a tough time with assistant directors. C. B. Glick is Hollywood's bird-man. He has hundreds of them—big and little; black, white, green pink; trained and wild. He rents them for from $2 to $200 a sequence, depending on the bird's rarity or whether or not it's trained to do tricks.

There's a woman, too, Rip, who raises spiders to rent or sell to studios—either for horror close-ups, or for web-spinning. Rip, just suppose she and the angleworm man were to get married; wouldn't it be a swell place to visit? Or wouldn't it?

J. H. Kerr lives on what animals can learn, too. He trains tricks into ducks and geese, pigs, cows, turkeys, donkeys. At an average of $20 or more a day for his trick animals, Kerr makes a nice living, Rip. Even fish are sometimes needed for films—and sea turtles. For

Henry East is the best known dog-man in cinemaland and can supply any variety

Isabel Kebor is a baby-timer. When she yells "Cut," whole studios obey

this, the prop-men call up the Los Angeles Fish & Oyster Company, which is a fish-selling concern. To swell their regular Friday receipts, they have a special movie department which undertakes to supply strange and unusual fish for picture-making needs.

AND of course, Rip, you know about such things as the ostrich farm, the alligator farm, the lion farm and other such places about Hollywood. How could they make traderhorns and africaspeakies and ingagis without 'em?

But let's get away from animals, Rip, and consider these other weird professionals—

There are Harry Lonsdale and Jimmy Rowe, the explosive men. No, Rip, they don't blow up on the set. That's left to the temperamental stars. Lonsdale and Rowe are the dynamite experts. Rowe, for instance, plays probably the world's maddest organ—with a keyboard whose notes could spell death. These keys lead, by wires, to planted charges of powder, which Rowe explodes to simulate shell-bursts in big battle scenes. Rowe's expertness can effect a shell-burst within inches almost of a group of charging uniform-clad extras, without injuring any of them. Oh, Rip, suppose some day Rowe should recognize, say, a radio announcer or a bill collector, working extra. Couldn't he have a swell revenge by pressing the key at the wrong time? Lonsdale, like Rowe, is an expert in placing gauging and exploding powder charges for screen effects.

Jimmy Rowe plays the world's maddest organ, a powder machine, whose notes spell disaster in war scenes

THEN there's Dave Garber, the grass-grower. Dave can grow three-inch-long grass in ten days. All he needs is some soil, some grass seed, some warm water—and a battery of sun-arcs. He can make the grass sprout quicker than the whiskers on a sophomore's chin, so he's called in when the studios need a real-grass lawn on an indoor set. For instance, a Nebuchadnezzar luncheon sequence.

"Fat" Jones is a man who makes his living from wagons. He's got scores of them—all kinds, periods, states of decrepitude. So have Charlie Flores and the Curly Eagles Stables. It's from these sources that studios rent the amazing array of equipages that appear in such thrillers as the land-rush scene from "Cimarron." Flores owns a victoria in which (*Continued on page* 104)

TALA BIRELL looks exotic and she is foreign, but she's much too beautiful and individual to be handicapped by labelling her a second Dietrich or a third Garbo. It didn't help Lil Dagover to be compared to other foreign beauties. So don't, please don't tag Tala as being anything but herself. She won her laurels on the Viennese stage. Now Universal is sure she'll win new ones in her first American picture, "Mountains In Flame." And what a grand feeling it will be to hail a new star!

SHE'S under five feet tall; she weighs less than a hundred pounds, and yet little Sidney Fox has made good in a *big* way. Just out of her teens, she's been a stenographer, a love adviser and a player in a stock company, but she'll never have to stenog or give love advice for a living again. Except maybe to interviewers! Little Sidney was loaned to Warners' for "The Mouthpiece," and she did such beautiful work in it that her own company, Universal, is going to star her right away

Jimmy Cagney today says of his life: "Whatever comes, I'll take it when it comes and as it comes"

Up From the East Side

The True Life Story of JAMES CAGNEY *as told by Jimmy himself to Harry Lang*

(Last month Jimmy Cagney told about being born in New York's Ghetto, growing up on the pavements, engaging in gang fights, learning, literally, to fight his way, going to work at fourteen to help support his mother and two brothers. For a while he was errand boy on a newspaper, then bundle wrapper in a department store, then a red-headed chorus girl—yes, girl—in vaudeville. Cagney, senior, stopped that, thought it wasn't dignified. He sent Jimmy to Wall Street as a runner, but Jimmy hated it and got a job in a Broadway chorus—as a boy, this time. Which brings us up to this month's installment. Now go on with this fascinating story.)

AS a matter of fact (Jimmy went on) I was the best dancer in the chorus. That's just a statement of fact—not bombastic egotism. Although, to tell the truth, I never did lack for self-confidence—but I'll tell you something about that a little later on.

As I was saying, I was the best dancer in the chorus. So, when they fired the specialty dancer for something or other—getting lit, probably—while we were on the road, they yanked me out of the chorus and gave me the job. Well, as I just mentioned, I never *was* any shy, retiring violet—and so when they gave me the specialty dance, I was convinced I was pretty good. But that was nothing compared to what I thought of myself when they made me understudy to the leading comedian! From that time on, I was a comic!—I couldn't ever go back to the chorus; no, sir, not me!

(Jimmy grinned at himself, as he remembered himself back there a decade ago—cocky, self-satisfied, arrogant little fighting-cock of an Irishman that he must have been! "Y'thought you were pretty good, eh?" the interviewer prompted. "Good?—say, listen," resumed Jimmy—)

. . . I didn't just think I was good. I *was* good. I even grew a moustache!! It came out orange.

And when they organized another road company, I walked right in to the producer and said: "Here's your leading man." He couldn't see it that way—told me I was, well, too young and didn't have enough experience.

I told him he didn't know what I was talking about—and that I'd be his leading man, or else.

I found out about that "or else." It didn't work. Neither did I.

So after that there followed what I call "the year of layoffs."

There just didn't seem to be any jobs. Oh, it's the usual story—you've heard it lots of times, I guess. The same old story of the dreary hunt for jobs, the trailing from one office to another, the hopes aroused and the hopes smashed, the promises and the "yeah, well-come-back-next-week" business, and all that stuff.

I GOT jobs in punk vaudeville acts. Even got a job playing a dead man. You see, it was like this—I played the part of a young gyp who'd fixed up a scheme with a gal. The act opened with the gal out on the street, crying and sobbing. Well, she was a goodlooker, so it wasn't long before a chump up and asked her what was the matter. She gave him a sob story, took him home, and there poured out instead of what he was looking for a long story about how her brother'd died, and she didn't have the money to bury him. And with that, she'd yank open a set of portières upstage and there'd be me—all laid out like dead, with a lily in my hand: Well, the mugg dug down and handed her a roll of bills, and told her not to cry li'l girl, and left. And then I'd get up, and grab the roll and we'd split the take. Oh, that was a swell act, that was—swell! Guess you'd call it my *first* racketeer rôle.

Jimmy and Joan Blondell started in pictures in "Sinners' Holiday". They still make a swell team

Aw, I played in all sorts of vaudeville acts—all sorts of towns, all sorts of theatres. I even played once in an act with seven girls—I was the only man with the act. . . .

This is Jimmy's Missus. She's been his since 1921, though she doesn't like him to tell that. Jimmy's proud of those ten years of happy marriage

(*And so, along at this stage of his story, Jimmy interpolated that phrase without which no long interview is EVER had: "Now, you can't print this, but . . ." Then, for a while, we all got to talking about this and that, and various things, in which joined one George Frank, a horn-rim-glassed, blackhaired individual who'd come into the room. George has known Jimmy for more than ten years, is now his personal manager. The talk was full of laughs, full of "yeah, and do you remember that big blonde with Whoozis' act?"—and the "uh huh, and that time in Waddayacallitville," and that sort of reminiscence-talk. And so, naturally, after a while, one HAD to ask: "Where and when did you first meet your wife, Jimmy?"*)

It was while I was in the chorus in "Pitter Patter," in New York (Jimmy explained.) A new girl joined the show. She wasn't much to look at—she was a dumb kid, as chorus girls went. You see, she'd just run away from a girls' school in Chicago—Mrs. Something-or-other's school, I don't remember the name.

SHE didn't make any hit with me, at first. I didn't pay much attention to her. How it all came about, I don't exactly know. And anyway, how she ever came to go for me will always be a mystery to me.

I know what started it—it was because I was such a pasty-looking runt! You see, with my red hair (it was redder then than it is now) my naturally pale complexion was intensified by contrast. Besides, I was thin then—my cheeks were always playing tag. Well, Bill was a worrying sort of kid, and she picked me out to worry about.

(Why "Bill," Cagney was asked?)

Her name was Frances (*Continued on page* 106)

Movies *of the* Month

"Lady With a Past" is a Connie Bennett picture that's gay where most Bennett pictures are serious

By HARRY LANG

(Check ✓ for the good pictures. Double check ✓✓ for the extraordinary ones that you shouldn't miss.)

You've been complaining that Connie Bennett always plays the same kind of rôle, have you? Well, Connie has stepped out of the formula. In "Lady With a Past" she plays a girl who only pretends she has a past. So go and enjoy it.

Other actors step out of character this month, too. Fredric March, who delighted and horrified you in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," turns in a fine piece of comedy acting. Dick Barthelmess gives an amazing performance as a Bavarian doctor. Frank Fay, who has played dress-suit rôles until he was sick of them, portrays a small-town hick character.

✓ Lady With a Past (Radio)

You'll See: *Constance Bennett, Ben Lyon, David Manners, Albert Conti, Don Alvarado, Merna Kennedy.*

It's About: *The beautiful society wallflower who gets wise to herself, hires a delightfully irresponsible merry-andrew, manufactures a synthetic but lurid past, becomes a social success!*

Added Tip: *Some grand clothes, gir-r-r-rls . . .!*

If you're sick of Connie Bennett suffering through three reels, emoting through three more, buy yourself a look at this. You won't be sorry. It's a new Connie, manifesting a fine flair for smart-and-snappy comedy, as bubble-frothy as her emoting is heavy.

"Lady With a Past," to be brief, is a love-tale to laugh-time, not weeps. Connie has to work her bennettest to

Frank Fay wrote, produced and acts the lead in "A Fool's Advice." He plays a small-town hick keep Ben Lyon from stealing the picture from her, which he threatens to do throughout. The finish is neck and neck. And neck. The rest of the cast —even Dave Manners' swell work—is almost sunk in comparison.

Disregard all your previous estimations of Bennett, and mark "Lady With a Past" down on your must-see list. You'll thank us.

✓✓ Strangers in Love

You'll See: *Fredric March, Kay Francis, Stuart Erwin, Juliette Compton, Earle Foxe, Lucien Littlefield, Sidney Toler.*

It's About: *Twin brothers. The mean one dies; the nice one, for various reasons, assumes his identity. Many complications; much fun ensue. Oh sure, everything turns out okay!*

This one was built for laughter and clicks. Naturally, you knew that, when you saw Stu Erwin's name in the lineup. You might be forgiven for not knowing it through the fact that Freddie March plays the lead. After his gruesome "Mister Hyde," Freddie does an amazingly fine lot of comedy work in this helter-skelter piece of laugherie. And Kay Francis is no slouch, either, when it comes to dragging out the hahas. As for Stu—here's your answer to your demand for more of his work.

If Paramount continues to turn out this sort of screen business, it won't be long before it can start crowing again about "if it's a Para—" —you know the rest.

Crammed with action, speed and excitement, "Disorderly Conduct" is a movie that will leave you gasping for breath

"Strangers in Love" is one swell comedy, with Fredric March, Kay Francis and Stu Erwin helping to build up the laughs

"One Hour With You" is delightful, sophisticated entertainment of the nice-naughty kind, brilliantly played by Maurice Chevalier and Jeanette MacDonald

✓✓ Alias the Doctor (First National)

You'll See: *Richard Barthelmess, Lucille LaVerne, Marian Marsh, Norman Foster, Adrienne Dore, Oscar Apfel, many others.*

It's About: *The brilliant masquerade of an unjustly discredited young doctor who takes his no-good brother's place—and the high drama that comes when he is found out just when his mother's life hangs in the balance, and the balance in his hands. . . .*

Here's Barthelmess's best in years—not even excepting "Dawn Patrol." His characterization of the young Bavarian doctor is superb. Yet the picture goes further—even beyond and aside from Dick's work, here is one grand piece of screen entertainment.

It's tremendously difficult, with a picture like this, to justly apportion credit. To the director, Michael Curtiz, high praise for innumerable touches of high artistry that make the picture unflagging in its interest; to the photographers, unstinted acclaim for some of the most beautiful camerawork of the season; to the creators of story and dialogue, a sweeping bow in recognition of brilliant crafts-

"Alias the Doctor" is Richard Barthelmess's greatest picture in years, and what it'll do to your emotions is nobody's business

manship. And to the cast, much applause. Particularly to Lucille LaVerne, grand old trouper, whose portrayal of the mother is one of those things that'll stick in your memory.

Easily the high spot of this story is the concluding sequence—the operating-room occurrences where the young doctor fights for his mother's life. If it doesn't dig deep into your emotions, then you're nothing but a seven-minute egg!

Charles Farrell proves in "After Tomorrow" that he can give a good performance even when he isn't teamed with Janet Gaynor

✓ Disorderly Conduct (Fox)

You'll See: *Sally Eilers, Spencer Tracy, El Brendel, Ralph Bellamy, Ralph Morgan, Allen Dinehart.*

It's About: *A big-time racketeer and his bee-ootiful daughter, a couple of cops (one straight; one very otherwise), a gambling raid, a murder, love—whew, what do you want for a quarter?!*

When an ordinary-length movie can cram in as much action, speed, excitement as this, and in as well-written lines, it's *got* to be good entertainment. This is. And it's another hit for Sally Eilers, even though she hasn't got Jimmy Dunn opposite.

It isn't bedrock gang stuff, even though there's one of those soup-and-fish gangsters in it. And whenever it looks too heavy, El Brendel does something scandi-knavish, and a laugh saves the situation. The whole affair, in short, is good, peppy, 1932 movie—and you'll probably give it "A"—anyhow "B"—on the report card.

✓ A Fool's Advice (Frank Fay)

You'll See: *Frank Fay, Ruth Hall, Hale Hamilton, Nat Pendleton, George Meeker, Esther Howard, Franklin Pangborn.*

It's About: *The blundersome beneficences of a young-boob-about-town, who (be it love, politics, or what?) fixes up everybody's troubles but his own.*

Here's the picture Frank Comicker Fay made at his own expense to show that Hollywood was wrong when it called him a film "flop." Fay proves that he's immeasurably better in his small-town hick characterization than in the dress-suit-and-silk-hat rôles they gave him. As the hero of this, he's highly reminiscent of Charles Ray in his heyday.

Utterly divorced from gunplay, sexplay, sophistication, "A Fool's Advice" is a pleasant hour of entertainment, laugh-flavored. You'll get a howl out of Fay's satiric delivery of a political speech; that's a guarantee. And another when villainous Nat Pendleton remarks: "Now isn't that perfectly ducky. . . .!"

✓ After Tomorrow (Fox)

You'll See: *Charlie Farrell, Marion Nixon, Minna Gombell, Josephine Hall, William Collier Sr., Greta Granstedt.*

It's About: *A couple of youngsters, who might be your neighbors, and how too little money and too much family gets in the way of their marriage, until. . . .!*

This is one of those

Oh, what a thrill is in store for you when you see Johnny Weissmuller, the swimming champ, in M-G-M's "Tarzan, The Ape Man"!

pictures you can tuck safely away in the "heart-interest" classification. It digs deeper because it's to do with people like you and me, the everyday trials and tribulations and happiness we know by first-hand acquaintance.

Charlie Farrell, unteamed with Janet Gaynor this time, turns in as good a performance as he's ever done, not even excluding his Janet-teamwork. You'll like Nixon as the gal. But most of all, you'll enjoy Josephine Hall and Senior Collier for the characterizations they offer herein. Dialogue and photography, splendid.

If you like adventure (and who doesn't) you'll enjoy "Carnival Boat," an action-packed story of doings in the big timberlands, starring Bill Boyd

✓✓ Tarzan, the Ape Man (M-G-M)

You'll See: *Johnny Weissmuller, Maureen O'Sullivan, Neil Hamilton, C. Aubrey Smith, and an unnamed but clever actor in a monkey-suit.*

It's About: *Utterly improbable but nevertheless hugely exciting thrill-stuff in a traderhorn setting.*

Where "Trader Horn" left off, this one takes up. As for the story—well, Tarzan, as you know, is the superman who outdoes every animal in the jungle in the fight for existence. Besides, he even outgables Clark Gable, it seems, for rather than go back to civilization with papa, the beautiful heroine stays in the jungle as Tarzan's mate. My, my, my! But never mind the story—it's only a skeleton on which to hang the real body of this picture—the animal thrill-stuff that's really nerve-twisting.

Everything is exaggerated in "Beauty and the Boss," from Marian Marsh's first appearance as the kind of country girl no country girl ever is to her subsequent success

Johnny Weissmuller, wearing nothing to speak of, displays a marvellous physique. This picture is going to be rough on husbands! As the heroine, fresh young Maureen O'Sullivan does all she can with the rôle—which is little more than playing straight to Tarzan's monkeyshines.

You'll get plenty of kick out of the animal stuff—and incidentally, papas and mammas, here's a great movie for the kids.

For those who like Westerns, "The Saddle-Buster," with Tom Keene, is decidedly worth seeing

✓✓ One Hour With You (Paramount)

You'll See: *Maurice Chevalier, Jeanette MacDonald, Genevieve Tobin, Roland Young, Charles Ruggles, many others.*

It's About: *A philandering hubby, a straying wife, a melodious seduction, a fig for virtue—a sex soufflé prepared under the worldly-wise supervision of Herr Lubitsch, and served with plenty of spice.*

Remember "The Marriage Circle"? This is it, to music. And gorgeously, deftly, bubblingly done. But not for Little Willie, unless you really think Little Willie might just as well learn about Such Things now as when he's a big boy.

Herein, the Facts Of Life are light-heartedly juggled about by such sex-farceurs as Chevalier, MacDonald, Young, Tobin, Ruggles. They do it with a never-failing finesse and charm that removes the smirk, leaves the chuckle. In short, a delightful example of the nice naughtiness you've grown to expect from the people who collaborated on this screen-tale. Incidentally, never before has Maurice Chevalier had finer tunes and lyrics to give voice to than he has in

MISS MISSOURI

"She Wanted a Millionaire," with Joan Bennett, is a strange hodgepodge, which you'll find entertaining but madly implausible

"Play Girl" is a charming picture of young love, with Loretta Young and Norman Foster

"Dancers in the Dark" is melodrama glorified by Miriam Hopkins as a taxi dancer

this. And also, never before has Maurice been more—more—well, Maurisque.

✓ Carnival Boat (Radio)

You'll See: *William Boyd, Hobart Bosworth, Ginger Rogers, Marie Prevost, Edgar Kennedy, Fred Kohler.*

It's About: *Cross-purposes and high adventure in the big-timberland.*

This was originally titled "Big Timber"—which tells more than the current name. Well-fitted to platinum-haired Bill, it tells the story of a lumber-mogul's son who falls in love with the leading lady of a showboat troupe. The boy's pappy thinks that's all wrong, but how the boy shows pappy where to head in—with the assistance of such thrills as dynamiting a log-jam, and doing things about a runaway log train—makes an action-packed screen tale.

RKO dropped Bill Boyd off its contract list just a few weeks ago. After this picture, you'll wonder why. Because this sort of suspense-and-excitement yarn should score better than par. A Boyd-ie, in fact!

Beauty and the Boss (Warner-First National)

You'll See: *Marian Marsh, Warren William, David Manners, Charles Butterworth, Frederic Kerr, Lillian Bond.*

It's About: *The old, old idea of the ambitious country girl who makes good as the millionaire's secretary. Having made good, she stays good. And marries him. Uh huh, pure fiction.*

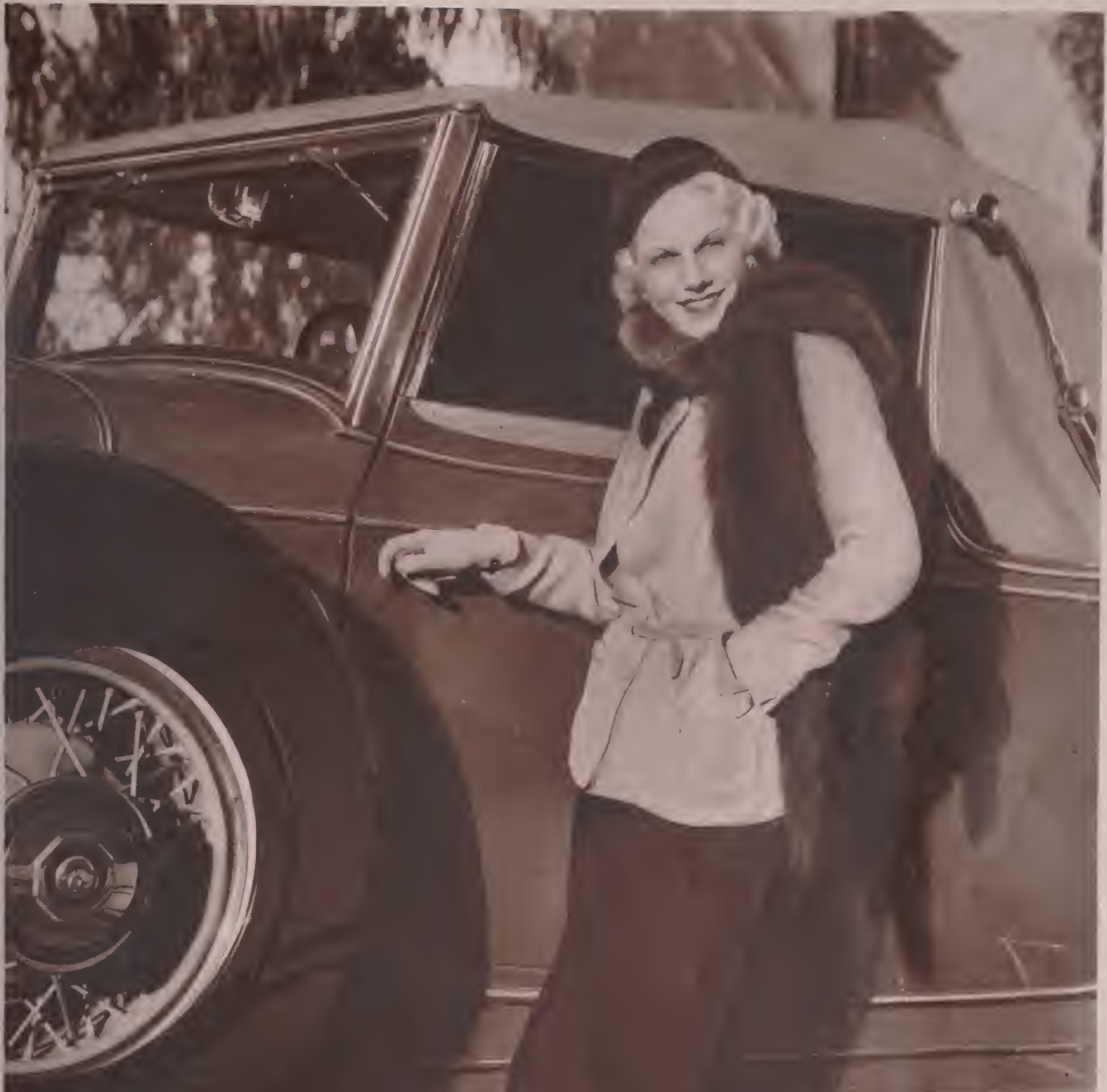
Here is an epic of exaggeration, in all departments. The story takes a girl from the country; in less than two months has her complete boss of an internationally powerful financier's entire business! So of course, he falls in love with her. Therefore he discharges her. So he can offer to marry her. Oh, why go on . . . it's all so silly. The costumes fit the general idea—Marian Marsh's first footage reveals her as such a country-girl as no country girl could *ever* be in these days of talkies, radio, magazines, style-news.

There are some good things in the picture. Charles Butterworth, for instance. Butterworth is a lot of fans' favorite comedian. He won't disappoint them in this. Frederic Kerr, lovable old grouch, and David Manners add a few worth-while bits of acting.

She Wanted A Millionaire (Fox)

You'll See: *Joan Bennett, James Kirkwood, Una Merkel, Spencer Tracy, Donald Dilloway, Constantine Romanoff.*

It's About: *The li'l country* (*Continued on page* 98)



A LUSCIOUS picture of a luscious lady, who majors in sex appeal and won't admit she has any! On the screen you've seen her in low-necked gowns, but this is the way Jean Harlow really looks when she's being herself. She likes simple tailored dresses, adores spareribs and sauerkraut, and is terribly ticklish. She's a swell girl as well as a fine actress, and she'd like nothing better than to play a "voituous" woman instead of the kind of gal she portrays in "The Beast of the City" and other pictures

Have you ever wondered how it would seem to be one of the "Queer People"? Here are Harry Earles and his sister, Daisy, who have learned how to be tolerant, wise and without self-pity

The Strangest Hero in Hollywood's Side Show

Harry Earles—Only Thirty-nine Inches Tall—is a Headliner. And His Story of Overcoming the Handicap of Being a Dwarf is a Revelation of Bravery

By FAITH SERVICE

HARRY EARLES is *thirty-nine inches tall*—and every one of those inches a *man*.

He is not as tall as a two-year-old boy—and he is a man of the world. Sophisticated. Experienced. Modern. Well-read. Witty, and very wise.

Harry is the leading man—the hero, really, of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's picture, "Freaks," which Tod Browning directed. The title "Freaks" where Harry is concerned, is a misnomer. Among these Strange People his intelligence is keen and fine and normal. He can find it in his heart, by no means dwarfed, to pity the others less fortunate than himself. There are the Siamese Twins with their tragic background. Born in a poverty-stricken condition in England, their mother, a bar-maid, their father unknown, they were exhibited by their mother when they were tiny babies and, finally, were "sold" to a couple who saw in them the means of a future fortune. There is Johnny Eck, the halfman, who stops at the waist-line and who has been through high school and is planning to study Law. Schlitze, the pin-head, with his inability to do more than make guttural noises and copy an old magician's one trick. These are some of the people in "Freaks"—and Harry Earles regards them with the same point of view, the same perspective and perhaps more of the same pity that you do, and you, and you—. He *knows* what their lives are. *He knows what it means to be not as other people*—

Harry was born, twenty-five years ago, on April 3rd, in Stolten, Germany. Stolten is a suburb of Dresden. His father is Gustav Schneider, a cabinet maker. Both of

Harry's parents are full-sized, perfectly normal people. Both are living today.

Harry is one of a family of eight children, of which four are midgets and the other four more than average-sized people. He has three brothers who are six foot one in height and one sister who is five foot seven. His grandparents were all six footers and there is not a trace in the family records of a midget ever appearing before. Harry does not believe that heredity has anything to do with it.

He weighed seven pounds when he was born. And he was, to all appearances, a perfectly normal baby. He grew and gained weight and learned to walk and talk as other babies do. If anything, he was more advanced than the average baby is. The Schneider children were mixed in the order of their coming. That is to say, the midgets did not appear one after the other. There were two normal-sized children first. Then Grace appeared; a year later Harry was born. Two others of normal size followed and after them more of the Small People, as they call themselves, Daisy and Tiny.

When Grace and Harry were between the ages of five and seven their father first became suspicious that something was wrong. They hadn't grown an inch in the past four years. There was something about them—*something that seemed to have stopped.* Herr Schneider took the two children to every eminent specialist he knew about in Germany. And all of the eminent ones were agreed—the children were midgets.

When Harry Earles appeared in "The Unholy Three" with the late Lon Chaney, he startled Hollywood with his fine acting. "Freaks," in which he plays the love-sick midget opposite the statuesque Baclanova, was written especially for him

Harry explained it to me, his shrill, small voice matter-of-fact and dispassionate. There are, it appears, two glands—one is behind the bridge of the nose and the other at the base of the brain. These are the glands of growth. And in Harry's case and in the cases of Grace and Daisy and Tiny these glands ceased to function and Harry and his sisters ceased to grow.

Nothing could be done about it. Nothing, now, can *ever* be done about it. Harry tells me that in his readings of the scientific and medical magazines (he does a great deal of such reading) he has found that with a young infant today treatment can be given and correctives applied *if* the condition is discovered in time. But for him and for his sisters it is too late—

The Schneiders were comfortably enough fixed in the days when the children were "little." Harry and his sisters went to school as the other children did. They were promoted and got the marks the other children did, too, if not somewhat better. They played the same games, had the same interests and the same friends, had gangs and clubs and went on picnics and parties and found that, with few exceptions, other children were kind. They were seldom teased or made fun of because they were Small People.

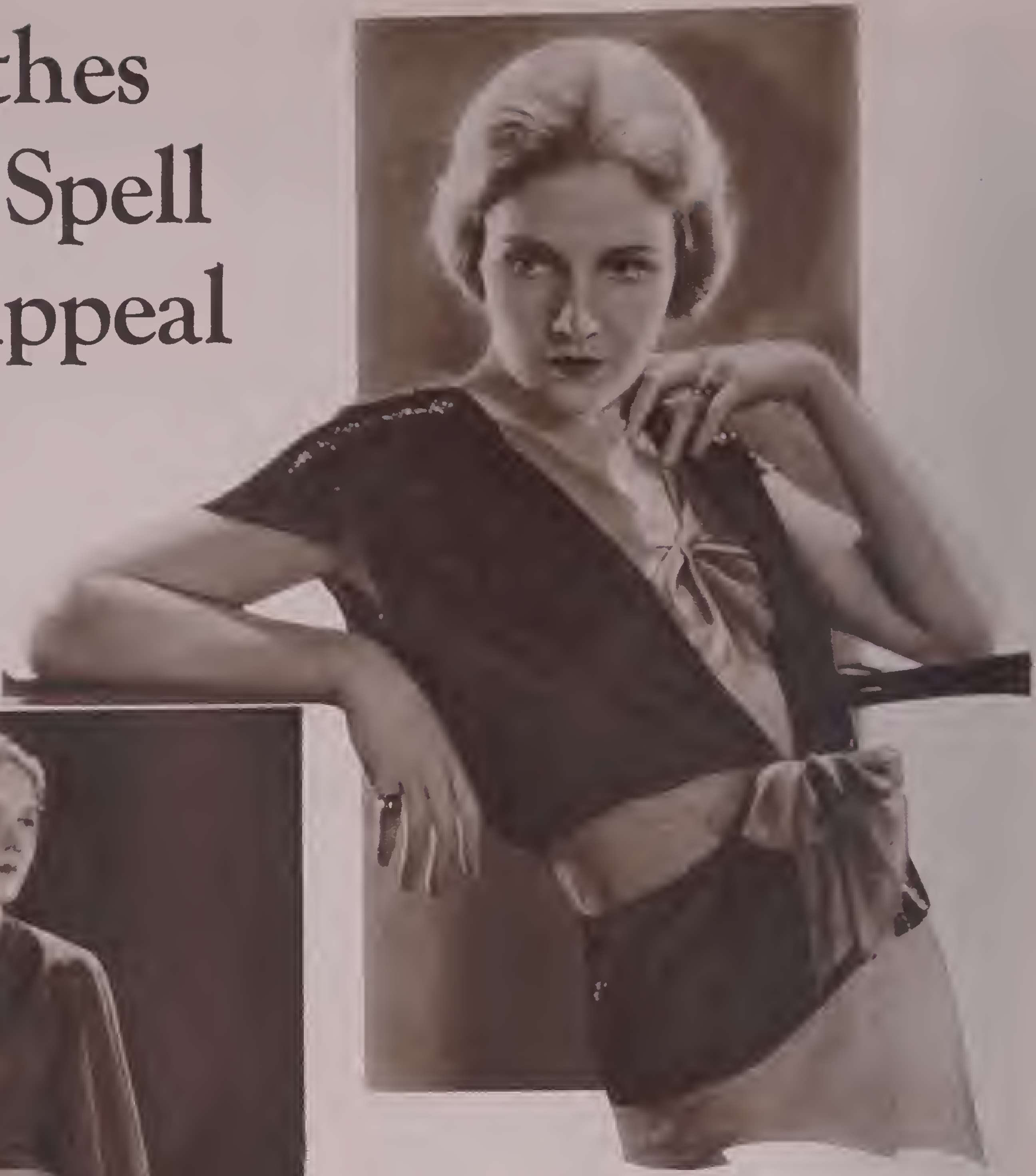
Harry did not go to high school. You pay to go to high school in Germany and by the time Grace and he had reached that age the family finances were not what they had been. Eminent specialists cost a lot of money. The War had stalked through Germany. It was necessary, this man of 39 inches felt, for him to do something for himself and for his family. And there was only one thing he could do—*exhibit.* His mother and father, respectable, normal parents of these strange Small People, did not like the idea of exhibition. Harry didn't like it, either. To be grouped with *freaks* seemed somehow horrible to a mind with nothing freakish about it. But he knew well enough that it was the only way. It was, however, Grace who first appeared in public in Germany. It was not until he came to this country in 1914, under contract to Buffalo Bill's 101 Wild West Show, that Harry ever left home.

Later he joined the Ringling Brothers Circus and sold programs and marched in the big parade and, still later, he joined the Johnny J. Jones outfit in Canada. In between circuses he had a few flings at vaudeville. By this time Grace and Daisy and Tiny had joined him. The four Small People trouped together, made a home for themselves in circus cars and in winter quarters, met other Small People and saw life. Harry fell in love a couple of times, or thought he was in love, which, he says, is the same thing. The lady of his affections was always a proper inch or two shorter than himself.

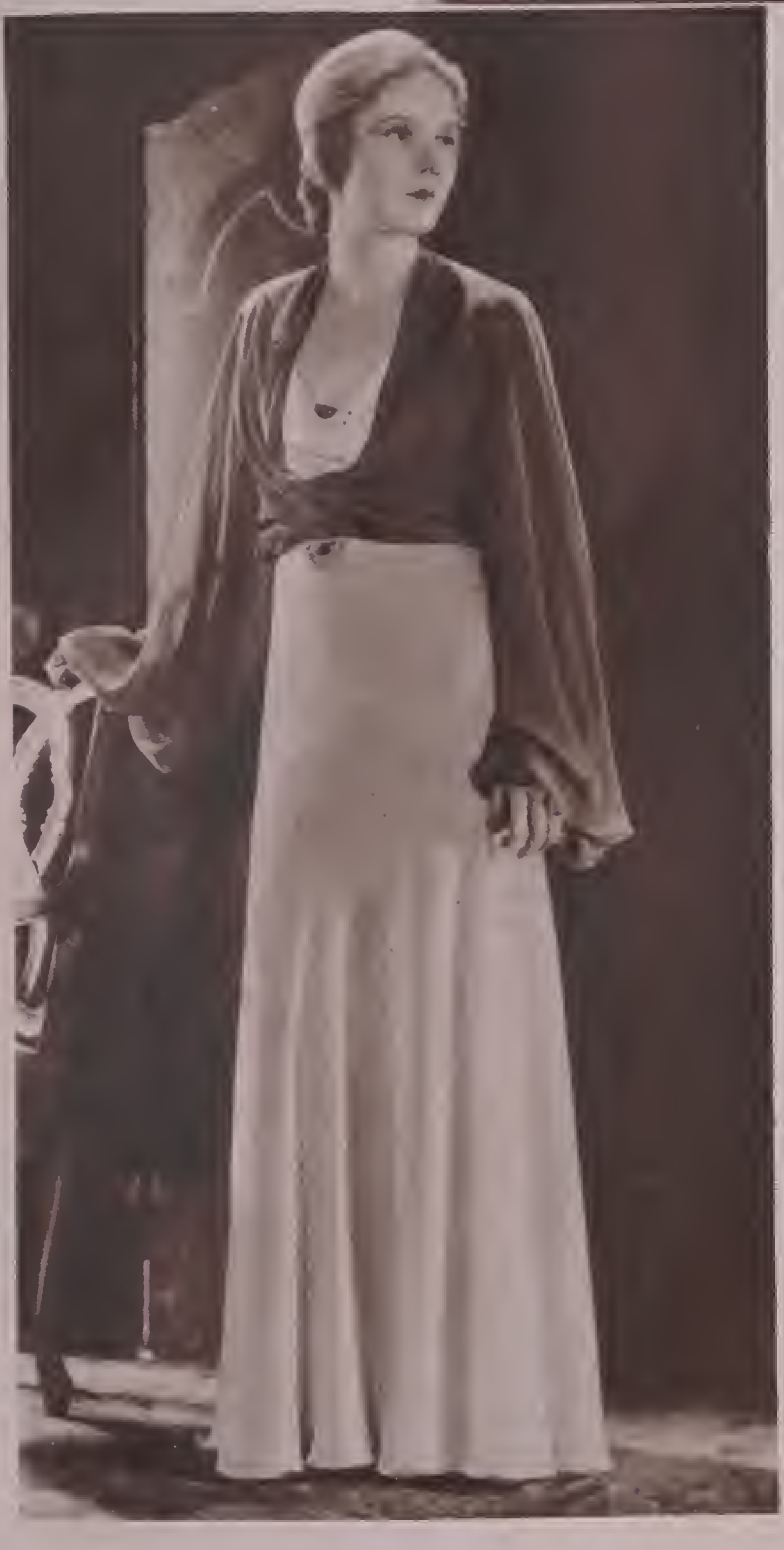
Harry's first picture was the silent version of "The Unholy Three," with Lon Chaney. They became very intimate, the two men, and when Lon died Harry was among the first to receive a wire telling him the sad news. There followed four more pictures—"That's My Baby," "Baby Mine," "Three Ring Marriage," the talking version of "The Unholy Three," and now, at this writing, both Harry and Daisy are playing in "Freaks." Tiny is assisting Daisy as hairdresser and mistress of the miniature wardrobe. And never has a picture occasioned the comment, the rabid curiosity, the thrills and terrors that this picture has. Hard-boiled (*Continued on page* 99)

Clothes That Spell Sex Appeal

Especially designed for Ann Harding to wear in "Westward Passage" and photographed exclusively for Movie Mirror



Glitter is important. Ann's short sleeved blouse is of black bugle beads and if you can hear it coming, so much the better



White—at once subtle and sophisticated—was chosen for Ann's evening gown. The sex-y touch comes in the ruby clips at belt and neckline and the ruby velvet jacket

THEY have been having glamour trouble with Ann Harding over at Radio.

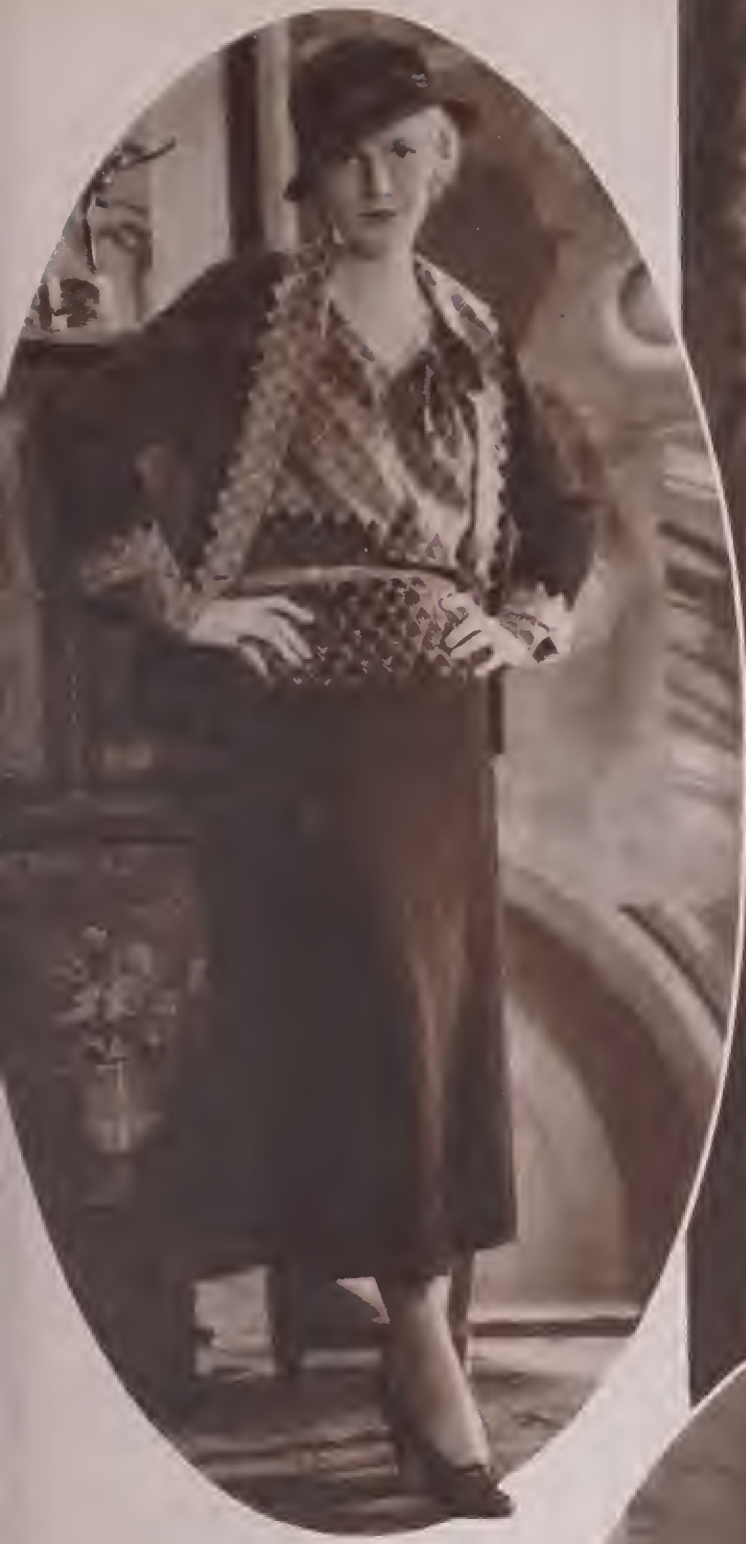
Ann is a subtle, experienced, fine actress. That is conceded. She is beautiful. That sometimes is argued over, but most people believe Ann beautiful. She is very intelligent. Everyone admits that. But none the less and just the same, Radio has been having glamour trouble with the charming Miss Harding.

What is this thing called glamour? It seems to be a combination of things—warmth, charm, intelligence, grace, beauty, sex appeal and chic.

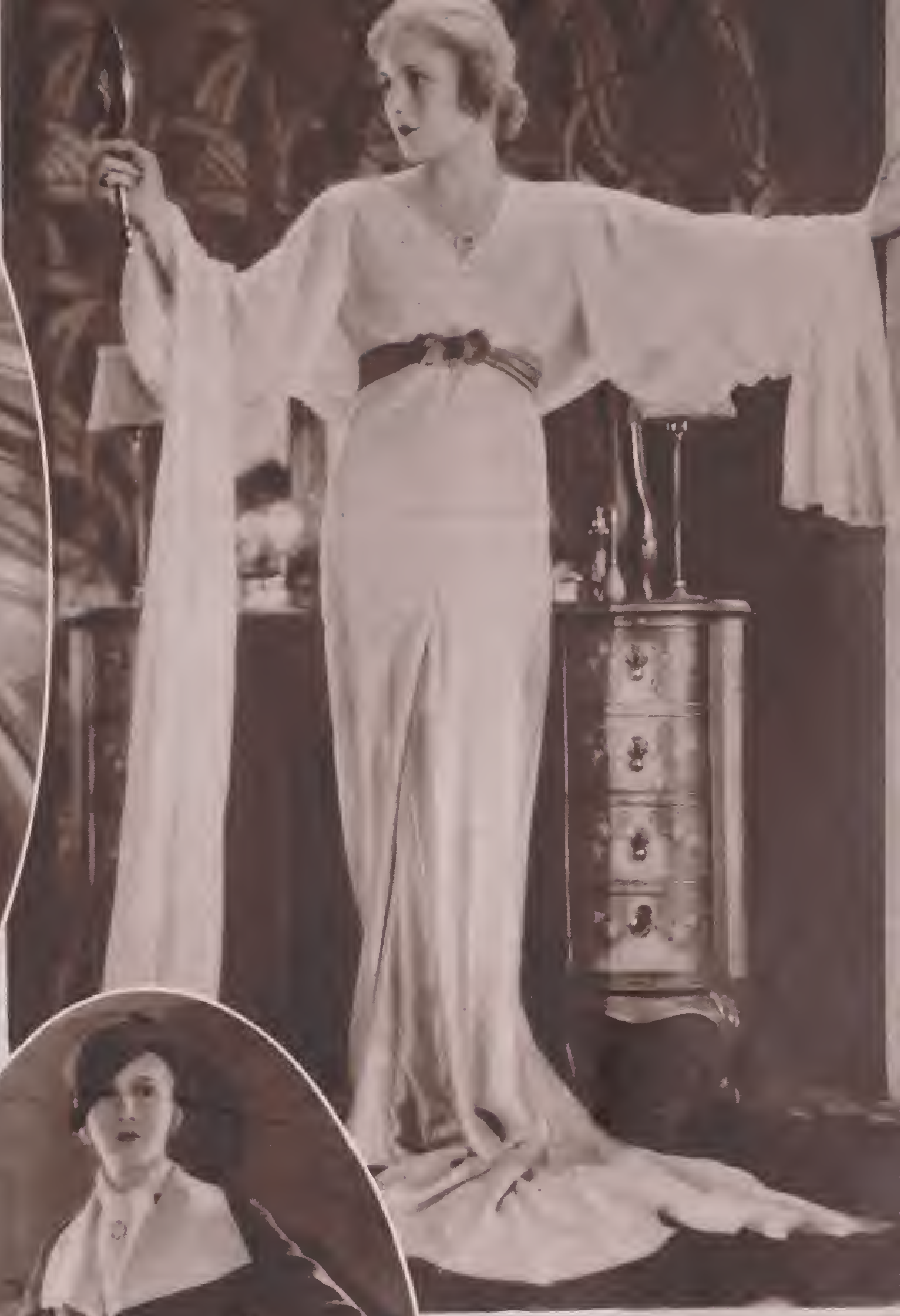
RKO-Pathé, in consultation, granted Ann the warmth, charm, intelligence, grace, beauty. They didn't grant the sex appeal and chic. They decided to try and give Ann that and they set their costume designers to work with that ideal in view. Here are the results. Here are the clothes for giving a nice girl, a charming girl, a girl who has been too interested in the things of the spirit to give much attention to material outside things—here are the clothes to give her that come-hither look, the provocative appeal that all girls crave.

There are a lot of fine points about these new clothes of Ann's that any clever girl can profit by.

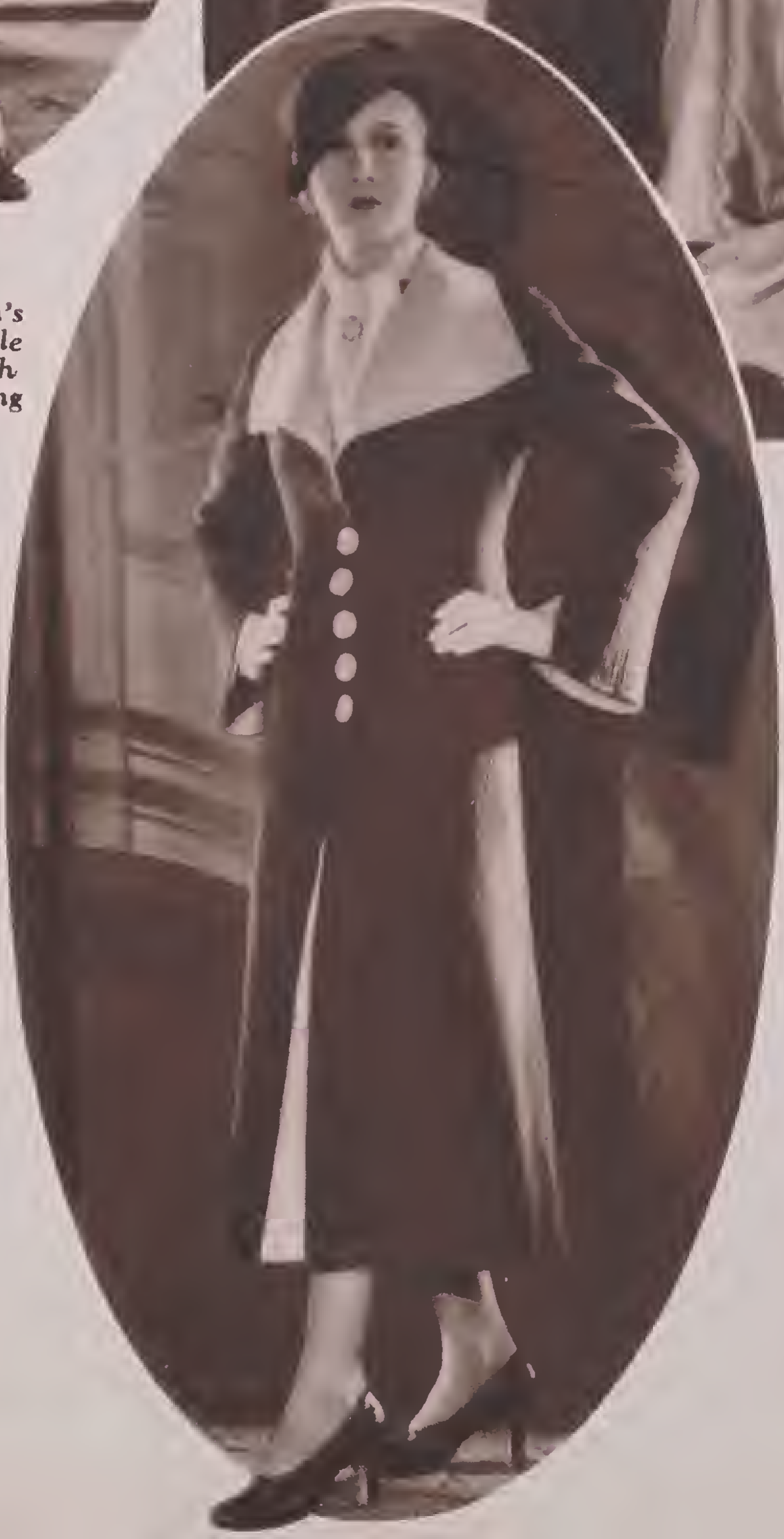
Take the two gowns illustrated on this page for example. Both are quite simple, which is important, since simple gowns are always smartest and also always best



Dashing and Directoire is Ann's coat, modeled to the figure, while her one-piece dress has a matching jacket, which is smart for spring



A come-hither lady must have a negligée and nothing beats palest pink chiffon with very full sleeves and a long train



liked by men. But besides their simplicity there is the added touch, the added fillip that is arresting, that attracts the eye, that tells the observer that the girl wearing the gown has something in reserve. Sex appeal in clothes or in a personality is the promise of something more, of something unrevealed which promises to be interesting.

The added touch with the white evening gown is the red velvet jacket and the clips of rubies. White and scarlet—purity and flame. The contrast is just as it should be.

The same sort of effect is created by putting a jacket of glittering bugle beads over a demure dress of flat beige crêpe for afternoon wear.

The negligée on this page is something else again. After all, a girl can't just wear a negligée anywhere! She must have a time and a place (and a person) for negligée wearing. But provided that chance does arise, the charm of yards and yards of pink chiffon swirling about a lovely figure can just about be guaranteed to produce romantic results.

The Directoire coat with the bold white buttons is certainly dashing—and a departure for a girl like Ann. You simply would have to notice a girl in a coat like that—which is just what was intended.

Do You Know How to Make Friends?

Chapter II of Marie Dressler's Life is a Lesson to the Lonely

By MURIEL BABCOCK

MARIE DRESSLER, flat broke, was in 1918, if anything, more cheerful, more optimistic, blessed with more good spirits, than the Marie Dressler who had ridden on the crest of the wave.

During her gaunt years following the war, during the time when she had again to taste the bitterness of poverty, a poverty which came on the heels of wealth and plenty, and also to know the gall of defeat, her colors never came down.

Just before she made her second pilgrimage to Hollywood, which has resulted in success beyond her wildest expectation, in stardom, she lunched in New York with an old friend. They had a gay time. Marie was never more jovial, more merry-hearted, nor with more funny anecdotes to tell.

The friend, who knew Marie's character like a book, went home that very night and wrote a letter to another friend in London:

"I lunched with Marie today. She was so full of good spirits, so bright, so gay, so on top of the world, that she must be desperately broke. And she kept telling me about all her new clothes. I don't think she has worked in a long time and I have a hunch that her money all went in the market crash. We've got to get her a job, but for goodness sakes, don't let her know I've written you."

Marie Dressler went down to Palm Springs to rest recently. Immediately friends swarmed around her. Here she is with Claire DuBrey and Anna Q. Nilsson. That's Anna Q. in the striped sweater

Before the London friend had received the letter, Marie had a wire from Hollywood. A wire offering her a job in "The Callahans and The Murphys," in which she was teamed with Polly Moran and which was to start her acting again.

But no story about Marie is, of course, half-way complete unless it tells a little of the great friendships that have been part of her life. I was about to say that have *filled* her life, but how can you say any one thing has filled such a life as Marie's?

Twenty-five odd years ago, when Marie was a stage star on tour, there came to interview her in her hotel rooms in San Francisco, a young newspaper woman. The young reporter was on one of her first assignments. She awaited the meeting with the famous Dressler, if not in fear and trepidation, at least in awe, prepared to be impressed, perhaps snubbed, who knew?

Stage stars, she had heard, sometimes put on airs. She wondered about Dressler as she sat awaiting the star. Suddenly the door banged open. In came a big, hearty figure with a great smile and—lots of colorful copy. As the minutes of the interview lengthened into an hour, the San Francisco fog swept up. The reporter had no coat with her. Home she went bundled in one of Marie's great coats.

The girl was Frances Marion, today one of the movies' best known scenario writers, and responsible for "Min and Bill," "The Callahans and The Murphys," "Emma"—all Dressler hits. Frances weighed about ninety pounds in those days, Marie well onto her two hundred. Frances must have looked a pretty sight in that coat.

But thus began a friendship which has lasted through the years and brought both great richness. And by that I don't mean money.

Marie's friendships, great and broad, have been with many people, of many kinds. They have ranged from presidents to grip boys, from society leaders to maids. Maimie Cox, her present devoted companion and servant, has been with her nineteen years. She waits on Marie hand and foot, protects her from over-zealous admirers, nurses her when she is sick, buys her clothes, cooks her favorite fried chicken and dumplings. And in those nineteen years, if Maimie has ever had an ache or a pain, Marie has never known it.

Marie has an uncanny knack of making friends in the most unusual places, in the most unusual ways. You've heard, no doubt, how she met the late Mrs. U. S. Grant, widow of the Civil War general and president. It occurred in the early days of Marie's career, when she went to Lake George, New York, on a vacation. Word spread about the resort that an actress—in those days, an "actress" was a woman of another world—was about. Marie was heartily snubbed.

One day, a charming white-haired woman heard Marie playing the piano. She stopped, spoke some words of praise, invited Marie to her home. Marie went. The woman was Mrs. U. S. Grant and her friends who became Marie's were much more important and distinguished than those at the resort who had spurned the society of the red-headed comedienne.

Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish, for years New York's most important social personage, became a friend of the Dressler, when the latter, then just a "prat-fall" comedienne, appeared, for a pay check at one of Mrs. Fish's parties. She agreed—although a very famous actress a week before had declined to think of such a thing—to spread her acts through the evening. Mrs. Fish was so delighted that she asked Marie to sit beside her at dinner. Thereafter Marie went to all of the Stuyvesant Fish gatherings but never again as a paid performer, always as a guest.

To Marie's old New York home came all of the great and near-great of the day. Musicians by the score. Enrico Caruso, the singer; Kreisler, the violinist, Godowski. Marie used to love to cook for them all. Today when Godowski wants to escape the world he runs to California to see Marie Dressler.

But although she frolicked with these people in the city, to her comfortable home in Connecticut with its broad porches and lawns, she used to invite people from the theatre who had few places to go, her wardrobe mistress, "bit" players, people who had less money and less opportunity to enjoy luxury.

When you asked her why, she said, "I know they are going to enjoy themselves. They won't be bored. Many of my friends have plenty. I enjoy doing things for people who haven't as much," or words to this effect.

Once she and Frances Marion decided to take a day off at Coney Island. They started out together, but before they had gotten far, Marie said: "Look here. It won't be half as much fun by ourselves. Let's gather up some kids and take them along."

So they collected about thirty youngsters—the kind of youngsters who didn't get to Coney Island—and made the rounds of that (*Continued on page* 96)

Marie Dressler as Emma, her greatest success, which was written for her by one of her closest friends, Frances Marion. Read how that friendship started

SPEAK *for* YOURSELF

Letters from Our Readers

THE $20 LETTER

Bringing Up Daughter

My daughter is fifteen years old, the so-called "difficult" age, when one is neither child nor woman. This used to be considered the awkward age, but my daughter and her friends are spared this painful experience.

These girls have poise, they talk well (if a trifle affectedly at times), they care for their skins, their hair, their finger-nails, they understand personal hygiene. In a word, they are as well-groomed as only a wealthy woman was supposed to be when I was a girl.

Some of this is due to training, some to advertising, but I am convinced that a great deal of it is due to their imitation of the "movie" favorites; girls like Norma Shearer, whose chief claim to beauty is her exquisite grooming.

It may be true that "handsome is as handsome does"; but after all, an attractive exterior is always an asset.

Marian E. Bates,
Albany, New York.

THE $10 LETTER

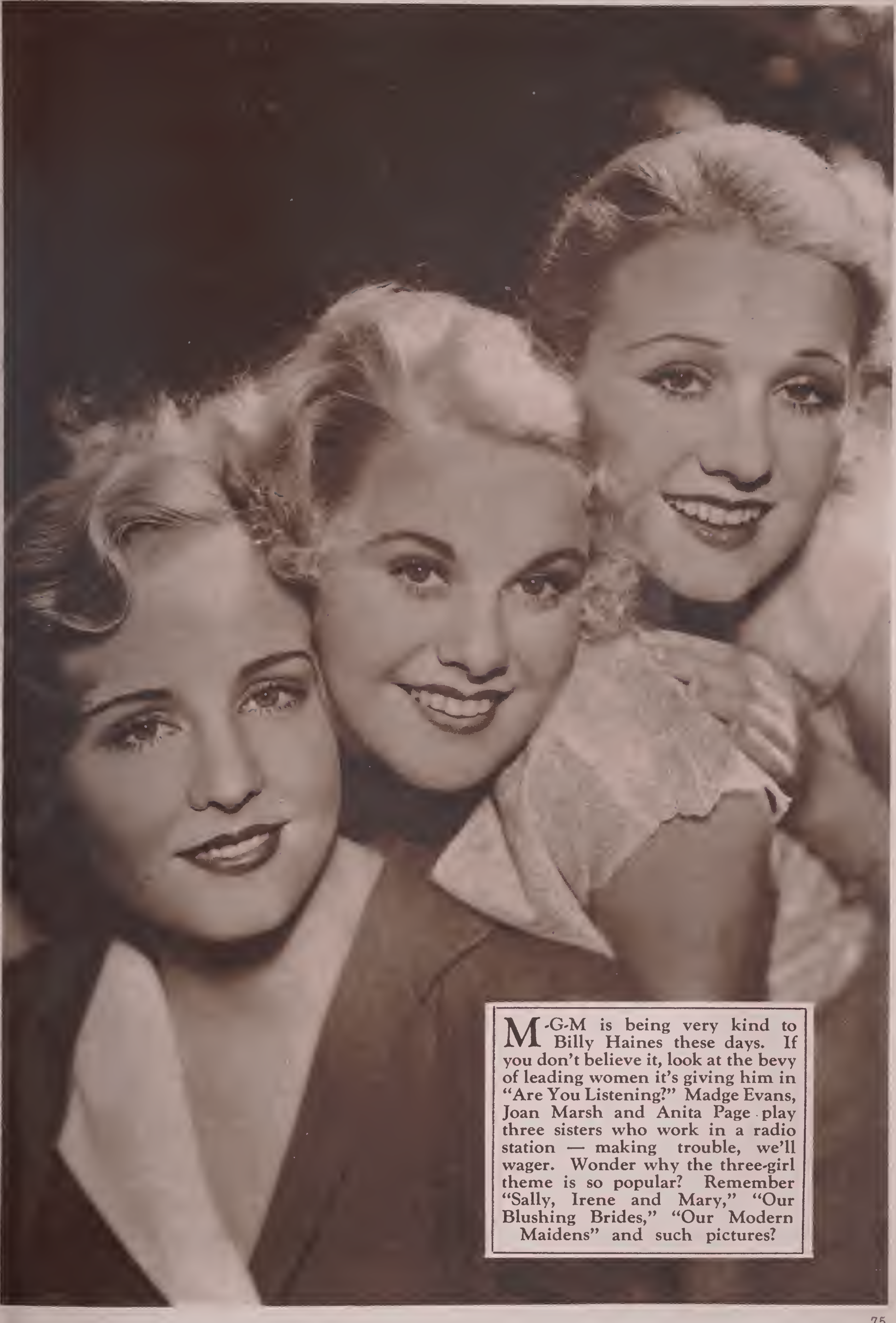
Movie Idols

Why is it that women are crazy to meet the movie heroes? I wonder if they have never heard that verse, "Where the apple reddens, never pry, lest we lose our Edens, Eve and I." As long as we do not know them they spell romance for us. They bring dreams of what we have somehow missed along the road of life. Reality might destroy all the romance and glitter. Why, I have been Claudette Colbert, loving the indifference of Gary Cooper, and waiting for the thrill of his smile; I have been slim young Dorothy Jordan trailing Ramon Novarro, and adoring him; I have been June Walker idolizing Robert Montgomery; I have loved Charles Farrell along with Janet Gaynor, and in "Hell Divers" I was chief mourner at Wallace Beery's funeral. We women all have our pet heroes, and I follow mine through their pictures with great enthusiasm.

Mrs. Agnes Walcutt,
Midway, Kentucky.

(*Continued on page 76*)

This is your department. You can say what you want in it. You can rave or knock all you want. We award seven prizes every month—$20 First Prize; $10 Second; and five prizes of $1 each. Prize letters must be 200 words or less. Address Movie Mirror, 8 West 40 St., N. Y.



M-G-M is being very kind to Billy Haines these days. If you don't believe it, look at the bevy of leading women it's giving him in "Are You Listening?" Madge Evans, Joan Marsh and Anita Page play three sisters who work in a radio station — making trouble, we'll wager. Wonder why the three-girl theme is so popular? Remember "Sally, Irene and Mary," "Our Blushing Brides," "Our Modern Maidens" and such pictures?

(*Continued from page 74*)

$1 LETTER

Types

I read articles here and there all on the same order. They wail, (He or She) was Typed! Try as I will I cannot find it sad that Norma Shearer is The Sophisticated One. She must work diligently to be so finished a type of the Sophisticate.

And Garbo, The Embodied Soul. She is unusual and innocent. Her gutter characterizations are not convincing. She is a pagan pasteurized and likes it not I think. I burn my Incense at her altar. But she is typed. She is Garbo.

Jean Harlow (The White One in a Platinum Frame). There aren't two of her. Thank Goodness! Typed? Why, yes. In black and white. Newspaper copy.

Gloria Swanson (The Woman of Affairs). They're her affairs and she doesn't bleat. Type? A darn fine sporting one, I'd say.

What is this typing nonsense? My idea is that you are an extraordinary type or you don't go into the business.

E. Gordon,
Rockaway, N. J.

$1 LETTER

The Grandest Lad in Pictures

Just wouldn't you expect it?

Even small Jackie Cooper isn't immune. He's made a hit and, as usual, the tongues commence—and do they CLACK!

One says he's a stunted fourteen-year-old, another has it that he's a middle-aged midget with years of stage experience, etc., etc.

I recently saw this marvelous lad in "The Champ." I watched particularly to find some basis for such remarks. True, there's a look of unusual wisdom on his face but it's the wisdom of childhood, than which there is none greater. Then, there are the little-boy legs—the chubby-boy hands—oh, how could they?

Now comes your Harriet Parsons' article in the February Movie Mirror. Splendid! It should quiet the tongues for all time in their lashing of Jackie Cooper.

However, as far as most of us are concerned—stunted lad, middle-aged midget—or little boy—he's a darn grand actor.

Mrs. Violet Kinne,
Davenport, Iowa.

$1 LETTER

What a Swell Family!

A hand-picked family of stars. . . . Ever picture yourself with

Marie Dressler, as Mom, who would box your ears for being fresh, then brag about you to the neighbors when you weren't there?

Claude Gillingwater, as Pop, grumbling about his "lot in life," then digging down in his pockets for a quarter for ice-cream cones?

Big brother Jimmie Dunn, to pull your hair, but give anybody else who teased you a healthy poke on the nose?

Joan Blondell, as sister, grown-up enough to lend you her clothes, but not enough to forget about paper dolls?

And just for good measure . . . an Aunt like Louise Fazenda—to be the "power behind the throne"?

I'd love 'em . . . if my present one wasn't the best ever.

Helen Loury,
Philadelphia, Pa.

$1 LETTER

Favorites of Yesterday

With all due honor to the stars of today may I recall a few favorites of yesterday whom I shall never forget?

May Allison and Kenneth Harlan in a twilight love scene.

Margarita Fischer in a grass skirt, about to jump into a volcano.

Olga Petrova in a silver gown portraying "The Scarlet Woman."

Florence LaBadie, James Cruze, Marguerite Snow.

Crane Wilbur crying from the back seat of an automobile, "Vengeance is mine!"

Kathlyn Williams, wild animals and all, carrying me through "The Adventures of Kathlyn."

Mary Pickford in "Such a Little Queen," and "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm."

Dustin Farnum feeling the shot that killed brother William in "The Corsican Brothers."

Eugene O'Brien and Norma Talmadge skimming over the ice.

Grace Cunard and Francis Ford in "Peg of the Ring."

Ethel Clayton and Jack Holt in "A Sporting Chance" discussing Kipling over a car.

Without disturbing the new stars, how lovely it would be to call the old ones back and live again the days when movies were "nickel shows" and a colored slide read, "Ladies, please remove your hats!"

Helen Jane Williams,
Chicago, Ill.

$1 LETTER

The Perfect Movie Diet

Don't those producers in Stellartown (city of stars) know that it is necessary to have a balanced diet? Just look:

	Ideal Diet	1931 Diet
Talkie Vitamin A, (Musical Shows).....	25%	1%
Talkie Vitamin B, (Heavy Drama)	25%	40%
Talkie Vitamin C, (Feature Comedies)...	20%	20%
Talkie Vitamin D, (Action Stories, such as Sea and Western Stories)..........	20%	19%
Talkie Vitamin E, (Cycle Stories, such as Gangster, Underworld, and Mystery-Horror Stories)	10%	20%

What do you say, Hollywood? Do we good-picture-hungry fans get a good diet for '32? You can never tell—it might improve our appetites.

Lloyd Kreinbring,
Clinton, Iowa.

The Clark Gable Controversy

I am just another one of those strange creatures who has "G. G." At any other time there would be several doubts as to the meaning of G. G., but in a cinema age like today who could doubt but that I had "Gone Gable"?

What a man! I can find no appeal in men like Doug Fairbanks, Jr., who looks like a high school romance. But Gable is no gawky school lad—instead he is so manly—so overloaded with personality and what have you—that it is little wonder that he has the feminine world practically at his feet.

Mildred N. Byers,
St. Johnsbury, Vt.

Greta Garbo, Norma Shearer, Joan Crawford—it's getting so one can't enjoy a favorite without Clark Gable.

I went to see Sporting Blood. Mae Tinee, of the Chicago *Tribune,* recommended it highly, calling especial attention to the horse; but who should loom up, and take the picture, but Clark Gable! And I went to see a horse!

Irene Furrer,
Chicago, Ill.

I'm one of those "Gable" fans, isn't he gr-r-r-r-rand, girls? When I see Clark on the screen, shivers go up and down me. When he kisses the heroine I feel like I'm being kissed myself. Do you?

Jeanette Silver,
Kirkwood, Mo.

After all this reading about how wonderful the new star, Clark Gable is, I would like to add my opinion of him to the number, or rather, I shall compare his wonderfulness to that of another star who is not exactly new.

Clark Gable may be handsome and have a good bit of acting ability, but there is a star with both of these, plus a very good singing voice, and that is Ramon Novarro.

Come on, you Novarro fans, let's bring him back to the limelight, by sending in letters, showing exactly how much better than Clark Gable our Novarro really is.

Marie Clesh,
Cleveland, Ohio.

THE team of Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell is still your favorite one. Next in popularity come Eilers and Dunn as a team; then Crawford and Gable.

"Possessed" is getting more raves than any other picture this month; then comes "Mata Hari." "The Champ," "The Sin of Madelon Claudet" and "Hell Divers" are still drawing bouquets.

The Clark Gable controversy is raging as hot as ever, with four times as many letters of praise for Clark as blame. A few fans are disgruntled because he has been called a second Valentino, and they won't have anyone, even Clark, called that.

Barbara Stanwyck is getting plenty of bouquets for her naturalness, Marie Dressler for sheer general lovableness.

Paul Lukas' fan mail is getting hotter and hotter. Fredric March's mail has jumped tremendously since "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." Ramon Novarro and James Dunn are plenty popular. Sylvia Sidney is getting more fan mail than either Shearer or Constance Bennett, and she a newcomer!

Do you agree with the other fans? Let us know whom you like and what pictures you like, whom you hate and what pictures you hate. Address "Speak for Yourself,"

Movie Mirror,
8 West 40 Street,
New York City

A Very Modern Prayer

Kind Devil Deliver Me!

From—Having to kiss Clark Gable in those he-man pictures where he's not allowed to shave. . . .

From—That eyebrow-mustache of Ramon Novarro's . . . .

From—The ego and the over-acting of the "new" Joan Crawford . . . .

From—The bones and empty face of Constance Bennett . . . .

From—That too-sweet childishness of Janet Gaynor . . . .

From—The half-sick look upon the face of Miss Tallulah Bankhead . . . .

From—The ditto "weariness" of Marlene Dietrich . . . .

From—The self-esteem of Lowell Sherman . . . .

From—Greta Garbo "danking" she "go hoam now" . . . .

From—Mary Pickford trying to "come back" . . .

From—Slat-like forms like Myrna Loy's — and others . . . .

From—Pictures like "Frankenstein" . . .

From—People who change seats just when something is happening on the screen . . . .

From—The mannerisms of Sylvia Sydney . . . .

But gimme more of such folks as

MARIE DRESSLER—

and

WALLY BEERY—

and

JIMMIE DUNN—

For they are real and they are earnest.

MAY THE SAINTS PRESERVE THEIR HOMELY MUGS!

Rex India,
Hollywood, Calif.

But We Really Like William Powell

Something which has puzzled me for ages is, why do people insist upon calling William Powell an actor? A "Great Lover?" An interesting personality?

Of all the homely looking people and of all the poor undramatic actors he's the worst.

Of course we can't blame Movie Mirror for praising him, for probably if it didn't a few people, who are senseless enough to be fans of his, would be down on its neck. However, in my estimation, he's "O. U. T." as are Lowell Sherman, Lew Cody, Fredric March, and many others. Here's for the "he-man" type! Clark Gable and Gene Raymond for instance!

Claire Bradley,
West Orange, N. J.

(*Continued on page* 101)

The aristocrats trembled for their safety as the peasant fastened his suspicious glance on Maria

The World And The Flesh

A Story of Love and Revolution

A Paramount Picture Starring George Bancroft and Miriam Hopkins
From a Play by Philipp Zeska and Ernst Spitz
Adapted by Oliver H. P. Garrett

Fictionized by J. M. Jerauld

Cast

Kylenko	*George Bancroft*
Maria	*Miriam Hopkins*
Dimitri	*Alan Mowbray*
Sukhanov	*Mitchell Lewis*

ODD shadows chased about the walls of a dingy freight car. They leaped and paused, then disappeared and came back again, pointing like ghostly fingers at a smoky lantern swinging from a nail driven into the roof.

Uneven staccato beats of wheels on loose rail joints came in with the cold draughts from the steppes of southeastern Russia. At times the steady muffled snorting of the locomotive was wafted through cracks on curling wisps of black smoke as the fireman stoked his fires up ahead, or the wind shifted in a way to drive the fumes against the outside of this flimsy swaying shelter.

Russian freight cars were notoriously bad at the end of the war and they grew worse during the Revolution. This one was no exception. The string of bouncing flat cars which separated it from the engine were no better. At any moment it seemed as though they might end their usefulness in the Dneiper River valley instead of continuing on their way to Sevastopol where the Red

Kylenko, the sailor, snatched the food from Maria's plate and laughed mockingly. But she faced him and possible death defiantly

revolt was hardly more than a mere rumor as yet.

Dimly outlined on the car floor in a matting of loose straw, a dozen figures sprawled half asleep or sat propped against the car walls in a stupor brought on by sheer weariness and cold. They were untidy bundles of ragged clothing, the men distinguished from the women by their caps and scraggly beards. The women all wore shawls.

At a glance they might be taken for peasants, but the austere dignity of one of the older women belied her outward appearance. Another, with wisps of blonde curls escaping from beneath her shawl, was distinguished by a finely chiseled beauty rare among those of peasant origin.

All had bundles and pillows. A middle-aged man attempted a game of solitaire in the flickering light. Opposite him a younger man fished into the recesses of his clothing and produced a cigar. The flash of his match startled the sleeping ones, and a baby, held tightly in its mother's arms, began to cry. The beautiful young woman with the blonde hair loosened layers of clothing, revealing a splendid fur coat beneath her rags, and handed a string of pearls to the child. It fingered them interestedly, relaxed, and went to sleep with the jewels tightly clasped.

"Bravo! A true artist. Whatever your public demands you give," whispered the young man smoking the cigar.

"Yes, Dimitri," she murmured, smiling wanly.

She signalled to him to get her a cup of tea at a samovar under which an alcohol flame was burning near the car end. He was about to comply when the train jolted to a standstill.

All sat up alarmed.

"Why have we stopped?" whispered the mother of the child.

"Be quiet," ordered a stout old man, who seemed accustomed to command. "Perhaps we have arrived at Sevastopol."

"Sevastopol? No," commented a thin youth. "It must be over a hundred versts from here."

With Kylenko in irons, the aristocrats sailed and felt safe. Maria and Dimitri continued to play at cards and love

Kylenko was too crafty a prisoner. Once Sukhanov had turned his back, he threw his chains around his neck, choking him

His manner was deferential. He seemed to be one of those clerks to the rich common in old Russia whose manner was by turns arrogant or deferential, depending upon whom they were dealing with.

"Be quiet," insisted the woman with the blonde curls.

"Very well, Maria," said Dimitri.

THE car door opened slowly, apparently pushed from the outside. First an arm came in, then the full figure of a burly peasant. He gazed from one huddled figure to another in surprise.

"Greetings, Comrade," said Maria coolly.

"Greetings, success to the revolution," he returned gravely.

"Going far?" she asked.

"No, not far—just to join Kylenko."

"Kylenko?" Maria was startled. The others leaned forward to hear more.

"Yes, he and his sailors have

The peasants had invaded the hall, but Maria kept on dancing in Dimitri's arms

successfully cut the railroad this side of Sevastopol."

"Cut the railroad?" they asked in chorus.

Their surprise aroused his suspicion. He studied them individually, noting particularly Dimitri's cigar and the pearls in the baby's hands. His face was a study in amused contempt as the train began to move again. The others in the car became hushed, frightened. Through the open door it could be seen they were passing over a long trestle.

"Have some tea?" Maria asked, advancing toward him with a steaming cup. Her hand was shaking a little. He reached for it. With a quick movement she threw it in his face. As he sputtered, two of the men seized him by the shoulders from behind and pushed him out the door and watched his whirling descent to the frozen river.

THE pale young man who seemed like a clerk crawled through an opening at the end of the car and disappeared in the direction of the engine.

After what seemed like an endless stretch of lagging minutes to the waiting group he returned and announced that he had given the engineer and fireman another hundred rubles each.

"We will turn off at Sinelinkovo," he told them, "and ought to reach Theodosia on the Black Sea some time tomorrow. We may be able to get a boat from there to Sevastopol and safety."

THEODOSIA was on the defensive, but still in the hands of the Czarists when the aristocrats of the box car arrived two days later. Hastily made barricades barred most of the principal streets. Sentries paced to and fro behind them and prevented anyone from passing after dark. Searchlights played about the wireless tower on the harbor front. The clerklike individual who answered to the name of Hutchkin found out that the steamship Pushkin was expected soon with a regiment of Cossack reinforcements.

At the hotel the aristocrats were making a desperate effort to seem gay. Maria was now addressed deferentially as Maria Yaskaya, as befitted a famous court dancer and reigning beauty of her day. On this, her first night out of the freight car, she had produced a wardrobe from some mysterious source and her maid was helping her dress.

"Such a gown! And for this place," the maid grumbled.

Maria laughed lightly. "Sasha, you're hopeless! It's like drink. You're a confirmed grumbler. You don't like it when you can't dress me and you complain when you do."

"No, my little one," muttered the maid. "Drink is for the stomach. What I feel is in my heart. Is it true—what the old General says—that the Czar is not really dead?"

Maria shrugged. "Who knows?" She felt herself luxuriously and looked in the glass. "Anyway, this is Heaven after that train."

The stout old man of the freight car came down the stairs accompanied by a stately dowager. He was attired in the dress uniform of a Russian general. As they entered the orchestra played the Russian National Anthem. All rose, and the men, mostly officers, stood at attention.

"To our last hours of excitement," said a young cavalry officer, holding his champagne glass toward Maria.

She bowed and poured herself a tumblerful.

"I never thought a cavalry officer could be so delicate a drinker," she challenged, raising her glass.

He smiled. "Only half a cavalry officer, I am afraid." And he drank with her.

Dimitri approached, removing a cigarette from a slender holder as he bowed.

"Was this wise, tonight?" he asked, surveying her jewels and gorgeous evening gown.

She did not answer. Rifle fire outside silenced her as she was about to reply. She turned pale. Dimitri stiffened in his chair and listened. The music stopped.

Muffled cries of "Kylenko—Kylenko!" were heard from the street, and the pounding of many running feet on the pavement became like the throbbing pulse of a city in panic.

Glass from one of the French windows shattered and spattered among the tables. Four ragged peasants armed with rifles hurdled a stone balustrade and leaped into the dining room. Then they gazed about stupidly in the brilliant light, seemingly somewhat awe-struck and undecided what to do next. One of them was a giant fellow. Most of the diners rushed hysterically toward the stairway leading to their rooms above. Maria remained seated—alone.

She waved haughtily toward the orchestra and ordered it to resume.

"Outrage—they ought to be shot," shouted the old General as he followed the crowd toward the stairs.

Scattered shots from the street broke the rhythm of the music.

"It's Kylenko—they're coming—the Reds!" The cry surged along the street in a torrent of sound.

An enormous broad-faced man, reddish hair uncombed and tousled, sailor jacket soiled, and laughing with a roar that drowned the music, leaped through the open window, and commanded silence.

"Halt—everybody," he roared toward the crowd on the stairs. Then he laughed again. "Do we interrupt you, Comrade Aristocrats?"

He noticed Maria for the first time, and gazed at her for an instant.

"So we caught you before you could get away." He laughed again, a grating roar of a laugh that seemed to be the embodiment of reckless courage, contempt, hatred for Czarists.

He jerked the tablecloth from a nearby table, crashing glasses, cutlery and dishes in a heap.

"Turn over everything you have," he ordered. "Put 'em here." He pointed toward the tablecloth. "Everything—jewels, money, firearms. They belong to the Revolution now—to the people."

The old General, standing on the stairway, shouted, "I am a General of his Imperial Majesty. I'll take orders from no murderer-traitor——"

A shot.

The General's knees sagged. He hung limply over the banister, and slid to the floor below. A woman screamed.

MARIA rose and surveyed Kylenko contemptuously. She turned and started toward the stairs.

"Where are you going?" he demanded.

She did not turn and kept on, going out of his sight.

"You and Vorobiov stay here," he ordered, turning to two of his followers. "Ivan Ivanovitch and I will search the rooms."

Maria was facing her mirror removing one of her earrings as Kylenko strode into her room without knocking. He kicked the door closed with his foot. In one hand he held a bottle of vodka, in the other a broiled squab he had snatched from one of the tables.

"Better give me those," he said, indicating her jewels.

"They belong to me," she replied defiantly.

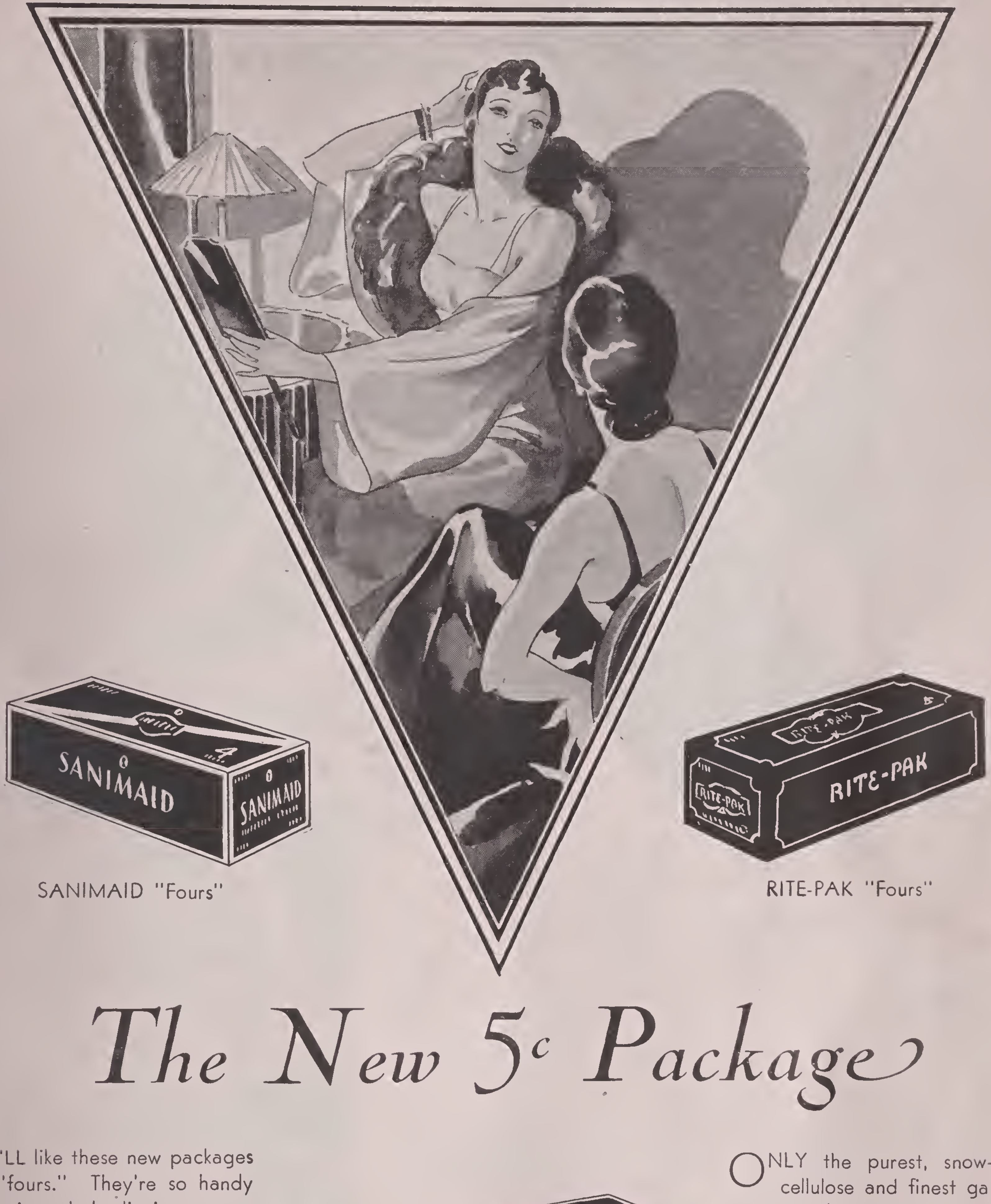
"Want me to take them off?" he asked with a grin.

She tossed her pearls across the floor into an open fireplace and faced him with blazing eyes.

He broke into another of his uproarious laughs, and then, sneeringly—"The cheap gesture of an aristocrat—not that of a woman who danced her way up from the slums."

(*Continued on page* 108)

..."and my dear they're just *Perfect*"!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SANIMAID "Fours"

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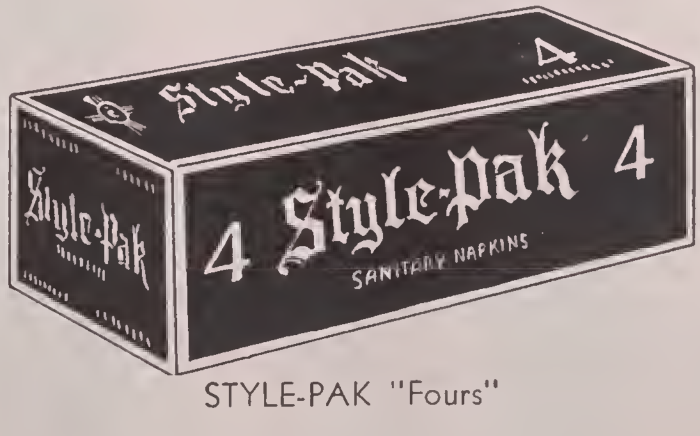
The New 5c Package

YOU'LL like these new packages of "fours." They're so handy to keep in a desk, slip in an overnight bag, or tuck away in a dresser drawer. Each box contains four, full size, perfect quality sanitary napkins.

4 for 5c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SANITARY NAPKINS

STYLE-PAK "Fours"

ONLY the purest, snow-white cellulose and finest gauze is used in these superior napkins. Their extra absorbency assures you comfort and security at all times. For sale in all chain stores. Ask for them by name.

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MADE BY THE MAKERS OF SAN-NAP-PAK

Tricks Up Your Sleeve

For thin shoulders like Connie Bennett's wear narrow straps; for square shoulders like Ann Harding's, wear wide, closely fitting ones

How to Dress Your Arms for Beauty

By EDWARD STEVENSON

(Ed. Note: Last month Movie Mirror gave you rules for making your arms more beautiful. This month's article tells you what sleeves to wear to reveal that beauty and to conceal defects. Mr. Stevenson, one of screenland's foremost dress designers, was for two years chief designer for First National and advisor to some of Hollywood's foremost stars. Among the famous for whom he has designed wardrobes are both Constance and Joan Bennett, Marilyn Miller, Ruth Chatterton, Loretta Young, Dorothy Mackaill, Barbara Stanwyck, and others. He was also chosen by Joan Bennett to design her trousseau for her wedding to Gene Markey, which trousseau will appear in the June Movie Mirror.)

WOMEN fret about their faces, spend hours over the selection of the proper color for their particular complexion, match their perfume to their personality, and the lines of their dresses to their figures, but most of them give very little thought whatever to those very essential, and too frequently badly-proportioned appendages—their arms.

Who isn't familiar with the fat woman whose arms bulge through cruelly tight, ill fitting sleeves? Or the thin woman who wears ribbon-narrow shoulder-straps which give her the appearance of a jointed doll, with matchsticks for arms? And yet it is such a simple matter for the woman with too thin or too fat arms if she hasn't time for exercise, to camouflage her deficiency.

Strange as it may seem, methods of concealing excessive fatness or scrawny thinness of arms are exactly the same. (*Continued on page* 86)

If your arms are a bit heavy, wear your armholes cut low like Marilyn Miller's

Marlene Dietrich —Master or Slave?

(*Continued from page 17*)

say. At least, he says he doesn't care. If they're sure nobody'll tell on them, his co-workers on the set will tell you that his arrogance, his bitter bawl-outs of others, constitute nothing more than "a big act." But he *is* a martinet—and demands strict obedience from everybody—even featured actors. Everything must be done his way, and others' ideas are scorned. He even utters lines the way he wants them spoken—and his players, no matter how big their names, must speak them parrot-like after him. Not their ideas, but his, must go into the sound-track. And when he is annoyed or vexed, his satire and spleen are fiery. No player, assistant, will risk a bawling-out from him more than once.

Dietrich comes in for her share of these bawlings out. Mostly, they are spoken in German. When she feels they are justified, she does not resent them. When they help her learn what she wants from Josef, she suffers then. Only when he tells her that her tummy's getting too big, does she flare up. And then Sternberg suffers.

Well—let's get back to cases. It is this egotism that's going to hurt Von Sternberg, when and if. Because he is so hated, he has virtually no friends. Dietrich, subordinating herself to the master, is his only confidante, intimate. To carry her and himself where he wants to go, Von Sternberg has bought a $17,000 imported car; it flatters his vanity. He has an amateur movie camera—spends countless feet of film, shooting Marlene, shooting Marlene's daughter. On location, it is with Marlene that he lunches—and the spread is like a German picnic luncheon. He brings sausages and such things in a private hamper for just the two of them. When he is not with Marlene, it is a safe bet Von Sternberg is alone.

Marlene now tells interviewers she wants to go back home, and back to her husband. If she does that, Marlene will have learned much of Von Sternberg's genius; she will be the better actress, the more glamorous woman.

But Von Sternberg—he has been too egotistically busy teaching, molding Dietrich, to have learned.

When she is gone, he will have lost the thing that made his pictures successes. When she is gone, he will have lost the person to whom he turned in Hollywood, on whom he depended for companionship, for that love that has all the semblance of being only the reflection of his own egotism, for it is a love for the thing he himself created.

Von Sternberg—where and what will he be without Dietrich?

Dietrich, where will she be without Von Sternberg?

Will she be a famous actress, mistress of many screen arts and tricks she has learned from Von Sternberg; will there be bright, wide, open roads ahead of her to choose?

Or will she be quite lost? Is she the slave or is she the master?

Personally I'm ready to bet she is no slave, and never has been.

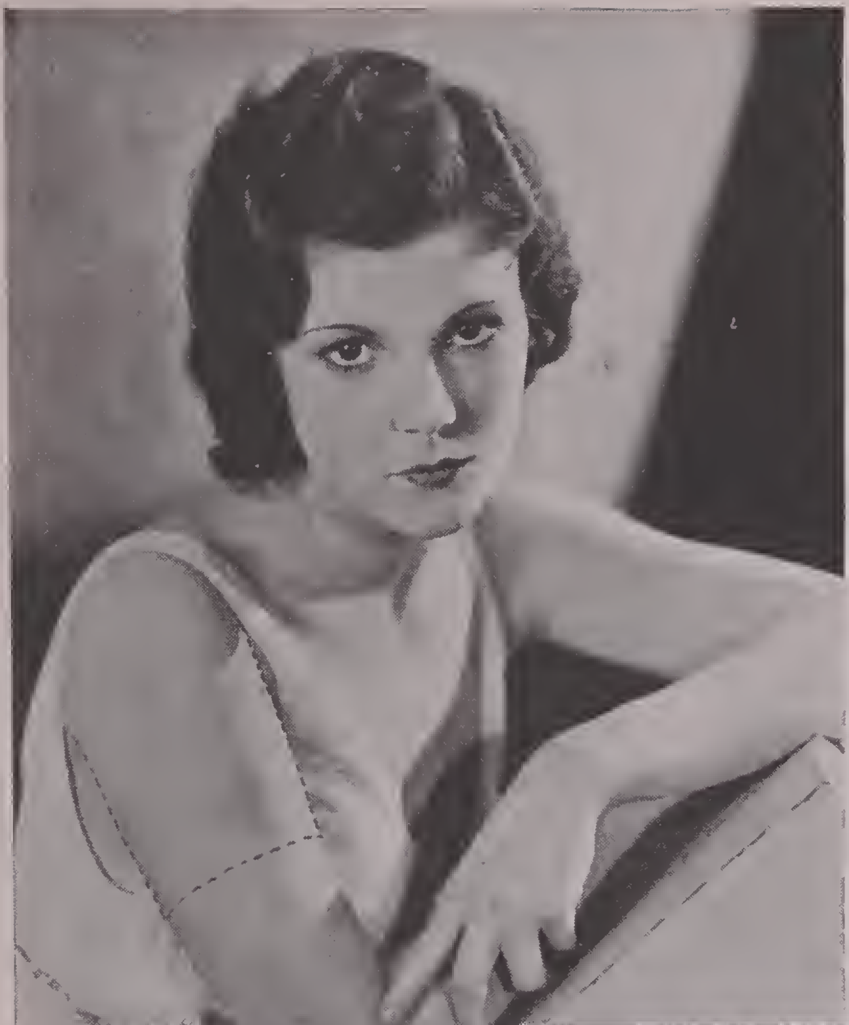
FROM SNUBS TO SMILES....by ALBERT DORNE
GIRLS SELDOM DANCED WITH HIM TWICE
HIS INVITATIONS WERE POLITELY TURNED DOWN
AT THE OFFICE HE NEVER WAS ONE OF THE "BUNCH"
ONE DAY HE DECIDED TO TRY LIFEBUOY
SUCH A LATHER—FELT SO CLEAN—KEPT ON USING IT
NOW HE'S A FAVORITE WITH EVERYONE. NO MORE "B.O." TO MAKE HIM UNPOPULAR!
LIFEBUOY HEALTH SOAP

Don't let "B.O." spoil (Body Odor) **your good times**

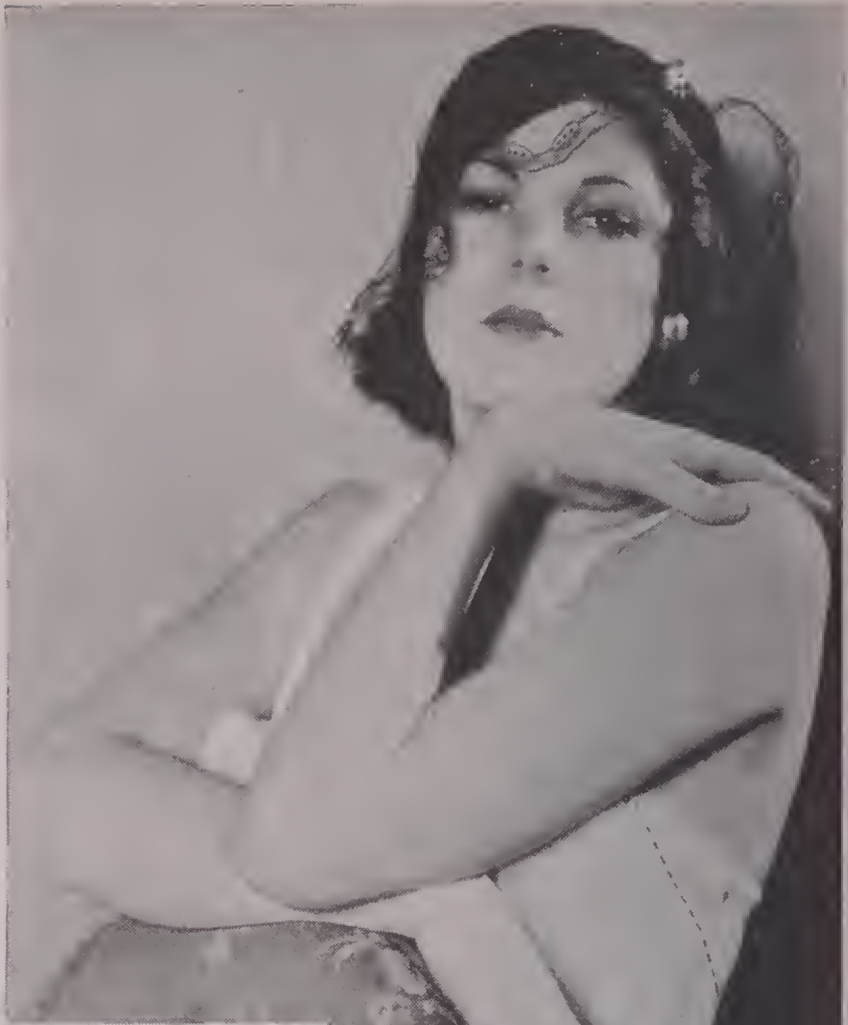
THE secret behind many a social or business failure is . . . "B.O." *(body odor)*. Watch out! With pores constantly giving off odor-causing waste, it's so easy to be guilty and not know it. Play safe! Wash and bathe with Lifebuoy. Its creamy, abundant lather *deodorizes* pores—ends all "B.O." worries. Removes *germs* from hands—helps safeguard health. Its pleasant, hygienic scent vanishes as you rinse.

Women praise new "facial"

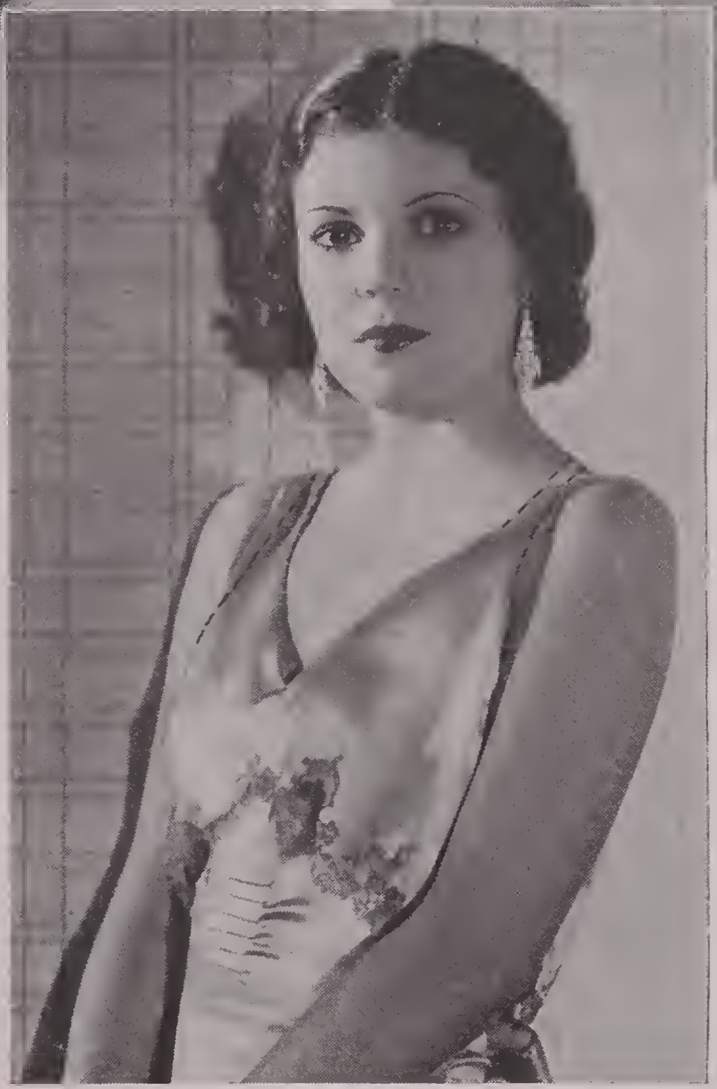
Every night massage Lifebuoy's bland, pore-purifying lather well into the skin; then rinse. Watch dull complexions freshen—become radiantly healthy.



Pretty Ruth Hall models three errors in making your arms appear at their best. The shoulder strap of her gown puffs out at the shoulder and the loosely-fitted line gives a fatty appearance to the arm



Here Ruth wears an evening gown with a becoming arm line but in which the back line is wrong. It would be more flattering cut lower, as the dotted line indicates



Here Ruth wears an evening gown that adds abnormal width to her naturally well-proportioned shoulders. A narrower line, as indicated, would overcome this

(*Continued from page* 84)

The type of sleeve changes only with the age of the individual, a more youthful sleeve and material being selected for the young woman than would be worn by the matron. The first and most important rule to remember is "arms that are too fat or too thin should be covered at all times and for all occasions."

IT is usually above the elbow that trouble is found. There are more well-proportioned forearms than there are well-proportioned upper arms, and it is to the upper arm that special attention must be paid.

The young woman with a thin upper arm, but one that is well developed from the elbow to wrist, should affect soft Bertha collars in the evening, a wide chiffon or lace collar that falls in a soft, sleeve-like effect over the upper part of the arm. Or sleeves that are created with soft circulars, which end at the elbow, leaving the rest of the arm bare, may be worn. The formal effect of the evening gown will not be lessened in any way if these sleeves are made of soft material—the sheerest chiffon or rich lace.

Set-in sleeves that reach to the elbow may be worn by the woman with this type of arm for less formal affairs, such as supper parties. If these sleeves end in wide ruffles, filling out the arm and giving an illusion of fullness, they will be found to be even more effective.

Cap sleeves can also be worn when you have a too thin upper arm. These sleeves should end about halfway from the shoulder and be fairly close fitted. In afternoon gowns elbow length sleeves or sleeves that reach to the wrist are excellent. For sports and street clothes the elbow length sleeves or long sleeves may be worn.

The bugbear of most women who have arrived, or are arriving at middle life, is a fat upper arm, frequently found with a perfectly proportioned forearm. This woman should use the same method of concealing her defect as her too thin sister, namely, elbow length sleeves or sleeves that reach to the wrist. But she should keep her mind on several important "must nots." She must not wear a tightly fitted sleeve (and how terribly often she does!). She must not wear cap sleeves, or a sleeve that is banded with a strip of material around the arm. She must not wear a short puffed sleeve, as this adds an enlarged appearance to the arm, and is, consequently, ideal for the thin arm.

Collar effects that fall lightly over the upper arm are excellent for this type, and the elbow length sleeves terminating in a wide double ruffle are as becoming to this arm as they are to the too thin arm. There is one rule that the woman with fat arms should never lose sight of for a moment—she *must* wear sleeves of some sort. Better the wrong sleeve than no sleeve at all.

If the upper arm is flabby it should always be covered, preferably by a loose sleeve of some sort. The armhole should be deeply cut, so that it prevents the sleeve from pulling and emphasizing the defect of the upper arm.

The woman who has too much flesh on her arms should never wear sleeves that are fussily ornamented, or too frilly, or that in any way attract attention.

The girl whose arms are too thin from shoulder to hand, with bony elbows and wrists, should always wear long sleeves, reaching to the wrist, made of chiffon or lace for evening, and of other materials for daytime and sports wear. Chiffon and lace jackets do not destroy the formal appearance of an evening gown—they are smart, and they soften the contour of the excessively thin arm. The woman with an arm that is too fat from elbow to wrist should follow the same advice as the woman whose arm is too thin in its entire length.

Fat shoulders and underarms are distressingly common in women whose figures are perfectly proportioned in other ways, and whose forearms leave nothing to be desired. These women should wear soft cape collars that conceal the shoulder line. The collars should break over the arm and dip toward the back, giving a long line at the back and disguising the shoulder fullness. The cape should be worn just over the top of the arm.

You never see a fat arm that is too long—it is always the thin ones. For arms both too thin and too long, leg o' mutton sleeves, and puffs in the lower part of the sleeve are the answer. For formal wear, women with long, thin arms should always wear gloves.

Women with short, heavy arms should develop sales resistance to all forms of fancy, "different" sleeves. Plain, semi-fitted sleeves, not too tight, with long, deep lines are the only ones they should permit themselves to wear.

Wide bracelets and gloves will do much to soften the arm that is bony at the wrist. The wrist line is very important, and bony wrists should be concealed by long sleeves, bracelets or gloves. This year, more than any other, the woman with arms that are faultily proportioned may conceal her defects and weaknesses by any number of interesting sleeve lines.

It must always be borne in mind that the wise matron will not choose too youthful materials or frilly styles in sleeves, whereas the young woman, with the same arm defects as the older one, is allowed more latitude in trimming material.

So—give heed to your arms! They are more than useful appendages. Their costuming may make or break an otherwise perfect ensemble!

After this marvelous beauty bath. instant improvement in your skin

Every woman who desires a soft, smooth skin should try the marvelous Linit Beauty Bath... Results are immediate—no waiting—a delightful bath—and the cost is trifling!... Merely dissolve half a package or more of Linit in your tub—bathe in the usual way, using your favorite soap—and then feel your skin! In texture it will be soft and smooth as velvet... Linit neither takes away too much of the necessary oil in the skin, nor does it dry up the skin by clogging the natural oil in the pores.

Prove it with this test! After dissolving a handful or so of Linit in a basin of warm water, wash your hands. The instant your hands come in contact with the water, you are aware of a smoothness like rich cream—and after you dry your hands, your skin has a delightful softness. You'll be convinced!

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Makes Your Skin Feel Soft and Smooth
LINIT
DELIGHTFULLY PERFUMED FOR THE BATH

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THE BATHWAY TO A SOFT, SMOOTH SKIN

Release the enchanting Beauty in your Eyes

by the simple magic of the NEW, improved NON-SMARTING, TEAR-PROOF MAYBELLINE

It's in *your* eyes right now—that wonderful, bewitching beauty sought by every woman and admired by every man. But it's a captive there; a dormant power that can be brought into play only by the magic of Maybelline. Release it—by fringing your eyes with naturally dark, long-appearing, luxuriant lashes. Just a simple, easy application of Maybelline and the marvelous transformation takes place. Your eyes instantly become a thousandfold more interesting—your whole self, more charming!

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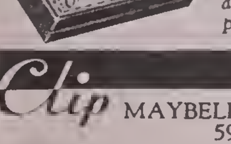


What One Year of Success Has Meant to Clark Gable

(*Continued from page* 18)

of the Hollywood clubs or dining with flowers and candlelight. But there he was and apparently very content to be there.

"'What in the world are you doing here of all places?' I asked, carrying my cup of coffee over to his table. It was ten o'clock by the big timepiece hanging over the one coffee urn behind the counter, but I didn't care a hang about the miles lying ahead of me. Here was a chance to find out what Clark had meant by those strange words that other afternoon.

"'I suppose it does look sort of silly,' he laughed, and settled himself comfortably in the straightness of the chair which was designed for a kitchen or for one of those funny, little restaurants in desert towns. 'I've been working every day for two or three weeks without a chance to get away and I got itching feet, that's all. I thought I'd just drive until I got tired and then hit the first town I found and the first hotel. I like rain and driving in it.'"

"Then for an hour he talked, drinking three cups of coffee and smoking one cigarette after another. People came and went but no one gave a second glance toward the man in the corner. He was just another person who had come in out of the rain for a cup of coffee.

"'You know,' he said among other things, 'I certainly agree with the people who would like to change the order of living. Youth should be the time for fun and living and age for work. I remember when I was a kid on a farm back in Ohio, one of our neighbors sold out his farm and moved to 'the city' to enjoy life. He was only about fifty, as I remember him, and he had collected quite a fortune. But he had worked so darned hard all his life that he seemed years older. After I went to Akron, I met him one day on the street. He looked even older. He told me that he and his wife had spent a year in Europe and had been to New York and California, but that they had decided to settle down in Akron where they knew a few folks. I'll never forget his last words, 'I guess I'm too old to enjoy all this gay life.'

"'I was just a boy then, about eighteen. I was working in the stock company at night and in the rubber factory in the daytime and I thought that the world was my oyster, just waiting for me to open it. But, after I'd talked to that man, I began to wonder if some day I'd be too old to enjoy life. I made up my mind then that I'd get things, the things I wanted and enjoy them before old age took hold of me.

"'In those days poverty seemed to me the worst thing in the world. We had always been more-or-less poor. You know what I mean. Enough to eat and a comfortable, warm house and clothes but none of the luxuries. I talked to people who went to summer resorts in the warm weather, who played around, swimming and dancing and boating, who went to Florida and other places in the cold weather to play around some more. It was all so different from anything I had known. And I wanted those things.

"'Some of the actors in that company and in other troupes with whom I played, had seen better days and had known gay, exciting lives. I used to look at them and listen to them with my mouth open. My whole world had been bounded by a farm and school in a little country town. The only thing I knew about mountain lodges and summer hotels and hunting trips and yachting cruises was what I read in magazines and saw in advertisements.

"'I wanted to travel. I got my wish in that respect,' Clark grinned, 'because I certainly travelled enough in point of miles, during the years I trouped all over the country. But it was a monotonous travelling, the same little opera houses or theatres in the same sort of small towns with the same old-fashioned, musty hotel rooms at the end of each day. It was fun, because it was adventure, but the travelling I wanted was to go to strange, exciting, out-of-the-way places, to ramble around all over the globe.

"'I narrowed it down to fundamentals, finally, and realized that the only thing which stood between me and the things I really wanted was the lack of money. And that, in order to get that money, I'd have to make a success of something. Which was certainly the reasoning of any ambitious boy and not at all original.

"'I was always crazy about hunting and fishing and horseback riding. But it takes money to do those things. Money and time. Now and then we'd slip away on Sundays to go fishing, but it wasn't what I wanted. I dreamed of the day when I could buy a great assortment of tackle and pack into the mountains for long days. When I was working in lumber camps between jobs in theatres, I did a little hunting. But it was unsatisfactory, like the fishing. I longed for big game hunting, trips into the real wilds. Several times I ran into successful men in hotels, men who talked about their trips into northern Canada with their guns and all their camping stuff. I used to be sick with envy and the determination—I was awfully young then—to get a quick success and some money so that I could go and do likewise.

"'People never meant a great deal to me. Even when I was a kid I never had a 'gang' or a lot of friends. I always picked one or two boon companions and let it go at that. I liked to be alone. I guess maybe being raised on a farm had a lot to do with that. You learn to depend on your own resources and to like doing it. A trip like this, all by myself, is a lot of fun after weeks of people and excitement at the studio."

Clark looked down at his clothes, a blue suit and a rough, turtle-necked blue sweater. He had thrown his damp coat across a chair and tossed his soft, shapeless gray hat on top of it. He glanced out through the misted windows of the restaurant into the rainy quiet of the little Main Street beyond.

"'It's hard to explain the feelings of those poverty-stricken years when I was lucky to have enough money to eat,' Clark went on. 'It wasn't envy of successful people that I felt. I didn't want their money or their luxury or their big houses or their expensive cars. I wanted their freedom to see everything which life had to offer. In those days I believed that success would bring anything and everything I desired.

"'But here I am, still wanting those things and I'm not poverty-stricken any more. I've got the money to live in a nice home and have a car. But I've discovered that success isn't a thing which you get and then keep forever, like buying a piece of jewelry and putting it away in a safety deposit box. You've got to work just as hard to keep it as you did to get it. Especially if your success depends on public opinion, which is famed for its fickleness. An actor doesn't have time for long, leisurely jaunts around the world, or months of hunting and fishing in northern Canada.

"'Understand,' he went on quickly, 'I wouldn't give up what I have for all the hunting and fishing in the world. I'm gradually working my way to what I hope will be a real success. I'm more grateful than you or anyone else will ever know for the 'breaks' and the opportunities which have come my way. But it's rather funny when I think that I'm just as tied now as I once was by the lack of enough money to buy shoes when I needed them.

"'Only the other day Wallace Beery and I had planned to fly up to his place in the mountains for ten days or two weeks of hunting. We had been talking about it ever since we worked in *Hell Divers* together. Three times we had set the date and had had to give it up, to postpone it until a later time. Finally we definitely decided on a day when we'd both be free. Everything was all set. And, at the last minute, both of us got a call for retakes on our pictures and had to cancel everything.

"'I'm not complaining, you understand. I'm just laughing at myself. This last year has taught me a lot of things. First and foremost, I've learned that success brings a million more responsibilities in every way than poverty does. You've got to work twice as hard to hold on, to keep on building, as you did to get started.

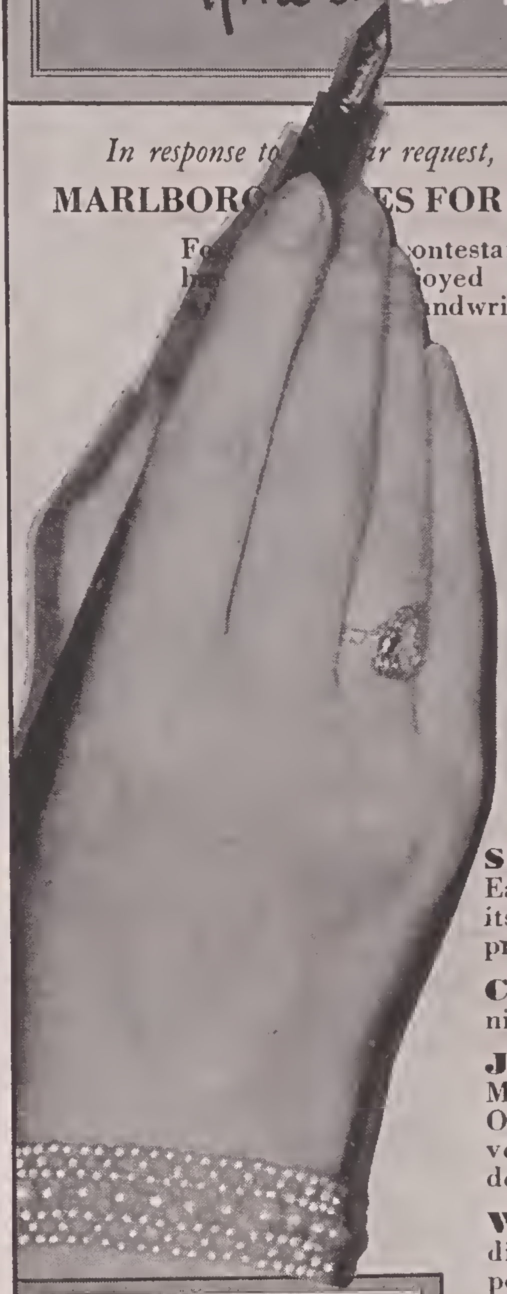
"'And I've learned that the biggest thrill in the world is accomplishment, doing something which really counts for something. Each success makes you want to go out and do bigger and better things.

"'But all I still know about yachting trips and long hunting jaunts into the mountains, or strange out-of-the-way places is what I read in magazines or see in pictures.'"

"Clark laughed and stood up, saying that he must get on his way if he was going to get to where he was heading for—a certain little desert town that's known for a good, clean little hotel *where movie people don't customarily go.*

"The headlights of his long roadster stabbed into the downpour. His motor roared, his wheels screamed on the wet pavement as he slammed the car into gear. Off he went. Away from movies, from people, from autograph hunters, from clocks —away *from fame . . . !*

"I could understand."



Marlboro— America's finest Cigarette

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MARLBORO ...ES FOR DISTINGUISHED HANDWRITING

Fo... contestants; and, maybe, a million friends h... joyed the natural association between ...ndwriting and America's finest cigarette.

Once again we are happy to offer for the most distinguished handwriting

\$500 in Cash

(150 Prizes)

No cost to enter this contest. There are no strings. No conditions. Simply write in your own hand: Marlboro — America's Finest Cigarette.

SEND AS MANY examples as you wish. Each will be considered separately, solely on its own merit. In case of any ties, duplicate prizes will be awarded.

CLOSING DATE — Contest closes midnight, Sunday, July 31, 1932.

JUDGES—R. M. Ellis, L. B. McKitterick and M. J. Sheridan, of Philip Morris, Nadya Olyanova, Graphologist and K. M. Goode, Advertising advisor, will be judges. Their decision final.

WINNERS to be reproduced. Especially distinguished handwriting and, where available, portraits of winners, will be selected for publication in society magazines. No payments or fees, beyond prizes. We regret we cannot return samples nor undertake correspondence.

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FIRST PRIZE \$100*
SECOND PRIZE \$75*
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Marlboro—Plain or Ivory Tipped. Successful cigarette of successful men. And smart women. Don't delay your try at double prizes. Send your distinguished handwriting to Philip Morris & Company, 119-Y Fifth Avenue, New York City

Always fresh . . **MARLBORO** *Mild as May* *. . Wrapped in heavy foil*

PLAIN OR IVORY TIPPED

TIPS ON TALKIES

Photo Courtesy of Warner Brothers

✓ *and* ✓✓ on Shows You Mustn't Miss

By DORA ALBERT

ALMOST MARRIED (*Fox*) Another of the array of terror-and-murder films, this time with Alexander Kirkland, Violet Heming and Ralph Bellamy in the cast. If you really want to see a picture about a madman who breaks out of his asylum and finds his wife living with another man, go right ahead, but don't say we didn't warn you.

☆

AMBASSADOR BILL (*Fox*) It looks as if the movies have got Will Rogers "typed" for sure. Why must he always play a rough and ready American who's a good soul at heart? Well, he does, and he is, and we're getting kind of tired of it. This time he plays an American diplomatic agent in Europe who, as usual, uses his Yankee wits to win the day. And as usual, there's a romance on the side and a vamp (Greta Nissen). And, as usual, Will Rogers resists the vamp.

☆

✓ **ARE THESE OUR CHILDREN?** (*Radio*) While not as great as "Cimarron"—which was also directed by Wesley Ruggles—this is a swell picture of today's youth. It is a tragic picture with an ending that is inevitably bitter. Eric Linden, a newcomer to the screen, does a magnificent piece of work as the kid who couldn't "get away with it."

☆

✓ **AROUND THE WORLD IN EIGHTY MINUTES** (*United Artists*) Doug Fairbanks' travel picture has a lot more pepper, salt, paprika and all that sort of thing than any travel picture you've seen lately. Those who like travel pictures will find Doug's running comment delightful. Whenever you're afraid that the picture may dry up, the way so many travel pictures do, Doug does something funny or tricky, and peps up the picture.

☆

✓✓ **ARROWSMITH** (*United Artists*) Here's an exceptional talkie! It's the story of a young scientist who for love becomes a country doctor. Ronald Colman gives a splendid performance in this rôle. Helen Hayes, who really ought to have more to do, is very appealing as his wife. Whether or not "Arrowsmith" is a hit at the box-office, it is a superbly intelligent picture.

☆

✓✓ **ARSENE LUPIN** (*M-G-M*) This is a thriller—and how! It's not alone that the story is exciting and has lots of suspense, though it is and it has. The main thing is that both Barrymores, John and Lionel, are in the picture, and they do themselves proud. My own pet is Lionel, but I'll have to admit that his brother is swell also. "Arsene Lupin" has romance, thrills and mystery. See it.

Personally Recommended

✓✓ **Arsene Lupin**
Because of the two Barrymore brothers, John and Lionel, and particularly because of Lionel.

✓✓ **Dance Team**
You'll get laughs and sobs out of the work of James Dunn and Sally Eilers. The dialogue is great.

✓✓ **Union Depot**
Because I liked the excitement. Be warned, though, if you're the sort of person to whom it makes a big difference, that the story isn't always plausible, but oh, how beautifully fast it moves.

✓ **Lovers Courageous**
It's such an idyllic, beautiful romance of young love.

—Also—

These Double Check Pictures of the Last Six Months.

- ✓✓ **Arrowsmith**
- ✓✓ **The Champ**
- ✓✓ **Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde**
- ✓✓ **The Hatchet Man**
- ✓✓ **Hell Divers**
- ✓✓ **High Pressure**
- ✓✓ **Ladies of the Big House**
- ✓✓ **Mata Hari**
- ✓✓ **The Passionate Plumber**
- ✓✓ **Possessed**
- ✓✓ **Private Lives**
- ✓✓ **Shanghai Express**
- ✓✓ **The Sin of Madelon Claudet**
- ✓✓ **Sooky**

✓ **BEAST OF THE CITY, THE** (*M-G-M*) This glorifies the police, and how! It also glorifies Jean Harlow, and how! It's an answer, really, to all the gang films that have gone before—particularly to those which glorified the crooks. Walter Huston turns in a fine performance as a police big-shot who has sworn to rid his city of the gang chief.

BEHIND THE MASK (*Columbia*) Reviewed in the April issue of Movie Mirror under the title of "The Man Who Dared." Exciting secret service melodrama with Jack Holt, Boris Karloff and Constance Cummings. The secret service man goes to prison to get the lowdown on the dope gang; the fiendish surgeon murders people on the operating table; the beautiful heroine saves the hero in the nick of time. Jack Holt and Boris Karloff are very well cast indeed as the hero and the villain respectively. You'll find the story thrilling even if not wholly believable.

☆

✓ **BROKEN LULLABY, THE** (*Paramount* Also released as "The Man I Killed." Lubitsch tries his hand at a tragic theme, and creates a picture that may be art but isn't box-office—a psychological study of a man who feels that he has committed murder because he killed a man in the war. They ought to offer a gold-plated megaphone to anyone who can explain what the new title, "Broken Lullaby," has to do with the picture. Chief acting honors go to Lionel Barrymore. Nancy Carroll, miscast as a German fraulein, does nicely anyway. Phil Holmes gives a sensitive high-strung performance. The subject of this picture is of so morbid a nature, however, that while some people will hail it as great, others will find it distinctly unpleasant.

☆

BUSINESS AND PLEASURE (*Fox*) The general level of this picture is not up to Will Rogers' standard. Will Rogers' acting, in fact, is the only thing that makes the picture tolerable and even funny in spots. The plot is silly. It's about a razor-blade magnate who induces the sheiks of the desert to shave with his razor blades. Jetta Goudal is in the cast. She's a rather obvious vamp.

☆

✓✓ **THE CHAMP** (*M-G-M*) What a grand show Wallace Beery and Jackie Cooper put onl There are scenes where you'll rock with laughs and scenes where tears will roll down your cheeks. The story is a little slow in getting started but the grand acting makes up for that. Wallace Beery's performance is superb as a retired ring champion whose son thinks he's still the grandest guy in the world.

☆

CHARLIE CHAN'S CHANCE (*Fox*) This is for mystery-lovers absolutely. It's another mystery solution by the Chinese detective, Charlie Chan, superbly played as usual by Swedish Warner Oland. This time the mystery is: Who murdered the Scotland Yard inspector? Warner Oland, as usual, mutters quaint Chinese proverbs as he goes about solving the mystery.

CHEATERS AT PLAY (*Fox*) Conventional international crook story in which most of the action takes place on a steamer at sea. Thomas Meighan and Billy Bakewell do all they can with a not-so-hot story. It's Charlotte Greenwood, though, who steals the picture with her comedy work. All in all, it's fairish entertainment.

⁂

✓✓ **DANCE TEAM** (*Fox*) That James Dunn-Sally Eilers team keeps rising in popularity. And no wonder, when they give us pictures like "Bad Girl" and now "Dance Team." They'll tear the heart out of you in this and make you like it, make you laugh and make you love it, make you feel it's real life they're portraying and real people. You'll like the story, too, that of a couple of hoofers whose romance is almost wrecked when one of them gets a case of swelled head.

⁂

✓ **DELICIOUS** (*Fox*) If you like Janet Gaynor, you'll like this, although the story isn't new. It's the love tale of a little immigrant girl. Added to this you have some nice incidental music plus Charles Farrell as the hero plus some lovely photography. And Janet Gaynor *is* "Delicious" in this!

⁂

✓✓ **DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE** (*Paramount*) Showing how horror may be mixed with beauty. Gruesome though the story of this is, it's so beautifully produced, so intelligently directed, so charmingly played that it's one of the great pictures of the year. The story's a little like that of "Frankenstein," that of a medical student who creates a monster—only this time the monster is a part of the man's own self. And when you first see Fredric March change from Dr. Jekyll to Mr. Hyde, you'll gasp. His make-up is marvelous. And he proves in this that he's an *actor*, and how! Rose Hobart as his sweetheart is fair; Miriam Hopkins as a Cockney girl as cute as the dickens. The story has charm and beauty, as well as moments of horror. As entertainment it's grand; and in addition, it'll give you a lot of things to think about.

⁂

✓ **EMMA** (*M-G-M*) Though Garbo is glamorous and Shearer has poise; though Joan Crawford is a grand dramatic actress and Janet Gaynor sweetness itself, there are things that old trouper Marie Dressler does to your heart-strings that no one else can do. This picture is Marie Dressler, and Marie Dressler *and* Marie Dressler. And oh, how you love it! If anyone else but Marie played in this, you'd say that the story was hokum. Marie makes you take it and like it. So bring at least two handkerchiefs along. You'll need 'em.

⁂

✓ **EXPERT, THE** (*Warners*) Reviewed in the April issue as "Old Man Minick." This is a simple, human story that's aimed straight for the heart and gets there. Chic Sale gives one of his wonderful old man portrayals. Little Dickie Moore will touch your heart with his performance as an orphan boy. This adorable kid is going to be starred soon, and he certainly earns stardom by his work in this picture.

⁂

✓ **FIREMAN, SAVE MY CHILD** (*Warners*) All the more because this is the year of the depression, we must have laughs. And who can furnish them better than Joe E. Brown? This picture was made to order for him. It's about a smalltown boob who doesn't realize that he has the makings of a great baseball star and sets to work inventing fire extinguishers instead. There are some swell gags in this, and a touch of romance on the side. Evalyn Knapp is the heroine, and you know yourself what a decorative and charming one she makes.

⁂

FORBIDDEN (*Columbia*) Adult drama about a woman who loves hopelessly. The story is utterly tragic, but beautifully played by Barbara Stanwyck, Adolphe Menjou, Ralph Bellamy and Dorothy Peterson.

⁂

FREAKS (*M-G-M*) Nobody can tell you whether you're going to like this amazing picture or not. Certain it is that some people will delight in the prickly shivers it gives them; that others will walk out of the theatres where it is showing with a feeling of horror and disgust. Into it is packed more horror than in any of the horror-shockers, because the circus freaks and monstrosities in it are real. The story tells about a beautiful but beastly woman who marries a dwarf for his money and then plots with her lover, the strong man, to poison him. If you're like me, you'll want to go and see it.

⁂

✓ **GIRL OF THE RIO** (*Radio*) Originally reviewed in the February issue as "The Dove."

IS YOURS A *Good Morning* COMPLEXION

WHEN YOU'RE READY TO SAY *Good Night?*

Retain your **"9 a. m. Freshness"** *all day long with this simple 5-Minute Beauty Program!*

● How FRESH you look in the early morning! Skin . . . clear, smooth and radiant as rose petals. As glowingly young as Spring itself.

But, along about 4 in the afternoon. What of your complexion *then?* . . . Blotchy make-up? Shiny nose? . . . Have your good looks vanished with the hours?

Millions of smart women have discovered an effective way to combat this afternoon let-down—to keep their complexions clear and lovely under even the most trying conditions. They rely upon the smooth, adhering qualities of OUTDOOR GIRL *Olive Oil* Face Powder and other famous OUTDOOR GIRL beauty products to maintain that look of "morning freshness" all through the day.

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You'll be amazed to see how lasting this make-up is—how smooth and fresh your complexion remains from morning until night!

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Try the new *improved* OUTDOOR GIRL Lipstick and Lip-and-Cheek Rouge . . . Indelible, waterproof and lasting! Guaranteed pure colors.

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OUTDOOR GIRL *Olive Oil*
BEAUTY PRODUCTS

SWOOSH!
So Easy
Like New!

and ColorShine *is only* 10¢ a bottle

YOUR light colored shoes and blonde, tan, brown—keep them looking always new with ColorShine Neutral Creme. ColorShine not only cleans the leather, but softens it for comfort, and seals it against damaging grit—adding months to the life of your shoes. Yet the generous-sized bottle sells for only a dime.

There are also ColorShine Dressings for white kid, white cloth, black leathers, and Dye to dye white or colored shoes a lasting black.

Sold in 10-cent stores everywhere (15c in Far West and Canada). On your next trip to the 10-cent store at the hardware counter get several bottles of ColorShine for your different kinds of shoes. The Chieftain Mfg. Co., Baltimore, Md.

• • • •

ColorShine
SHOE POLISHES
MAKE YOUR SHOES LOOK NEW
10¢
15¢ in Far West and Canada

Jackie joins the big shots! To have your footprints in the cement before the famous Hollywood Chinese theatre makes you a big, big star. Naturally the biggest little star of them all—Jackie Cooper—had to join the crowd. And do you see Jackie's fans looking on for the instant that the kid's name is mud?

More radiant than ever in her comeback picture, Dolores Del Rio makes this show worth seeing. She's warm and she's lovely, and in one scene where she saves her lover's life she's simply grand. And that isn't casting any reflections on the rest of her work in the picture, which is good all the way through. Leo Carrillo as "the bes' dam' caballero in Mexico" is amusing, though he never quite loses himself in his part.

✩

GREEKS HAD A WORD FOR THEM, THE (*United Artists*) Between the devil, the censors and the deep blue sea, this screen version of the stage play didn't have a chance to be anything more than fair entertainment. On the stage it was naughty and sophisticated. On the screen, stripped of the censorable stage dialogue, the picture isn't anything to get excited about. The story's about three gold-diggers, played by Ina Claire, Joan Blondell and Madge Evans. Ina Claire and Joan Blondell are amusing. Madge Evans is handicapped by having to play the noblest and sweetest of the trio.

✩

✓✓ **HATCHET MAN, THE** (*Warners-First National*) Originally reviewed in the March issue as "The Honorable Mr. Wong." Edward G. Robinson gives another of his smash hit performances this time as a Chinese killer. The picture is powerful, effective, with intriguing make-up work which makes the players look more Chinese than the Chinese themselves! The story is sheer melodrama, with more than a touch of horror. Loretta Young and Dudley Digges deserve honorable mention, too, for their performances

✓✓ **HELL DIVERS** (*M-G-M*) Here's a rip-roaring, exciting, super-special picture of the Navy's fighting airmen. M-G-M, Wallace Beery, the Navy and Clark Gable got together to make this picture, and by Allah, it was worth it. The picture's so big that it towers above any of the actors, even Clark (the maiden's thrill) Gable. The camera work is the best you've ever seen in any air picture—and that includes even "Hell's Angels."

✩

✓✓ **HIGH PRESSURE** (*Warners*) At last, a picture worthy of Bill Powell! And how he crashes through in this! Howl! We're fed up on the long procession of ladies' man pictures in which Powell has been appearing, but this is different. Bill plays a big-shot promoter who gets into trouble and out of it again. Evelyn Brent and Evalyn Knapp as the women in the picture, will delight, too. And don't, don't, *don't* miss the beginning of the picture, for your first sight of Bill Powell will make you gasp.

✩

✓ **IMPATIENT MAIDEN THE** (*Universal*) You'll go to see Lew Ayres, and you'll go away raving about Mae Clarke, who proves in this, as she did in "Waterloo Bridge," that she's a comer—and how! Not that Lew Ayres' work isn't grand; it is. He plays a young interne in love with a girl who refuses to marry him rather than ruin his career. And yet they've been all the world to each other! It's very modern, very frank. It has laughs as well as drama. You'll like it.

✓✓ **LADIES OF THE BIG HOUSE** (*Paramount*) The grim shadows of prison walls, injustice, bitterness. That's "Ladies of the Big House." Yet so powerful is the picture that even though it's depressing, even though you may not be sure whether you like it or not, you'll have to admit it's great. It's the story of a young couple unjustly doomed by the law. Sylvia Sidney glows in a drab setting. Watch Gene Raymond! He's got something, that boy.

☆

✓ **LOST SQUADRON, THE** (*Radio*) Well, whether or not you go for the story of this one, you'll certainly get a thrill when Dick Grace, Hollywood's greatest airstunter, dives a plane headlong into the ocean. Richard Dix, Bob Armstrong and Joel McCrea play three ex-war-aces who go to work for a mad director in Hollywood. Dorothy Jordan and Mary Astor add love interest. The picture's entertaining, even though it falls short of being extraordinary.

☆

✓ **LOVERS COURAGEOUS** (*M-G-M*) The most charming romance of young love you've seen in a long time, and that's saying puh-lenty. This is quite different from the sophisticated rôles you've been seeing Bob Montgomery play lately. He's utterly delightful in it, and so is Madge Evans. The whole picture is full of romance and charm, and you'll like it.

☆

MANHATTAN PARADE (*Warners*) Here's Hollywood's answer to "Once in a Lifetime." It shows that the stage producers do just as coo-coo things as they sometimes accuse the screen people of doing. There are hilarious moments in this, yet, on the whole, it's only a fair comedy. Winnie Lightner plays a straight rôle, while Smith & Dale and Charles Butterworth share comedy honors.

☆

MAN WHO DARED, THE (*Columbia*) See "Behind the Mask."

☆

✓ **MAN WHO PLAYED GOD, THE** (*Warners*) This is a distinguished, intelligent picture, and you can thank Warners' and George Arliss for it. It's the story of a great musician who sinks to the depths of despair when he loses his hearing, only to find happiness and faith again in the end. This is a present day story, no costume drama, and it's beautifully played. Besides Arliss' fine work, there is nice playing by Bette Davis, Violet Heming, Ivan Simpson and the rest of the supporting cast.

☆

✓✓ **MATA HARI** (*M-G-M*) Here is a perfect example of what a grand thing for the movies M-G-M's newest idea is. What—you don't know what it is? It's the idea that one good star deserves another. So Greta Garbo and Ramon Novarro, each a glamorous star, play opposite each other in this, and the result is a picture that is stirring and powerful and stunningly photographed. Garbo does her greatest work in this. Her supporting cast is excellent, but her performance is so extraordinary that it towers above everyone else's, good as the other players are.

☆

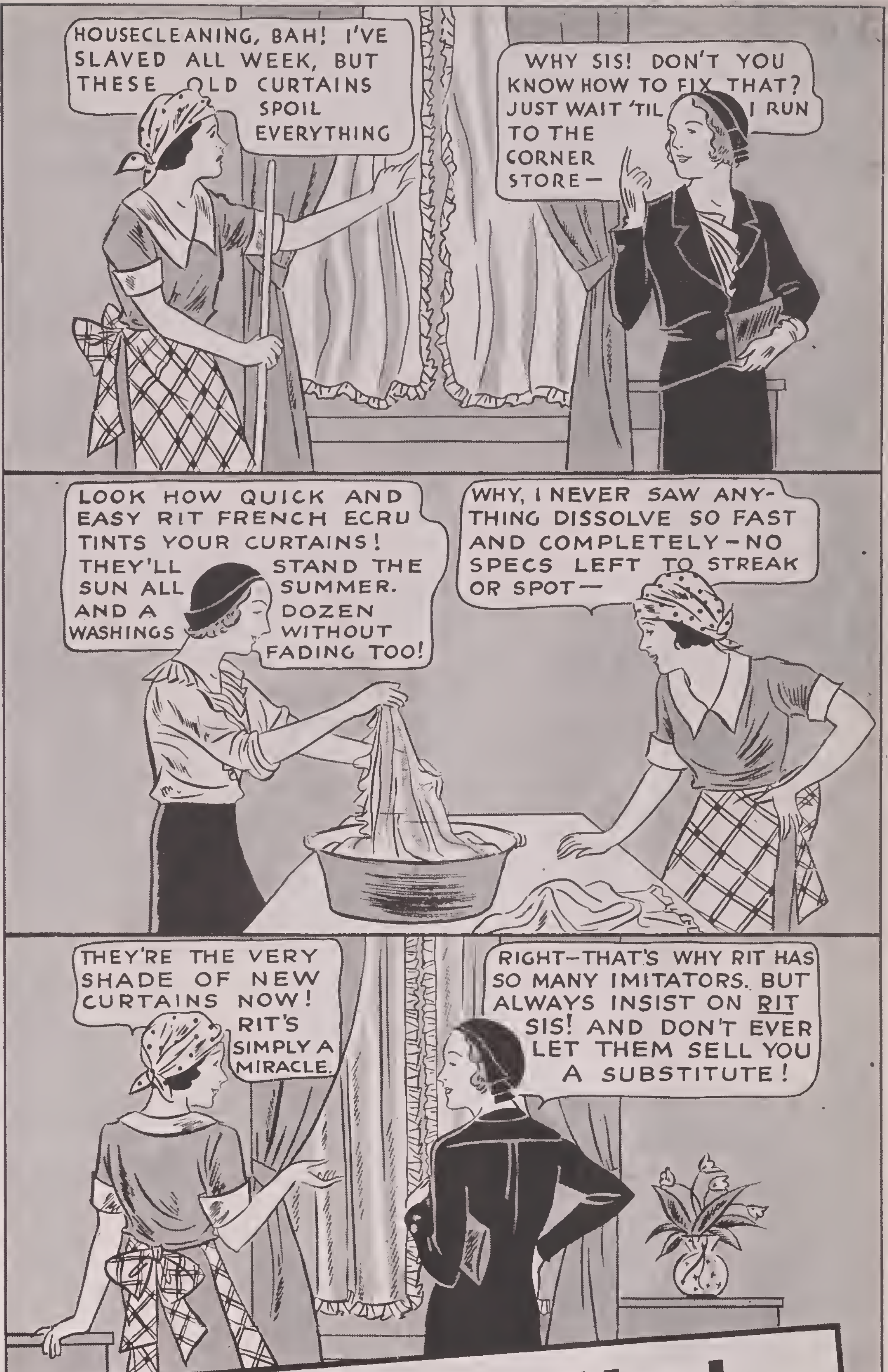
✓ **MURDERS IN THE RUE MORGUE** (*Universal*) This is a pretty entertaining screen shocker, though it certainly isn't the wow that "Frankenstein" and "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" were. It varies between moments of excitement and suspense, and moments where—oh, well—you may even be inclined to giggle a bit. Bela Lugosi gives the best performance as Dr. Mirakle. The man in the monkey skin is pretty good, only after "Ingagi" you won't be able to delude yourself into believing that it's a real gorilla you're watching. I like the hero, Leon Waycoff, and Bert Roach for the comedy relief. Me—I'm not so keen on Sidney Fox as the heroine, but maybe I'm prejudiced. Am I? You tell me.

☆

NO ONE MAN (*Paramount*) Well, well, well. So no one man can satisfy the modern woman. And the solution to that problem is that she must marry one man after another, till she finds the one who's her ideal. The plot of this one is certainly pretty weak, and it doesn't deserve such a fine actor as Paul Lukas in the cast or such a luscious eyeful as Carole Lombard playing the heroine. Because of them and because of the swell settings and all that, it's fair entertainment.

☆

PANAMA FLO (*RKO-Pathé*) Torrid passion in the tropics and elsewhere, with Helen Twelvetrees starring. Nevertheless and just the same, it's Charles Bickford's picture and he makes the most of it. Never was he more tough and hard-boiled


HOUSECLEANING, BAH! I'VE SLAVED ALL WEEK, BUT THESE OLD CURTAINS SPOIL EVERYTHING
WHY SIS! DON'T YOU KNOW HOW TO FIX THAT? JUST WAIT 'TIL I RUN TO THE CORNER STORE—
LOOK HOW QUICK AND EASY RIT FRENCH ECRU TINTS YOUR CURTAINS! THEY'LL STAND THE SUN ALL SUMMER. AND A DOZEN WASHINGS WITHOUT FADING TOO!
WHY, I NEVER SAW ANYTHING DISSOLVE SO FAST AND COMPLETELY—NO SPECS LEFT TO STREAK OR SPOT—
THEY'RE THE VERY SHADE OF NEW CURTAINS NOW! RIT'S SIMPLY A MIRACLE.
RIGHT—THAT'S WHY RIT HAS SO MANY IMITATORS. BUT ALWAYS INSIST ON RIT SIS! AND DON'T EVER LET THEM SELL YOU A SUBSTITUTE!

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New Instant Rit is easier and safer . . . nothing else like it . . . you just dip to tint!

Rit French Ecru will make your faded old curtains like new in a jiffy . . . a beautiful soft French Ecru shade . . . the very color of brand new curtains. You may have used Rit for years . . . but New Instant Rit is absolutely different. It is *not* a soap, and requires no rubbing. Just dip to tint! It dissolves completely in 40 seconds, leaving no particles to streak or spot. New Rit lasts like a fast dye . . . for 30 washings and three months sun. New Instant Rit comes in 33 smart colors. Use White Rit, too, for taking out all colors, even black, and stubborn spots and stains from white goods.

Always be sure your dealer gives you New Instant Rit! *Refuse to accept* imitations.

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RIT
Color Remover
REMOVES DYE FROM COLORED FABRICS ALSO STAINS FROM WHITE GOODS Harmless as boiling water
INSTANT
RIT
dissolves in 40 seconds
TINTS OR DYES ALL FABRICS

Takes Old Color Out

Puts New Color In

Many fan letters have been coming in asking for the return of the old-time serials with a new-time serial queen. So, here you are and here she is—little Lucile Browne in Universal's serial thriller, "The Air Mail Mystery." Snappy idea, snappy girl

than in this. You'll thrill to the vivid, brutal scenes. even though the story's wild and implausible.

☆

✓✓ **PASSIONATE PLUMBER, THE** (*M-G-M*) Have you seen Jimmy "Schnozzle" Durante? If you have, you won't want to miss this; and if you haven't, you certainly ought to see it and make his acquaintance. He's the bozo who played with William Haines in "New Adventures of Wallingford" and almost stole the picture from Haines. In "The Passionate Plumber" Jimmy Durante and Buster Keaton are perfect foils for each other. If you want plenty of laughs (and who doesn't?) see this and give yourself a treat.

☆

✓ **POLLY OF THE CIRCUS** (*M-G-M*) It looks as if, one after one, Clark Gable is being teamed with all of M-G-M's sirens. More power to him! This time he plays opposite Marion Davies and together they create nice entertainment. There are splendid thrills against the background of circus scenes. You'll gasp when you see Marion Davies making trapeze leaps and doing other dangerous stunts.

☆

✓✓ **POSSESSED** (*M-G-M*) And now it's Joan Crawford who's in the arms of Gable! Hotcha-cha! This story of a small-town girl who knows what she wants and a rich lawyer who is afraid of marriage is Joan Crawford's best picture since "Paid."

☆

PRESTIGE (*RKO-Pathé*) Gosh, I like Ann Harding! That's why I'm so sorry that this picture is a lemon. Couldn't they have found any better plot for Ann than that old one about the white men who go native and the white woman who tries to redeem the man she loves? Ho, hum. It's a bad break, too, for Melvyn Douglas, who made such a splendid début in "Tonight Or Never," only to be miscast in this. Better luck next time, Ann.

✓✓ **PRIVATE LIVES** (*M-G-M*) On the stage a brilliant, sophisticated comedy; on the screen this is just as brilliant and just as sophisticated with an added touch of humanness. Bob Montgomery and Norma Shearer were never more likable than as the ex-husband and ex-wife who meet again on their honeymoon night with their new mates, and find that they are still in love with each other. Whether or not you saw the play, you'll find yourself enjoying the clever situations, the sophistication and perfectly elegant acting of this Una Merkel scores in a bright bit of comedy.

☆

RAINBOW TRAIL, THE (*Fox*) George O'Brien, Cecilia Parker and Minna Gombell all do fine work in this Western, although it's really Dame Nature's starring picture. Such photography of the Far West and the Grand Canyon! It has plenty of excitement and action, too, being a sequel to "Riders of the Purple Sage." There's a tip for you. If you saw and liked that, you'll like this. If "Riders of the Purple Sage" bored you, this will too

☆

✓✓ **SHANGHAI EXPRESS** (*Paramount*) This is one of the grandest pieces of direction you've seen in a long time. Credit Josef Von Sternberg with that. And give credit to Marlene Dietrich for a perfectly thrilling piece of acting. If you thought that Marlene was getting by on legs appeal, you won't think so any more after seeing this. You get barely a glimpse of her legs in this, and so you have a better chance to realize that the girl has what it takes! Clive Brook plays splendidly opposite her. Swedish Warner Oland is the perfect Chinaman. This is timely; it's thrilling; it's grand.

☆

SILENT WITNESS (*Fox*) Parts of this picture are dull; parts of it are entertaining; and the result is that it's fairly diverting, but not much above the average. It's acted mostly by an English cast, headed by Lionel Atwill. Don't get this picture mixed up with "The Secret Witness," in which Una Merkel appeared! The plot of this one concerns a loose lady who is strangled to death in her apartment. Son says he did the deed; father tries to take the blame. You'll like Lionel Atwill as the father, Greta Nissen as the girl who is strangled and Herbert Mundin as the taxi-driver who keeps the court entertained with his testimony.

☆

✓✓ **SIN OF MADELON CLAUDET, THE** (*M-G-M*) Unconditionally the greatest performance of the year, with Helen Hayes tearing your heart out in a mother rôle and then putting it back in again. For heaven's sake don't pass this up because you're not in the mood for a tragic picture. Helen Hayes' performance, though it takes you down to the depths, lifts you up again. And as one fan said, the faster your tears fall, the more you love it. This is a double check, four handkerchief picture.

☆

✓ **SKY DEVILS** (*Caddo*) When you go to see this, you'll be in for a good heart-warming series of chuckles; you can depend on that. For Spencer Tracy is in it and George Cooper, and what an elegant time they seem to have had! This is an air comedy—thrilling and yet rib-tickling. It contains some of the air spectacle stuff originally shot for "Hell's Angels" and not used. It has a kick like a mule.

☆

✓ **STEADY COMPANY** (*Universal*) There isn't a big name in the cast of this, and yet it's nice entertainment. Norman Foster, June Clyde and ZaSu Pitts are delightful. It's the story of an ambitious truck driver who wants to win the heavyweight championship and a lovely blonde. You'll enjoy seeing how he makes 50 percent of the grade.

☆

✓ **TOMORROW AND TOMORROW** (*Paramount*) This is a beautiful story, the best Ruth Chatterton has had in a long time, and yet she doesn't give her best to it. Her acting, somehow, doesn't seem sincere. That's why, though she gets most of the close-ups, Paul Lukas runs away with most of the honors of the picture. As a Viennese psychiatrist he's just swell.

☆

✓ **TONIGHT OR NEVER** (*United Artists*) And, oh, does Gloria Swanson get hot in this! She plays an opera singer who believes in life with a capital L, and for whom couches exert a positive fascination. If you think that pictures ought to be pure and sweet and clean, stay away from this. But if you can stand risquéness well done, why, go and see it. Gloria Swanson and leading man Melvyn Douglas are grand.

☆

✓ **TWO KINDS OF WOMEN** (*Paramount*) From the stage play, "This Is New York." It's the tale of a girl who goes to New York, meets up with a young man who undertakes to show her the town—and does! The story's pleasing. So are the leads—Phil Holmes, Miriam Hopkins, Irving Pichel and Wynne Gibson. Wynne Gibson steals the picture from picture-stealer Miriam Hopkins.

☆

✓ **UNEXPECTED FATHER, THE** (*Universal*) When ZaSu Pitts and Slim Summerville are the leads in a comedy like this, you just *know* you're in for one grand evening of laughs. And how right you are! This is the story of a man who has a baby suddenly thrust upon him and gets ZaSu Pitts to act as nurse! Cora Sue Collins as the baby almost steals the picture. Watch this kid! She's great.

☆

✓✓ **UNION DEPOT** (*First National*) "You'll see a new Doug, Jr., in this," First National told us. "I like this better than anything I've made since 'Dawn Patrol,'" said young Doug himself. Well, they have cause to be glad! This picture hits the bell! It's one of the finest things young Doug has done—this story, almost all of whose action takes place in a union depot. The cast is swell. We have just one quibble with it. Joan Blondell is grand as a leading lady, but since she's such a swell comedienne, why not give her more wise-cracking rôles to do? There are so few good comediennes.

☆

WOMAN COMMANDS, A (*RKO-Pathé*) It's just too bad about this. We should have loved to see Pola Negri make one grand, smashing comeback. But whoever picked this story doesn't know the sort of screen fare audiences want. Not this unreal stuff and glitter and pomp about life as it's lived in mythical kingdoms, but real human, close to earth stuff. Pola Negri herself is lovely to look at and to listen to, but what can you do with a plot like that?

Don't Call Him a Platinum Blond!

(*Continued from page* 46)

he played in "Cradle Snatchers," opposite Edna May Oliver.

Raymond's next big hit after "Cradle Snatchers" was as Gene in "Young Sinners," the character from whom he got his name. "Young Sinners" ran for eight months in New York, and that was when the movie producers woke up to the fact that Gene was alive.

But Gene had a personal contract with the Shuberts and went on the road and to Chicago with the play instead! When he came back the big companies—four in all—renewed their offers. Gene, the Shuberts, and Paramount signed a three-way contract.

For those of you who like statistics, he is twenty-three, 5 feet 10, weighs 157 lbs., and has blue eyes and blond hair. He writhes if you mention his looks and if you bring up the matter of platinum blonds, he's ready to murder you.

Gene is really a hero athlete.

His favorite sport is—horses, horses, horses! When he has any spare time he goes horseback riding. When he was playing in "The Cradle Snatchers" in Chicago, he won a blue ribbon in a jumping contest at the Chicago Horse Show.

In his school days he used to be a catcher on the school baseball team, but when you ask him about that, he says, "Well, a fellow sort of outgrows it with his first long pants."

He plays tennis, swims, loves sailing boats, and while he was in Hollywood learned to play polo. He played with Will Rogers, "Snowy" Baker and other people equally famous. In sports, as in everything else, Gene loves variety!

Gene has no dissipations. He isn't married or engaged and he says he has no love life.

Before the first of the year, he used to smoke cigarettes. Now he smokes only a few pipefuls of tobacco in the evenings.

He has only one brother, Robert, who is seventeen years old and has already appeared in a few stage plays. Robert, however, intends to change his name because he (Robert) thinks that the name Robert Guion is too much like Raymond Guion.

Gene's favorite town is Chicago. He loves the winter sports there.

He's cuh-r-razy about the novels of Sabatini. However, his favorite book is Dumas' "Three Musketeers." He carries the two volumes of it with him wherever he goes, and when he's stuck for something to do, he starts reading it all over again. He's already read it more times than he can count.

His pet aversion is to pennies. When he buys a newspaper for three cents and hands the newsboy a nickel, he makes the boy keep the change.

Altogether Gene is a very normal young man, who happens to be blessed with more than ordinary talent and far more than ordinary frankness and honesty. He even admitted that he was disappointed in Hollywood's climate.

The fans have seen Gene and they like him in a big way. My tip to you, if you're one of the few who haven't already seen Gene, is to do so quick.

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From $1. to $4. the flacon

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From 25c on ounce to $3.75 the flacon of thirty-two ounces.

April Showers, the youthful Perfume that accents feminine appeal, fragrances a complete line of luxurious toiletries—including a Talcum, Face Powder and Toilet Water in a ten cent size—obtainable at all "5c to $1." stores.

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SUPERSET LOTION FOR FINGER WAVING AND WATER WAVING

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Nestle Permanent Wave, long bob, set with SuperSet Finger Waving Lotion.

Make EVERY WAVE *More Glorious*

THERE is a captivating glamour to the SuperSet wave you can obtain in no other way. SuperSet makes the hair soft, fluffy and lustrous . . . and it makes every finger wave or water wave longer lasting and more alluring. You will prefer SuperSet because it is faster drying, economical, and altogether free from grease. There is no after deposit or sediment. Beauticians everywhere recommend SuperSet. Use SuperSet on your next wave . . . and make a friend for life!

COLORINSE

Enhance your hair with new tone color. Simply add Nestle ColoRinse to the after-shampoo wash. You will be enchanted with the glimmering sparkle and liveliness it imparts to the hair. It is simply harmless vegetable compound, neither a dye or a bleach, and you have twelve shades to choose from. Two rinses in one package for 10c.

Combination Hot Oil Treatment and Shampoo

Restore the natural health and vitality of your hair with this famous Nestle treatment. It stops falling hair, removes dandruff, cleanses the scalp and revitalizes lifeless hair. Free from soap or alkali, it also makes the preferred shampoo.

The Nestle-Le Mur Company, New York City

10c Small sizes at all 5c and 10c stores large size at your beauty parlor.

Do You Know How to Make Friends?

(*Continued from page 73*)

playground, took in the roller skating rink, the chute-the-chutes, the merry-go-round, etc. Work? Certainly, it was work and hard work chaperoning thirty active children through a crowded beach resort. Fun? Marie had the time of her life and at the end of the day although Frances Marion was exhausted, Marie was ready to start out again.

Because she has expended her energy so boundlessly, because she has given of herself so abundantly, because she has been so many places and done so many things in her sixty-one years, I am trying to give only the high-lights of her life, only incidents, gathered at random, which show what manner of woman she has been and is.

Just before the war, she appeared in pictures for the first time; made "Tillie's Punctured Romance" with Mabel Normand and Charlie Chaplin. This, incidentally, was the picture which started Charlie to success, and Marie is said to have been largely responsible for giving him a chance, for pointing up his work, for giving him "breaks" in footage and praising him to the director.

I told you that the war "broke" Marie. Do you know what she did during its duration? She raised ninety million dollars selling government bonds. She made one hundred forty-nine speeches in twenty-nine days and never spoke to less than five thousand people at a time.

And she still had time to go and entertain soldiers, to sing to them, to clown for them, to amuse and to comfort them. Always when she had finished her half hour or hour or whatever it was of merry-making, she would sing a sad, sentimental tune, something that would make the boys cry.

A friend asked her why she did this, when she had such a great gift of comedy.

"Well," said Marie, "I watch them. I know they are lonesome and sad and homesick. They want to cry but they are too brave to let go their feelings. So I give them the excuse. They weep big tears and get them out of their systems. Then they feel better and we laugh some more."

Always the big-hearted, always the humanity-loving Marie. The situation Marie faced in 1918, the war over, her fortune of years of hard work gone, her success as a star at a low ebb, would have stumped a woman of less courage, less gallantry. I doubt if even her creed of courage: "People should always fight; if they'd learn to battle when they are young instead of sitting back and saying 'I'm licked,' they'd come out all right" would have helped her if her philosophy of "Do things for other people and you succeed; work for yourself and you fail" had not entered into it.

In fighting to regain her place as an actress, Marie was fired with the desire to crusade for other women past middle age. In those post-war days the country was youth-mad, jazz-mad, crying for gayety, tinsel, color. It had forgotten the gray-headed women and men. It was worshipping the youngsters. This was true not only of Marie's profession, but of all walks of life, of business offices, stores.

Women would come to Marie and tell her their troubles. "I can't get a job, I'm too old," they would say. "Maybe I should have my hair dyed." And Marie, faced with the same thoughts, fears.

"Stuff and nonsense," she would reply. "Only the older people know about life. Only people with experience back of them have the real ability to govern, to make decisions. There is a place for us."

But she found no work on the stage, in vaudeville, or pictures. Not for nine years. The story goes that she tried running a string of popcorn and peanut wagons, that she tried real estate.

She helped Anne Morgan of the famous moneyed Morgans, a friend of years, establish the American Woman's Association with its hotel and accommodations for women in New York City. An achievement of which she is very proud. And she lived at the Ritz. How, nobody knows. No one knew she was broke.

In 1925, then, came "The Callahans and the Murphys." Although this re-established her as a picture comedienne, she knew many workless days after it had been released.

One day, she and Polly Moran made a comedy for Mack Sennett called "Dangerous Females." In it she did her famous drunk act. It was box-office. It started the vogue for Dressler-Moran vehicles. You know about "Anna Christie." You know how she stole the picture from the famous Garbo, you know about her triumphant "Min and Bill," about "Politics," "Reducing," and now "Emma."

You know that a year ago Marie Dressler took ill and almost died. An infection she hadn't had time to have diagnosed and do anything about because she had been so busy. You know perhaps that she has been ill again this winter and largely because she has tried to do so much. Helping people. Seeing people. And because she simply won't rest unless some one makes her. It is nothing at all for Marie Dressler to take a party of guests to luncheon at the studio, see an interviewer for an hour and race off to Santa Barbara, a hundred miles up the coast, for dinner.

When I went to Marie about this story, and she found it was to tell of her life, she threw up her hands in dismay.

"Why, I cannot remember what is gone," she told me. "I don't want to remember it. Not the past. I don't like to look back. I won't look back. I don't believe in it. There's where people make mistakes. I want to look only ahead, to tomorrow. Write about today and tomorrow, but not about yesterday when you write about me."

What a grand way to look at life! Do you wonder that everyone who knows Marie loves her and wants to do things for her? Do you wonder that when her pictures open, telegrams and messages of good wishes by the hundreds, come to her?

And she, sentimental old cry-baby, sits and sniffles and says, "I never knew people could be so kind."

Why, Marie Dressler, they never could tell you what you have meant to them, what you have done, how much your philosophy of service has counted for good.

The Lonesomest Boy in Hollywood

(*Continued from page 37*)

Front," "Journey's End" and "Case of Sergeant Grischa." While he was deliberating over which to take he lost all three chances.

But the break had come and three other opportunities came in the form of "Only the Brave," "Devil's Holiday" and "Grumpy" and Phillips Holmes was on the high road to success. Down through a long list of successful pictures he went, sometimes working until midnight finishing one and starting on a new one in the morning. Never did he have more than a three day rest between them.

Once he was going to New York on a vacation. He worked so late he missed the train, took it the next day, was greeted in New York with orders to report at the studio there immediately. He finished the picture, was taken down by the flu, got up and was ordered to Hollywood for another story. He started for England only to be called back an hour before the boat sailed. He hid out at the Isthmus at Catalina, a deserted spot in winter, was found and dragged back to waiting cameras.

So Phil Holmes has no time for friends or love. He is not uninterested in life. On the contrary, he likes to study it. "But the surface of life means very little," he explained. "Perhaps I could find the time for the surface amusements. But I like to go deeper. I'm not bored by people around me. I'm not interested, either. But I want to know more about them and study the under-current of their lives. But I haven't time and so I haven't many friends."

Although Phil goes but seldom with girls, he did take Mary Brian to a première one evening and that caused quite a bit of talk. Phil didn't try it again, however.

"People stare at you and point you out and follow you and it's all very distasteful. So I don't go to premières any more. When I see pictures, I catch them at some house in the neighborhood and then I go to previews occasionally."

It's all very strange and amusing when you remember the parts Phil Holmes has played lately. He has become a de luxe roué with a perfect record for wrecking women's lives. He never misses. And he hasn't had time to see whether he is as good off the screen as he is on. Right now he is being seen places occasionally with Florence Rice, Grantland Rice's beautiful daughter, who has been married and divorced a couple of times already. Personally I doubt that it is serious because Phil is still too busy for it to be serious. And love—real love—would be serious to Phil.

Perhaps after he has played his part in the "Lives of a Bengal Lancer" he will have a little time to experiment. But, of course, it will be no experiment to Phil. It will be in earnest. And some girl can look forward to what will probably be the most intense and sincere campaign ever waged for a woman's heart. That is, when Phil has time.

What Do Men and Women Fall For?

Two of Your Favorite Stars Give the Answers in the June Movie Mirror. Watch for it on May fifth.

Specially posed by Doris Andrese

Once skinny ...lifeless

—now the peppiest girl on a party!

Rounded out figure, too—gaining 12 lbs. in few weeks

SEE that girl *step!* Look at her laughing eyes—her naturally pink cheeks—her cute figure. Could you imagine *her* being thin and sickly—*her* being an also-ran at parties?

Today—"peppier than all the rest." Just a few weeks ago—"not having as much fun." That's Miss Walters *before* . . . and *after* taking a wonderful new tonic. She writes:

Her frank confession

"I used to weigh only 100 lbs. When I went to a party I danced just like anyone else but I didn't have as much fun. Now after taking three packages of Ironized Yeast, I weigh 112 lbs. and am much peppier than all the rest.

"The girls at the office asked me where I was getting all the pep and I told them from Ironized Yeast. Now there are nine girls and four fellows in our office taking Ironized Yeast." Audrey Walters, 4029 No. Market Street, St. Louis, Mo. This letter is typical of hundreds of splendid reports from Ironized Yeast users everywhere.

End ailments *quick!*

What a pity to go out and only *half*-enjoy yourself—to go to business and only *half*-do your work! Stop *half*-living! Get your health up to par—no constipation, no skin blemishes, no quick-fatigue. Bring your figure up-to-date—no hollow chest, no haggard cheeks, no thin arms and legs. Thousands once thin and run-down, owe new health to Ironized Yeast.

Ironized Yeast contains a remarkable new kind of yeast — concentrated by a process so tremendously important—that the Biological Commission of the League of Nations officially recommended its adoption as a world-wide standard.

Seven pounds of this extra-rich, health yeast—specially cultured, specially imported "*beer yeast*"—make just one pound of the yeast concentrate used in Ironized Yeast. Concentrated seven times, Ironized Yeast is put through still another scientific process. It is *ironized*—treated with three distinct kinds of energizing, blood-enriching iron. That's the secret of its famous "*double action*"—its ability to help strengthen and revitalize the entire system at the same time it adds pounds of firm, healthy tissue.

Triple-tested
Beware of counterfeits!

The *genuine* Ironized Yeast is *triple-tested*—by our own chemists, by an eminent physician and by a professor of Bio-Chemistry in a famous medical college. But remember, in order to gain its *test-proven* results, you must use the *real* Ironized Yeast. Don't take chances with counterfeits! Flatly refuse any package not marked "Ironized Yeast". Don't put any tablet not marked "I.Y." in your stomach. (The iron in *genuine* Ironized Yeast cannot discolor teeth or upset the stomach.)

GUARANTEED: If the very first package does not help you, as it has helped countless others, its cost will be promptly refunded. At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Atlanta, Ga.

IRONIZED YEAST

New Concentrated Health Builder In Pleasant Tablet Form

Movies of the Month

(*Continued from page* 66)

gal, who wins the Bathing Beauty Contest, marries a millionaire, finds that All Is Not Gold That Glitters, and comes to the happy ending.

For a quite mad evening in the theater, this is heartily recommended. It starts out believably enough, with the poor-but-virtuous working girl walking home from the auto ride with the rich young scamp. But when it gets 'round to a dirigible advertising Norton's Reducing Capsules, and an insane millionaire who has trapdoors and peepholes in his castle so he can spy on his wife, and who feeds wives to a dog named Baskerville—well, if you leave your sense of sanity at home, you'll have an evening of nuttily melodramatic amusement. Just use your own judgment, dear readers.

Joan Bennett is quite ravishingly lovely as the heroine. James Kirkwood, as the villain, outdoes even Desperate Dalton, the Doity Dastard! Spencer Tracy is the honest young woiking guy who gets the gal in the end. And Una Merkel is utterly delicious as the comic-relief (despite, or maybe because of, some very ultramarine-hued lines).

The Saddle-Buster (Radio)

You'll See: *Tom Keene, Marie Quillan (Eddie's sis), Helen Foster, Bob Frazer, Richard Carlyle, Fred Burns.*

It's About: *Doity woik at a rodeo in them thar wide open spaces where heroes are heroes and villains are dirty old so-and-so's.*

Have you ever stopped to think how terribly the screen would have been handicapped if there'd never been any horses? Oh, well—never mind, then. Anyway, this is a western. People ride horses and fall off 'em, too. Tom Keene, hero, loses his nerve when he falls, but regains it by putting a vicious broncho properly in his place. So he "comes back," heaps coals of fire on the villain's head, wins the girl, and makes way for the newsreel. If you like westerns, you'll rate this one of the best. If you don't, what are you reading this for?

Shop Angel (Premier)

You'll See: *Marian Shilling, Holmes Herbert, Anthony Bushell, Dorothy Christy.*

It's About: *The trials and tribulations of a lovely model. Ah, you know! But all ends sweetly.*

It seems that a lot of men are all obsessed with the same idea about the heroine. But only one of them wants to marry her, too. And so the other bad meanies get their just deserts, and tah-rue lo-hove wins. That's the general idea, which is put over in several thousand feet of film, and thousands of words, neither of which could be raved over.

Sally of the Subway (Action)

You'll See: *Dorothy Revier, Jack Mulhall, Huntley Gordon, Blanche Mehaffey.*

It's About: *How a neat scheme of a swindle gang is knocked haywire when Li'l Danny Cupid butts in and changes matters.*

Why they called this what they did is a mystery. There's no subway in it. But it's an entertaining little piece of filmfare, which reveals another wrinkle in high-power gypping, to add to the rest of the screen's current underworld lore curriculum. The cast of this does well, it's snappily directed, and unless you *must* have super-super-super epics, it'll do for an evening's cinemadiversion.

Cross-Examination (Supreme)

You'll See: *H. B. Warner, Natalie Moorhead, Sally Blane, Edmund Breese, Don Dilloway, Niles Welch, and others.*

Charlie Farrell and Virginia Valli have been married, blissfully, over a year now and are the gossip mongers annoyed? Here they are at Palm Springs, Cal., where they went on a vacation with—of all people—Janet Gaynor and Lydell Peck. And everybody was happy!

It's About: *Courtroom drama—how a youth is almost found guilty, through circumstantial evidence, of his father's murder.*

This is the sort of thing wherein courtroom testimony is played before your eyes in action, as the several witnesses tell their stories to the jury. It's melodrama—with the climatic episodes even more so. Don Dilloway as the boy who's accused of his father's death gives an interesting performance, but screen-veterans H. B. Warner and Edmund Breese, opposing lawyers, steal the show. If you're satisfied with films wherein suspense replaces speed, this'll entertain you.

The Devil Plays (Chesterfield)

You'll See: *Carmelita Geraghty, Dorothy Christy, Richard Tucker, Thomas Jackson, Edmund Burns.*

It's About: *A couple of society-folk mysteriously done to death—and how clever detectiving shows who "done the doity woik!"*

Mystery pictures are either fascinatingly good or horribly dull. This is one of the former brand. Not that it's anything brilliantly out of the ordinary, as stories go, but nevertheless it's satisfying hour-long entertainment of the thrill-and-mystery type. It runs true to form, you see, in that everybody is suspected of the two killings—and the killer turns out to be the one you least suspect. And of course, there's a dumb cop and a dumb-looking but oh-so-smart detective.

✓ Dancers in the Dark (Paramount)

You'll See: *Jack Oakie, Miriam Hopkins, Buster Collier, Lydia Roberti, Eugene Pallette, George Raft.*

It's About: *A taxi-dancer discovers real love, and goes straight for its sake. Melodrama, to a jazz obligato.*

Jack Oakie, your wise-cracking li'l boy friend, goes dramatic in this for the first time in his screen career—dramatic with a grin on his face. And how he puts it over! Whether you ever liked him before or not, you're going to like him in this.

He steals the picture from a crafty trouper like Miriam Hopkins, swell as she is as the taxi-dance girl who, amazed to find she's really in love, makes herself worthy of that love in spite of everything.

High spot: a hot song number by one Lyda Roberti, a blonde gal who puts over a bit and makes it a rôle! Other top scenes: Oakie's pass at his buddy's sweetie; Oakie's self-sacrifice—tipping the cops to a murderer's presence by ordering the band to play a certain number—even though he knows a bullet will pay him off!

✓ Play Girl (Warner Bros.)

You'll See: *Loretta Young, Norman Foster, Guy Kibbee, Winnie Lightner.*

It's About: *A salesgirl's ambitions get tangled up with her love for a fellow who hardly seems worth it—but what with her courage, and the stork's arrival, he turns out "real" after all.*

Whether they meant it or not, this is cut out of the same material as was that highly delightful "Bad Girl."

It does this—it gives Loretta Young one of the best chances she's had for a long time, and lovely Loretta comes through with a heart-touching performance. There's a restraint about her work that intensifies the dramatic moments. The picture's all hers. What's left, Winnie Lightner boisterously tries her best to grab off as

(*Continued on page* 100)

The Strangest Hero in Hollywood's Side Show

(*Continued from page 69*)

newspaper men and thrill-saturated newspaper women push each other down to get a look at these strange people.

Harry has light reddish hair, brilliant blue eyes, a rosy and healthy skin. He wears a sizeable and flawless diamond on one small finger. And he talks about himself, if asked, about his size, about what caused it and how he feels about it in the most casual and enlightened manner.

He was, he said, very unhappy when he was thirteen or fourteen. At that age, he went through a bad time of it. For then, for the first time, he really realized just what it meant to be as he was. Different. Curious. An oddity. Now, he says, he is comfortable and happy and perfectly contented. If something should be miraculously discovered by which he might become full-sized he would, of course, jump at it. *But he would not allow himself to be experimented with.* He would not run any risks. Life, to him, is too sweet.

He plans, some day, to build a home for himself and for his sisters. Here, in California. He would have the bedroom furniture built to scale, he told me. Tiny furniture to fit their tiny bodies.

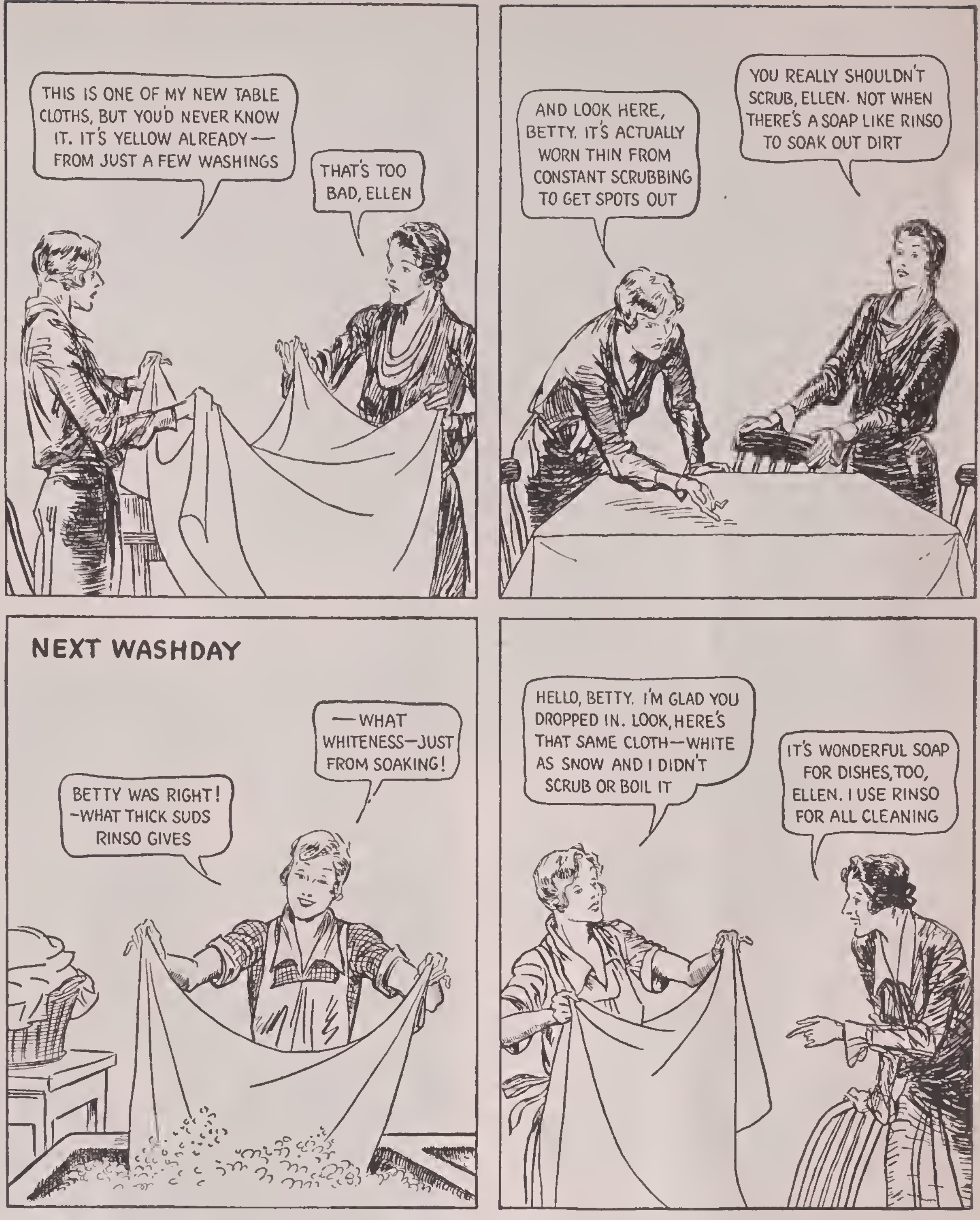
At present Harry and his sisters live with a cousin of theirs—normal-sized of course—a Mrs. Earle. She has an apartment here in Los Angeles and the four Small People have their rooms there. They have their own sized furniture, their own silver and china. Outside of their own home, Harry and his sisters live as other people do. They stop at hotels, eat in cafés, go to theatres and manage it all perfectly. A little climbing on to beds and chairs is just "good exercise," laughs Harry.

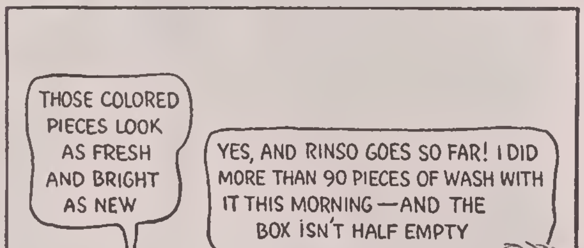
He gets, he told me, perfectly normal reactions from the Big People with whom he comes into contact. Except that the women—and here his alert blue eyes danced and a wise and knowing twinkle sparkled in them—"the women are inclined to be a trifle too—maternal." If that isn't the most priceless commentary I ever heard I don't know what is!

And Harry has his future blocked out, contingencies and all. If, for any reasons whatsoever, he should find that he could not go back to the circus or could no longer make pictures, he would buy himself a small shop. Perhaps a souvenir shop, or a tobacconist's. And in this shop he would, in some way, capitalize on his size. Given his real desire, he would stay here in Hollywood and make pictures. There is more money in pictures than in the circus and the life is an easier one.

Harry loves to walk in the woods, to play tennis (in a small way), to swim and to garden. He reads every scientific magazine he can get hold of. He writes weekly letters home to his parents, who are not only dependent upon him but have become very proud of him. He goes to a great many movies. He goes to occasional parties in the homes of the Big People. He plays the piano and dances and sings. He likes to be with other men, to talk with them, to discuss psychology and philosophy.

He is thirty-nine inches tall and every one of those inches a *man*.


THIS IS ONE OF MY NEW TABLE CLOTHS, BUT YOU'D NEVER KNOW IT. IT'S YELLOW ALREADY—FROM JUST A FEW WASHINGS
THAT'S TOO BAD, ELLEN
AND LOOK HERE, BETTY. IT'S ACTUALLY WORN THIN FROM CONSTANT SCRUBBING TO GET SPOTS OUT
YOU REALLY SHOULDN'T SCRUB, ELLEN. NOT WHEN THERE'S A SOAP LIKE RINSO TO SOAK OUT DIRT
NEXT WASHDAY
BETTY WAS RIGHT! —WHAT THICK SUDS RINSO GIVES
—WHAT WHITENESS—JUST FROM SOAKING!
HELLO, BETTY. I'M GLAD YOU DROPPED IN. LOOK, HERE'S THAT SAME CLOTH—WHITE AS SNOW AND I DIDN'T SCRUB OR BOIL IT
IT'S WONDERFUL SOAP FOR DISHES, TOO, ELLEN. I USE RINSO FOR ALL CLEANING


THOSE COLORED PIECES LOOK AS FRESH AND BRIGHT AS NEW
YES, AND RINSO GOES SO FAR! I DID MORE THAN 90 PIECES OF WASH WITH IT THIS MORNING—AND THE BOX ISN'T HALF EMPTY

Clothes last longer this scrubless way

TRY Rinso next washday and see for yourself why thrifty housewives won't use any other soap—for the wash, for the dishes, for *all* cleaning.

See what thick, creamy suds Rinso gives. Watch the dirt soak out. Notice how bright your colored things come. Clothes last much longer this safe, scrubless way.

Cup for cup, Rinso gives twice as much suds as lightweight, puffed-up soaps—*even in hardest water.* No softener needed. So wonderful in washers the makers of 40 leading machines recommend Rinso. Get the BIG package.

A PRODUCT OF LEVER BROS. CO., CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

It's safe for your finest cottons and linens —white or colors

Rinso
The Granulated Soap
2 sizes
most women buy the large package

Millions use Rinso in tub, washer and dishpan

Movies of the Month

Loretta's loud-cracking gal-friend. She'll give you some laughs—but better take along an extra hankie for the sob-scenes.

✓✓ It's Tough to Be Famous (First National)

You'll See: *Doug Fairbanks Junior, Mary Brian, Emma Dunn, Walter Catlett, Oscar Apfel, Terrance Ray, David Landau.*

It's About: *How fame gets in the hair and private life of a lindberghy sort of national hero, until lo-hove saves the situation.*

The question is: Will we Americans pay to laugh at ourselves? If the answer is yes, this is a swell movie; if the answer is no, this is still a swell movie, but oh what a pain for the box office!

You see, it shows just what happens when a deliberate campaign of exploitation is put behind a national hero—in this case, a submarine commander who risks his own life to save his crew. As a result, all the ballyhoo that made Lindy is screened behind the hero of this. You look into his inmost life and see what fame does to him. You see yourself not only kidded but roundly excoriated for your "chumpiness" in lionizing the hero. Maybe you'll laugh. You should. It *is* funny—in spots.

Doug Junior has never in all his career been more like his old man. Doug Senior saw this picture; admitted his son was a great actor. He's pretty nearly right. And Mary Brian—in this, she seems to come to life; does a finer piece of acting than you suspect her capable of. Third honors to Walter Catlett.

✓✓ Are You Listening? (M-G-M)

You'll See: *William Haines, Madge Evans, Karen Morley, Anita Page, Wallace Ford, Jean Hersholt, Neil Hamilton, Joan Marsh, John Miljan.*

It's About: *Behind the scenes in a radio station—tragedy enters the lives of those you never see, but who entertain you in your home. Melodrama, with comedy relief.*

As uptodate as your magazine's date-line, here's screen entertainment that'll give you your money's worth. Comedy-fiend or tear-shedder, you'll get your satisfaction in this. It's got laughs, thrills, sobs well mixed.

The triangle theme is the story—and whether you think he's "doin' right" or not, you'll feel sorry for the radio writer who's in love with the girl broadcaster, but ridden by his goldmad, shrewish wife. The problem works itself out—but not with the conventional happy ending.

If you're expecting the wise-cracking W. Haines, you'll be surprised. No smart-alecky lad here; instead, a lovable, likeable chap in a rôle that demands much. He gives it. Madge Evans, as usual, adorable. Karen Morley, in a bitter rôle, splendid.

O-*KAY*, moviegoers!

(*Continued from page 98*)

Heart of New York (First National)

You'll See: *Smith and Dale, Ruth Hall, George Sidney, Aline McMahon, Donald Cook, "Peanuts" Byron, Anna Appel.*

It's About: *Old stuff about how wealth busts up the eastside family until adversity reunites them—but it's dressed up in some new clothes, so let it go.*

Smith and Dale, a comedy team from the stage, amused a lot of moviegoers in "Manhattan Parade," remember? So they were put into this. The outcome is something on the style of a cross between a vaudeville patter-act, and a musicless musical comedy, all done in celluloid. There are spots in it that pack a guffaw; there are spots that are as amusing as washing the supper dishes.

Here's Tom Keene on his beautiful horse, "Flash." Tom, who used to be called George Duryea, is becoming one of our best Western heroes

If you get a kick out of dialect dialogue, this'll do. But if you don't, better see what else you can do with the evening. It's just one of those pictures that depends on each auditor's idea of humor.

✓✓Scarface (Caddo)

You'll See: *Paul Muni, Ann Dvorak, Karen Morley, Boris Karloff, George Raft, Osgood Perkins, Tully Marshall, Vince Barnett.*

It's About: *"An indictment of gang rule in America."*

What Howard Hughes' "Hell's Angels" was to other aviation movies, this "Scarface" of his is to other gangster-pictures! It so far tops them that there's no fair comparison. . . .

"Scarface" is brutal with the brutality of gangland, unsoftened by sentimentalizing. From the very opening sequence to the last fadeout, guns roar. There are so many killings that you lose count. Violence runs riot. You've seen all that, you say, in other gangster-movies. Uh huh—but remember this, when Howard Hughes sets *both* his millions and his mind to producing a super-film, it's a *super*, and never mind how over-worked that word is in filmland.

This, for one thing, is certain: "Scarface" will take the emotions of you and you and you and do things with 'em that'll leave 'em limp. You'll know you've seen a picture, regardless of what's your attitude on the old argument of whether or not this sort of thing is "entertainment."

Paul Muni does a magnificent job in the title rôle. Ann Dvorak and Karen Morley, in contrasting rôles, are brilliant. The rest of the cast—and the photography and direction—are extraordinarily good. In short, "Scarface" is a swell movie.

Last Minute Reviews

✓Hot News (Universal)

Here's a new character for Charles Bickford—a hot-news editor instead of his usual rôle of big he-man of the tropics. Because he can't get the owner's okay on sensational news tactics, he quits a small town newspaper and turns his ambition loose in the big city. What it does to his private life is what makes movies.

The basis of this movie is Emile Gauvreau's semi-biographical tale of tabloid journalism, but the movie-makers changed many things until only a faint resemblance remains. Nonetheless, there are certain high spots and thrills that make "Hot News" entertaining screenfare.

You'll particularly like the work of Pat O'Brien and Berton Churchill, but the picture is all Bickford's.

✓ So Big (Warner Bros.)

For a second time Edna Ferber's earthly story of deep emotions comes to the screen. Some years ago Colleen Moore won great acclaim with a magnificent portrayal of this story's central rôle. This time Barbara Stanwyck, aided by a sound track, wins new honors as an emotional actress. Never overacting, yet never failing to dig down deep into the heart of you, Stanwyck makes the main character one that will long stick in your memory.

"So Big" is not by any stretch of the imagination a screen "thriller," but it is a story that holds its own against today's array of sex, murder and bang-bang hair-raisers.

Bette Davis makes a comparatively short rôle stand out so brilliantly you want to see her again and Warners' "new Gable," George Brent, makes his screen bow.

Speak for Yourself

(*Continued from page 77*)

Oh, Doctor!

I just know I'll never live to a "ripe old age" if I keep on going to the talkies to see Warner Baxter or Chester Morris, my favorite actors. Each time my heart beats faster and faster.

My favorite actress is Constance Bennett. I never miss one of her pictures, although I imagine they shorten my life. For thrills!

Violet Wennerlund,
St. Paul, Minn.

The Worst of the Bennetts

The most glamorous of the three Bennetts!

How do the magazines get that way about Constance Bennett, or does she pay them for the publicity? Personally, I think she is the punkest of the three Bennetts. Why doesn't Norma Shearer, Gloria Swanson and Joan Crawford teach her how to dress?

She doesn't act; simply sits or stands around, smiles sweetly or frowns disapprovingly. To me she is a total failure. Her acting is terrible—say, in plain words, she is BLAH!

Ruth Ann Carlson,
Youngstown, Ohio.

From a Thirteen-year-old

I am only thirteen years old, but I want to grow up and have in my mind memories of the good, clean pictures I saw as a "kid." Producers, this is an appeal to you.

I saw "Penrod and Sam," and "Skippy," and then I saw Constance Bennett in "Bought"—what a contrast!

Have pity on the younger generation. We like to go to shows, but we want to go to the right kind.

Virginia Smith,
Beverly Hills, Calif.

But This Is Treason

Garbo is considered above average—supernatural—almost a goddess—and she is fool enough to like it. I realize in saying this that I will be attacked by her numerous fans. . . .

Well, Garbo fans, my back is to the wall—go ahead and shoot! I still maintain that she is making the mistake of her young life by trying to be so mysterious.

May E. Crabtree,
Gardner, Mass.

Joan Crawford's Portraits

"Speaking for myself" I rise to ask if something cannot be done about Joan Crawford's portraits. Why an actress of her undoubted merit shows such a complete lack of imagination in her publicity poses I simply cannot imagine. Has anyone ever seen a magazine picture of Joan in which she was not smirking in what is called, I believe, a "half smile" (whatever that is) and peering up dumbly in such a fashion as to show as much of the whites of her eyes as possible?

Mrs. A. M. Farmer,
Atlanta, Ga.

(*Continued on page 111*)

ZERO-JEL
For Positive Feminine Hygiene
ZERO-JEL APPLICATOR
For use with Zero-Jel

WHY TAKE CHANCES?

. . . . You really don't need to with this totally different way in feminine hygiene!

So many women risk their precious health again and again . . . relying on old-fashioned feminine hygiene methods. Now it is so needless to endanger youth and loveliness, because Zero-Jel, the German medical formula for positive feminine hygiene, can be had by women everywhere!

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Zero-Jel is not a liquid, suppository, powder, or tablet . . . but a delicate, greaseless jelly prescribed by physicians for years (under a medical name.) Applied full strength, direct, with its own convenient tube and special life-time applicator, its powerful antiseptic action *continues for many hours*. In addition, it forms an imperceptible film which germs cannot penetrate. With this *double* antiseptic safeguard, Zero-Jel dependably *maintains* the germ-free condition women seek in feminine hygiene.

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"for Positive Feminine Hygiene"

FREE INTRODUCTORY OFFER

If your druggist does not yet feature Zero-Jel, you need not wait to find out how much this amazing preparation can mean to you. For a limited time only we make this special offer. Send only $1 for the full size tube of Zero-Jel (sufficient for twenty applications). With it we will send you *absolutely free* the ingenious life-time applicator (50c value) and the booklet "A Completely Different Method for Feminine Hygiene." If for any reason you do not find Zero-Jel is all that you think it is, we will gladly refund your money.

. . . . . FOR GREATER HEALTH and HAPPINESS

MAIL THIS COUPON NOW!

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New York City.

I am enclosing $1 (cash, stamps or money order) for which please send me full size tube of Zero-Jel and free 50c life-time applicator and booklet "A Completely Different Method for Feminine Hygiene" (as per your special introductory offer.) The package to come in plain wrapper, postage paid.

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The Eyelash Grower

Marvelous German Discovery Promotes EYELASH GROWTH

Long Lashes are all the rage

LASHES that are long and silky! Lashes that everybody admires! Marvelous German discovery, Kurlene, actually promotes growth of beautiful alluring lashes. No matter how short and stubby your lashes are now, give them the benefit of Kurlene. See them become brilliant, softer. Soon you may expect long lashes that any woman could be proud of—and all your own. Sanitary tubes, 50c. For economy, buy the dressing-table jar, $1. At toilet counters.

The sanitary tube. Jar is shown below

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Do it yourself at any time. No heat, no cosmetics. Just insert lashes between the Kurlash bows and press. At once your lashes are curled. And look—your eyes appear so much brighter, larger, more alluring! Note the increased personality and charm! That's why Hollywood stars use Kurlash. Even short lashes appear long. Toilet counters everywhere, $1.00.

Lashpac—Compact (brush and stick mascara). $1.
Shadette—intensifies eyes' natural color. $1.
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Write for free booklet "Fascinating Eyes and How to Have Them." Beauty secrets told in pictures.

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Inside Stuff

(*Continued from page* 45)

Clarke used to string along with the other chorus girls to eat lunch in a basement hashery on a certain New York corner before going back to rehearse some more steps.

The other day, Mae got a letter from one of her former chorus pals. It told her that at the very corner where they used to eat lunch, there's a big electric sign:

"FRANKENSTEIN"
with MAE CLARKE

And Clark Gable grinned his famous grin the other day when he got a picture post-card from his old home town, Cadiz, Ohio. It was a shot of the main street, and the printed legend read:

Main Street, Cadiz, Ohio; birthplace of Clark Gable.

When you see Leo Carrillo in a bathtub in "The Broken Wing," you'll be seeing a picture of Leo's longest bath. He stayed in the tub six hours before the sequence was okay.

Movie Accident—

It happens every once in a while. This time, it was a scene between Boris Karloff and Russell Hopton, in Universal's "Night World." Karloff was supposed to punch Hopton. So he swung. Hopton didn't dodge. Down he went. Production held up until Hopton's nose resumed normal proportions and color.

Ho-hum Compilation:

Stan Laurel has a derby hat he has worn in picture and stage work for 20 years . . . Sylvia Sidney will wear more than a score of costume changes in "Jerry and Joan" . . . Clark Gable goes in a big way for those "turtle neck" sweaters . . . Claudette Colbert sleeps from ten to twelve hours a night . . . since "Mata Hari" has been screened, book stores report a tremendous demand for books about the famous spy . . . Tom Mix owns a horse he calls "Clara Bow" . . . uh huh, it's sorrel . . . in "Sky Bride," Dick Arlen wears the same aviator's boots he wore in "Wings" . . . Groucho Marx's name is Julius, Chico's is Leo, Zeppo's is Herbert, and Harpo's is Arthur . . . so what? . . .

. . . When Sari Maritza was asked her weight, she replied "seven stone six" . . . which is British for about 104 pounds . . . even though Connie Bennett isn't calling herself the Marquise, at the Falaise home, "Hank" is always referred to as "the marquis" . . . and never as "Hank" . . . Jim Jeffries, long-time-ago champion, is working bits in pictures . . . he also owns a big open-air market in Hollywood . . . and does some real-estating, too . . . but no fighting. . . .

. . . Roland Young collects penguins—of every material, size, shape, variety, except live . . . Tala Birell, Universal's latest importation, is changing her hair back to brunette from the blonde she made it for her last European picture . . . Juanita Hansen, former serial queen who recently won a $100,000 verdict for scars suffered when hot water scalded her in a New York hotel, is paying part of the $100,000 to a Hollywood plastic surgeon to remove the scars . . . maybe . . . Hoot Gibson's real name is Edmund Richard Gibson. . . .

. . . Jack Oakie likes tamales . . . and what of it? . . .

Just Monkeying Around

There's a chap in Hollywood by the name of Charlie Gemorrah. The chances are good that you've seen him on the screen, often. Yet, you'd not know him if you met him. You've never seen his face.

He's the man who plays the gorilla in pictures where a gorilla is needed. "Murders in the Rue Morgue" is his most recent. And remember "Ingagi"?

Sick List

On Hollywood's hospital list: Director Wesley "Cimarron" Ruggles, for appendectomy. Work uninterfered with, for Wes conferred daily during convalescence on the script of his next picture. Marital felicity likewise uninterfered with, for Wifie Arline Judge visited sick hubby daily.

Remember how Betty Blythe once shocked the world with her costume in "The Queen of Sheba"? She'd be over-dressed, now! Anyway, Betty is making a talkie comeback after many months of settled-down married life on a California orange ranch. And of *all* things—the ex-queen-of-Sheba will play a mother rôle!

Well, We Told You . . .

A few months ago, you read it in Movie Mirror. That Doug Senior was not going to make "just another travelogue" as his next picture, but planned something along the line of his old-time spectacle films. Well—here he is in the South Seas right now, making one. It'll be a robinson-crusoe sort of thing—with Doug battling all nature with no weapons besides a tooth-brush and his hands and head.

Incidentally, that explains the cryptic remark that Doug tacked on to the end of his "Around the World in 80 Minutes." Remember his close-up epilogue, wherein he said all a man needs for a good time is "a spirit of adventure and a tooth-brush?"

As this is written, Edwin Carewe and Radio studios are negotiating. Maybe Carewe will direct there. Interesting, isn't it?—with Dolores Del Rio one of Radio's stars? It was Carewe who developed Del Rio to stardom. And it was Carewe whose name figured in all that romance-talk—that's so cold now.

Nils Asther is going into competition with Bill Haines. Nils has opened a Hollywood antique shop, too. But a bit different: whereas Haines specializes in Americana, Nils will specialize in European antiques.

Says Lily Damita: "Girls shouldn't make-up in public. It's like telling one's most private secrets."

The son of the Man of a Thousand Faces. Do you think he looks like his father? This is Creighton Chaney, the late Lon Chaney's boy. Creighton is just starting in pictures, but he refuses to trade on his father's reputation. He's under contract to RKO and great things are prophesied for him

How to Be Healthy Though Famous

(*Continued from page* 35)

diet recipe, a trick exercise, or a fancy fetish on health. You could hear 'steen dozens a day. Roland Young drinks lemon juice; Ramon Novarro goes in for orange juice exclusively for several days at a time; Norma Shearer, if not feeling up to scratch, just skips going to the dining room for a day; Lillian Bond carries saccharine and says "nay, nay," when the sugar bowl is passed; Phil Holmes drinks malted milks by the score; Dorothy Lee rides a bicycle; Dick Arlen goes rowing; Charles Farrell and Neil Hamilton have trainers.

Janet Gaynor soaks up sunshine hours upon end at the beach; the four Marx Brothers journey down to Palm Springs. I don't know what they do, but if I ever see a gentleman chasing a blond across the desert wastes I'd know it's Harpo. Charlie Chaplin sleeps in a hermetically sealed room. It's his own idea. It hasn't been so many generations since fresh air was considered dangerous business. Maybe Charlie is no more unusual than some of the others.

Still, it is comforting to know that one Hollywood star still clings to the old-fashioned remedies. What was good enough for fawthah is good enough for him. As a matter of fact, he doesn't have anything to say about it, and fights like a Texas steer whenever the treatment is administered. Jackie Cooper has to take castor oil and orange juice whenever he feels low. And when I say he *has* to take it, I'm not fooling. In fact, they say you have to sit on him.

SHE NEVER WALKS HOME

Handsome men plead for the pleasure of dancing with her and driving her home. She is never lonesome as men always seek her company. Other girls are envious, but they don't know that the secret of her popularity is due to the irresistible fragrance of Blue Waltz Perfume. $1.00 Everywhere . . . Generous purse flacons at 5c and 10c Stores.

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VANKAI WAVE SET

An Open Letter to Mr. Ripley

(*Continued from page* 57)

Emperor Franz Joseph of Austria used to ride, and it's still got the coat of arms on it. Studios pay plenty to let a $7.50-a-day extra in a uniform ride in it for certain old-world sequences.

And here's a swell one, Rip!—did you know (and you can Believe It Or Not!) that when you see a screen actor go crashing through a pane of glass, that you're really seeing nothing of the kind? As a matter of fact, he's going through a sheet of candy! Moreover, when a bottle is smashed over somebody's head on the film, it's a safe bet that the bottle is made from candy, too. That's Al Johnson's trick. Al is an inventive genius, to whom studios turn when they're up against a situation. Johnson devised the candy as a glass substitute to keep actors from being cut by smashing glass. It's Johnson's job, too, to create prop animals that work—things of rubber, manipulated by invisible threads.

TALKING about bottles, there's Sam Comer. Rip, that man Comer has more fake headaches on his shelves than any other man in the world. Comer, you see, makes a business of supplying authentic bottles for barroom scenes. He owns more than 1800 different bottles, most of them genuine. He has Ng Ga Py bottles from China, Tip Chianti decanters from Italy, Rhum Negritas containers from the West Indies, Pilsener bottles from Deutschland, Gilka Kuemmel flasks from Berlin, Pietro de Vecchis from Milan—and such good old standbys as Haig-and-Haig pinches, Dawson's Scotches and—well you know, Rip; you've traveled.

There are two guys in Hollywood, Rip, whose jobs are very much alike—but they work with different tools. There's George Daly, the bullet-bender, and Steve Clemente, the knife-thrower. Both of them earn fat checks because they're accurate; if they weren't, it'd be a swell funeral in Hollywood. Because, Rip, they're the chaps who just miss big stars in bullet scenes and knife throwing scenes. Daly and Clemente stand out of camera range and shoot bullets or throw knives just past a star's head. Did you see M-G-M's "The Passionate Plumber"? When you see a knife whiz by Gilbert Roland's head and into a door, remember it was Steve who threw it. He only cut a subject once; that was a nervous actor who moved and had an ear nicked. Daly, a former U. S. Marine, shoots bullets as close as four inches to such stars as Barthelmess, and many others, for those gang-and-war thrillers you've seen. Boy, do Steve and George get *paid?* Do they! George, just for instance, gets as high as $100 for a single volley—and to miss! Oh yes—I forgot, Rip, to mention that it was Steve who did the hatchet-throwing in Eddie Robinson's picture, "The Hatchet Man." Eddie threw only the bluff.

Did I mention a baby-timer, Rip? Well, that's what they call Isabel Kebor. You see, the California law says that babies under six months must have constant supervision by a nurse while on the set; also that babies may only work thirty seconds at a stretch under the lights. That's where Miss Kebor comes in. She has a stop-watch. And when she yells "Cut!" not even Cecil DeMille can tell her no! What Isabel Kebor says on the set where a baby's at work can't be unsaid even by Will Hays—and that's almost sacrilege in Hollywood!

There's a medal-renter in Hollywood, too. He's M. W. Hazelton, and he owns more than 2,000 medals of every nationality and description. He rents them for plenty—why, Rip, in "The Royal Bed," Lowell Sherman wore a chest-ful of Hazelton's medals that cost the studio $300 for a week's rental! You see, Rip, movie patrons are particular, and when a close-up shows medals on a hero, the medals must be authentic, or sure as blazes some-one'll write in and call the studio a lot of awful names. So Hazelton makes a good income, buying, selling, renting real medals. He says the cheapest to buy is the Croix de Guerre, which sells currently for $2.50. What price glory, Rip? The costliest in Hazelton's collection is a British Victoria Cross, for which he paid $875. He won't tell where he bought it; it'd kill the man who had to sell it to live, he says. Rip, in Hollywood you never can tell where tragedy will suddenly pop its head into the open.

Here's another odd way of making a living, Rip—Mrs. Elizabeth McGaffey spends her time searching newspapers for new types of villainies to be used in story situations. Her files are quite complete, and as soon as a new way of murdering a person is devised, she learns about it and files it away for future use in movies. Jolly, eh what? Too, she studies marriage rituals in Timbuctoo, Albania or Weehawken; how babies are raised in China, and how hell is raised in Chicago; what Eskimos wear under their furs and how many beads constitute a Zulu maid's nightie, if any. In short, Mrs. McGaffey is one of those research experts who can tell you almost anything you need to know—for a price.

HOW about it, Rip? You satisfied? Or do you want to hear about Joe Weisbergerm, who has assistants all over the world locating old and odd pieces of furniture; or the Hollywood music-store owner who has a collection of all manner of musical instruments to rent to studios; or Guy Humphreys, who supplies the light wood that's used in "breakaway" sets—so light that it wouldn't even bruise an actor's soul, *much* less his head; the fellow who has a cat that is used in miniature shots for a leopard; or H. K. Patch, who makes fog for movie scenes, with pots and cans of chemicals; or "Jimmy Evergreen," the Jap horticultural expert whose name is as complicated as a dish of sukiyaki so they call him "Jimmy Evergreen" instead of his right name, and who can produce, overnight, anything from a formal English garden to a ten-acre forest; or Walter Robins, the ex-jockey, who rents his collection of hoss-race paraphernalia for hoss-race pictures . . . ?

Yeah, Rip; in Hollywood, Believe It Or Not, you can find experts at almost anything, for hire. Except, maybe, to tell what Garbo's going to do next.

Yours, admiringly,
MOVIE MIRROR.

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Two Kinds of Love

(*Continued from page 31*)

"I was in love then. I am in love now. I believe sincerely that one can love several different people for different things. I believe in marriage. I believe if one marriage doesn't work out, that it should be tossed overboard, discarded. Maybe the next one will.

"In that first marriage, we could find no common tastes. I loved the theatre then as now. He couldn't stand it. It was cruel to inflict it upon him; it was cruel that I should not be permitted to enjoy it. And so it went. At the end of two years, I got a divorce on the grounds of incompatibility. It was just that we were not suited to one another. I adored his family. One of my most treasured friends of today is his mother."

BECAUSE of this experience of the past, because she knew what she wanted from marriage and what she must give to it, Kay went into her second venture with MacKenna with eyes wide open. It has been successful so far, you will grant. Kay and Kenneth both grant it so enthusiastically. Well, why? Any important rules based on the experience of the past?

Just one, and although they think of this as a joke, and you may too, I imagine it is much more deep-rooted than it appears on the surface. Kay says:

"I promised Kenneth I wouldn't attend any Hollywood premières, and he promised me he wouldn't ask me. We both hate them."

Back of that rule, is their instinctive dislike of the so-called social "rackets" of Hollywood, a desire to be away and keep away from the fuss and the false pomp and the showing off of the so-called "big events." They want to stay away from anything that they consider tawdry.

No specific rules other than this, and yet:

"If we have a fight—well, not a fight exactly, but a disagreement, we have it out then and there. No sulking. No harboring of grudges. Say it and have done with it. Get it out of your system."

S's'sh! I'll tell you a secret. The first "fight" they had was on the boat. Kay was getting lunch, creamed chicken or something a little extra fancy. Kenneth went off in the rowboat to visit some friends up the bay. Lunch time came and no Kenneth. Kay could have called him—sounds carry along the bay—but she wouldn't. She thought he ought to know it was lunch time and she had everything ready. But Kenneth wanted to be called and he wouldn't come.

Silly? Certainly. Aren't a lot of the things we do at times pretty foolish? Anyway, they used the old system and talked it right out. Harbored no grudges. Kay said what she thought and so did Kenneth. And then they laughed.

No rules? Yet I find that they never make engagements for one another without consulting each other. None of this, "Darling, I said we would go play bridge tonight," or "I promised the so and so's we would go to the theatre with them."

They never disturb each other in the morning. They breakfast alone. "That extra half hour of sleep—when you are working hard at the studio during the day—means a lot," says Mrs. MacKenna. They always wait for one another for dinner, unless they are too late and then they telephone.

When they are old and worn-down and through with the picture business, they are going to retire and live in New England and Europe. But this won't be until the picture business is through with them. "I'll keep on as long as they want me," says Kay.

Have a baby? Yes, one, anyway, and preferably a boy.

But not right away, despite rumors to the contrary that old Doctor Stork is even now on his way to visit Kay.

"If we're going to have a baby immediately, I don't know anything about it," she says. "I've heard the story. In fact, Kenneth heard it at the studio. But it isn't true. It wouldn't be fair to Warner's, when I just started work for them, to take time off for babies. Not yet. But I do want a baby eventually. Maybe in another year—"

Marriage has meant a normal, wholesome life to Kay, the sort of a life that young married people in all parts of the country enjoy. She and Kenneth live simply, entertain a very little, go out not a great deal. They like to go to bed early and read in bed, Kenneth munching an apple.

They tear away from Hollywood like two mad children over week ends. It is no uncommon sight to see Kay rushing from the studio to the market of a Saturday afternoon, tucking a couple of lamb chops, some lettuce, and a loaf of bread under her arm, and rushing for San Pedro to meet Kenneth and go out on the boat. They love that boat.

Despite the fact that she is considered one of the best dressed women on the screen, I doubt if Kay has any more clothes than the young married woman in comfortable circumstances who lives in Duluth or Atlanta.

SHE is saving her money. Kenneth is saving his. She drives a Ford. He has a big car but he didn't buy it. She bought it for him as a birthday present. It was a surprise.

They both think that Hollywood is a grand place to be married in. And this despite the fact so many movie marriages go on the rocks.

"Divorces are brought on by people, not by a town," insists Kay. "If a marriage is going to crash, it will crash anyway, no matter what the city or the country. Sometimes outside conditions hasten the split, but they never cause it. Marriage is an individual, not a community proposition.

"I think if two people can realize that, can realize that their happiness depends upon them, how they adjust themselves to each other, they won't have any trouble. We don't."

What has second marriage meant to Kay Francis? Well—quite a lot of things—and the most important thing of all, happiness.

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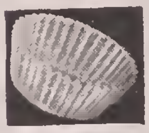

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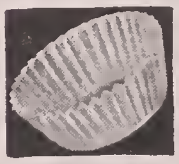

For cup cakes

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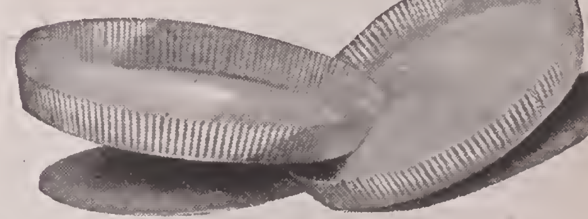

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Up From the East Side

(*Continued from page 61*)

Willard Vernon—she got the nickname Billie right away. Billie was too long—I called her Bill. I still call her Bill.

Well, anyway—one night another girl came to me with a laugh and said to me: "Say Jim, that new girl's worried about you. She says you look so thin and sickly and pasty, and she wonders if you've got consumption . . . " That made me sore. I never had talked with her; after that, I decided I never would.

But one night, it seems she had a date with another girl for dinner, between the matinée and the night show. The other girl stood her up. I'd stayed a half hour later to teach a step to a couple of new fellows in the chorus, and when I went out the stage door to get my own dinner, there she was, still waiting for the other girl who hadn't showed up. Me, I didn't care, but as I started by, she said something.

"Huh?" I asked.

"I said hello," she answered. "Where are you going?"

"Home," I grunted.

"Had dinner yet?" she asked. She knew darned well I hadn't. I told her no.

"Well, why don't you stay and let's have dinner together?" she suggested.

Well, I wasn't going to tell her I only had twenty cents in my pocket, so I snapped at her that I "always go home for dinner!"

"Don't you ever stay downtown for dinner?" she said. So I got sore and snapped: "Well, if y'gotta know, I've only got twenty cents and that's why I'm going home!"

"Oh, that's no difference," she said. "I've got money, so come on and have dinner with me. I'd like to talk to you anyway."

"Okay," said I—and so I went with her, and I had roast pork and apple sauce. I always ordered roast pork and apple sauce when somebody else was buying my meal. And that's how we met.

We were married later that year. That was in 1921—and Bill'll kill me when she finds out I told. She always tells me never to tell anybody how long we've been married. "Tell them we've been married seven years," she tells me—"never more." But it's silly to lie about it.

(Dear Mrs. Jimmy Cagney: Please don't kill Jimmy for telling me this. Don't scold him. Don't even, please, give him a dirty look when you pour that second cup of breakfast coffee for him. Because honest, Mrs. Jimmy, that husband of yours is plumb nuts about you. You see, by the time we'd gotten this far with Jimmy's story, Jimmy had gotten to telling everything straight, and the truth about your being married in 1921 just kind-of slipped out before he remembered what you'd told him to tell. And after he'd told the truth, he was too much of a regular fellow to ask me to do anything about it. And me—well, I'm just the sort who'd go right ahead and tell the world that you'd been married more'n ten years—because in nearly a score of years of interviewing people, I've learned that people are tremendously pleased—nowadays at least—to learn that people CAN be married more than just a week or two and still be as much in love as you two are—after ten whole years! So please, Mrs. Jimmy, don't kill Jimmy for telling. Huh?—H. L.)

As I told you before, I never yet have been able to understand why Billy (resumed Jimmy) should ever go for a mugg like me. But she did—even despite what her friends thought.

I learned, for instance, about the crack some friends of hers made a little while before we were married. We had gone with different shows—and she had told her friends in her show about the "grand fellow" she was engaged to. She must have painted me like the perfect man. Well, it so happened that through routing, or a layoff, I don't remember which, I was able to see her. And there were all her friends, waiting to see this wonderful man Bill had been raving about. And I showed up, and was introduced around and wondered why everybody was giving me the blank stare.

And it wasn't until just a few years ago that I learned that after I'd taken Bill and left the group, that one of the chorus girls turned to another and said:

"Now what do you suppose Billie Vernon can see in a little, pasty, sawed-off, ugly-looking little so-and-so like that, huh? ! ! ! "

NOT that I disagree with the sentiments. No—once again I repeat that it's just as much of a mystery to me as it was then to that chorus girl that Bill'd ever go for me. But it was a lucky day when she did; lucky for me.

(And that is the story of Jimmy Cagney's love life. They were married—and they've lived happily ever after, as the storybooks used to tell you. They've got no children. But to get back to Jimmy's career—there's not much interest in detailing all the years of struggle. For five years he starved and struggled, a five-foot-eight-and-a-half-inch Irishman, stocky, red-headed, not handsome enough for juvenile leads nor old enough for character parts.)

And then (Jimmy goes on) came a break. I got a chance to try out for the rôle of a tough mugg in Maxwell Anderson's play, "Outside Looking In."

Well, it was just made to order for me. I read the part on a bare stage, on a Saturday morning, with no make-up and no lights and no audience—nothing. But it wasn't Jimmy Cagney, actor. It was the Jimmy Cagney of East Tenth Street, or 96th Street. It wasn't even the Jimmy Cagney of those places—it was a sort of compound of the muggs Jimmy Cagney had known—because that's the sort of rôle it was.

SURE, I put everything I had into it, because I needed the job, and wanted it, too. And I got it. From then on, things went smooth, it seems. The critics liked me in that sort of rôle, and it was right up my alley. In 1927, I played in "Women Go On Forever" with Mary Boland—another roughneck rôle. "Grand

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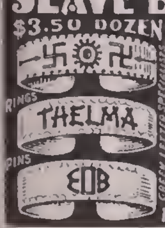

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Street Follies," next. And then, in 1929, came another big break—I got a part in "Maggie the Magnificent," opposite a girl you know now—Joan Blondell.

There's a swell little trouper. Since then, I've socked her, and she's socked me—on the screen. And somehow, we've socked our way right along together into where we are today—for it was because we clicked so well in "Maggie the Magnificent" that we were signed, together, to team again in "Penny Arcade." And "Penny Arcade" led direct to Hollywood. The play was bought by Warners—and with it, they bought us, too.

No, I didn't have to go through that business of having camera tests and voice tests and all that sort of thing. With Joan, I just rode "Penny Arcade" right into Hollywood—and it wasn't until they were making ready to give me my first rôle that I was given camera tests. No—not for "Penny Arcade," because that was never filmed. The first picture I did was "Sinners' Holiday."

Hollywood?—oh, I like it now. But at first, I was like a fish out of water. I'd grown up in the world of the stage—and the world of the camera is different. It was like taking a farm boy and dropping him into a big city. I was lost.

But Bill, my wife, liked it from the start. And so, little by little—almost without my realizing it, because that's the way such things happen—I found that we were forming a circle of friends. And that I was beginning to like Hollywood.

I began to realize that living and staying in one place, having a home, having reasonably regular working hours, not having to make overnight sleeper jumps from one town to another, not having to do the same routine over and over again, twice a day, seven days a week, four weeks a month, twelve months a year (maybe!)—that all that was a lot nicer than what I'd been doing.

The readjustment period was tough—and I was lonely. But it's over now, and I like Hollywood, pictures. And Bill loves it—so I guess we'll stay.

Plans?—

(Jimmy made one of those grimaces that usually accompany the business of uttering what's known as the razzberry. He didn't make the sound, but he might as well have!)

—what's the sense of making plans? I've made 'em—and found I only had to break 'em. Who knows what's going to happen tomorrow, even the next hour—even a minute from now? What's the use of planning your life ahead when the chances are 100 to 1 that your plans will have to be completely changed?

No, I've learned to take what comes, and like it. I've had my ups and downs, and I expect to have more of them—both ups and downs. I'm riding along pretty well right now—got what's called success, in its way. But how long will it last? I don't know. Neither does anybody else.

I'm earning money while I can. Some actors say they'll work five years and then retire and take life easy. Others say they'll work until they've put away ten thousand, or a hundred thousand, or some figure, and then travel.

Me, I don't say anything except this: that whatever comes, I'll take it when it comes and as it comes.

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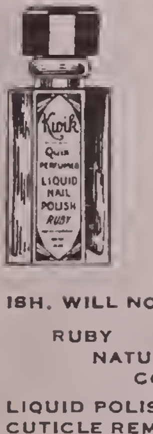

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The World and the Flesh

(*Continued from page* 82)

Maria's eyes widened in surprise.

He continued—"Whose father slaved his life away in the Putilov works. You belong with us—with the people, Maria Yaskaya."

"You and 'your people,'" she responded indignantly. "What did they ever do for me? They gave me nothing but envy—ugliness—hatred. I belong to nobody."

"No?" His self assurance annoyed her, but there was something fascinating about the overwhelming power of this barbarian. A flash of the magnetism that made his followers worship him revealed itself in his grin as he gazed toward a man's luxurious fur-lined boots resting under the edge of the bed.

He picked them up. "Just my size."

Dimitri strolled into the room, making an effort to maintain his outward calm.

"Pardon me—my intrusion—but this young lady is under my protection—" He smiled faintly, gazing up at the enormous Kylenko to study the effect of this. "And these happen to be my boots." He pointed his cigarette toward the floor.

"Oh," said Kylenko, shrugging. His manner became menacing. "Well, now she's under Kylenko's protection." He kicked his own boots under the bed and pulled on those of Dimitri.

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Here is the answer to last month's Cross Word Puzzle. There's a new one this month on Page 6

He rose slowly, reached for Dimitri's collar and threw him out of the room, slamming the door behind him.

"How can you stand for that hand-kisser?" he asked disgustedly, facing Maria.

He reached for the jewels and she noticed that on the back of one of his hands was tattooed an anchor, on the other a nude woman.

Rifle shots, followed by the sound of marching feet interrupted him. He paused, knowing that his undisciplined followers never made this sound. Maria understood instantly and smiled tauntingly. In a few moments the door burst open and Dimitri came in, followed by a lieutenant and a platoon of Cossacks.

"Sorry to interrupt again." Dimitri was suave.

"Where'd they get through our lines?" roared Kylenko at the lieutenant.

Dimitri answered. "By sea, my friend—from Sevastopol. I must have forgotten to warn you."

The lieutenant ordered his men to put Kylenko in chains and take him to the boat.

"But why the boat?" asked Dimitri.

"The orders are to take all important prisoners to the General Staff in Sevastopol."

Kylenko laughed.

Maria gazed after him as the soldiers led him out. So they were to sail together—he as prisoner, she as passenger. He had no fear of death, it seemed.

There were other important prisoners on the boat. When they reached the deck of the Pushkin, their wrist and ankle chains rattling, an officer flicked them with a whip and ordered them to the stoke-hold. Sukhanov, engineering officer, commanded them to work as they came down a ladder. He walked back and forth among them, watching the steam gauge narrowly. From time to time he crashed his whip in the direction of Kylenko. The heat was blistering. The aristocratic refugees filled the cabins above.

In the wireless room a young operator stirred sleepily and began writing on a pad:

"10:45 P. M.
Headquarters,
Sevastopol
Reds attacking Theodosia in force.
Impossible hold out."

The wireless operator hurried down the companionway toward the main saloon, knowing that the captain would be paying attention to the aristocratic refugees he had seen come on board.

Dimitri was playing cards with Hutchkin. Maria was improvising at the piano. Most of the others were lolling about wearily. The captain took the message and then read it aloud.

Dimitri smiled. "Well, gentlemen, we seem to have gotten out of Theodosia just in time to avoid an extremely unpleasant intimacy."

Sukhanov paused in his pacing across the stoke-hold long enough to stoop over a man who had fainted. Kylenko, watching, leaped upon him, and tightened his wrist chain across the officer's throat. The others dropped their shovels and watched as Sukhanov sunk forward inertly. When they were convinced that he was dead, they leaped forward, and began searching for tools with which to remove their manacles. Kylenko marched forward grimly.

When Kylenko emerged from the hold onto the deck, a smoke-begrimed hulk of a man, he encountered the wireless operator, who dropped the message he had been delivering to the captain. Kylenko read it and shouted to his men. The tide of Revolution had turned again and Theodosia had been retaken. The men cheered and stormed about the decks, felling officers wherever they could find them. Members of the crew joined them willingly. The first officer on the bridge tried to draw a gun, but was knocked unconscious.

Kylenko's laugh roared across the waters into the night silence. He pointed to an E on the compass and ordered a moujik to see that the helmsman kept the boat headed in that direction. The moujik said that he knew nothing about a boat, but he looked at the stars and then at the compass and seemed to understand, so Kylenko left him, leaping down a stairway and across the deck toward the entrance to the main saloon.

Maria was seated at the piano, playing softly, as Kylenko burst through the doorway, a gigantic blotch of grime contrasting with his elegant surroundings.

"A pleasant voyage to you, Your Excellencies," he shouted mockingly.

Some of the women wept. A few of the men rose; others slumped in their chairs. Dumb terror contorted all the faces. Kylenko paused. He seemed to enjoy his moment of triumph.

"By daylight we'll be back at Theodosia where we shoot your kind as neatly as you at Sevastopol do ours."

The piano music resumed. Kylenko turned angrily toward Maria. "You, too."

More music. She gazed at him coolly, with lashes half lowered. It was meant to be tantalizing, and it was.

"You had your choice," he bellowed. "You went against your own people—turned your back on the workers for these scum." He made a contemptuous gesture toward the cowering group before him. "Even now it isn't too late—if—"

He leaned toward her, and she looked up ironically. As he turned to go she began the Russian National Anthem. It was a magnificent gesture of defiance.

"If we could get a magnet behind the compass so they would steer toward Sevastopol instead of Theodosia," whispered one of the aristocrats. "Kylenko is the only navigator among them. We would have to get him off the bridge."

Hutchkin addressed Dimitri timidly. "You heard him—'it's not too late'—perhaps she could go up there—go to Kylenko, use her influence."

To Hutchkin's amazement Dimitri remained calm. He thought for a moment and strolled casually toward the piano where Maria was still playing.

They saw him lean over her and whisper, and they marveled at his calm as she flamed with indignation.

"This isn't Petrograd, my dear," he said after she had denounced him with a bitter torrent of words. "The world is standing on its head. We might as well adjust ourselves."

"So that's what it means to be a Russian gentleman," she interrupted scornfully.

He shrugged. "Surely, it's not so important—only a social standard after all. Scarcely pleasant, perhaps. But hardly as distasteful for you as death."

She was bitter. "So that's all you want. To live at any price. You will sacrifice me for it."

"Not me alone, my dear. Others are involved."

She gazed about at the shrinking figures, some of them praying, a few weeping. Throwing her cloak about her bare shoulders, she hurried toward the deck.

Kylenko's astonishment knew no bounds when she stepped beside him on the dark bridge where there was no light except the single bulb illuminating the compass.

"You said it wasn't too late," she whispered.

He picked her up in his smoke-streaked

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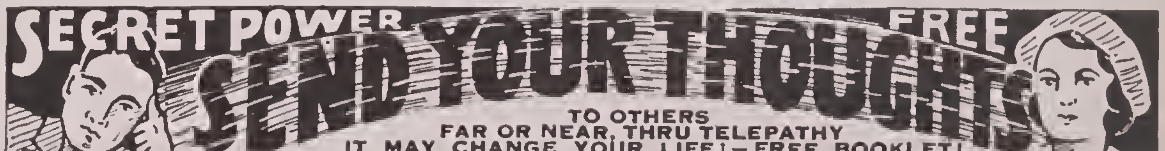

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arms and carried her into the captain's office. In the bright light he gazed at her incredulously.

"I've changed my mind. You were right. I don't belong to them," she told him.

Kylenko went over to the captain's desk and silently poured himself a drink of vodka.

She followed and stood near him as he drank.

"There *is* something in the blood," she murmured. "Deep down I'm on your side." Her manner changed. "You ought to see them down there—whining—praying—"

Kylenko hurled the glass aside and grabbed Maria fiercely, trying to kiss her. She avoided his lips and struggled. He laughed and threw her aside.

"I thought so—just to save your own skin—"

He strode toward the door and was opening it when she called to him to wait. Maria was stirred by a strange blend of surprise, amazement and alarm.

"But it's true—what I said."

"I don't believe you," he bellowed. "You didn't have the stomach for it, did you? You needn't be afraid," he went on bitterly. "If it was only your life you wanted—you have it. I'll see that you go free. Now get out."

Maria wavered irresolutely in the center of the room. Her color came and went and she hoped she would not faint.

What a revelation—this strange, powerful man! What a contrast with the weakling who had sent her to him! Could it be possible that the primitive fighting instincts which had helped her battle her way up from the slums were responding to the same qualities in him? Beneath that uncouth exterior was there the real greatness, the real nobility she had always craved? Perhaps he was right. Their blood was the same.

He watched and waited for her to speak. After minutes had ebbed into the unchanging past she whispered, "Perhaps it was true—perhaps I did come just to save myself." She hesitated. "But now—after what you've done—promised to let me go free when you didn't have to—" She paused and tossed her head challengingly. "Why do you think I'm still staying?"

He seized her in his arms and strode with her through the open door of the captain's stateroom and closed the door behind them.

In the morning, as Maria was passing Kylenko a cup of tea across the captain's table, the rattling of the anchor chains alarmed her. She thought then of Dimitri's plan, feared her betrayal of Kylenko, was frightened that the ship was at Sevastopol.

She turned to Kylenko. "This isn't Theodosia," she cried. "It is Sevastopol. That's why I came to you last night—to trick you. But now I am sorry. I don't care what you are, what you've done."

"Is that true?" he growled.

He strode toward a porthole and looked out. Then he burst into that extraordinarily loud laugh that had added much to his fame.

"It's Theodosia," he roared. "That moujik we left steering wasn't using the compass. He was steering by the stars as he does on his native steppes, and though your friends fixed the compass so that it registered wrong, it didn't matter."

A peasant came into the room to report their arrival and stood waiting for orders.

Mockingly Kylenko told Maria, "For once you won't get paid for what you sold."

He nodded toward the peasant. "Take her along."

"But your promise," suggested Maria, frozen with horror.

"You lied with your body. I only lied with my lips."

Her head was still high when the peasant led her out. Kylenko slumped into his chair, overwhelmed.

He staggered like a drunken man later when he made his way from the dock to the headquarters of the Revolutionary Committee that was to decide the fate of the aristocrats.

Word spread in Theodosia in the late afternoon that all the aristocrats, including Maria Yaskaya, the dancer, were to be shot at sunrise. The prison was heavily guarded.

In the gray half-light just before dawn the regular beating of marching feet echoed on the pavements. Sentries saw a group of sailors, led Kylenko, go by in the direction of the prison. They thought they were on their way to conduct the execution and made no effort to challenge them.

A sleepy jailer protested it was yet a half hour to sunrise, but Kylenko commanded him to lead him to Maria's cell.

She gave a little cry of gladness as he came in, but his cold question—"Are you the dancer, Yaskaya?"—alarmed her and she shrank back.

"We have come for you to carry out the order of the committee," he said.

He ordered her to march in front of them. She took her place. They passed corner after corner, leading toward the waterfront. Finally they halted.

With a swift glance over his shoulder toward the men a few feet away he whispered, "In this door—go through the building. You'll find a man waiting. He'll take you to Ivan Ivanovitch, who'll hide you until you can get away by boat."

"But you! Aren't you coming?" Maria had learned many things in that long night of waiting and the greatest thing she had discovered was that she loved Kylenko better than her own life.

"With you? Where would I go? I belong here—in Russia. It's all I know."

"If you're not going, I'm not." She was emphatic. "Don't you think I know if I go—if they find out what you've done—they'll make you pay." Her voice softened and she looked directly into his eyes. "I couldn't do that—not if I hated you—much less now—can't you see?"

His face lost that grim, blustering look he always wore in front of his followers. He put his hand on her shoulder.

"They won't touch me—so go. In another five minutes it will be daylight and too late." He pushed her into the doorway. She disappeared.

"Fall in line," he ordered gruffly. "This is for me and the committee to settle—not you."

To avoid a clash with Kylenko's loyal sailors the Soviet Committee ordered them to concentrate on the northern side of the city to be ready to depart for Petrograd. Kylenko was ordered to trial in the main deck saloon of the Pushkin, where only sympathizers of the committeemen were allowed to assemble.

Markov, who had been jealous of Kylenko's personal power, prosecuted the case and accused Kylenko of treason in permitting Maria to escape. The assembled workmen grunted their approval and one of them shouted that Kylenko should take the girl's place in the firing line.

The cry of "traitor" went through the group, and Kylenko laughed—uproariously, defiantly, with that booming, challenging bellow that seemed to urge the world to do its worst.

"Why have you kept my sailors away?" he shouted, but he would offer no defense or explanation.

"Think I am going to plead for my life," he roared. "If I had it to do I would do it over again. And if you think that you—any of you—all of you—can tell me, Kylenko, about duty to the Revolution, I laugh in your faces. If I can't have the woman I want—who wants me, I want nothing. If you want to destroy the man who did the most to put you where you are—then keep your Revolution!"

His courage awed the crowd into silence. The stillness when broken by the towering figure of the moujik who had helped Kylenko capture the Pushkin and return it to Theodosia, for the Revolutionists.

Kylenko saw he was about to speak and went into a rage. "Keep your tongue in your head," he roared.

"It's not my doing," persisted the peasant. "The dancer, Maria, made me come as soon as she heard of this."

"Where is she, Comrade?" interrupted Markov. "Where does she hide?"

"She doesn't hide. She is here."

Maria edged her way through the crowd and faced Kylenko. Then she turned quietly to Markov.

"If it's a victim you want, take me."

It was Kylenko's hoarse voice that addressed the moujik.

"You fool! Didn't you know enough not to bring her here?"

The moujik smiled. He seemed oddly confident. "I brought the sailors, too," he said.

Kylenko grinned and patted him on the shoulder. His men appeared in the background.

Coolly, satirically, he turned to Markov. "When is the vote, Comrade?"

Markov hesitated and glanced at his fellow committeemen. Kylenko burst into another roar of laughter and threw his arms around Maria. He turned to the crowd.

"The vote is postponed, comrades—postponed until I get to Petrograd with my sailors and the woman I love."

Speak for Yourself

(*Continued from page* 101)

Give Jean Harlow a Break

Why not give the little platinum blonde, Jean Harlow, a "break"? I think it is time that she received a real part in a picture. People criticize her on her ability to act; that is because she has not had a chance to show the public what she really can do. The best rôle she has had was in "Platinum Blonde," for which Loretta Young and Robert Williams received the laurels. Just give the girl a chance and let her prove that she is a real actress capable of playing the same parts that any other popular actress could play.

What has Lew Ayres done to be punished by parts like he had in "Heaven on Earth"? Give him better parts like he had in "Common Clay," "All Quiet on the Western Front," "Spirit of Notre Dame" and just watch him become a favorite.

Good luck to Jean and Lew!

Rubye Porter,
Waco, Texas.

Five Star Crushes

My "Five Star Crush"—Leading Players—Ronald Colman, John Gilbert, Clive Brook, Warner Baxter, and Clark Gable.

Ronald Colman has always been and will always be my leading crush. I think he is the most handsome man on the screen. *Not* barring Gilbert or Gable either. Others may leave me a little more "hot and bothered" at the moment of their love scenes, but that's just it. It's the different feeling about love that Ronald leaves with you that makes him stand out above all the others. He makes love seem as glorious and noble as we women like to think it is.

Just a Small Town Girl,
Elkins, W. Va.

Is It Nice to Call Wally "Sweet"?

Wallace Beery is the cutest, sweetest, funniest man in Hollywood! Wasn't he great in "The Champ"? "Uncle Wah-wah" certainly has a way of making us love him. Remember him in "The Big House" and "Min and Bill"?

Evelyn Bailey,
Stone Mountain, Ga.

Some Favorite Newcomers

Three cheers for Eric Linden, because he is not the usual handsome movie sheik and stereotyped juvenile. Also because he is an experienced stage actor with an unusual amount of talent.

Bouquets for Anita Louise, most beautiful Wampas Star *and* an actress of no mean accomplishments. She deserves some good rôles.

Better breaks for Tom Douglas who played the brother so convincingly in "The Road to Reno"! He has the necessary spark.

And let's see that young juvenile, Philippe de Lacy, return to the screen. This fourteen-year-old boy is a talented veteran with an unusually rich background.

Albert Tefft,
Hollywood, Calif.

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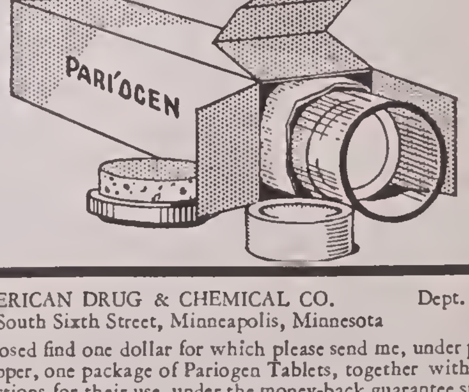

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"Pick the Goal You Want to Reach"

(*Continued from page 39*)

she was fourteen until a few months ago. With her lack of sheer beauty, she had to work like a truck horse to make both ends meet—she had to plug, as she tells you to do—to keep going. Her voice was her main asset.

She still sings very well. She loves music, she has her own special piano which she takes everywhere with her, and which she recently had shipped to California. It has cost her a lot of money to have that piano follow her around the country, but that hasn't mattered. She plays it a great deal and sings for her own entertainment.

"I wouldn't sing in a picture these days," she told me, her eyes twinkling, "unless I was working in comedy. My voice isn't to be taken seriously."

She now lives in a ten-room house in Beverly Hills. She is almost as much of a recluse as Garbo, but she doesn't advertise it. She has a few friends who drift in now and then and make themselves at home. She seldom goes out nights—but never misses a symphony concert. Once in a while she appears at a première.

She is in love with her house, which is in contrast to the homelessness of her life, for she has wandered, a tree without roots and a woman virtually without a country, for the past thirty years or so. She has only her brother in Ohio and an aunt in New England whom she can call kin and, while she loves New England, she has seen little of it in the passing years.

The things which she likes most about this home of hers are the eucalyptus trees which stretch to the sky from their deep roots in her backyard. The trees are almost symbolical, for they are anchored to the soil—and that's the way she hopes she will be after her years of wandering. She spends a great deal of time, when the weather permits, in this back yard of hers, which is bathed in sunshine and is filled with flowers most of the year, reveling in the glory of it all.

"It's great to have a home," she told me. "I've been living in hotels all my life—I've been going from hotel room to hotel room for years and years. I've not known what home means. Now, when I come home at night, I like to stretch out my arms and think, just for a minute, that this big house is my own—"

At the same time, it has been hard for her to accustom herself to domestic duties. The housekeeper, she complains, invariably awakens her at six in the morning to ask her what she wants for supper. Who, she contends, can answer that question at that hour? Then, there are bills. One batch comes in as soon as another goes out.

She has both a housekeeper and a maid. She is, otherwise, quite alone.

Once, she had a husband.

She refuses to discuss this, save to admit that there was a divorce and, when asked if she will marry again, replies:

"I am not one to make the same mistake twice."

But she adds, whimsically:

"Still, you can't prophesy. At sixty, I may get giddy and marry a 19-year-old truck driver. You never know what will happen next."

She exercises every morning. One would think that this rite would be confined to leading women of twenty-five, but it isn't. She doesn't exercise to keep thin, for she is very thin now, but to maintain her sense of humor, she avers.

"I play a little game with myself," she explains. "When I first wake up, I start thinking about the exercises. I decide that I'll not go to the studio, but just lie in bed. Then I accuse myself of being a coward and leap wildly out of bed, waving my arms and bending down and breathing deeply. Finally I take a cold shower, and my breakfast tastes swell."

Going back into her past, just to prove that her success isn't an accident, I find that she has an astonishing record of successes along Broadway and in Chicago. She played with Arnold Daly in "The Master." Later, she was the Quaker aunt in "Oh, Boy," and she has been seen in Victor Herbert operettas, such as "The Rose of China" and "The Golden Girl," as well as "Ice Bound," written by Owen Davis.

She is remembered, too, for "Cradle Snatchers" and "Show Boat," the latter being her outstanding successes. She bossed the Show Boat for three years. That ace of pickers, William LeBaron, saw her picture possibilities when he raided the cast for Irene Dunne.

Of course, in all these rôles, or nearly all of them, she played comedy. That is her forte, so in contrast with the quiet and stern solitude of her own real life, accompanied as it has been with poverty, with heartbreak and with struggle.

She doesn't go in for predictions at all.

"I don't know what the future holds for me," she says. "It's a case of the best laid plans of mice and men going wrong most of the time."

She has ambitions, however, and these fit well into the life of a woman who has battled all her life only to settle back in approaching Indian summer to try to enjoy the thrills which she missed in her girlhood.

"My outstanding unfulfilled ambition," she asserts, "is to learn to ride a bicycle. Guinn Williams has a ranch, and he is going to take me out there. He is big and gruff looking, but he is a very sweet, kindly person.

"He has promised to teach me to ride a bicycle. When I learn that—well, I'll have to try horseback. When that's completed, I suppose I'll find something else I must do before I drift off this mortal coil."

That completes the study in contrasts—the tale of a woman who loves to own a home and sit in the sunshine because she has spent most of her life in hotel rooms—the woman who wants to play now because she had to work then—the woman who has built a success on comedy rôles when her life has hovered always on the edge of tragedy—the woman who rides a bicycle with Guinn Williams at one moment and who preaches the serious business of sticking to one's knitting the next—and the woman who fights to surround herself with laughter because she has known tears.

Broken Hearts and Wedding Bells

(*Continued from page* 14)

pictures. Her little Dutch bob became a fad; her little pert face adorning theatre lobby posters an inducement that started golden shekels pouring in at the box-office.

But what was all this worth when John drank, and with the coming of success and wealth, happiness vanished? As Tom Mix had been rude to Victoria's friends, so John was rude to Colleen Moore's friends.

And just as Victoria Forde left her husband time and again before the final parting, so Colleen would leave John McCormick. Then he would promise anything she asked and they would make another stab at seeking happiness together. It never worked.

Two people loving each other and each hurting the other. It was a bitter thing for both of them to face.

Their friends hoped that they would somehow manage to patch up their troubles. But their quarrels went too far. And no one was very much surprised when they got a divorce in May, 1930.

Still, friends of theirs kept hoping that these two, disillusioned as they were, were still so much in love that they would somehow find their way back to each other.

Instead, John McCormick married Mrs. Janet Hamilton Gattis of Washington, D. C.

That marriage lasted all of about a month. During that month John would talk of nothing but Colleen, think of nothing but Colleen, long for nothing but Colleen. Mrs. Janet Hamilton Gattis got a divorce, saying John had a "Colleen Moore complex."

And Colleen? Colleen for a year or more had been going out with Al P. Scott, a New York stockbroker. But whenever he urged her to marry him, she would say, "I want to be sure first."

Perhaps she is sure now. At any rate they got married at Fort Pierce, Florida, on Februaary 15. The first that anyone knew that there had been wedding bells was when they arrived at the Pancoast Hotel in Miami and registered as Mr. and Mrs. Scott.

Just before she disappeared into the elevator with her new bridegroom, Colleen said, "We're very, very happy."

You see pictures of them honeymooning in the sands at Miami, Florida, and looking very happy. And you wonder if Colleen will find the happiness she missed in that first mad and sad and glamorous marriage of hers.

And then there is Hollywood's third sob story—shaking hands in the news with the story of Colleen Moore and Tom Mix—all three culminating on the same day. The story of Norma Talmadge and Joseph Schenck. Norma Talmadge was very young and very much in love when they were married. Joseph Schenck was a little older, but also very much in love. And everybody said it was an ideal match.

For years people kept pointing it out as one of Hollywood's few perfect marriages.

Then Joseph Schenck became President of United Artists. "I made the mistake," he says, "of leaving my wife alone too often. Business took me to New York. Norma could not go out alone and she became unhappy and lonely. Business caused the rift and not Norma's interest in any man."

They say that it was Joseph Schenck himself who originally urged Gilbert Roland to take Norma out.

Norma used to lay her head down in the lap of Schenck's dear blind old mother and sob her heart out. "Jo is a man's man," she would say. And when there was talk about her and Gilbert Roland, "It's not my fault," she said. "How can I help it if people talk?"

Yet for years Norma's name was linked with Gilbert Roland's. Now they are said to have quarreled. She is seen everywhere with George Jessel. Columnists have predicted their marriage. Whether Norma marries again or not, that marriage of hers which started so gloriously and then failed, has something heart-breaking about it. Both Norma and Joseph Schenck admit that Norma is on her way to Paris for a divorce.

Miss. CRAWFORD

Mercy, is he worried? This is Woggles, pet Scotty of Joan Crawford, waiting by her chair on the set as Joan registers some heavy emotion for "Letty Lynton." Woggles and Joan's knitting always indicate where the star is sitting

Three of Hollywood's sob stories meeting strangely in the news the same day. So near to each other that if these were real personalities instead of columns of ink on paper, they could touch each other.

Two of them are remarrying; one is seeking a divorce. All of them want another try at happiness. Will they find it, or are they doomed to tragedy all their lives?

We are all, at one time or another, faced with the tragedy of feeling that our world has gone to pieces. If we only knew what to do about it!

There are three people whom we have all seen on the screen, seeking an answer, the same as you or I. Which of them has found the solution?

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Ten Ways to Attract a Man

(*Continued from page 22*)

intended to lead to the reproduction of the race. And if there seems to be something wrong with that instinct a man draws away, frightened, repulsed. *And the man is right.*

7. *Never tell a man an off-color story.* Men say, and mean, that they like women who are 'good sports.' But too many girls and women confuse that meaning. A good sport doesn't mean a smutty one. If the story told is *exceedingly* amusing and witty and smart and the girl telling it is clean-cut and sophisticated in the best sense of the word, she may get away with it. But it's a risk. Language that smacks of vulgarity on a woman's mouth makes that mouth ugly to the nice and average male.

8. *Never make scenes.* Never exhibit your jealousy if you are unfortunate enough to be suffering from that malady. For it is a malady and, like most illnesses, its manifestations are repellent. Men like to feel that you care about them, of course. They like to feel that you care what they do. But they like to *feel* it. They do *not* like to be told about it. Jealousy is an ugly emotion. It produces whining and nagging and tears. All embarrassing things. It makes a man feel uncomfortable. And the two best ways I know of *not* to attract a man are to make him feel embarrassed and uncomfortable. You have to hide jealousy in order to be attractive. There is no other way.

I have known more men to leave their wives or their sweethearts because of jealousy than for any other reason. Women who say, 'Now, *why* did you speak to *her?*' or 'Who was that you were talking to in the theatre lobby last night? Why did you talk to her? What did she mean when she said . . . etc. . . . etc. . . .'

Oscar Wilde once said that a woman takes a lover in order to have him make scenes for her. Well, a man *leaves* a woman if she makes scenes for him. Women love emotions. They are flattered by scenes. Men love emotions, too, but only *comfortable ones.*

9. *Use your sex-appeal.* It is the basic law of all attraction. It *is* attraction. It is what first draws a man and a woman, a girl and a boy together, whether they know it or not. They may say, they may honestly think that what drew them together was a common love of music or a mutual interest in anthropology, but what really made them aware of one another was the mating instinct called Sex Appeal. It drew them together in the first place—it would not hold them together unless it was backed up by other things. It is not *enough.* Which brings me to my tenth way . . .

10. *Use your sex-appeal—but not entirely.* Sex appeal is the foundation of attraction. But who can live in a foundation all their lives? I once knew a very attractive man who was married to the most flawlessly beautiful woman I have ever laid my eyes on. She was breath-taking. She was perfection. She was the very embodiment of that thing called Love. He stayed married to her for three years and at the end of that time *he left her*—for a plain, red-headed girl, with freckles and no figure to speak of. He left a goddess for—a human being. He left Beauty for—a Woman. Which brings me back to my most important point—the point which includes everything! Be natural. Be yourself. Don't be a baby-doll 'type' if you are not a baby-doll type. Don't lisp if you can talk like an encyclopedia. Don't try to look like Greta Garbo if you really look like Loretta Young. Be yourself. Be *real.* Be interesting and be *interested.*

"There are certain types of women who are generally appealing to all men. On the screen, I think, I should pick Kay Francis, Joan Crawford, Madge Evans, Sally Eilers, Dorothy Mackaill and, let me see, Claudette Colbert as girls all men would be attracted to. They are feminine but they are definite. They wear modern clothes and lip-stick, but a man could imagine them in crinolines and patches. They are exciting but they are human. A man could imagine them as sweethearts, as wives, as mothers, as comrades . . .

"For a man doesn't want one thing in a woman today. He wants everything. Everything we have brought with us through the ages. Femininity. Emancipation. Dependence. Independence. Lullabies and love-songs. Our grandmothers in sweat shirts and berets!"

Ten Ways to Attract a Woman

(*Continued from page 23*)

Why, if my own name were Peter Smith, do you suppose these girls would pay any attention to me? I know they wouldn't. I am not as young as I used to be. I am tired. I look tired. Then why do women wait to have a look at me, flatter me with their eyes and with their lips? Because they have read the name of Paul Lukas on the marquees of theatres, in newspapers and in fan magazines. Because I am known. Because of publicity. Because I have some sort of professional prestige. It is my name and not my person that attracts.

IT is always so. If you would be attractive to women, have a name of some sort as well as a personable person. It makes for a longer run. Mussolini could attract more women than the handsomest Unknown that ever trod the earth. *Women are attracted to power,* whether it be the power of a name, of a fortune or of a family.

6. *Entertain a lot.* If you want to be attractive take a girl places, think of things to do, dance with her, buy her theatre tickets, football tickets. Buy flowers and books and the trinkets you think she likes. Never forget the small courtesies and the big occasions. Never leave a loop-hole for some other man to fill better than you do.

7. *Dress well—always.* Again the element of a woman's pride and love of prestige is involved. She always likes to feel proud of the man she is with. Fastidious themselves, women are repelled by a man who is not equally so. There are a few individual men who possess attraction for a few individual women, whether they wear old sweat shirts and cords or the most Bond Street of evening clothes. But they are the exceptions. Everything comes down to the individual, of course. In every premise there is the exception. But speaking generally, I should say that the so-called cave man is not attractive to the majority of women. *Unless it is natural to him and not a pose.*

8. *Never be the Life of the Party.* Women laugh at male clowns—*they never fall in love with them.* Romeo—Valentino—Gable—all of the Romeos of life and of the theatre have had an underlying seriousness, an element of dark danger, a touch of the sombre. A woman prefers a stern man to a silly one any day or any night. Women are attracted to the Melancholy Dane where they are never attracted to Marceline, the Clown. Women love to weep at matinées. They love to be tragic. They dote upon acting a mad Ophelia, tearing their hair and their flowers to pieces over a desperate love. They must have a lay figure on which to drape these emotions. That lay figure cannot be the clown, the life of the party. . . .

9. *Be jealous.* Whether you are or not. If you are not, act the part. Women love to have scenes made over them. They love it even better than they love to make scenes. They are flattered and excited when a strong man turns white with rage and scarlet with fury, when his muscles knot and his face constricts. They despise the tame tabby in a man and if a man is not jealous and does not show it, they feel that he is effeminate, puerile, lacking in that great asset, masculine virility.

10. *Never be 'artistic.'* There may be a few individual women who are attracted to the long-haired poet with the flowing tie. Or to the musician with a penchant for Chopin and dreamy eyes. But these women are in the minority and are, themselves, somewhat masculine. Women are attracted to the virile man with the strong, silent face. They are attracted to the definite male. The conqueror in one form or another. To the man who is skillful enough to be dominant about the large issues of living and small, obedient boy about the smaller ones. Women like to feel mastered and they also like to feel maternal. The man who attracts must have the combination of the two—and be perfectly natural about both.

There are certain men who are attractive to all women, or to the great majority. On the whole, taking men on the screen for examples of what I mean, I should say that Leslie Howard, Ronald Colman, Clive Brook and Clark Gable would be attractive to all women. A woman could visualize any one of these four as a lover in the moonlight, as a husband, as the father of her children, as her master and as her little boy to be comforted.

A man, I am told, is more necessary to a woman than a woman is to a man. It is up to the man to make the woman *feel* necessary.

John Held Jr

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Perfect Professional Results In Just a Few Minutes For Just a Few Pennies

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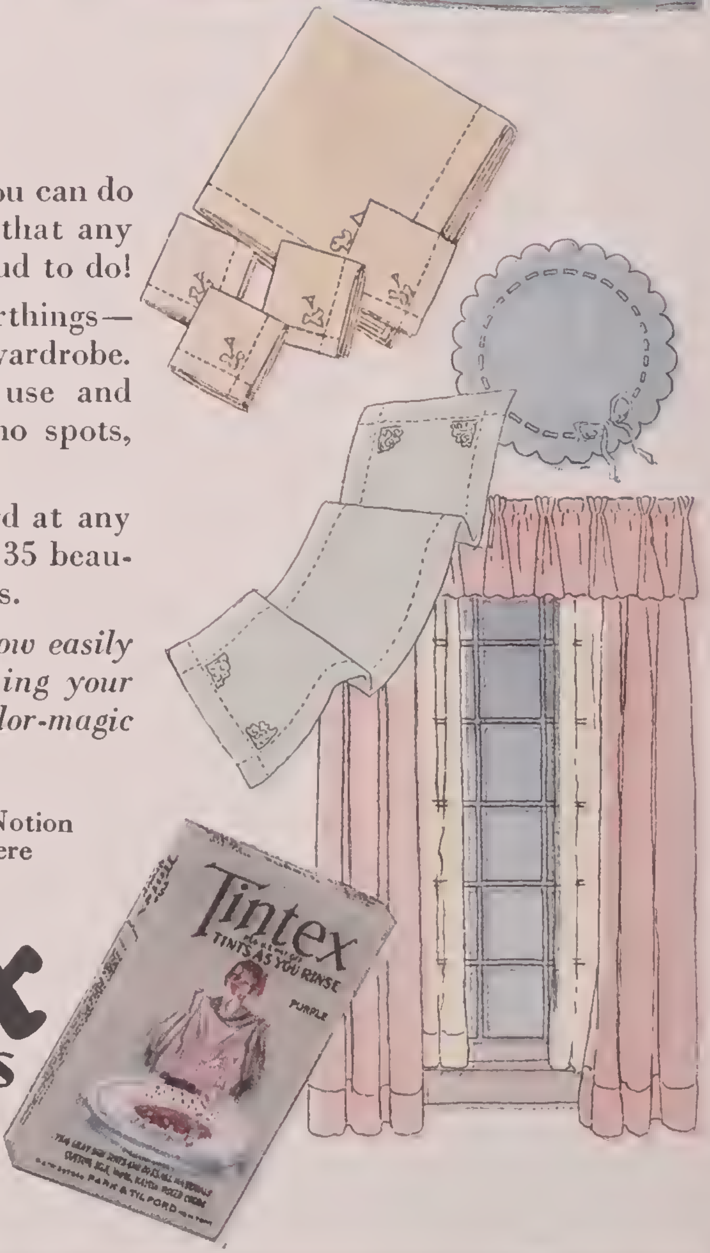

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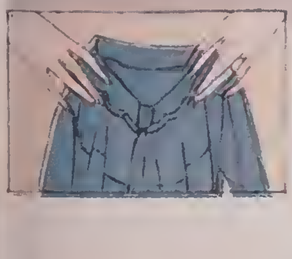

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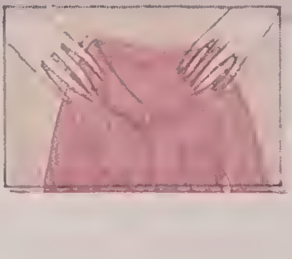

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"But what I started out to say was, you can *always* depend on tobacco. No matter how things are going. It means so much to so many people, and costs so little!...Yes, sir—I'll stand up for tobacco as long as I can strike a match!"

. . .

"MUSIC THAT SATISFIES"
Hear Nat Shilkret's 35-piece orchestra and Alex Gray, soloist, every night except Sunday — entire Columbia Network—10:30 Eastern Standard Time.

● NOTE. In the sections where tobacco grows and where people know tobacco, Chesterfield is usually the largest-selling cigarette.

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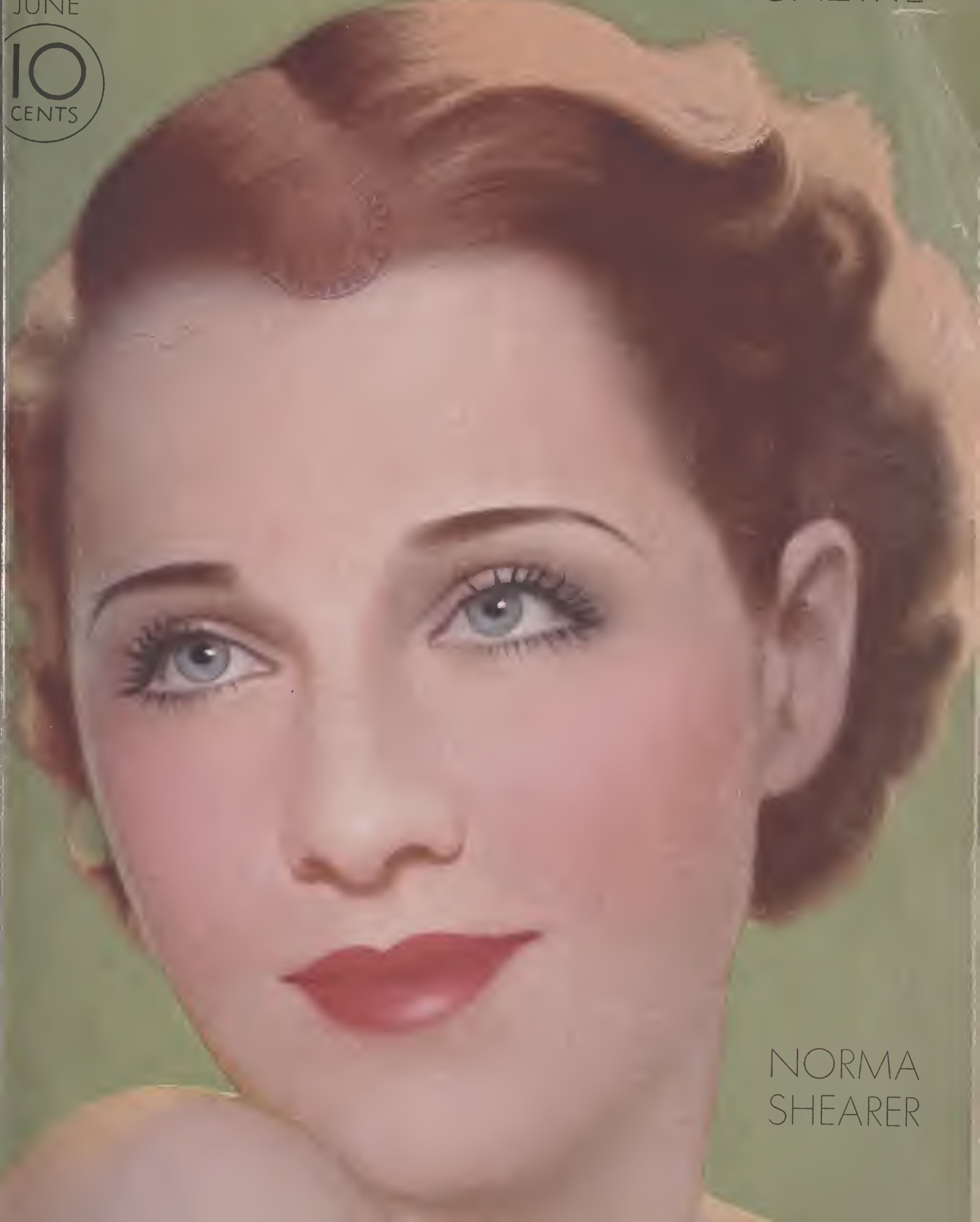
Movie Mirror

ILMLAND'S MOST BEAUTIFUL MAGAZINE

JUNE

10
CENTS



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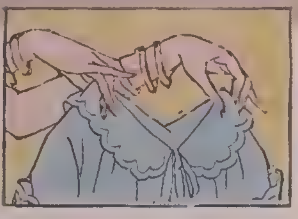

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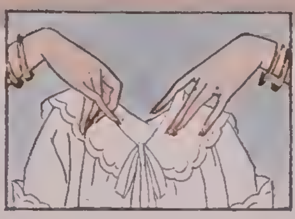

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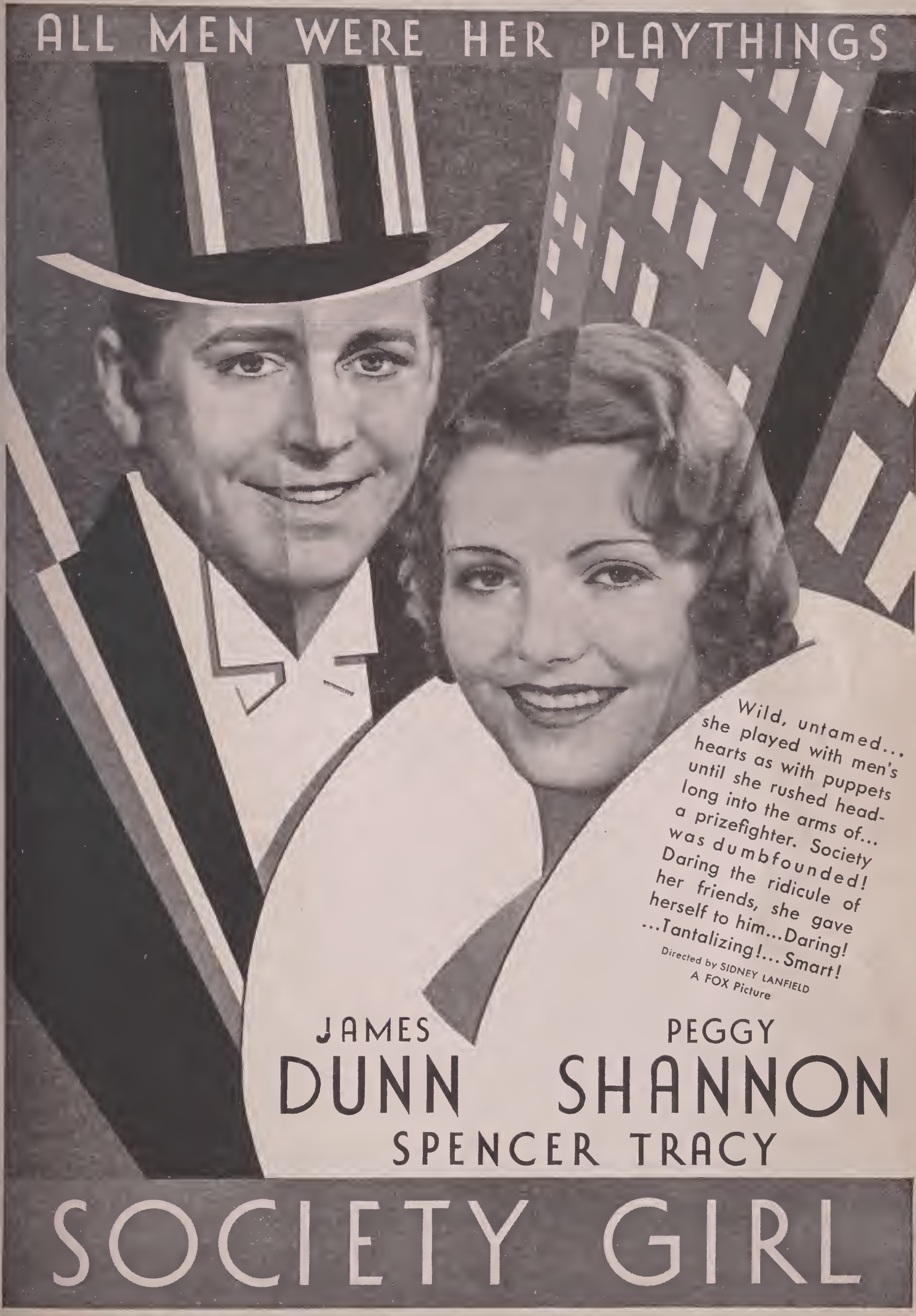
ALL MEN WERE HER PLAYTHINGS
JAMES
DUNN
PEGGY
SHANNON
SPENCER TRACY
SOCIETY GIRL

Wild, untamed... she played with men's hearts as with puppets until she rushed headlong into the arms of... a prizefighter. Society was dumbfounded! Daring the ridicule of her friends, she gave herself to him...Daring! ...Tantalizing!...Smart!

Directed by SIDNEY LANFIELD
A FOX Picture

MAY 11 1932 ©CIB 153730

Movie Mirror

FILMLAND'S MOST BEAUTIFUL MAGAZINE

VOL. 2, No. 2
JUNE 1932

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New York Men-about-town have noticed . . .

Girls from out of town no longer come to "the big city" clad in a sunbonnet and gingham dress. No longer do they order filet mignon on Friday because it is fish day. No longer do they fall for the guy with the waxed mustaches and full dress suit.

Walk along Fifth Avenue and try to tell the natives from the visitors. The only difference is that, if anything, the girls from far away are a little better dressed . . . their make-up a little more perfect.

Two big reasons are:

1. Up-to-the-minute magazines like *Love Mirror* and *Movie Mirror*, literally the *mirrors* of our times . . . created to reflect what modern people are wearing and saying and doing . . . in New York . . . in Hollywood . . . in the smallest city.
2. Up-to-the-minute Chain Stores of the national type, created to give the same merchandise, the same values to all their customers . . . impartially in large cities and small. Such a store is the one where you bought this magazine, and where the fascinating new July issue will be on sale June fifth.

Every month *Love Mirror* and *Movie Mirror* give you a big 25 cents worth of magazine value for 10 cents. They are sold exclusively by these value-giving national syndicate organizations:

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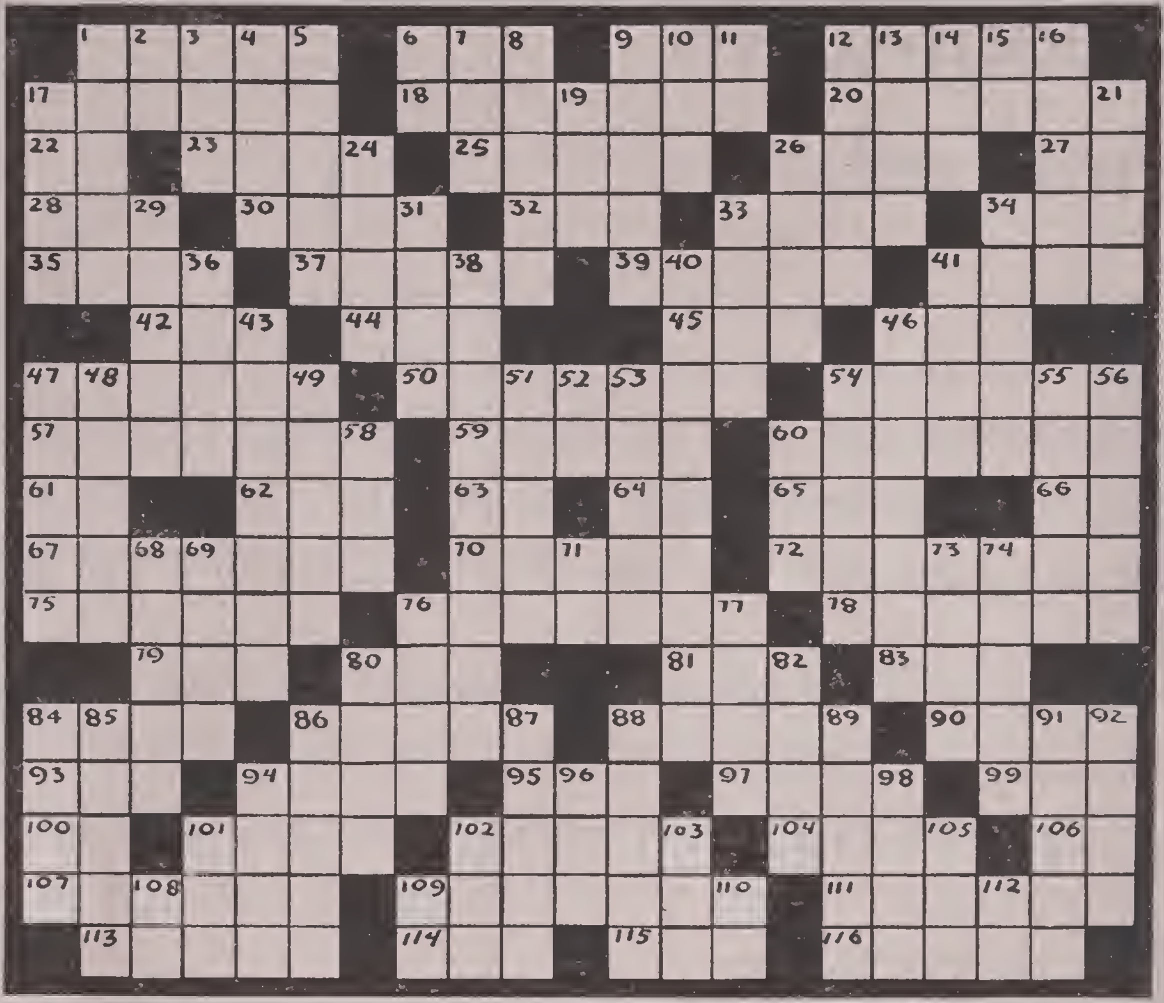
MOVIE FAN'S CROSSWORD PUZZLE

By Alma Talley

20 Across



68 Down

70 Across

111 Across

ACROSS

1 Comes closer.
6 One of the ladies the Greeks had a word for.
9 Paramount's leading lady discovered by Chevalier.
12 Sedate.
17 The platinum blonde sex appeal gal.
18 Virginia Valli's husband.
20 He "wowed" them in "Taxi."
22 Printer's measure.
23 A writer of poetry.
25 A unit of weight.
26 Roused from sleep.
27 Behold!
28 Star of "Devotion."
30 An actress has this to help her dress.
32 Studio scene where the film action is made.
33 A piece of baked clay.
34 Entire.
35 What makes Hollywood blondes.
37 Concise.
39 To burn with hot water.
41 Twilight.
42 You'll find him in a naval film.
44 A rodent.
45 A star hates to get this way.
46 Color of a star's lip-stick.
47 Describes grammatically.
50 Garbo's German rival.
54 A Jew.
57 Black and yellow birds.
59 Frogs.
60 Wrote.
61 Either.
62 Meadow.
63 A Swedish film comic.
64 Pronoun Clara Bow made famous.
65 In behalf of.
66 Compass point.
67 Mrs. Bill Powell.
70 M-G-M leading lady.
72 The star of "The Trespasser" and "What a Widow."
75 Stampedes of bees.
76 Refusal to assent.
78 Curses.
79 Beam of light.
80 A toe dancer can't afford to lose one.
81 Something you milk on a farm.
83 Nothing.
84 Whirl.
86 Stars make these for personal appearances.
88 Marian Marsh's boy friend in "Under Eighteen."
90 What Dietrich is famous for.
93 Part of to be.
94 The screen's best known Chinese actress.
95 Something to drink.
97 A social pretender.
99 Universal's "Impatient Maiden."
100 Pa's life-long girl friend.
101 Not real (slang).
102 Star of "A Free Soul."
104 Venture.
106 College degree.
107 To last.
109 Star of "Broken Lullaby."
111 Paramount male star lured away by Warners.
113 Arsene Lupin's leading lady.
114 A number.
115 Born.
116 Garbo's nationality.

DOWN

1 A she-goat.
2 What an actor says when he forgets the next line.
3 A high mountain.
4 Space.
5 Perspire.
6 Provided that.
7 A short sleep.
8 Got up.
9 Small indentations.
10 Yore.
11 City folks' means of transportation (abbrev.).
12 To rebuke.
13 To accept.
14 Sometimes a star doesn't tell his right one.
15 Into.
16 Small valleys among trees.
17 Chief.
19 Regret.
21 The yellow of an egg.
24 A row.
26 Untamed.
29 Polish princess who hopes to make talkie come-back.
31 A weight.
33 A story.
34 Official examination of accounts.
36 Indifferently good (slang).
38 More dignified.
40 The present Marquise de la Falaise de la Coudray.
41 Prefix meaning half.
43 The reporter in "Forbidden."
46 Drawn again.
47 Small bodies of water.
48 Weapon used in Indian films.
49 Prophets.
51 The parts that actors play.
52 Note of the scale.
53 Roman magistrate.
54 Winters have these instead of rains.
55 A male voice.
56 Paradises.
58 Gloomy pictures makes you feel this way.
60 Conditions.
68 The screen's best beloved woman comic.
69 A cereal eaten for "roughage."
71 Part of to be.
73 One of the leading men in "Strangers May Kiss."
74 The city famous for witch-burning.
76 Mary Pickford's husband.
77 Clothes (slang).
80 Quality of sound.
82 This blows in the winter.
84 Identical.
85 A mischievous action.
86 Keepsake.
87 A shop.
88 Mexican male star.
89 You use these in bathing.
91 The screen's current Valentino.
92 To close tightly.
94 Article manufactured for sale.
96 To make a mistake.
98 Forehead.
101 A star's winter coat is made of this.
102 Nancy Carroll's nickname.
103 A malt liquor.
105 Female sheep.
108 Baby's first word.
109 Corporation (abbrev.).
110 French article.
112 What Lil Tashman calls her husband.

The answer to this puzzle will appear next month. On page 111 you'll find the answer to last month's.

Why Foreign Women Have More SEX APPEAL than Americans!

The seductive smile of a swarthy señorita! The pale, pale face and jet black hair of a Russian woman! The irresistible allure—the unmistakable *savoir faire* of a gay Parisienne! . . . What *is* it that makes those Ladies of the Continent so utterly beguiling? . . . Read the July issue of *Movie Mirror* for the real low-down on "S. A."!—A startling expose of all the secrets.

"TRICKS TO TRAP A MAN"

in the July Issue of *Love Mirror*

"MISS PINKERTON OF SCOTLAND YARD"

in the July Issue of *Movie Mirror*

"THE TRUTH ABOUT MARRIAGE"

in the July Issue of *Love Mirror*

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What are the latest hits in the talkies? . . . the latest "goings-on" in Hollywood? . . . the latest in fads and fashions? . . . the latest in home-making and home-*breaking?*

Movie Mirror and *Love Mirror* are spirited reflectors of the passing show—pictured in hundreds of striking photographs—and in the sparkling writing of people "in the know"! . . . Bright pages of all sorts for all sorts of readers!

By all means buy your July issues—*early!* They'll be waiting for you in their accustomed places on the morning of June the 5th!

Hot News!

By HARRY LANG

HOLLWYOOD—Last-minute news, views, cues, as this month's Movie Mirror goes to press:

. . . Caryl (ex-Wampas Baby) Lincoln used to be the champion girl sprinter of her high school . . . so a big fat bouquet to Paramount for the aptest casting trick of the month: putting her in the Marx Brothers' picture . . . as the girl Harpo will chase exclamation point . . . Janet (delissins) Gaynor won't be "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm" after all . . . she decided she'd had too many "unsophisticated" rôles altogether and told Fox they'd have to put her in something else OR else . . . and because box-office totals decide matters, Janet made good on her garboing and you'll see her next in the talkified version of the Frank Craven stage play "The First Year" . . . with Charlie (why, certainly!) Farrell as the hubby.

. . . current status of Hollywood's foremost "happiest married couples"—Ann Harding and Harry Bannister, ReNO-longer happy, divorcing . . . Clark Gable making movies in Hollywood and Mrs. Clark Gable in New York and both Gable and the studio vehemently assuring all inquirers that they'd reunite as soon as Clark's picture was done . . . and for her birthday Joan Crawford got five dozen long-stemmed American beauties delivered at the studio from hubby Douglas Fairbanks Junior . . . he also gave her a trick diamond pin made up of two units which can be divorced to make two diamond clasps.

. . . Radio Pictures are making a mystery picture called "The Eighth Wonder of the World" and nobody's allowed to tell what it's about . . . and probably nobody'll know, even *after* it's finished . . . the Ku Klux Klan wouldn't let Warners' cameramen take movies of actual nude-bathing scenes in Mississippi for the next Barthelmess picture "Cabin in the Cotton" . . . Claire (silents' star) Windsor got herself sued for $100,000 by a San Francisco broker's wife for alienation of affections stop . . . June (still honeymooning) Collyer gave hubby Stu (stardom-bound) Erwin a watch for his birthday . . . instead of numerals the hours are marked by the letters of Stu's name . . . sure, S-T-U-A-R-T E-R-W-I-N only totals eleven letters but the second-hand takes up the twelfth place, smartie exclamation point stop.

. . . virtually every studio in Hollywood has offered Renee (comeback) Adoree a movie job when she returns from her many months of desert hospitalization—cured exclamation point . . . that'll be about mid-June stop . . . George (Bang!) Bancroft and Paramount aren't getting on so friendly-like . . . maybe you'll be seeing him in Fox films soon . . . but not until after he makes a prize-fighter film called "The Challenger" (no, *not* "The Champ"—that was Wally Beery, darlings!) stop . . . why did Buddy Rogers keep his eyes glued on Mary Brian when he led his band in "You Fascinate Me" on his first-night in that New York hotel? . . . that June Knight-Jimmy Dunn business is as cool as a yesterday's fried egg . . . Jimmy goes to the prize-fights alone in Hollywood and June goes places UN-alone in New York.

. . . wonder why Marian (gudgeous blonde) Marsh wouldn't see the doctor the studio sent to see her after she'd reported ill question mark stop . . . and so they took her out of the cast and substituted Ann (Missus Fenton To You!!) Dvorak for her in "Competition" . . . that's the title of the picture.

. . . Ronald Colman and Clive Brook are Hollywood's prime tennis enthusiasts stop . . . one of the neatest bits of movie press-agentry was that "debate" on prohibition between Walter (Wet Parade) Huston and Aimee (Evangelist) MacPherson . . . the six thousand people who crowded the Los Angeles auditorium to hear it was a handful compared to the hundreds of thousands who got it over the radio stop . . . Mrs. Lawrence (ex) Tibbett cut her face when her auto crashed a telephone pole in Texas stop . . . only two months ago Sidney (oh-so-li'l) Fox said she couldn't find any man she'd fall in love with and now is it or isn't it true that she's engaged to Jean (etcher) Negulesco?

. . . when you see your theatre advertising the film, "Man Wanted," you may as well know right now that it's just the new title for "Dangerous Brunette" which used to be "Working Wives" which used to be something else but what does it matter exclamation point . . . George Arliss' butler Jenner wanted to play the rôle of Herbert Hoover in the newest Arliss picture, but couldn't do it, because Hoover doesn't drop his H's stop . . . Tiffany's, the famous New York jewelry firm, after years of legal battling, have finally won a permanent court injunction prohibiting the use of the name Tiffany by any movie-making company . . . so what of the Tiffany apes question mark stop.

. . . nobody in Hollywood was more concerned about the Lindbergh kidnapping than Marie Dressler . . . for weeks and weeks after the child-theft, her first question to all of her newspaper friends would be "Is there any news about the baby?" . . . and she spent hours at the radio each night waiting for news stop . . . next talkie-team: John Barrymore and Dolores Del Rio stop . . . Warner (sisskokid) Baxter had laryngitis and did or didn't he get it from protesting too loudly when another actor nearly stole a scene question mark . . . after three months of vain movie-prospecting, Rod LaRocque and Wifie Vilma (remember her?) Banky have about decided to go a-vodevilling stop . . . Irene (I'm over 40!) Rich rejoins Will Rogers as his cinema-wife again in "Down To Earth" which will be a sequel to "They Had to See Paris" stop . . . but Fifi (hundred-and-ten in the shade) Dorsay won't be in it because what would a French oo-la-la be doing in Oklahoma and that's the locale of the story stop . . . Mickey Mouse is soon to have a challenger for cartoon honors . . . it'll be a "Pooch" by Universal.

Jimmy (Up From The East Side) Cagney will be a cop in his next, "The Making of O'Malley" stop . . . when a crack San Francisco-Los Angeles train was held up the other night there was a persistent report that the real purpose of the bandits (who escaped) was to kidnap Joseph (Mister Norma Talmadge) Schenck, who was to have been a passenger . . . but he cancelled his reservations at the last minute . . . so he's still at large stop . . . after six serious weeks fighting influenza, Mrs. Lionel Barrymore is on the way to okay again stop . . . a burglar was frightened out of Jeanette MacDonald's house the other night but left his shoes behind exclamation point.

Last Minute Review

The Rich Are Always with Us (Warner Bros.)

You'll See: *Ruth Chatterton, George Brent, Bette Davis, John Wray, John Miljan, Adrienne Dore, Robert Warwick.*

It's About: *The good old "triangle" idea, developed into a five-angled plot, with everything ending more or less happily after a mess of tangled love-lives.*

Well, here's Chatterton's first under the Warner label. It's notable chiefly in that it introduces for the first time in a real rôle this George Brent chap—whom the Warner press agents refuse to allow to be called their "clarkgable" because that's what he is. Say this for Brent: he packs a great deal of appeal, both to susceptible lady movie-goers, and men who like he-man stuff on the screen. Brent'll make a mark in pictures, and a good one.

As for Chatterton, she's Chatterton as usual as the wife of a rich man who loves another. In turn, Chatterton is loved by another, too, (it's Brent). And to complicate it still more, another gal who's Chatterton's chum loves Brent. Oh, what a mixup! But with some divorcing, and some self-sacrifice, it all comes out at the finish.

The picture was meant to be snappy, light, sophisticated, modern—all those things, you know. Somehow, it just misses fire, and goes pft! And that in spite of some exceptionally brilliant dialogue.

There's little else to say. Except this: Not for tiny tots.

. . . when he came to Hollywood from Canada in 1911 his name was Michael Sinnott but the other day as Mack Sennett he got his American citizenship papers stop . . . nothing makes Elissa (Fox's Garbo) madder than to be called the Garbo of the Fox lot stop . . . from France it's reported that Elsie Ferguson plans to take a fourth husband, Victor (ex-British army officer) Egan stop . . . Bramwell Fletcher was stuck up and robbed of $15 by three Hollywood bandits and he thought it was a gag stop . . . Ruth Renick, one-time serial star, is still in movies . . . you'll see her in M-G-M's "Strange Interlude."

. . . swell gag Regina (colyumist) Crewe pulled when she said Paul Whiteman's lost so much weight he's mistaken for Slim Summerville stop . . . and this one amuses Hollywood, too: film director planning big yuletide scene called fourteen extras to carry successive big cut-out letters spelling "MERRY CHRISTMAS" but the efficiency expert heard of it and fired five men and made nine spell "MERRY XMAS" stop . . . oh, Mister Winchell: what about that report you broadcast weeks ago that Pola Negri was gonna marry soon question mark . . . talking of marriage, Doris Deane, who used to be a Mrs. Fatty Arbuckle, is now honeymooning with New-Hubby E. S. Hartz, Beverly Hills banker . . . and Fatty Arbuckle himself, it's not denied, will marry Addie McPhail this summer stop . . . something in Mexico City, where there's no prohibition, induced Richard (stars' papa) Bennett to open up and tell the press that John Barrymore intends to go back to the stage to play Cyrano de Bergerac . . . but back in Hollywood, John merely said the idea was swell but as a matter of fact he intends to do nothing of the kind . . . he's going to stick to pictures.

. . . at the Pacific Coast Scottie dog show, Bill Hart Junior's dog won a blue ribbon stop . . . Bill Senior still sticks to hosses on that lonely hilltop ranch of his some two-score miles outside of Hollywood stop . . . planning a vaudeville tour are Florence (Arthur's sister) Lake and Lew (Fanny's brother) Brice stop . . . the American Federation of Labor is trying to organize Hollywood's 17,500 movie extras into a union . . . well, a strike'd be no novelty to 'em stop . . . did you ever see anybody so completely steal a scene as Lyda Roberti does with her song in "Dancers in the Dark" question mark.

. . . So Mae Murray's hubby has caught the habit, too . . . anyway he's suing somebody for $15,000 for something in a Los Angeles court stop . . . M-G-M is going to remake "The Big Parade" into a talkie . . . that was the one wherein Renee Adoree made her big moment . . . and Jack Gilbert . . . this time they'll co-star Wally Beery and Clark Gable . . . and is it significant that Renee'll be back about the time they'll be shooting it question mark . . . Larry (bellows) Tibbett won't make another singie for M-G-M stop . . . during 1931, forty books were published about Hollywood . . . and it hasn't even been half told exclamation point stop.

. . . Laurence Stallings, who wrote "The Big Parade" and co-authored "What Price Glory," has done a new one entitled "Mexico," which tells the story of the revolt against metropolitanism of a young Mexican-American lad and his return to the earth in Mexico . . . maybe it'll be Ramon Novarro's next after he gets done with that singing football thing called "Huddle" stop . . . a yearly average of 3,000,000 letters comes to Hollywood studios either offering trick things for sale (from human hair to prized heirlooms), or wanting to know where a certain object seen in a certain movie could be bought.

Last Minute Review

✓ Young America (Fox)

You'll See: *Doris Kenyon, Spencer Tracy, Beryl Mercer, Ralph Bellamy, Tommy Conlon, Raymond Borzage, Dawn O'Day.*

It's About: *A couple of kids in their early teens—and how they might have gone wrong, if it hadn't been for a few smart grown-ups who knew kids and their hearts.*

Few directors can get that note of down-deep humanness into their pictures like Frank Borzage can. This is another one that proves it. It's a picture of emotions, heart throbs, drama, that might easily have been sappy, stupid and trite. Instead, thanks to Borzage's direction and some nice acting, it's a moving filmplay of two lads who mean well but do wrong.

Ralph Bellamy plays a new sort of juvenile court judge, and makes you like him. Spencer Tracy and Doris Kenyon appear as a young married couple; they adopt, as friends of the court, one of the youngsters. The way these two handle the psychologically interesting story that follows stamps them as splendid actors.

As the lads, Tom Conlon and young Borzage (nephew of the director) shine.

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. . . George O'Brien's dirty trick on Ricardo Cortez on their joint trip to Havana: unbeknownst to Riccy, George shipped back to Hollywood the three trunks in which Riccy had brought his sartorial splendor . . . and Riccy had to wear just the *one* suit he had on until he could have new ones made exclamation point . . . but they're still friends stop.

. . . Fifi Dorsay's new heart throb is a Washington (Dee See) man named Tom Moore . . . and it's *not* the Tom Moore of the movies . . . Fifi says it being leap year, you can't tell what may happen stop . . . if you're a radio fiend, you'll know what "Chandu" is and it'll interest you to know that Fox films paid $40,000 for the rights to make it into a movie, and if you're not a radio fiend, never mind stop . . . and, talking about radio (and who doesn't?) do you know that you'll hear Clara Bow as a radio star soon—and ALSO the four Marx Brothers exclamation point . . . what happened to Thelma Todd's romance with Austin Parker question mark . . . it froze, snap, like that exclamation point . . .

. . . Al (Maaaaaammy!) Jolson kidded a Phoenix, Arizona, woman when he played on the stage there, as a gag . . . and now she's suing him for $10,000 for ridicule and it's *no* gag stop . . . silly, but the name of Joan (Mrs. Markey) Bennett's first picture after that rushed honeymoon of hers is "Week Ends Only" stop.

. . . Hollywood has *such* fun with titles exclamation point . . . Sennett for instance, is making a burlesque on the Garbo film and calls it "Hadda Marry" . . . but not even Hollywood could stomach "The Illustrious Corpse" as a thriller-title, so it's been changed to "Strangers

(*Continued on page* 109)

Movie Mirror

FILMLAND'S MOST BEAUTIFUL MAGAZINE

DO you readers know what you want? Do you? I'll say so. I have the evidence that you not only know what you want but know how to ask for it. It—the evidence—lies before me as I write, hundreds upon hundreds of your letters in answer to those questions I asked in the April *Movie Mirror*.

Who is your favorite star? Do you prefer men to women stars? What kind of pictures do you like to see them in? Would you rather see a good movie without a star in the cast, or see a star regardless of the story? If all the other stars in the business were killed off and only one remained, which one would you choose?

Those were the questions I asked. Naturally I expected some replies, but I didn't dream that thousands of intelligent, fine provocative letters were going to come pouring in! I had planned to run the prize winners on this page, but they were so good I couldn't bear to cut them. I only wish I had space enough to run all that came! I mean that. The producers in Hollywood would learn a lot from them. Perhaps among other things they would learn to pay little or no attention to professional critics—but rather to trust you and you and you who pay to go to the movies, and who go because you love them.

Checking each one of them carefully, your letters prove this:

GARBO is your favorite star. Not only is she your favorite but if all the other stars were killed, you would prefer her to survive. Your reasons for this choice are that Garbo is unique. There is no one the least little bit like her. You can't imagine replacing her and you think she is our finest actress anyhow.

Next to Garbo comes GABLE. Your reasons on Gable are numerous. Some of you think he is a great actor. Others of you say he is good looking. Some of you insist he is homely but you don't care if he is. Clark definitely has what it takes. All the girls write that Clark on a desert isle would be just dandy, and even other men admire him!

After these two come GAYNOR and CRAWFORD, neck to neck, little Janet for her sweetness and light, her romantic quality, and because she has never yet failed you by giving a bad performance. Joan Crawford you admire tremendously for her vividness, her "modern girl" attitude, her acting ability and for the perfectly splendid person she has made of herself.

No other male star approaches Gable in the running, or approaches the three leading women, either. Which seems to prove what your letters said—that you prefer women to men stars.

Still, you insist you want a good story rather than a star in a poor story. You did a great deal of pointing to Ruth Chatterton as an example of a star who has been nearly ruined by poor plots.

The stories you want, over and above all others, are those which concern the everyday problems of average people. You insist that this year's stories have been too sophisticated, too dressy, too far-fetched to suit you. You want stories about the kind of people you know (I'm with you there!)

Next you want stories of action and adventure, and tales of romance. You want these equally. A lot of you make a special plea for "wholesome" stories as opposed to gangster and bootleg plots. And you would like more comedy mixed in with your dramas.

I wish I might answer every one of your provocative letters direct, but let me thank you here for writing me at such length and with such care. You're a grand set of readers, and am I proud of working for you? And now will you please turn to Page 70 and see if you agree with my choice of prize-winning letters?

Ruth Waterbury.

Editor

Me, My Life and I

With best regards to all the readers of "Movie Mirror."

Wally Beery

WALLACE BEERY'S
Life Story as told to
Edward Churchill

NOT so long ago I adopted three kids, orphans of my wife's aunt. It looked like they might have to run around loose. I didn't want them doing that. You see, I did a lot of this running wild when I was a kid, myself, and I figured, thinking back into my own life, that this wasn't a very hot idea.

Not that I had to run around. I had a great father—still have—and a great mother, and a home.

But I didn't stay there much.

You see, I skipped out of school. Not that I couldn't have been a good student, but I got too interested in railroad trains and where they went and what happened when they got there to keep my mind on studies.

Now, I don't want these kids to get silly ideas like that in their heads. I don't want 'em running wild—there's too much good in books and clean surroundings and home life. So here they are, seeing the world from a grandstand seat.

I never had a grandstand seat, or one at the ringside. I was in the ring. Life and I have milled around ever since I can remember, and I've taken some pretty tough knocks.

As a kid, I was big for my age and I could take it. I'm not such a slouch now. But most kids aren't toughened up these days—so I'm giving three of them a break.

Let's start at the beginning.

My father was a cop. I don't mean a policeman, I mean cop. He was a cop, that is, when the Democrats were in office, and a Captain of Police when the Republicans won. He handled one of the toughest beats in the city when I came into the world—into Kansas City, to be exact. Old timers there'll tell you that Noah Beery's youngest brat was born at Seventeenth and Main Streets.

Wallace Beery, film star. He owns a home in Beverly Hills. He has money in the bank, three adopted children, a devoted wife. And yet he confesses he was the "dummy" of his class in school and never went beyond the fourth grade

My father was husky and my mother, who died last year at the age of seventy-three, was husky, too. She was a typical housewife of the eighties, weighing about 220 pounds, and having an eagle eye on her three kids. William C. Beery, who is now 51 and is with the General Petroleum Company in Los Angeles, was the first born. Noah, now 48, one of the swellest guys who ever lived, was second in line, and after I came along on April 1, 1886, my mother gave up having a family.

Wally when he was a clown for Sennett. Yes, look again. That is Gloria Swanson, when she was Mrs. Beery. A different Gloria from today's Gloria, but happy. You can see that. And please note the rings! Wally still wears his today, but Gloria demands finer ones

My mother, whose name was Margaret, worked like a slave keeping us kids in school and out of trouble, and at running the old frame house. A cop in those days didn't make much money, even when the Republicans were in and he was a captain, so we paid only fifteen dollars a month rent. The rest of our lives, so far as money was concerned, was lived in the same style.

From the beginning, I was big and round and fat and not very handsome. The gang called me "Jumbo," which gives you a general idea. We lived a block from the Negro belt. We had our gangs and the Negroes had theirs. Mine used to use me as a sort of shock absorber during fights.

MY mother did her own washing and pa got big hearted and bought her a washing machine. Willie and Noah and I used to pump the handle of the machine, ma used to wring and dry the clothes, and we used to iron them. I got to be a pretty good ironer. And I used to wear pa's cast off uniforms, too. Don't make the mistake, however, of thinking pa handed them to me. Willie wore 'em, then Noah took a crack at 'em, and I got 'em about five years after they went off the force.

Ma wanted us to be well-mannered and cultured. She made us take piano lessons. Willie was not so hot. He practised and practised, and finally the teacher, ma and pa, and Willie himself gave up. Noah practised hard and got to be pretty good. I never practised at all, and I was a wow.

That's how things go in life.

Too, Noah had a swell bass voice, and mine wasn't so bad.

Willie was graduated from high school and started managing concessions for the Forepaugh-Sells circus. He worked for them for twelve or fifteen years and saw the states while he was at it. Noah got as far as seventh grade and nothing more would stick to him, so he took it on the lam and ended in New York City as a chorus boy, making eighteen bucks a week, which was a fortune.

I WAS the dummy of the family. I got as far as fourth grade and I'd still be in fourth grade if I hadn't taken myself away from there. Admitting that I am dumb. I want to point out that some of the bright guys who went to the same school, who got through high school and then took a flier at a college diploma, are adding up figures for $50 a week while I get a hundred times that much for making faces at Clark Gable. I got to looking out of the classroom windows. The teacher would be saying something and I'd be thinking of Willie somewhere out there with a circus and Noah knocking down eighteen bucks a week for singing and dancing,

The three little kids of a Kansas City cop. The tiny tike is Wally. Next comes Noah, then William. That's Wally's mother with her hand on his dad's shoulder. Wally looks a lot like her now which was a lot more fun than adding up figures and reading about a lot of dead guys.

And I heard train whistles. That meant trains were going some place and I craved to keep 'em company. I started fussing around them more and more until I never went to school at all.

Now, I may not be bright, but even a dumb guy can figure out that if you go hopping trains you can't hear teacher talking about history and arithmetic.

ABOUT twenty-five miles outside of Kansas City is Sheffield. The Santa Fe and the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul have their roundhouses in this town. I was soon riding the rods out to Sheffield. I came back in time to do chores and shovel snow for two bits a yard in the evenings, but school and I forgot about each other.

One day, after hopping the usual train to Sheffield, I suddenly figured that it was about time for a tongue lashing. Ma and pa never punished me for playing hookey by using switch or strap, but they would light into me with words. So I kept going. I went to Chicago and St. Louis and ended up in Mobile, Alabama.

Satisfied with all I had seen, I went home six weeks later. I was so busy grabbing rides, panhandling, sawing wood, dodging yard bulls and cadging food that I didn't bother to write home. When I finally got back, pa and ma had forgotten about the tongue lashing and were so glad to see me they bought me a new outfit and had a feast.

Remember "Sweedie," the servant girl of the old Sennett days? Wally played her—and how!

Seems that by leaving without saying anything I had caused quite a rumpus. On account of pa being a cop, every cop in the United States had been looking for me all this time I was away.

I think I liked trains because I had a weakness for speed. It caused quite a bit of trouble, this hunger to go fast.

And if you want to know anything about riding the blinds, the rods, or clinging to the tops of passenger trains, I can give you the lowdown. I have discovered one swell way to ride. That's to lower yourself into the water tank in the tender and pull the lid down. They never find you there. Of course, you have to stand up to your neck in water, but what the heck? You get a ride and a bath at the same time.

Arriving home like I did, my heart was touched by the swell welcome I got. I should have had a good licking. If I'd got it, I'd have fanned out again, sure. But the folks were so kind and everything, that I gave up travel and turned over not a new leaf but a whole chapter.

I went out to Sheffield and, being stuck on locomotives, got a job as engine wiper. That lasted for six months and then, as they say, I bettered myself. I started tossing hot bolts into blast furnaces at the Sheffield Nut and Bolt Company, lasting the next six months. But the itching foot started bothering me and my reform blew up.

Next thing I knew, I was an elephant trainer with the Ringling Brothers circus. Now, don't let anybody tell you I did a clown act or anything like that. I stuck with the elephants.

I WAS in the big money in these days. The Ringlings paid me $3.50 a week, grub and bunk, for wrestling those elephants around. If I stayed through the season, I got a bonus of $1.50 a week. I played with elephants for two years.

I liked the rough life, this school which had the world for a classroom and no books to bother with. I learned a lot about fighting. I don't mean fighting with fists, but fighting life. Standing on my own two feet and telling the rest of the world where to head in. You've got to do this to get along.

One time, not so long ago, I got to sticking up for myself against one of the biggest executives in the business. I was griping about something or other.

"What's the matter, Wally?" he asked me. "What're you always demanding this and (*Continued on page* 104)

Life has been cruel to Ann Harding. Because it gave her beauty and talent she found fame—and suffers heartbreak

The Story Behind the Harding Headlines

Why the completely happy Marriage of Ann Harding and Harry Bannister is Ending in Divorce

By HARRY LANG

THE simple truth behind the Harding headlines is the old tragedy of a happy marriage in which success came to the woman instead of the man.

Ann Harding and Harry Bannister, the happiest couple in all Hollywood, are getting a divorce and the reason for it all is success—Ann's success and Harry's lack of success.

That's all there is to this break-up, that and no more.

Invariably, when a Hollywood star turns to the divorce courts, Hollywood looks for scandal. Too frequently, Hollywood finds it. But in the case of Ann Harding and Harry Bannister, Hollywood for all its prying and quizzing, has found nothing more than the things which Ann and Harry told in those astounding divorce notices they dropped on Hollywood like a double bombshell.

There's no "other man" in Ann Harding's life. A couple of eager columnists have tried to link her name with various males, choosing among others Melvyn Douglas, who played opposite Ann in "Prestige." But that's not true. You've only to look at the shattered girl who is locked in her hillside home these days to know that's not true. A woman with a new love doesn't look that way.

THERE'S no "other woman" in Harry Bannister's life. Harry is in Reno, now, filing his suit for divorce, getting the suit against Ann because Ann can't leave Hollywood, because she must fulfill her contract with Radio pictures.

Neither Ann nor Harry have "gone Hollywood," deserted the home to hit the high places and the fast paces of movieland. They're the same two people, today, who came to Hollywood just three short years ago, to be hailed, rightly, as the happiest couple in pictures.

They are the same people except that in those three years Ann has made an astounding success and an astounding amount of money, while Harry hasn't made any success whatsoever and very little money save that which he earned through being "Ann Harding's husband."

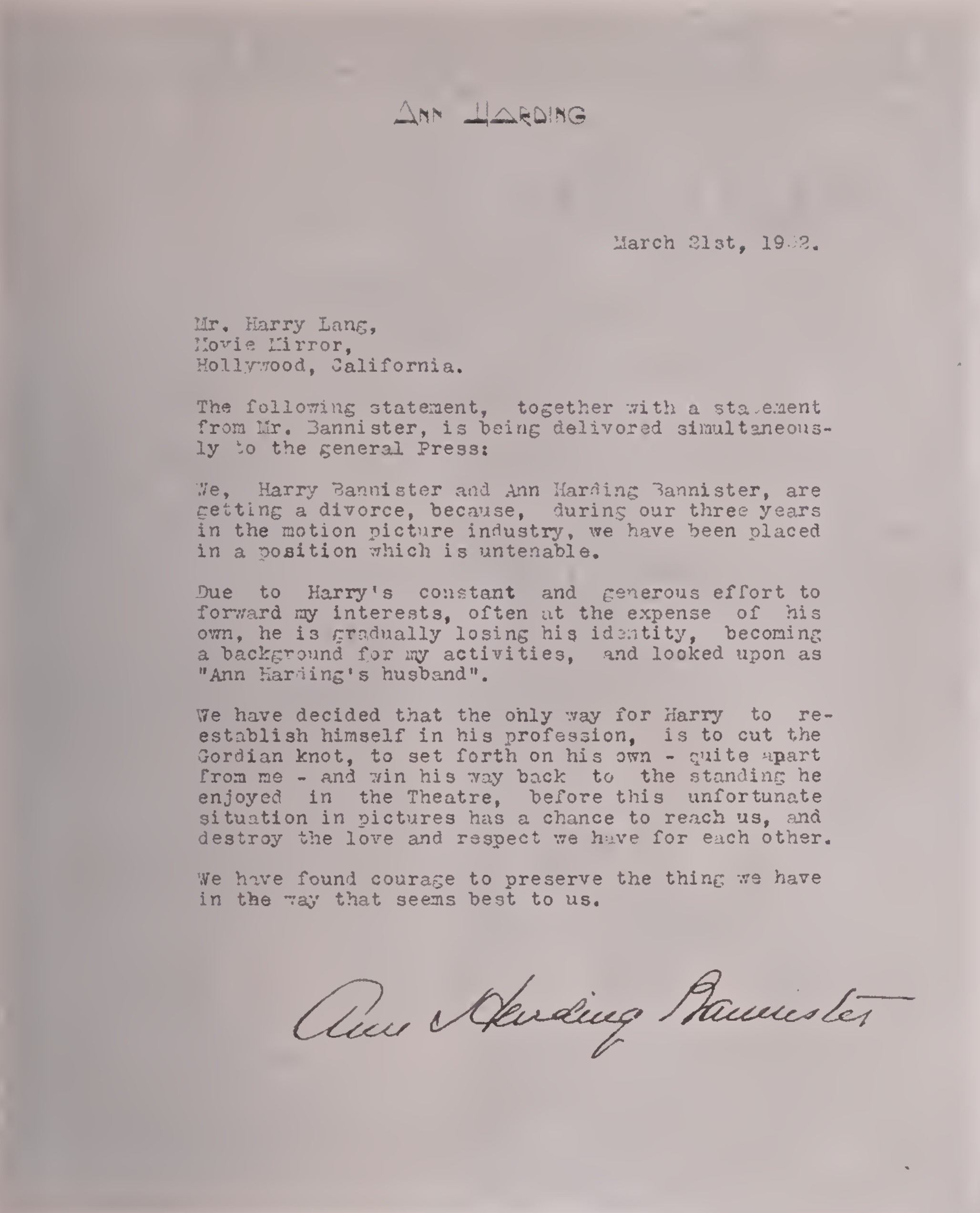
AND Harry couldn't stand that. Perhaps, subconsciously, Ann couldn't stand it. Everyone who knows Ann knows how hard she has tried to keep Harry from being submerged by her fame. You could not step into the Bannister household without hearing stories from Ann of how wonderful Harry was. He had been the architect of the house. He had planned this and that. He was such a wonderful aeroplane pilot. Harry had a little theatre built into the house. Ann told you about that. Harry was going to act there, for their friends, old burlesques of foolish plays that used to tour the countryside. Harry, you see, has played the one-night stands, and they thought those goofy old comedies would amuse their friends. "I wish I had gone through the kind of theatrical training Harry did," Ann would say, making that old barnstorming sound wonderful.

Ann did those things and more. When she signed her contract with Pathé, she insisted that Bannister be given a contract. When Radio and Pathé merged, the Bannister contract was transferred to the Radio lot. Harry played opposite Ann in a couple of pictures. When she was loaned to First National for "The Girl of the Golden West," Harry was loaned, too, for the rôle of Jack Vance. But, regardless of what lot they were on or what pictures they were in, Ann kept clicking and Harry kept not clicking. And things drifted along, with Harry taking a salary every week for work he didn't do, for rôles he never played because they never were offered him, until the final blow-up when Harry was offered the rôle that Irving Pichel now plays in Radio's "State's Attorney."

Here, at last, was Bannister's chance to make a name for himself, to stop being Mr. Ann Harding. Harry himself was happy about it, but Ann was even happier that he had a chance to make his name for himself. She went about excitedly, telling her friends about Harry's good break. She wrote friends on Broadway about it.

Harry had been given that rôle because Irving Pichel, originally slated for the part, had been pulled out of it and put on directing the whole production. Then, with another one of those famous movie changes-of-mind, Pichel was taken from direction, put back in the part again, and Bannister was left nowhere. It was Harry's first part in considerably over a year, on Ann's own lot, under a contract that Ann has engineered, and Harry

Ann and Harry, the devoted couple. Ann wanted to be Mrs. Bannister, but fame made her husband be called Mr. Harding—and that was too much for him to stand



ANN HARDING

March 21st, 1932.

Mr. Harry Lang,
Movie Mirror,
Hollywood, California.

The following statement, together with a statement from Mr. Bannister, is being delivored simultaneously to the general Press:

We, Harry Bannister and Ann Harding Bannister, are getting a divorce, because, during our three years in the motion picture industry, we have been placed in a position which is untenable.

Due to Harry's constant and generous effort to forward my interests, often at the expense of his own, he is gradually losing his identity, becoming a background for my activities, and looked upon as "Ann Harding's husband".

We have decided that the only way for Harry to re-establish himself in his profession, is to cut the Gordian knot, to set forth on his own - quite apart from me - and win his way back to the standing he enjoyed in the Theatre, before this unfortunate situation in pictures has a chance to reach us, and destroy the love and respect we have for each other.

We have found courage to preserve the thing we have in the way that seems best to us.

Ann Harding Bannister

Here are the amazing letters which Ann and Harry sent to Movie Mirror's Hollywood office. Poor Harry Bannister! Even when he got his pilot's license the papers announced, "Ann Harding's Hubby Wins License." There's a picture of little Jane Bannister, their baby, on Page 73

lost it even before he got it.

That seems to have been the final thrust—the final push-back into obscurity and defeat.

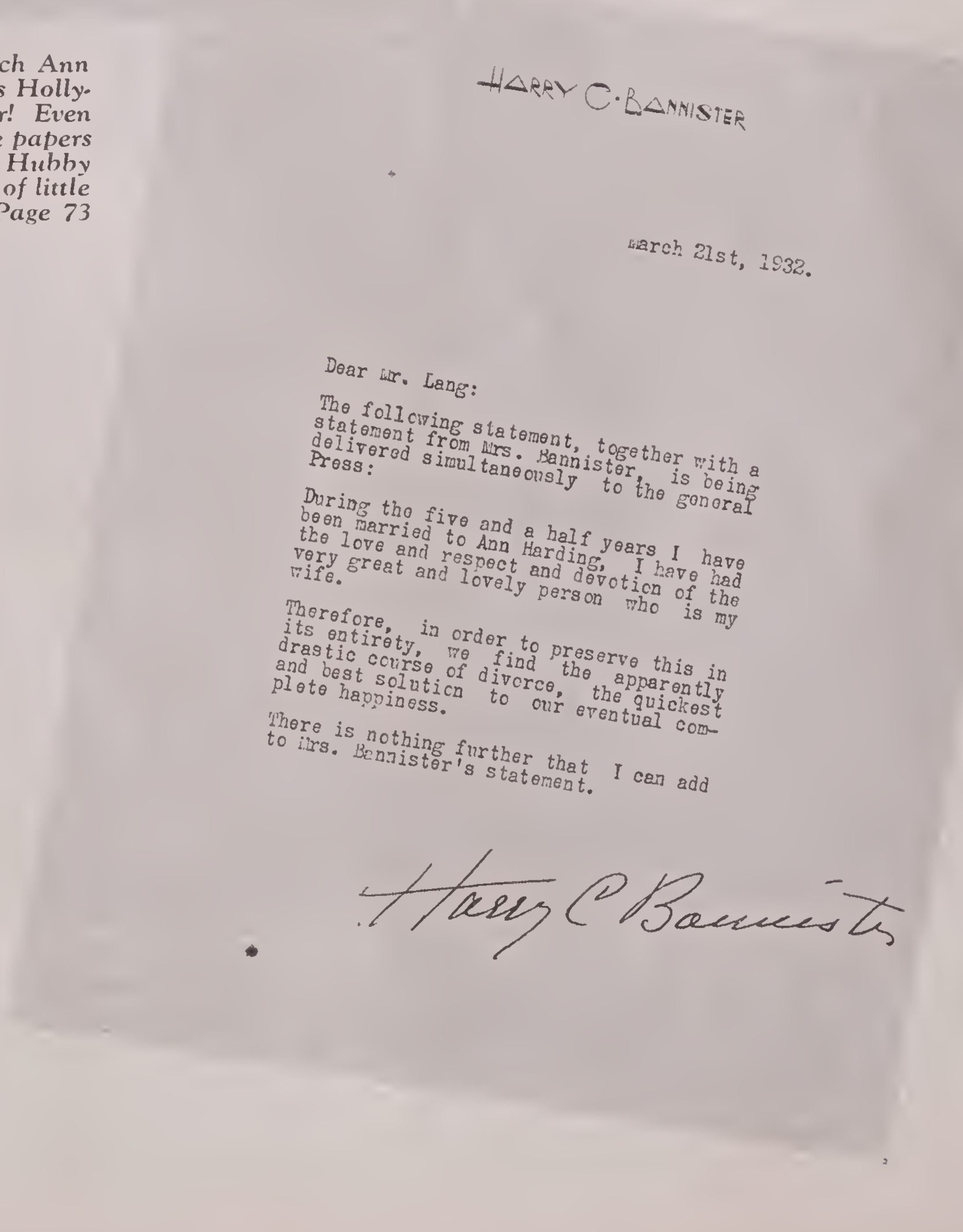
What words went on in the beautiful hill top home which Ann's money had paid for, that night, will never be known. Harry had been technically called Ann's manager. He had, technically, been advisor on her stories. Everybody knows how bad the stories on the last few pictures of hers have been.

WHAT those two said to each other can never be known, for they are people of breeding, both of them, and they don't babble their innermost thoughts to the world. But, inevitably, they must have hurt each other cruelly. Inevitably there must have been tears and an aching longing for the love that they had lost. Every woman can know how Ann must have felt when she realized that her love, her home, their beautiful child weren't enough to make up to her husband for the sense of defeat her success gave him. Ann Harding is a sensitive, spiritual woman and she must have hated, at that moment, her own beauty, her own talent, and the great fame they had created for her. Women can care for men enough to give up the world, to submerge their names, their ideas, their very individualities for their love. But apparently no man—as yet—can do that. And perhaps no woman as yet—not even Ann Harding—wants a man to be able to.

AT any rate, in the days following that Radio upset, Ann and Harry made their decision. Ann was to give him up. Harry was to get a divorce to enable him to leave her and go back to Broadway and try to get re-established in the theatre.

Ann was to keep their home—a veritable palace, high on a mountain top, with the sun beating gloriously down on all four sides of it. Ann was to keep little Jane, their beautiful baby. But they knew the world at large would have to know about the divorce. So they let the world know with an openness, an intelligence and a frankness that has never been precedented in Hollywood. They sent individual letters out to every member of the press in movietown.

(*Continued on page* 85)



HARRY C. BANNISTER

March 21st, 1932.

Dear Mr. Lang:

The following statement, together with a statement from Mrs. Bannister, is being delivered simultaneously to the goneral Press:

During tho five and a half years I have been married to Ann Harding, I have had the love and respect and devotion of the very great and lovely person who is my wife.

Therefore, in order to preserve this in its entirety, we find the apparently drastic course of divorce, the quickest and best solution to our eventual complete happiness.

There is nothing further that I can add to Mrs. Bannister's statement.

Harry C Bannister

Love's the Best Cure for Loneliness

Which is the Real Reason for Hollywood's Most Startling New Marriage

By HARRY LANG

Leslie Fenton, the man who said he'd never marry, and Ann Dvorak, the extra-girl-leading woman, as they landed in Yuma to be wed. They had known each other just three weeks!

EVEN if Jackie Cooper had married Marie Dressler, Hollywood couldn't have been any more astounded than it was, a couple of weeks ago, when Leslie Fenton and Ann Dvorak flew off to Yuma and had themselves made Mr. and Mrs. . . . !

Because, in the first place, anybody who thought he knew Fenton would have bet all the tea in China that Fenton'd be the last man on earth to think of matrimony.

And those who thought they knew Ann Dvorak would have said: "Marry?—that gal's got her mind on her career, and marriage has *no* place in it!"

And that just goes to show that you never can tell what love will do to people.

You know these two, don't you?

Ann is that black-haired, unbeautiful - but - fascinating, fiery girl who's just heading for the cinema heights by the most prodigious leaps and bounds that Hollywood's ever seen an extra girl take. Starting from scratch less than two years ago, she's worked like a fiend until today she has a long-term contract with Howard Hughes. You've seen her, probably, as the sex-appeal in "Sky Devils." You'll thrill at her work in "Scarface." You've seen her in Cagney's "The Crowd Roars" and you'll see her in "The Strange Case of Molly Louvain." The gal's "got something"—and if Hollywood's wiseacres know what they're talking about, Ann Dvorak'll be a star in another two years.

As for Leslie Fenton—his nickname's "Kim," by the way, and that's Ann's nickname, too!—he's the lad with that strangely oriental cast of countenance, whom you've seen playing those hard-to-play rôles. He's been cast, usually, as the "other man," the breaker-up-of-romances, the devil among women.

But that isn't what Fenton's been mostly known for. He's much more famous as the man who turned down stardom and a million dollars—because he'd rather wander in the far places of the earth. He's gotten the reputation of being Hollywood's wandering boy—and he's gotten it fairly, because when a wanderlust starts Fenton's soles itching, there's nothing, not contracts nor money, can stop him.

Two years ago, headed for certain stardom, with a million dollars' worth of contracts in his hands, Fenton suddenly got sick and tired of movies.

"Hollywood was beginning to 'get' me," he said, then, "so I just went away."

He took passage on a tramp steamer, went to the Mediterranean. There he loafed and wandered until he went broke—flat broke. He borrowed a few dollars by mail, signed on as the crew of a tanker, came back to Hollywood.

"Bah! Another romantic soul gone wrong," the know-it-alls sneered. "He couldn't stay away from Hollywood."

Fenton answered them with: "It isn't the lure of Hollywood or pictures that brought me back. It was merely because I was broke. And Hollywood offered the easiest and quickest way to make enough money so I can hit the high seas again. I'll be off again, within two years. . . . !"

And *that* is the lad who's just become a husband!!!

HOLLYWOOD, reading over its breakfast-luncheon about their airplane elopement to Yuma, tried to reconcile its pictures of these two with matrimony. The task was too tough. Hollywood just muttered, "Must be spring!" and "It won't last," and let it go at that. But Leslie and Ann think differently. . . .

"Won't last?—say, it hasn't a chance in the world of breaking up," said Leslie, three days after their wedding, as they sat in the living-room of the hillside home he's provided for his bride.

"This is beautiful. This is (*Continued on page* 108)

STARTING as an extra in pictures less than two years ago, dark-haired Ann Dvorak reached the heights by leaps and bounds. Hollywood thought she wasn't interested in anything but her career. But Hollywood didn't know that at heart Ann was lonely, anxious to meet someone who had the same interests she had. She'd always lived so quietly at home with her mother, Ann Lehr, who was a star in the old Vitagraph days. And then Ann met Leslie Fenton!

FAME SICKNESS

Lupe Velez worked very hard at being spectacular, but because she was genuinely amusing, everybody forgave her

It's Hollywood's Most Violent Disease. The symptoms are inability to recognize old friends, a rash of butlers and a bad attack of broad A's

By MARQUIS BUSBY

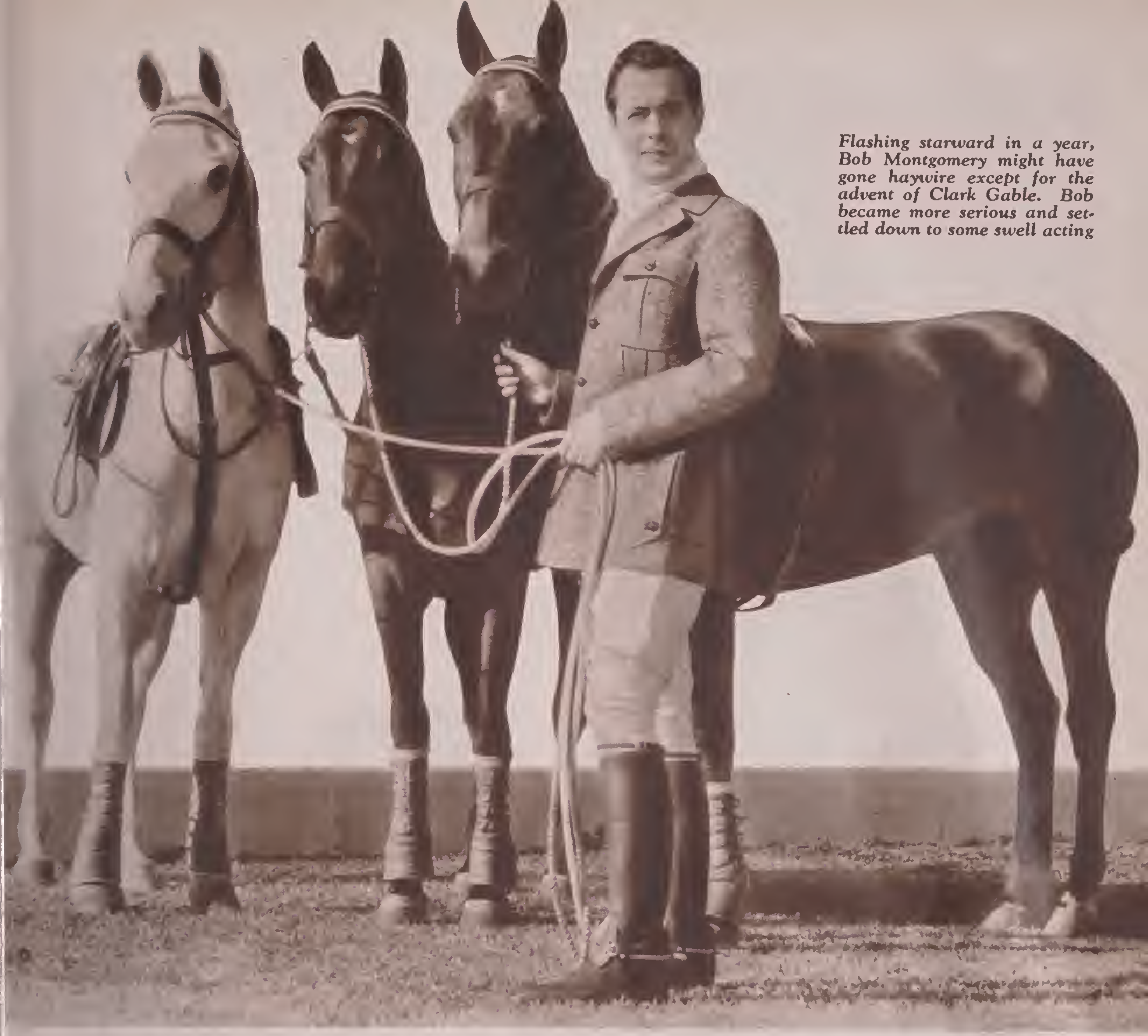
THERE'S a cure for tired feet, and if your best friend works up nerve enough to tell you, there's even a cure for halitosis. Paregoric is good for the stomach ache, and an apple a day keeps the doctor away. Cures have been found for everything from aberrations to wheezes in the windpipe, but, so far, no infallible remedy has been found for "fame sickness."

If you've ever lived in Hollywood, you know what it is. It is peculiar only to the movie village, and practically every star has it at one time or another. It's like the measles with you and me. Even the symptoms are strange. The person suffering with "fame sickness" has no pain, but, golly, golly, how he or she pains other people.

Most self-respecting diseases have a similar effect on all victims. Not "fame sickness." Sometimes the hatband has to be enlarged two or three sizes. Again there is a peculiar failing of the eyesight for old friends who "knew them when." Also, one might mention delusions of grandeur, the "Oedupus Rex" complex, or "why don't they eat cake?" The disease has been known to break out in a rash of Rolls Royces, marble swimming pools, hot and cold running butlers (no, that's the swimming pool I'm thinking of), and a surplus of yachts, ermine, diamonds and such fol-de-rol.

Oh, go ahead and call it "going Hollywood" if you want to. It's really a disease, a dreadful ailment, and if it isn't cured in quick time the patient expires—professionally, at least.

A NICE girl comes to Hollywood and makes good in the fil-ums. She develops "fame sickness" and believes what her press agent writes about her. A nice boy happens to please the Park Avenue débutantes, or the débutantes in the bargain basement, it doesn't matter. He sprouts out with a car that would do credit to the King of Siam. He's got "fame sickness." In many cases the "Bronx cheers" of acquaintances finally effect a cure. There are also innumerable instances where the victim just can't shake off the germ. Then it's too bad.



Flashing starward in a year, Bob Montgomery might have gone haywire except for the advent of Clark Gable. Bob became more serious and settled down to some swell acting

Some very sad, slow exit music, please, professor.

Now there's Stepin Fetchit. He was a nice, good-natured colored boy, quite content to bask lazily in the sun and banquet occasionally on pork chops. Then fame found him. He soared to the heights. Oh, he was no second Gable, but he earned as much as the president of these not-so-United States. "Step" suddenly realized that he was good—durned good. He bought a fleet of showy motors, and hired three chauffeurs. His cars followed one after the other down the boulevard. When he got tired of one motor he just transferred to the other. He couldn't work early in the morning. The divine fires of genius were not kindled until later in the day. Whenever he felt like it, without asking permission, he wandered off and made personal appearances. Fox Studios soon tired of it. "Step" found another job. The next studio didn't need a king either. Now "Step" is just another rose of yesteryear. He couldn't get that germ out of his system.

SPEAKING of the virulent little bug, there is an amusing story going the rounds of the wife of a rising young screen player. They had just purchased a home in Beverly Hills and soon the family was increased to three. Oh, they didn't need a nursery. A butler was the addition. The wife finally gave her first swanky dinner party. Her guests were assembled, and then she turned to the man servant.

"Is dinner served, James, dear?" she asked, sweetly.

Another anecdote, which had better be anonymous, too, concerns a young man who has been exceedingly successful of late.

He was introduced to a young lady, who at the time was very busy trying to locate the keys to her car. She fumbled nervously through her purse, and through the pockets of her jacket while she spoke to the actor. Finally, the keys were located and she hurried over to her car.

"Boy, boy," said the actor, turing to his friend, "did you see how flustered she was over meeting me?"

THAT actor had worked for years to achieve the success which is beginning to come now. Apparently he has not yet learned his lesson from watching the thousand and one careers before him. It's a strange truth, but when an actor begins to show that he thinks he is good, Mr. and Mrs. John Public begin to disagree.

James Hall ruined what might have been a great screen career by going suddenly and completely Hollywood. He bought cars, he bought a yacht (incidentally the yacht didn't last—it had termites), he had chauffeurs, trainers, and a bodyguard. They say the bodyguard had to have a bodyguard, too. The studio tried to warn him, but James was riding the crest of the wave. He didn't have time to listen. His youthful good looks, which won him his screen opportunity, had a hard time standing the strain of so much high life. He isn't in Hollywood now.

The disease took a different tangent when it struck Buddy Rogers. His wholesomeness and his boyishness first attracted the fans. It was genuine in the beginning, but then Buddy began to work hard at being wholesome and boyish.

"If they want me to be wholesome and boyish then I'm going to be just that as long as I can," averred Buddy. He was aided and abetted in his determination by his studio. Buddy Rogers pictures packed the theaters from the rock-bound coast of Maine to the mortgage-plastered beaches of California.

Gloria Swanson acquired the grand manner when she first acquired her Marquis. When she lost him, she became human again

There wasn't much rhyme and reason for Lupe Velez to work hard at being spectacular. At the hour of her birth she must have screamed "hot-cha-cha" and executed a snappy rumba. "Fame sickness" in her case consisted of a string of lurid life stories with which she regaled the press. One thing about Lupe, she gave every reporter an exclusive story. One writer, seized with a bright inspiration, collected all the different versions and printed them. If you can imagine Mata Hari, Joan of Arc, Carrie Nation, Queen Marie and the Dolly Sisters in one cast, you have a good idea of Lupe's assorted lives. Somehow no one ever objects to Lupe's stellar complex. She's always amusing, and she's such a hail fellow.

They tell of Olive Borden's brief reign as a Fox star. Her arrival on the set was heralded by a secretary, a maid, and a chauffeur carrying a fur rug. No one knew just why the fur rug, but it did look impressive. Olive became grand, and she started to dictate to the studio. The queen may say a mouthful in some countries, but "oh yeah!" is still an effective retort in Hollywood.

SHE tried to return to a democratic form of government, but it was too late. The king had spoken, and the king is the fellow who sits behind the executive desk and renews those beautiful contracts.

Robert Montgomery had only a mild dose of the "fame sickness." That first great burst of popularity which greeted him after "Strangers May Kiss" showed definite signs of going to his head. The studio resorted to very clever psychology. No one said—"Now f'eaven's sake, Bob, don't get big-headed." Instead—"Isn't it fine, Bob, that all of this hasn't changed you a bit?" That helped, and the advent of Mr. Clark Gable, on the same lot, had a great deal to do with it. Bob had a new and very dangerous rival. There was no such thing as resting on laurels.

Modest Gary Cooper "went Hollywood" in a car equipped with everything except electric refrigeration and lightning rods

Even modest, quiet Gary Cooper succumbed to the disease. If his automobile rolled down any street except the famous "boul," Hollywood natives would be positive that Barnum and Bailey's had come to town. It had everything but electric refrigeration and lightning rods.

George Bancroft is reported to be convalescing from an extremely serious case. For a time George was said to have had some difficulty in remembering his old neighbors at Santa Monica beach. His grandeur complex was more than slightly lowered when the story got about that the missus awakened George in the morning by passing a crushed orange back and forth under his classic nose. Somehow it all didn't fit in with a big two-fisted he-man star.

Another star who was rumored to need a telescope to recognize old friends during the earlier days of her success is Nancy Carroll. Stories floated around town that she had gone Hollywood in a most thorough way. Directors were said to have difficulty with her, and leading men were supposed to shudder when informed that they were cast in her picture. True, or untrue, Nancy learned of the gossip, and set about correcting it in short order.

USUALLY, the disease is most prevalent among the very young, professionally speaking. Like "teething" among infants. Wisdom comes from age and a few "razzes." Sometimes, however, wise, established stars, with years of success as a background, take on the ailment.

Mary Pickford, for instance, first lady of the cinema, forgot all about her title of "America's Sweetheart" and went snobbish for a time. "Pickfair" was a boarding house for any titles which wandered into Hollywood. A very carefully pruned guest list was used in ultra-ultra entertaining de luxe. Undoubtedly, it constituted a withdrawal from the public which made her famous, and certainly, she did not gain in popularity by her familiarity with Burke's Peerage and Almanac de Gotha. Mary sensed the change, and anyway, I believe firmly that she missed her old and loyal friends. This last year has marked a definite and welcome turn in the tide. She's back to the "common people" again.

Buddy Rogers was naturally boyish—and charming—at first. Then he was deliberately boyish and the public began snubbing him

Nobody was ever quite so important arriving on a set as little Olive Borden. It took the combined efforts of a secretary, a mamma and a chauffeur to stage the act

In a very similar manner Gloria Swanson got it badly when she acquired the title of "Marquise." No grander lady ever swept into a studio. It was said that she insisted on being called "the Marquise" in her home, and they do say that Gloria lining up her staff of servants every morning was a sight to behold. Gloria, too, has had to climb down to the level of old friends.

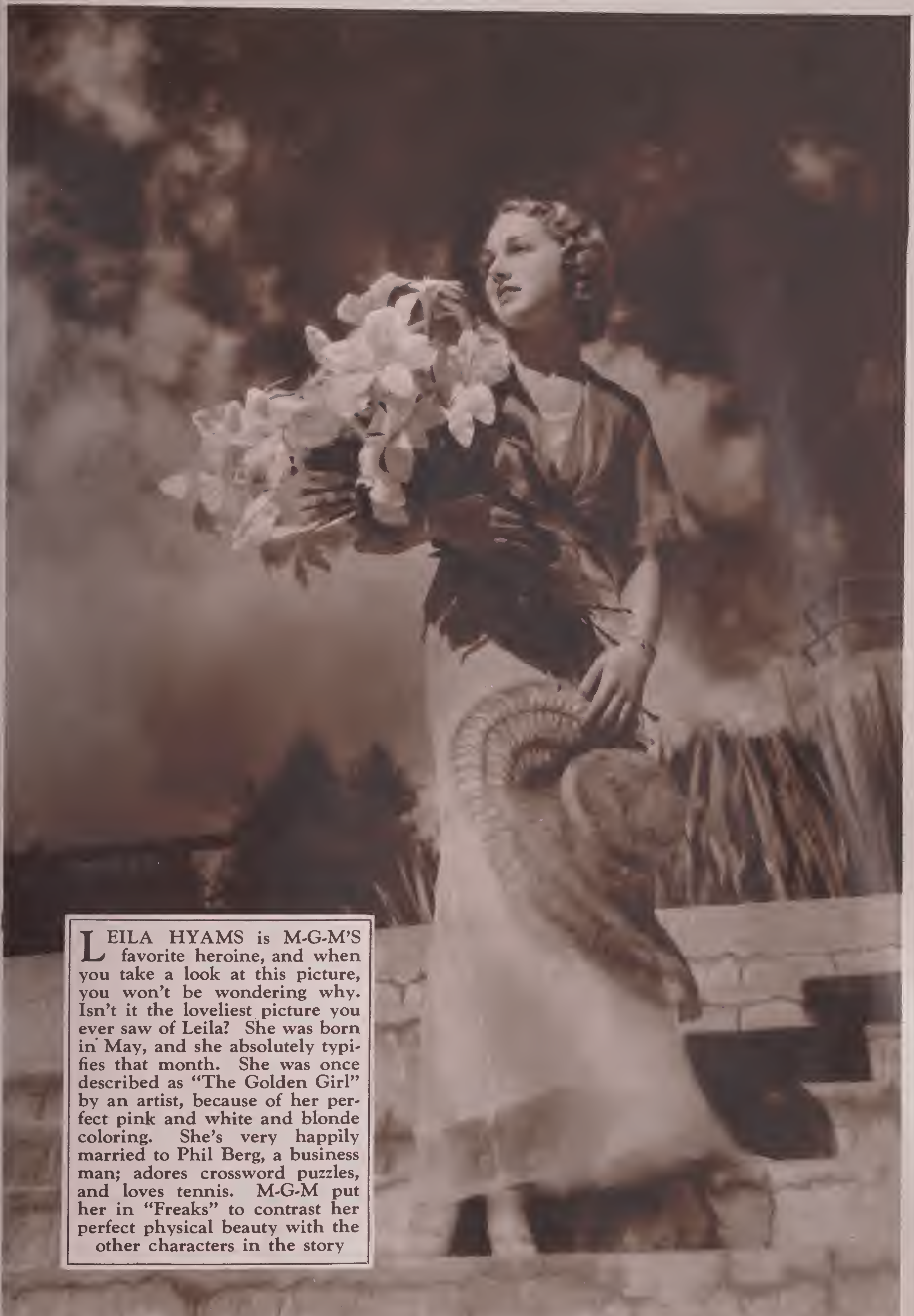
I have always thought a certain young actress provided a perfect example of "fame sickness." With her first huge boost in salary she purchased an enormous mansion. A friend asked how many rooms were in the house.

"My dear," she replied, a trifle too grandly. "I have no idea."

There may be no sure-fire remedy for this pesky disease, but fortunately, it isn't absolutely incurable. Maybe the professional demise of so many players finally points a moral—even to chronic sufferers.

After all, you can't be grand when you're not eating.

SPRING, with summer just around the corner, is the time for youth and gayety, for laughter and happiness, so trust little Bette Davis to be in the swing of things! She's Warners' new blue-eyed heart-breaker, and no one ever broke hearts more gracefully than she did in "The Man Who Played God." She's just barely twenty-four; her birthday's April 5; and she's only five feet three. But oh, what a lot she knows about life and love! Warners' has her under long term contract, and you'll be seeing her in "The Rich Are Always With Us" and other things



LEILA HYAMS is M-G-M'S favorite heroine, and when you take a look at this picture, you won't be wondering why. Isn't it the loveliest picture you ever saw of Leila? She was born in May, and she absolutely typifies that month. She was once described as "The Golden Girl" by an artist, because of her perfect pink and white and blonde coloring. She's very happily married to Phil Berg, a business man; adores crossword puzzles, and loves tennis. M-G-M put her in "Freaks" to contrast her perfect physical beauty with the other characters in the story

CHIVALRY may be as dead as a doornail, but women still adore Manners—particularly David Manners. He's a descendant of William the Conqueror, and he has dukes, lords, and ladies for uncles, nephews and cousins. He was born in Halifax, Nova Scotia, yet he loves ranches in Arizona (he was once a cowboy guide on one), and he's mad about wild west rodeo shows and football games. He's six feet tall, and every inch an athlete. First National has him under long term contract, and you'll be seeing him in "Man Wanted" with Kay Francis

THOUGH some people call him the screen's greatest actor, little Jackie Cooper is more interested in whittling and other small-boy things than in taking bows. He's 51 inches of towheaded boy, and he'll be nine on September 15. His best friends are Richard Dix, Mitzi Green (aha, scandal!), and Robert Coogan. His favorite things are the rooster weathercock on his roof and his uncle, Jack Leonard, 18. He's just finished "Limpy"

The Man Behind Garbo

Did you ever dream there could be a man powerful enough to tell the Greatest Greta what to say, what to wear, and whom to know? Well, there is, and here's his story told for the first time

By ALLAN JORDAN

Garbo, the absolute artist before the camera, is off screen like all artists, bewildered, childish about money, baffled about the press. She leaves all these details to Edington, trusting him utterly.

JUST to look at him, there's really nothing unusual about Harry Edington. . . .

His name, even, means probably nothing at all to you. Chances are you've never heard it before—Harry Edington. Certain it is that for every hundred thousand persons, say, who know who and what Greta Garbo is, not one knows who and what Harry Edington is.

They haven't the slightest inkling of the truth—that Harry Edington is the only man in the world who can and does tell the great Garbo what to do and what not to do—and have her obey, unhesitantly, unquestioningly, unfailingly!

For Harry Edington is the Man Behind Garbo.

HE is the only man in Hollywood—or elsewhere, for that matter!—whom she trusts one hundred percent.

He handles her money—every cent of it.

He controls even intimate details of her private life.

He tells her with whom she may be seen in public, and (which is even more important!) with whom she may *not* be seen—and she follows his instructions to the letter.

He lays down for her a detailed program of activity and behavior for as much as a month in advance—and she obeys without missing an item.

He is the man who is responsible for her policy of silence, inaccessibility, seclusion, mystery. More than four years ago, he ordered her never to grant an interview, no matter who sought one. In those four years, the world's most powerful writers, editors, publishers, have tried every extreme of coercion within their power to gain access to Garbo—and failed, even though Edington himself admits that "sometimes it was terrible!"

He is the man in whose hands Garbo has, without reserve, laid her money, her career, her future, her reputation, even her manner of living.

And it is Harry Edington—and *not* Greta herself—who has made Garbo what she is today . . . ! ! !

PRETTY strong statement, that last one. And this writer knows from experience and observation that forthwith, hordes of Garbo fans all over the world will spring to pencil, pen and typewriter to defend their idol against imagined calumny. But let them wait a moment, please. . . . .

That statement, that Harry Edington made Garbo what she is today, is not in the slightest degree any derogation of Greta. It attacks not at all the claim that Garbo is the greatest artist on the screen today!—that she is comparable to Bernhardt, Duse—that she may be, off screen, one of the world's most arresting, compelling personalities.

But it *does* mean that without the advice, and guidance and control of this Man Behind Garbo, Greta, despite all her artistry and allure, would not be today what she is today—the most widely-known and highly-publicized woman in the world, and yet at the same time a sort of impersonal, away-from-the-rest-of-humanity, almost legendary entity.

THE whole matter, you see, narrows down to this fact: Almost invariably, a great artist like Garbo is almost child-like when it comes to the day-in-and-day-out, humdrum, workaday business of contact with the world. In her own sphere—before the camera, with the lights burning, the cameras turning over, acting to be done—Garbo is queen. But turn off the lights, stop the camera, end the acting—and Garbo is a foreign woman, unused to talking business, helpless in the hands of business people, and (like so many other actors and actresses, as the daily newspapers prove) not so "smart" in the handling of personal affairs. And it is just here where Edington,

This is Harry Edington. One day Garbo lunched with a famous Eastern woman in a prominent Hollywood café. "You must not be seen with her again," Edington ordered. And Garbo never was! Such is Edington's power over his client

as a man of the world and keen business man comes in.

It was shortly after Garbo first came to America that her association with Harry Edington began.

FRESH from Sweden, dropped suddenly into a new world, with new ways of working and living, Garbo was bewildered. Confused, she cannot be blamed for doing the wrong thing, saying the wrong words. Her first few interviews—for there were a few contacts with the press—were not happy. She found the matter of arranging business matters beyond her own experience's knowledge. She needed an advisor, a manager.

At that time, Harry Edington was business manager for several movie people, among them Jack Gilbert. Edington does not know how Garbo learned of him, but it'd be a good guess to assume that Gilbert suggested his name.

At any rate, Garbo called Edington in, asked him to handle her affairs. They talked. Edington accepted her as a client. In her, he saw the opportunity of fulfilling one of his ambitions. . . .

"Other people," he once said, "deal in inanimate things. Some people deal in potatoes and corn; others deal in machinery, automobiles; you writers deal in words—myself, I like to deal with humans, with people. It's so much more fascinating, working with living, breathing, thinking things than with cold, lifeless, inanimate objects. . . ."

He saw great possibilities in Garbo, the more he studied her. Long before others dreamed of the future before her, Edington saw the chance to create a great figure. Because, he realized, he had the essentials—first, a great artist; second, an intelligent person; third, a person with a background.

FOR four months, Edington made it a matter of business to be with Garbo as much as possible, to study her at close range. He was with her at every opportunity; dined with her, lunched with her, took trips with her; watched her react under as many different, varying circumstances as possible.

At the same time, he was building her own confidence in him. Garbo, like all foreigners on strange shores naturally suspicious, soon learned that Edington, having undertaken to serve her, was fulfilling that undertaking—that he was working for *her,* not himself. So few of Hollywood's famous can find (*Continued on page* 96)

What Men and

Claudette Colbert Tells What Women Like

To ADELE

"Women fall for men who take the trouble to pay them compliments they really can accept at their face value," says Claudette Colbert

"WHY is he so popular with the girls?" Here is a question only a woman can answer. Claudette Colbert, for instance. For I can think of no one who has a clearer head; no one who has a better perspective.

"One thing is certain," said Claudette in her warm, slightly husky voice, "the cave man isn't as irresistible as I'm led to believe he used to be. The pattern of life has changed. Women and men spend more time together nowadays. Even when they're having an exciting love affair they're better friends. So naturally enough, girls have changed their standards. They have come to look with most favor upon those men who promise to be the best companions.

"And this pretty well excludes the gentlemen who are likely, at any minute, to turn combative.

"I think, too, that we can leave the so-called ladies' man out of our calculations. He certainly doesn't appeal to women with pride. For there's always the well-founded fear that this man isn't being charming because he is interested but because he wants another scalp for his belt. His attentions hardly can be considered flattering. And it is inevitable that anyone who succumbs to his practised charms must sooner or later become part of his boasts."

Claudette and I were in her dressing-room. She was changing into the smart black chiffon evening gown she wears in "The Misleading Lady," and in which she looks her most glamorous. Which, incidentally, is as glamorous as I've ever known anyone to look.

CLAUDETTE with her lovely dark head, her brilliant eyes, and her warm mouth always makes you feel it a pity Goya couldn't have known her. What a canvas she would have inspired! For her mind is like a lamp burning brightly behind her beauty, lighting it, warming it.

"When all's said and done," Claudette went on, smoothing her lip rouge, "we modern women get a tremendous break as far as men and romance go. We dare to be charmed by whoever charms us. We don't have to be eternally concerned over whether or not a man will prove a steady, good provider. When we meet a man, we don't have to take cautious heed for (*Continued on page* 34)

Women Fall For

Edmund Lowe Explains the Flattery Men Prefer

WHITELY FLETCHER

"WHAT makes her so popular with men?" Women ask this question. But it takes a man to answer it. A man like Edmund Lowe. A man who has been around and who is well enough informed and keen enough to have some insight into the whys and wherefores of things; to have some real power of analysis.

"There's little enough men don't fall for," Eddie said, with an indulgent chuckle for the susceptibility of his sex.

"Offhand I would except only the nice girl. The nice girl leaves men pretty cold. She spends her entire life on the fringe of their thoughts and their interests. By a nice girl I mean a girl who sacrifices the personality she might be by trying to please everyone, by switching from what she thinks this one would like to what she thinks that one would like. Actually in trying to have everybody like her, she succeeds in having nobody like her—much!"

We were sitting, Eddie and I, on the sidelines of "The Misleading Lady" set, the picture in which he is co-starred with Claudette Colbert. Eddie was wearing tweeds. His inflections were his own, those of a gentleman and a scholar. But I had a strong feeling, nevertheless, that I was listening to what that hard-boiled marine, Sergeant Quirt, would have to say on this subject, too.

"IT seems to me," said Eddie, "that the more a girl understands her own personality, the more she develops it, and the more advantageously she presents it, the more interesting and colorful she is going to be. And the more men are going to gravitate in her direction.

"As a matter of fact, I'm pretty well convinced that this dramatization of personality often results in the sex attraction being accentuated too.

"Sex attraction, of course, is something that cannot be defined or explained. It is, I think, a chemical thing. Every girl has it for some men just as every man has it for some girls. Some, naturally, have it for more than others. A girl and a man meet and they are drawn to each other immediately, in quite the same way certain chemicals are attracted to each other. It doesn't matter if they have nothing in common, they "go" for (*Continued on page* 35)

"Men don't fall for know-it-alls," says Eddie Lowe, "but all men, young or old, fall for sweetness"

What Women Fall For

(*Continued from page* 32)

tear we will become too interested in him for our eventual good.

"Mind you," she said, "I don't think our grandmothers went about with this need of a good provider uppermost in their minds. But I'm sure they always had a subconscious fear about their beaus' practical qualities. Marriage was their aim. If they went about with a man for any length of time or at all steadily they were practically committed to marry him. And once married their entire life was based upon what their husband could and would do for them. Divorce was taboo. And there were few ways in which women could earn even the most meager bread and butter.

"Our needs, without a doubt, influence our desires.

"The cave man probably won his popularity because women used to be subjected to a great many physical hazards and, therefore, desired strong armed protectors. Even if the arms were sometimes turned on them. . . .

"OH, to my way of thinking, there's no doubt that we modern women get a splendid break as far as romance is concerned.

"Since we aren't pushing back frontiers we don't need brutes around the house—and we don't have to hypnotize ourselves into believing we like brutes, if we don't.

"Since there are a hundred ways in which we can support ourselves, if need be—very nicely too, thank you—we don't have to be too greatly concerned about whether or not our beaux will prove the best providers—and we don't have to hypnotize ourselves into believing we like the steady men best, if we don't. . . ."

"What man in Hollywood do the girls talk about most?" I asked.

"Ivor Novello," Claudette said. "He's typically English. Women like Englishmen, I think. They have dignity. And they always manage to make themselves so important that it is very flattering to have their attention.

"Another thing, Ivor Novello is sensitive enough to compliment the ladies on their good points. I'm always surprised how tactless and extravagant perfectly nice men are with their compliments. Every woman hopes that a compliment about some point on which she isn't sure of herself is sincere, of course. Nevertheless we all prefer those compliments we can definitely accept. They imply a double compliment as a matter of fact—that we have brains too.

"Women fall for Englishmen generally. . . .

"And men who take the trouble to pay them compliments they really can accept at their face value. . . .

"But before I go any further," said Claudette, "I think I'd better make it very clear that when a man comes along who has a natural sex attraction for a girl, no rules count.

"However, a man can be popular with hundreds of women for whom he hasn't either an immediate or an overwhelming attraction.

The man Claudette Colbert fell for, her husband, Norman Foster. Though their work has separated them, they are devoted and adoring

"Another thing . . . Most women are monogamous. Especially as regards type. Invariably the men who interest one woman to any great extent will be discovered to possess many of the same qualities."

THIS reminds me of a pertinent story about one of the most beautiful women on the screen. Twice she has married Irishmen. And soon after she had married her second husband she found the qualities which had attracted her to him were the same qualities which had attracted her to her first husband—*and for which she later had divorced him.* Both men even drank the same brand of whiskey.

"Even if I should fall in love with someone else," she told me one day, laughing at herself, "it would be utter folly for me ever to get a divorce and marry a third time. No matter what I might delude myself into believing in the first excitement of romance, I know perfectly well I'd be marrying exactly the same type Irishman all over again."

She spoke with an unusual insight. For every man I've ever known this star to admire has been so like her present husband and that other Irishman she married as a very young girl that I've been startled by the similarity.

I asked Claudette who else was especially popular in Hollywood.

"Fred March," she told me. "Fred is handsome, of course. But I think for the most part, it is his other qualities which attract most. Very young girls are impressed with looks, of course. Not that any of us ever grow old enough to spurn them. It's just that other qualities come to have more (*Continued on page* 97)

The girl Eddie Lowe fell for, Lilyan Tashman. There's no smarter gal in Hollywood than Lilyan and the Lowe-Tashman marriage is a very happy one

What Men Fall For

(*Continued from page* 33)

each other. What's that song . . . 'She has eyes of blue. And I never cared for eyes of blue. But she has eyes of blue. And they're my weakness now. . . .'

"THERE you have it. An attraction based on sex and not supplemented by other interests soon burns itself out. Granted. But it's thrilling enough and even devastating enough while it lasts."

Naturally, with this subject being discussed, one of us was bound to think of Peggy Hopkins Joyce. She is the perfect answer to the question what do men fall for. A few years ago Peggy Joyce and I attended the same tea party. I told Eddie how when she was asked for her secret of charming men she said:

"It's really very simple. When a man is talking to me about an old woman and an apple cart down the street, that old woman and her cart become the most interesting things in the world. . . ."

He laughed appreciatively. "You see," he said, "the really smart woman is never too smart. I was thinking only the other day about the popularity the beautiful but dumb type enjoys. And I came to the conclusion that it is because these girls haven't any too many ideas of their own that they're good listeners. And that it is because they're good listeners that they're so popular.

"Men fall for a good listener every time. You can count on it.

"IT is, after all, flattering for a man to have a charming lady hanging on his words. Don't forget men are engaged in the competitive world all day. They take their share of knocks and disappointments. No matter how successful they may be, they watch others get ahead of them. Usually they aren't nearly as sure of themselves as they seem. They need a little flattery.

"Which is one of the reasons Joan Crawford is so popular.

"Joan is beautiful. She dresses exquisitely. She has a proud manner, not to be confused with hauteur. Joan, in other words, doesn't look as if her interest and her smile were for everyone. So when a man talks to her and finds her eyes intent upon him, when some little joke he makes is rewarded with her flashing smile, he's charmed. Can you blame him?

"A number of modern girls could learn many valuable lessons from Joan. Enjoying the first flush of their freedom, their economic independence, their importance in the business and professional world, they are likely to be so impressed with what they're doing that they want to talk about it all the time. They become Know-It-Alls.

"And men don't fall for Know-It-Alls."

"Do you think," I asked humbly, "that men prefer the clinging vines our grandmothers were?"

Eddie shook his head. "As a matter of fact," he said, "I think once the modern girl adjusts to standing on her own, once she takes the things she is doing calmly, she's pretty grand. She's a great companion certainly. Having known her, I don't believe we men could go back to the precious mid-Victorian ladies with their laces and their vapours even if we had a chance."

"What about Janet Gaynor?" I asked. For years I've been convinced that Janet is the greatest siren in the entire film colony. I know you'd never suspect it to look at her. But I've never known any man to meet Janet—even married men perfectly devoted to their wives—who didn't talk about her incessantly and always with a far-away look in his eyes.

"That's perfectly true," Eddie agreed, "Janet has a great sweetness. When she turns her eyes upon you, when she smiles and her mouth has tender little curves, you become 'a great big man'—your protective instincts are all aroused, if you know what I mean.

"All men, young and old, fall for sweetness.

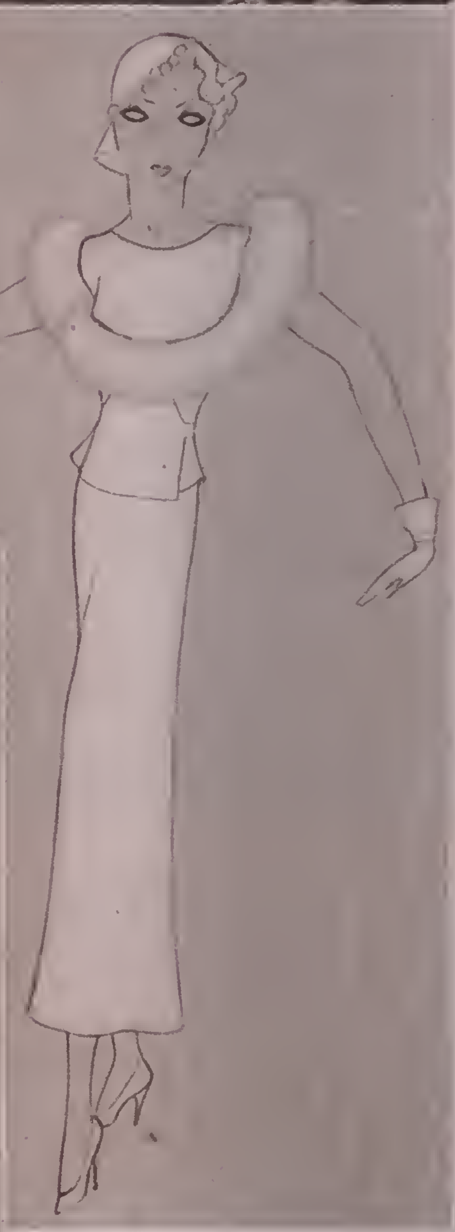
"We never really get away from the old, natural order of things. Men were made to be the aggressors and women were made to yield. It is the most understandable thing in the world, then, that a man should be attracted to a woman who looks yielding. I don't mean a woman who looks as if she would yield to (*Continued on page* 97)

Connie Bennett was matron of honor and Capt. Alan Clayton was best man at the Joan Bennett-Gene Markey wedding

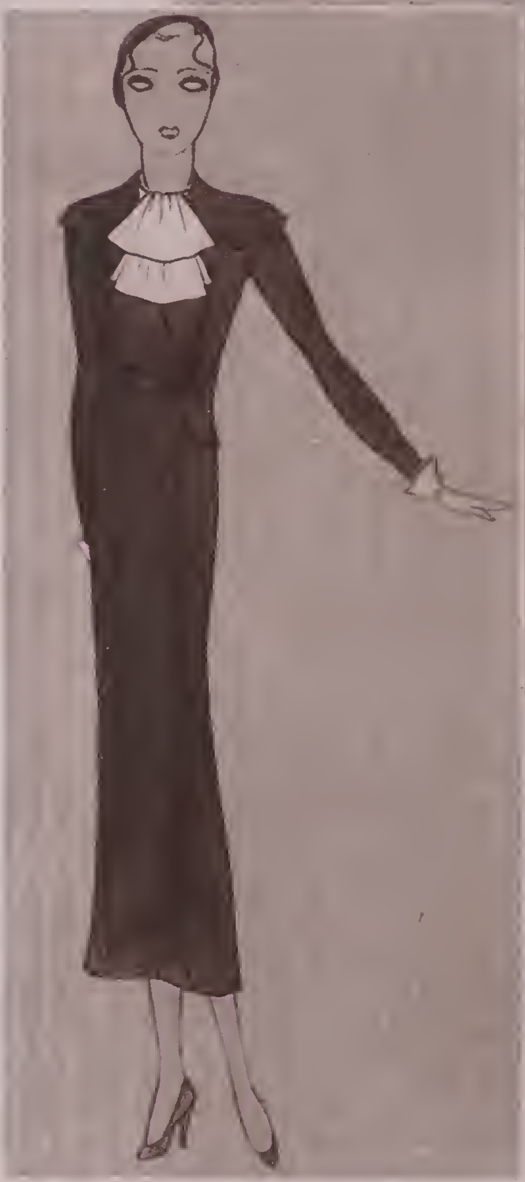
Joan Bennett's Trousseau

ON her one-week honeymoon with her new husband, Gene Markey, lovely little Joan Bennett took along three trunkfuls of clothes! Hers was the most brilliant and beautiful trousseau that has thrilled Hollywood in years of weddings.

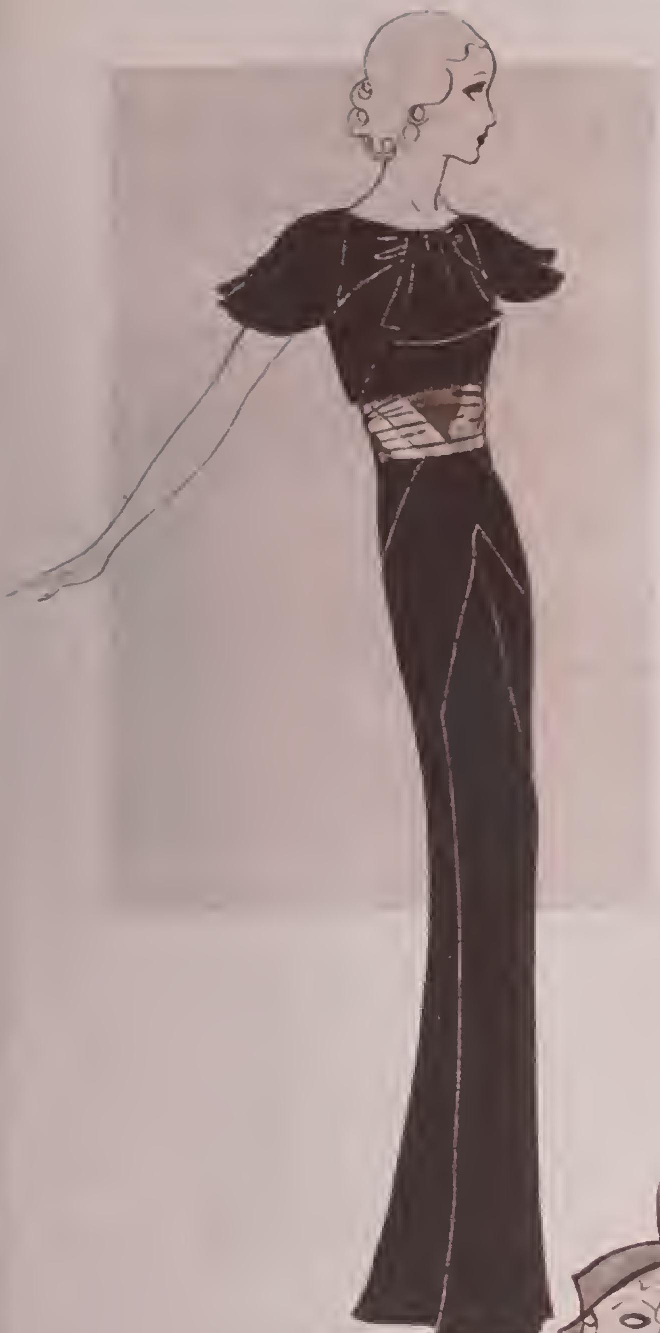
In those three trunks, there were packed a score of striking new style creations by one of Hollywood's master-designers, Edward Stevenson. The trousseau had been planned and designed for a honeymoon that was to have lasted much longer than the week the newlyweds finally managed to snatch. But picture-making demands wait on nothing—not even matrimony, Joan



The sketch of the stunning white suit you see Joan wearing in the wedding photograph. Of heavy crêpe, closely fitted, it has a detachable cape edged in white fox. The tiny flower-trimmed hat is in white velvet

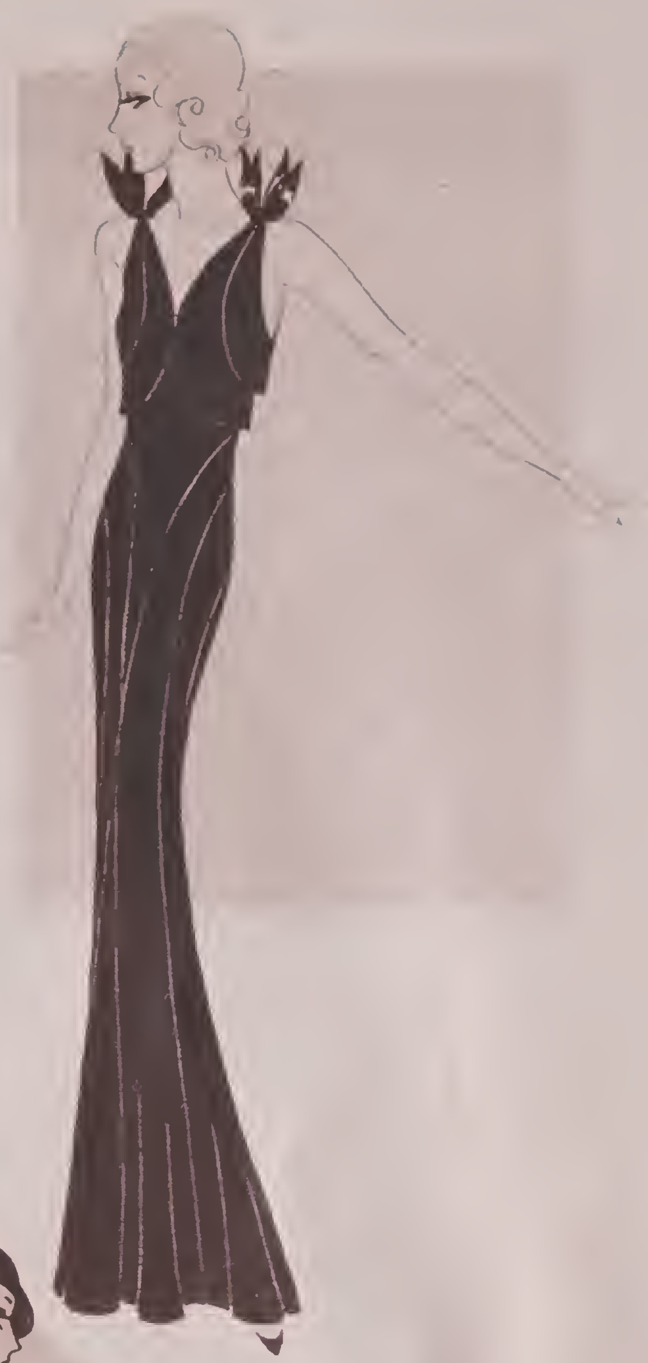


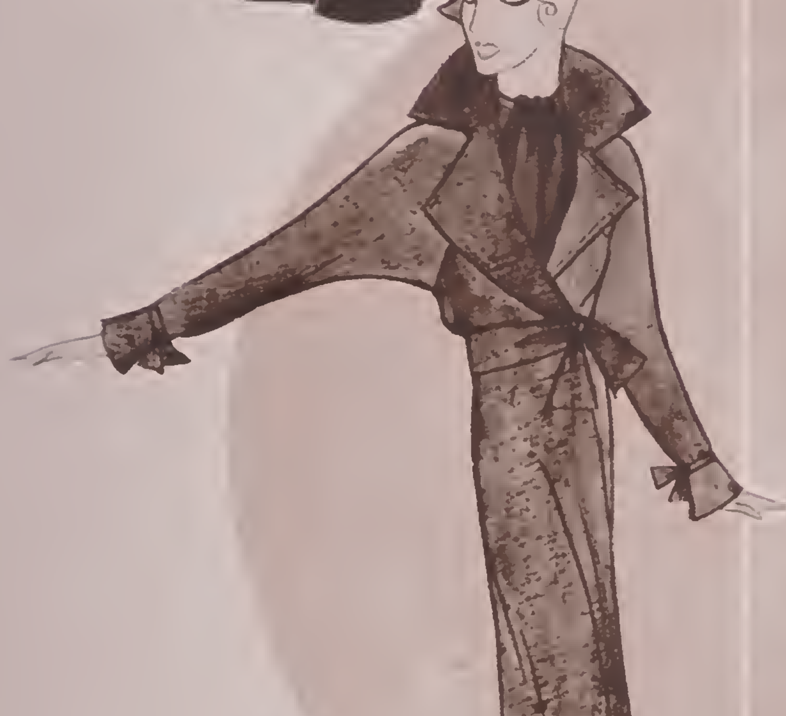
This is the suit Joan originally intended to wear for the ceremony, steel grey imported wool with a blouse of white rough crêpe

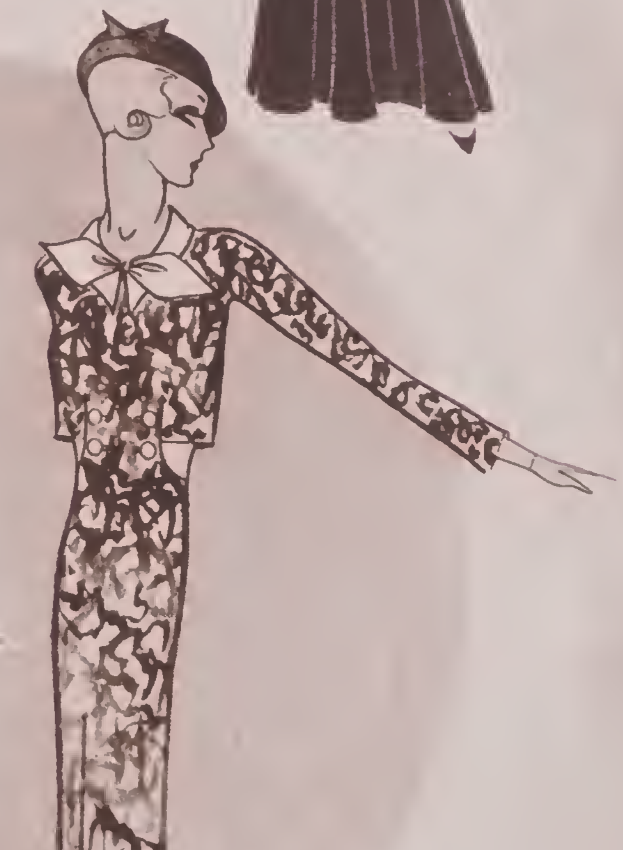


An evening gown in navy blue satin—Joan, being blonde, likes lots of blues in her wardrobe. Utterly, devastatingly simple, the blouse of this outfit is particularly effective with its double bolero effect and perky tied shoulders

Pajamas with a new idea. Of navy-blue, heavy flat crêpe, they have a new hip-line. The slender yoke effect is cut in one piece, which gives fullness to the pajama leg and yet eliminates the usual ugly center seam. The gay six-inch-wide sash is of flame, yellow and white crêpe and the neck effect is a tiny cape removable by untying the loop



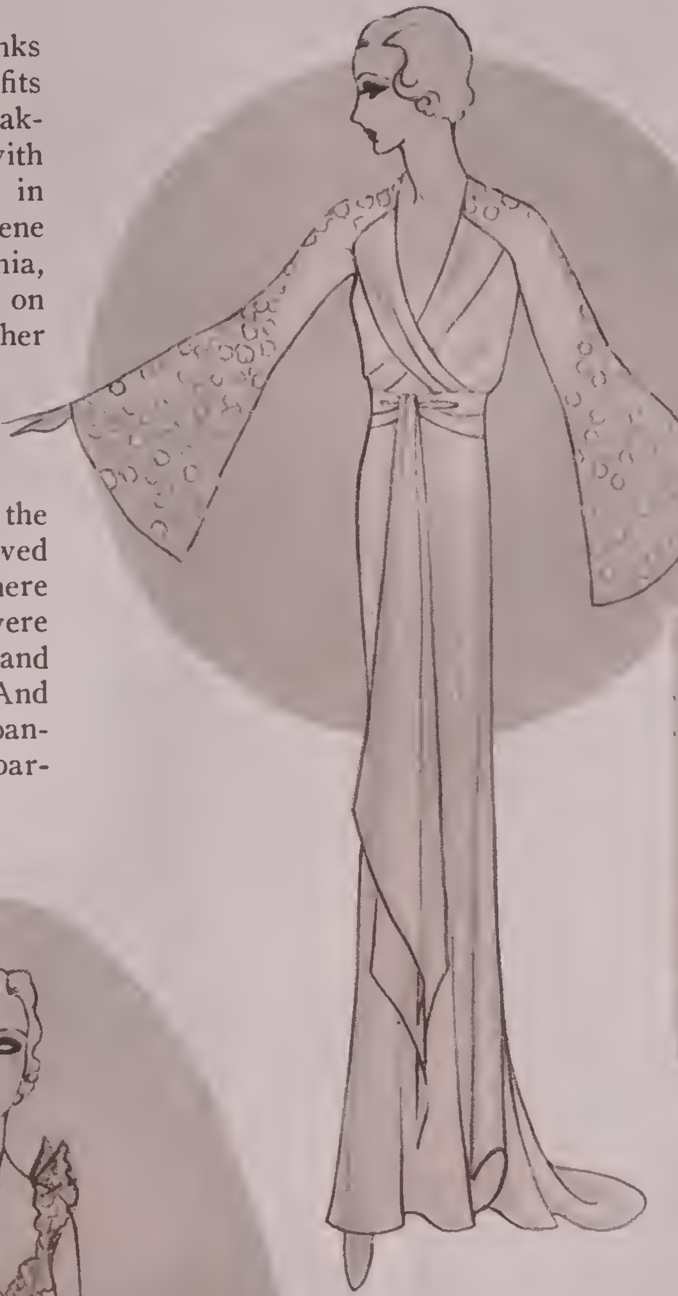


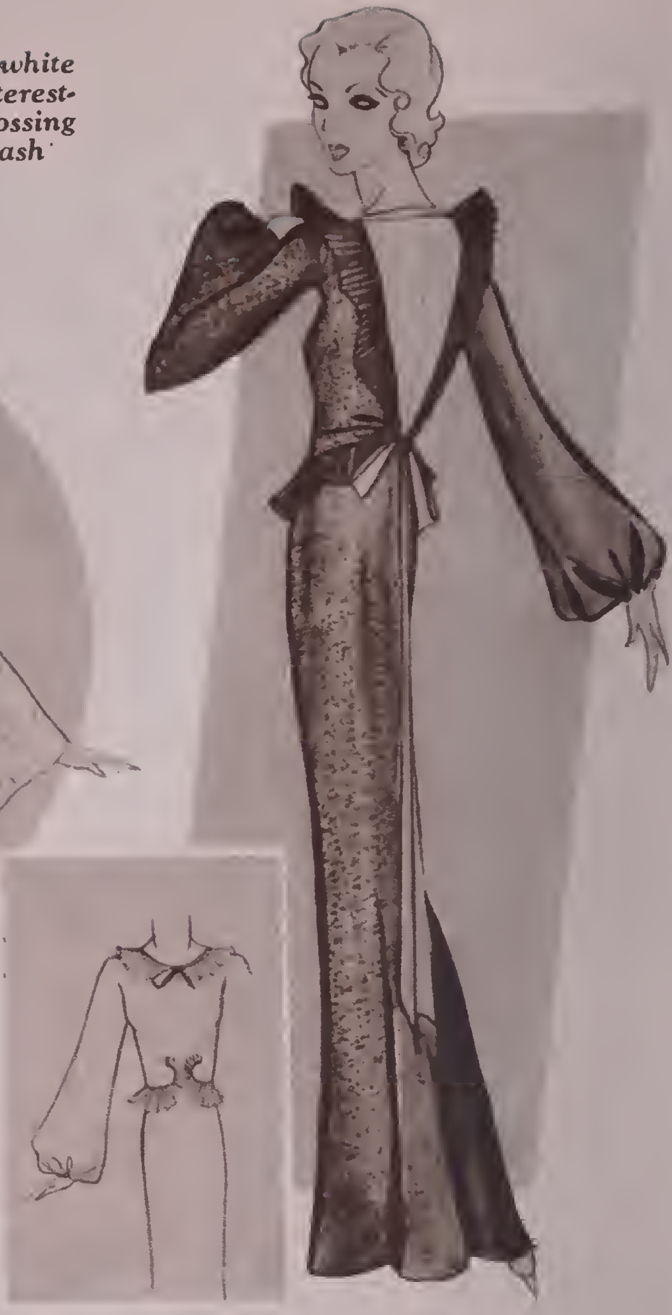


Joan's sports ensemble of soft French flannel in a green-blue shade. It has interesting dolman sleeves, a wide belt which ties in a loop, a big standing collar. The color contrast is achieved with the vivid brick-red scarf and tailored hat

What trousseau would be complete without a print dress? Joan chose a gay blue-and-white crêpe print, simply made, with tailored skirt and bolero blouse, with a trim of white organdy. A blue straw hat with a saucy bow completes the ensemble

Below, the Honeymoon Negligee of white chiffon velvet with a train and an interesting scarf attached at the shoulders, crossing the waist and forming the long sash





A duck of a dinner gown with a very high front neckline and a very low back, of periwinkle blue crêpe romaine with a sash of coral velvet

learned!—and so, her wedding-journey's time squeezed down to one week, Joan nevertheless refused to be cheated out of the bride's prerogative of revelling in clothes.

And so the three trunks and the score of outfits went along. Instead of taking the wardrobe along with them in the automobile in which she and Hubby Gene toured northern California, Joan sent the trunks on ahead, each day, with her personal maid, by train.

The maid arrived at each planned overnight-stop, in advance. By the time the motoring newlyweds arrived at the designated hotel, there was Joan's maid, there were Joan's clothes—all ready and waiting for the bride. And so, one might say, the Joan-and-Gene honeymoon partook no little of the nature of a highly private style revue—with one model, and one spectator.

It was in mid-February that Joan first called Designer Stevenson.

"I want you to do my trousseau," Joan told Eddie. Eddie was delighted. A Bennett trousseau, even for Stevenson, would be no small job.

"I'll need plenty of time," he suggested.

"You can have it," Joan said, in effect. "I'm not planning to marry until production schedules allow me time—oh, six weeks or two months from now."

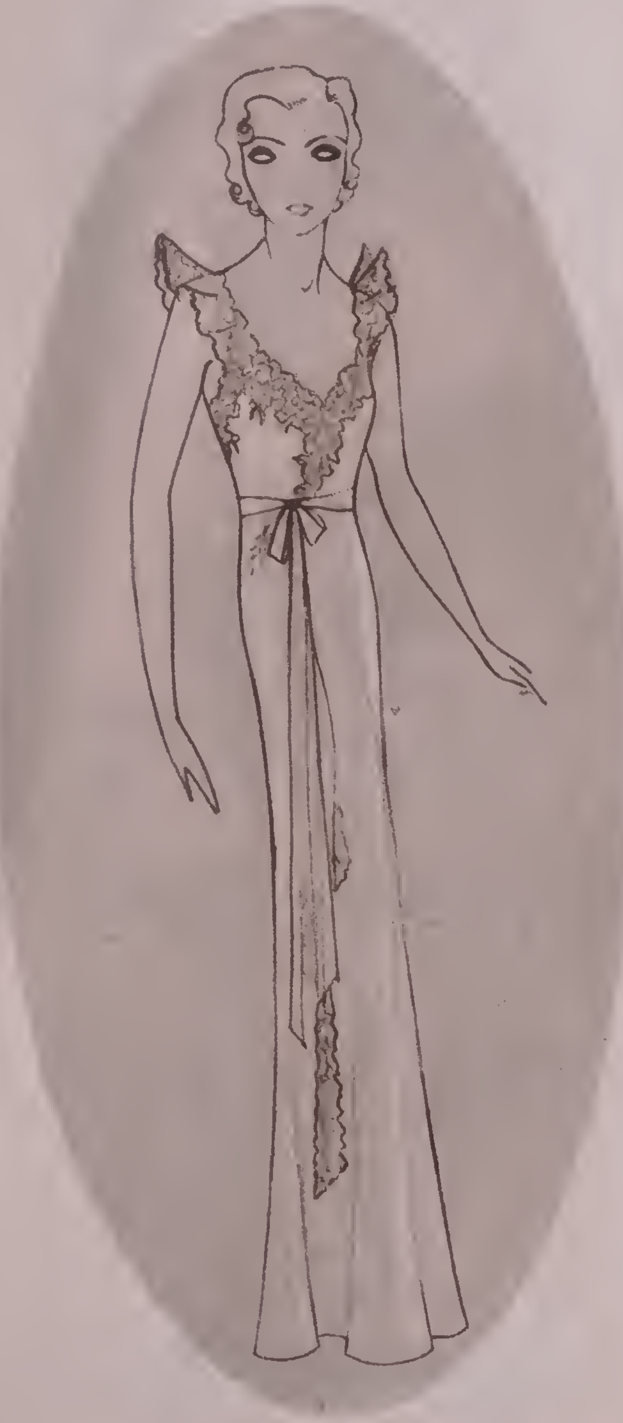
Then, at the beginning of March, plans were changed. Stevenson got a sudden call from Joan again. "We're going to marry within two weeks. . . !"

Now for an outfit as expensive as the one Joan wanted, six weeks wouldn't have been any too much time. But *two* weeks—it seemed impossible. Nevertheless, by working steadily one whole Saturday and Saturday night, and all day Sunday, without rest. Stevenson had designs for a score of outfits ready for submission to Joan Bennett on Monday morning!

There were evening gowns, dinner gowns, sport dresses, sport coats, tailored suits, nightgowns, negligees, pajamas.

The items to which Joan gave the greatest attention in her trousseau were that gorgeous white bridal suit—and the wedding nightgown.

The nightgown cost $110. The lace alone—deep écru Alencon—cost nearly half that amount. The balance of the cost went for material, designing, workmanship. But bridal nightgowns don't come often, even in a twentieth-century movie star's life, and is there anyone who blames Joan for spending $110 of her own hard-earned salary on hers?

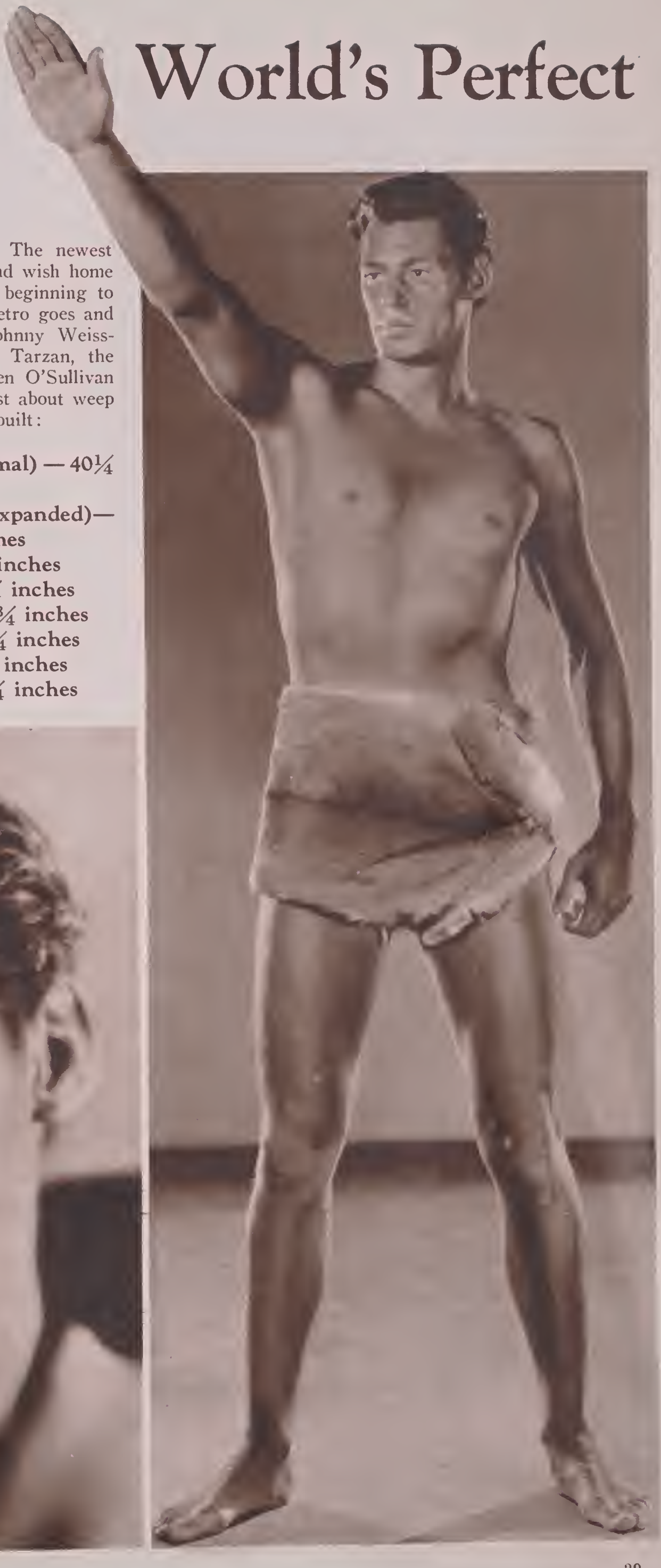


The Bridal Nightgown of pale cream satin trimmed with genuine Alencon écru lace

Is this the World's Perfect Male?

THE newest bother to boy friends. The newest wonder-man to make the girls sigh and wish home were like Hollywood. Just as we're beginning to calm down a bit over the Gable charm, Metro goes and springs another sex-appeal boy on us—Johnny Weissmuller, the swimming champ. When as Tarzan, the Ape Man, Johnny begins dragging Maureen O'Sullivan around by her ankles, women audiences just about weep with envy. Here's how this new Adam is built:

Height — 6 feet, 3 inches
Weight—190 pounds
Neck—16 inches
Relaxed upper arm—13 inches
Flexed upper arm—14½ inches
Forearm—12¼ inches
Wrist—7½ inches
Chest (normal) — 40¼ inches
Chest (expanded)—43¾ inches
Waist—32 inches
Hips—41¼ inches
Thigh—21¾ inches
Knee—15¾ inches
Calf—14½ inches
Ankle—9¼ inches



Inside Stuff

The two best pals in movies are Billy Haines and Joan Crawford. Isn't this a swell informal shot of both of them?

Is Minna Gombell MAD? Or is she mad?

It seems that recently, a big women's club in Los Angeles asked the Fox studio to send one of their actresses to give them a talk on movies and movie-making. Minna was chosen because of her looks, her brightness, her culture, her ability to speak before a gathering.

After the talk, the president of the club fluttered to her side. "Oh, Miss Gombell," she said, "I want to tell you how we appreciate your talk. You know, when the studio told us they'd send you to talk to us, they said you were a very intelligent woman. We were a bit disappointed then—because we'd had *so* much intelligence. But you were *just fine!*"

So she doesn't know yet, does Minna, whether it was a dirty crack or not.

Asks lovely Minna Gombell: "Do they think that I'm a dombell?"

Two days before Ann Harding and Harry Bannister stunned Hollywood with their spectacular divorce announcement, the publicity department at Radio pictures studio sent out this item:

"The phrase 'I Love You' means the same in any language, but it took Harry Bannister to originate a novel way of stating it. Harry is the actor husband of Ann Harding, and when he gets lonesome, he soars over the RKO-Radio lot in his new ship until Ann comes out in the open. Then he dips the left wing of his plane, which is his plane way of saying 'I love you.' A dip of the right wing means 'Send me a kiss.' It was a secret until they were caught in this high-flying romance—then they confessed."

Across the page is Movie Mirror's request picture for framing. We asked for your votes and you gave them to Clark Gable. So there he is, large as life. Whose picture do you want to see next? Movie Mirror will run a request picture for framing every month.

Funny, about Paul Muni.

Remember, a couple of years ago, he played in a few pictures for Fox? Somehow, he didn't seem to go over big—at least, not as big as movie-makers had hoped. And so Paul went back to the stage, and Hollywood muttered in its whiskers: "Another flop!"

Then came Howard Hughes, who never pays any attention to what Hollywood says should and shouldn't be done. Hughes hired Muni for the title rôle in "Scarface." You haven't seen that film yet—it's still in the battle of censorship. But when you do, you'll see one of the finest pieces of acting in movie history—Muni's characterization of the gangster.

So what? So Muni is all the rage in Hollywood again. And he's to play a big rôle in a Warner picture about the Georgia Chain Gang.

Movie Chatterer Harrison Carroll tells about the John Barrymore retort to the bore who had taken up much of Barrymore's time. Departing, the bore said: "I can't tell you how I've enjoyed this visit, Mr. Barrymore." "That's good," said Barrymore, "because it'll be your last."

If you've been wondering what became of Corinne Griffith, here she is, over in London, making Michael Arlen's story, "Lily Christine," into a picture. And she's not homesick either, for working in the studio are Colin Clive, Claude McAllister, Adolphe Menjou (with the whiskers), and Director Paul Stein

Interested in helping a group of blind children, Irene Dunne has taken up learning the Braille system of finger-touch reading.

If you don't believe actors "live" their rôles, look what Ricardo Cortez did at the Hollywood preview of his starring film, "Symphony of Six Million."

In it, he plays the rôle of a great doctor, a brilliant surgeon. In the midst of the film, with everyone in the house (including Cortez) tensely sunk in the story, one of the audience was taken ill. It was a man in one of the front rows of the theater.

Those in the seats next the stricken fellow set up the usual cry: "Doctor! Doctor! Is there a doctor in the house?"

Cortez, his own individuality sunk in the character he was watching himself portray, rose from his own seat in the back of the theater and started rushing down the aisle—to be doctor to the sick man. It wasn't until one of the publicity men grabbed his arm that Cortez realized he was just an actor—and of no earthly use to a suffering man.

Incidentally, the man who was stricken, when he recovered in the theater office later, explained that it was because his own father had died under conditions similar to those in the film that he had been taken ill!

Most surprised in Hollywood when Ann Dvorak eloped and married Leslie Fenton was young Richard Cromwell, the boy-star. Dick had been taking Ann out places, buying her ice-cream sodies and such, and thought he was quite the boy in her life. Imagine his chagrin!

Who is the mysterious Washington man who is the newest "big moment" in the life of Fifi Dorsay? Keep your eyes on this, if you're interested in the love life of the li'l French momma.

You know, don't you, that Paramount changed the title "Jerry and Joan" to "Merrily We Go to Hell." In Hollywood, an independent producer is shooting a picture titled "And God Smiled."

Wouldn't *that* be a double bill for the marquee signs?

MY, my! What a butterfly this young Russell Gleason is among the ladies! Just when Hollywood had him all cemented with Mary Brian, he lets himself be seen motoring Maureen O'Sullivan around. And then, presto chango, he's suddenly assiduously lunching Frances Dee. Watta lad, watta lad!

Tom Mix's professional career began when he was 7 years old. He was the target for a circus knife-thrower.

On Doc Stork's date-book: an early summer appointment with red-haired Ethlyn Claire. She's Mrs. Ern Westmore, (of the Make-up Westmores) in marital life.

You can make your own comment about it, but it's a fact that when Joan Crawford has to do a weeping scene, she likes to get in the mood by listening to Bing Crosby phonograph records!

It's not only the Connie Bennetts who get those fat pay-checks. Ernst Lubitsch, signing again with Paramount as ace director, will get $125,000 a picture! And you—and you and you and you!—can see it for a quarter.

George Raft, whom you saw in "Dancers in the Dark," owns a cigarette lighter given him by the Prince of Wales for teaching him a new dance step. So what would Wales give someone who could teach him how to stay on a horse?

Here's the first shot of Norma Shearer as she's going to appear in "Strange Interlude." Notice she's wearing her hair in a braid, wound coronet-fashion, about her head. Lunching with Norma are May Robson and Alexander Kirkland. The lady wearing the hat is Mrs. Robert Rubin, wife of an M-G-M executive

Back home from a visit to England are Clive Brook and his wife. Isn't she charming and English? The Brook marriage is one of those quiet and very happy ones

Hollywood was *that* surprised when it heard that Helen Twelvetrees was to play the lead in "The Truth About Hollywood," to be made by Radio. Because, you see, the story is by Adela Rogers Hyland. And very recently, in a magazine, Adela expressed her opinion of the Twelvetrees ability as an actress. It wasn't a high opinion at all. So Hollywood wondered.

But now Hollywood grins.

Because Radio has taken Twelvetrees out of the lead, and put Constance Bennett in her place.

So what?

Ann May Wong, after Hollywooding to the extent of "Shanghai Express" and another picture part or two, is back to her real love: the legitimate stage. On Broadway.

Comedian Charlie Murray and his wife just observed their silver wedding anniversary. One guest asked him how, in Hollywood of *all* places, they'd stayed married that long. Replied Murray: "We never speak before breakfast." Yeah, he's a comedian.

JOHN MILJAN, who's almost always a dirty villain on the screen, has as his offscreen hobby the breeding of canaries. . . . !

Presents between stars, directors, co-workers at the conclusion of making a movie are customary in Hollywood. The latest: after finishing "Letty Lynton," Joan Crawford gave Director Clarence Brown an engraved gold watch, with a gold coin inlaid in the case.

Because the artificial snow used in snow scenes in "Strange Interlude" made people sneeze, and because sneezes and microphones ruin sound-tracks, technicians wore surgeon's-masks of gauze during the filming of those sequences, at M-G-M.

What's crazier than the Four Marx Brothers? Look at the partial list of "props" requisitioned in one day during shooting of their latest film:

Rudy Vallee went west to visit his wife, Fay Webb, whose health can't stand New York's hard winters. Then Mr. and Mrs. Vallee went to call on Robert Montgomery and Director Jack Conway at the studio where Fay used to work

Cheese cloth, razor blades, beeswax, gasoline, horsehide, lemon juice, cotton, soda pop, nitric acid, a skeleton, old rags and bottles, some snails, a harp, ice, dogs. . . .

". . . and that's all we know about the plot," adds Groucho.

All right, let's go nuts too:

Harpo Marx
Fears the darx;
Groucho Marx
Walks in parx;
Chico Marx,
Hates dogs that barx;
Zeppo Marx
Likes motor carx!

Oh, girls, Clark Gable almost lost the sight of an eye a few weeks ago. During a windstorm, a tiny pebble struck his eyeball while he was driving his roadster. Gable wore a blinder for several days while the eye healed.

Your first screen-look at Lon Chaney's son, Creighton, will be in Radio's "Bird of Paradise." Nope—not his father's sort of rôle; just straight juveniles for Creighton.

Unless Ol' Man Inside-Stuff is cockeyed, Li'l Dan Cupid's keeping watch over Adrienne Dore and Ross Alexander.

HOLLYWOOD'S monthly point-with-pride goes currently to Miriam Hopkins and Austin Parker. They're married. But estranged. That is, they don't live together. But they're swell friends, and every once in a while you'll see them lunching together. Whenever Austin can tear himself away from Thelma Todd.

For the first time in her life, Marlene Dietrich saw prize-fights the other night. She went to the Hollywood Legion stadium for the weekly bouts, to which scores of movie-famous (including even Jackie Cooper) go. Marlene's mysterious poise just wasn't. She whooped it up like an old-timer!

Even though they can't keep it a secret any longer that they're each other's eye-apple, Madge Evans and Tom Gallery deny they plan to marry. Tom's being divorced by ZaSu Pitts.

M-G-M's planning a sound version of "The Merry Widow," which Jack Gilbert and Mae Murray did in silence a few years ago. The talkie team might turn out to be Ramon (Lovely Voice) Novarro and Jeanette (Ditto) MacDonald.

IT'D be so easy to turn sour because the world turned sour on you, wouldn't it? Most people do. But not this one—

She's the girl, pretty and merry, who functions behind the information desk at the Fox studios. It's not a fat job—any actress's salary would pay weeks of hers. Sometimes people ask her: "Why, being good-looking, and so close to the movies, don't you get a chance at acting, yourself?" She merely smiles, makes a wisecrack about "Oh, I'm not the type."

Yet here's the fact. That girl is Elsie Cort. She was a leading lady not so many years ago. Played in J. Warren Kerrigan pictures. Ask her how the contrast between stardom and info-clerking hits her, and she says:

"Hollywood's just a merry-go-round."

AND after visiting Hollywood and studios, Rudy Vallee decided to buy a little home in that neighborhood, so he purchased this simple shack in the Hills of Beverly. Neat little spot, isn't it?

Clark Gable started it. But is that any reason why Maurice Chevalier, of all sartorial wows, should suddenly take to wearing turtle-neck sweaters, too?

Bet you'll cry when you see the healing sequence in "The Miracle Man," where Bobbie Coogan throws away his crutches. It's a tear-jerker, and what a swell actor this newest Coogan brat is!

If you can believe it, Colleen Moore says she's off the screen forever. *Forever,* she says, settling down to domesticity in Connecticut—3,000 miles from Hollywood!

Well, here's a racket!—

Because it's a cinch that about 100 percent of the visitors who come to Los Angeles for the Olympic Games this year will want to see movies being made, a syndicate of promoters have worked out a gag.

They have leased an old, abandoned studio. They will hire a bunch of actors, at $7.50-a-day extra pay. They'll get some old cameras and some prop microphones and some lights. But no film. Then they'll sell admission for a buck or four bits, to the sightseers who want to come in and watch the filmless cameras grind—and imagine they're really seeing talkies in the making.

Don't say Ol' Man Inside-Stuff didn't warn you.

Remember Dita Parlo? Well, never mind; she's the German actress who flopped in foreign versions. But now—well, now she's to be starred in an independent movie being shot in New York. So who says they never come back? Tom Moore'll be her leading man.

Will Rogers is getting the cutest li'l bay-window tummy. "Well, I always did need somethin' to make me look dignified," sezze.

Purity in Movies, as effected by the Hays office:

In an independent movie, a western, some scenes were shot at the entrance to a famous old mine in the west, named The Virgin Gold Mine. Some of the actual signs bearing the mine's name appeared in some of the shots.

The Hays office made 'em reshoot it, with the name "Virgin" covered up. . . .!

"Censorship is a headache that refuses to permit true, honest pictures to be shown. The screen is a mirror of the times, and you can't make hard-boiled audiences, accustomed to reading about kidnapers, gangsters and murders, believe the stuff that censors want in pictures."

That, readers, is a statement by Ernst Lubitsch. It's *his* idea about censors and censorship.

What's yours?

As the producer said, after his film had been cut by censors:

"If it hadn't been
For the blank-blank censor,
This here now show
Would have been immenser!"

Shh! Skendel. . . . !! When Edmund Lowe (Mister Lilyan Tashman, you know) came back from his recent trip to Europe, he brought a female called "Malibu Daisy" with him. "Malibu Daisy" is a sealyham terrier, though. And so poof goes the skendel!

Anita Louise is an expert fencer. She has won several cups.

LEAP year proposals are nothing unusual in Hollywood these days. There isn't a single handsome young juvenile who hasn't received at least one from one of his femme fans.

(*Continued on page* 89)

Not Like Chaney

Boris Karloff, who plays monsters, is a simple, affable person

By MARY SHARON

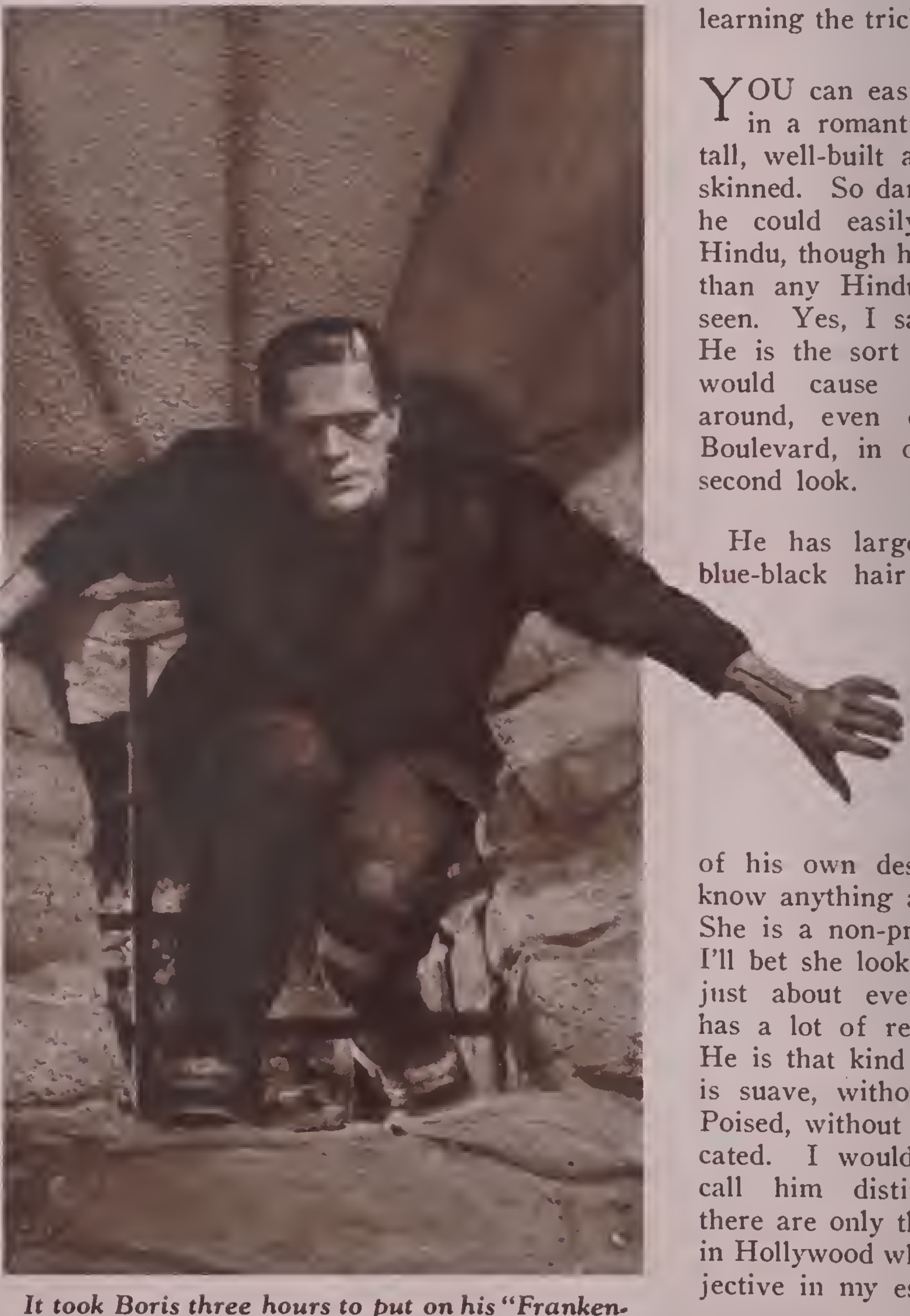
I HAVE just met the most amazing man in Hollywood. I say amazing, because he can play the most abnormal, horrible characterizations without being affected by them. Usually, actors who play grotesque or abnormal rôles eventually become tinged by them and carry over something of their atmosphere into their daily lives. Bela Lugosi, who played Dracula, was Dracula at heart. Meeting him under ordinary circumstances did not destroy that sinister something that enabled him to play his weird character so convincingly. Even Lon Chaney became affected by his rôles this much, that he gradually withdrew into his shell and lived apart from the crowd, He recoiled from the most genial of men. In contradiction to his screen rôles, Boris Karloff remains understandable and affable. Easy to meet and know.

After witnessing his performances in "Five Star Final" and "Frankenstein," I had not the slightest desire to meet the man. I felt certain that he would be aloof and probably repellent. He had made the degraded minister too yellow and the synthetic monster too real, for me to anticipate much pleasure in his company. But I have never enjoyed another interview so much as I did this one with Boris Karloff.

The day that I was scheduled to meet him was one of those days that happen to the best of us, when everything goes dead wrong. One of the wrong things, on this particular day, being the sight of the Universal Street car disappearing around the corner just as I reached Highland Avenue. I had made a luncheon engagement with Karloff. The street cars run every hour and it was now ten minutes of twelve. I called the publicity office and explained my dilemma. They promised to send someone for me and inside of ten minutes, a new Ford roadster pulled in at the curb, with Boris Karloff himself at the wheel. He invited me to get in. I could not account for his picking me out of the crowd of pedestrians waiting on the corner. But I suppose I bore the earmarks of a writer. Anyway, I knew in that first moment of meeting that I was going to like the man.

I like people who are not afraid to talk. Karloff isn't. On our way back to the studio, we discussed everything under the sun. Freely. The most surprising thing he told me was that he has been playing around the various studios for ten years. I can't understand how some director didn't sense his possibilities long ago. But that is Hollywood. The talent of tomorrow is being kicked around the lot, today.

Karloff says he always knew his chance would come eventually. And he wasn't in any especial hurry, because, in the meantime, he was learning the tricks of the trade.



It took Boris three hours to put on his "Frankenstein" make-up and an hour to take it off. Result, he used to work twenty-three hours a day on that role

YOU can easily picture him in a romantic rôle. He is tall, well-built and very dark-skinned. So dark, in fact, that he could easily pass for a Hindu, though he is handsomer than any Hindu I have ever seen. Yes, I said handsomer. He is the sort of fellow that would cause you to turn around, even on Hollywood Boulevard, in order to get a second look.

He has large brown eyes, blue-black hair that is just showing a hint of silver, and a strong, lean jaw. The kind of jaw that intimates he is master of his own destiny. I don't know anything about his wife. She is a non-professional, but I'll bet she looks up to him in just about everything. And has a lot of respect for him. He is that kind of fellow. He is suave, without being slick. Poised, without being sophisticated. I wouldn't hesitate to call him distinguished, and there are only three other men in Hollywood who rate this adjective in my estimation.

I had expected to find him

(*Continued on page* 114)

He waited ten years for a break, this Boris Karloff, who is the year's movie sensation. He has been a farmer, a truck driver, a day laborer. Read across the page how success finally came to him

Letty loved Emile when she danced with him, but when he snarled at his chauffeur, she found it easy to hate him

Letty Lynton

The story of a girl who loved too often and too well

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer production starring Joan Crawford and Robert Montgomery

From the novel "Letty Lynton" by Mrs Marie Belloc Lowndes

Fictionized by Alma Talley,

Cast

Letty Lynton . . .	*Joan Crawfor*
Hale Darrow .	*Robert Montgomer*
Emile Renaul	*Nils Asthe*
Miranda . . .	*Louise Closser Hal*

Letty snuggled close to Emile, who for three months had surfeited her with love and hurt her with cruelty

LIGHTS. Laughter. The popping of champagne corks. Couples swaying about the floor to the sensuous rhumba tempo of the orchestra. Girls in yellow and red and green, men in white flannels holding them close, hot breaths intermingling, murmurs of love in crooning Latin accents.

It was a night club, in Montevideo, Argentina, where men love hotly and fiercely and cruelly. And none was more ardent nor more cruel than Emile Renaul, dancing with Letty Lynton of New York, rich, reckless, red-haired and beautiful.

"If you ever return to New York," said Emile softly, "you can teach them real tango, huh?"

Letty snuggled closer. "I'm going to stay with you. Eat lotus and be happy." She closed her eyes, sensuous under the spell of the music. For three months Renaul had surfeited her with love, and hurt her with his cruelty. In his arms, she remembered nothing—home, self-respect, pride. But away from his arms, she knew only that he was despicable and that she hated him.

She didn't hate him now, when his arms were about her, his cheek against hers, to the sobbing rhythm of the music.

Letty looked at Hale, so fine, so clean, so different from any man she had ever known

Letty had run away from Emile, but her maid feared that Letty would return to him as she had so often done before

But when in the early dawn outside the night club, he snarled at his chauffeur, hatred submerged her, hatred for him and for his Latin cruelty. Through the silent, deserted streets they drove, with only an occasional beggar, or the whining of mongrel dogs. In the drab beginning of day, when the lights and the music and the romance had paled, Letty spoke up bleakly.

"I THINK I have had enough. There's a boat in the harbor now. It goes North tomorrow. I am going on it."

Renaul merely laughed, and put her head on his shoulder. "We shall see."

Letty did not lift her head. "At this minute I hate you."

"In ten minutes you will love me." He kissed her unresponsive lips. "I love you, my Letty, I love you."

"Didn't you hear me? I hate you."

Hale gazed at Letty adoringly. "I've looked all over the world for the right girl, mother of the future Darrows, you know," he said

Above the throb of the motor, above the clatter of milk wagons in the empty dawn, she heard his incredulous laugh. But this time, she told herself, she meant it.

In her apartment, she helped Miranda, her devoted maid, to drag out her steamer trunk.

"What about Renaul?" said Miranda, with dresses over her arm. "Won't you be getting off at Rio, and coming back to him, the way we did before?"

"Not a chance. I'm turning over a new leaf."

"I'm scared to death." Miranda's plump hands trembled as she folded dresses over their hangers in the trunk. She looked up, quaking, as Renaul turned the key in the lock.

"Running away?" Emile's eyes surveyed the cluttered room, the half packed trunk.

"Leaving anyhow. I told you I was."

Miranda, still trembling, left the room at his command.

RENAUL seized Letty's shoulders. "Four times in the last three months you have went. In three—four—days you write you cannot live without me. How soon this time?"

Letty, gazing at the big white boat in the harbor beyond her window, merely shrugged. "Have you those letters I wrote you?"

Emile shook his head. "In Buenos Aires."

"Well, no matter. I'm going home."

"Home? But you have told me your mother—she is not friendly, not sympathetic." His arms went about her, those arms that had such power to stir her when all her better self, all her common sense, cried no.

"You shall stay here always," his soft Latin voice crooned. "I will make you love me more all the time."

"No." But it was hard to say no with those arms about her, holding her close. Why was it he could stir her so, when she hated him? Even now, victory, as well as love, was in his eyes.

"Tomorrow, maybe!" He shrugged. "But tonight is to tell you how much I love you."

"I should—I must—" But under his kisses she felt the world receding. Tomorrow was another day.

THE sun was very bright when, with Miranda, she stepped upon the gang-plank of the big white ship lying at anchor in the blue, blue water.

"I feel as if I'd escaped from a burning building!" she said.

"He sleeps, that one, like a rhinoceros." Miranda's indignant thumb jerked shoreward.

The ship glistened in the sunlight. Letty, her red hair peeping out from under her white beret, hands in the pockets of her white cardigan, looked about her.

Letty stood, frozen with fear. What was in that wire which lay on the District Attorney's desk? Would its message make Hale's love turn to hate?

Hale, all unsuspecting, waited for Letty to get through the customs. She tried to hide her terror from him

Letty thought she had escaped, but there Emile was, beside her trunks. "If by eight tonight you are not at my hotel," he threatened, "your new fiancé shall learn how much you have loved me"

Passengers boarding the ship chattered in Spanish, in English; she saw no familiar faces.

"Seven eight seven." She paused outside her stateroom. "My lucky numbers." But dropping into a chair, glancing at herself in the mirror, she felt suddenly forlorn, alone in the world.

"I WONDER if my *devoted* mother will be glad to see me."

"Of course," said Miranda, without conviction. "You've been away over a year."

"Yes. Left just before Christmas. Thank heaven Christmas will be over when I get home. Do you think mother will be at the boat to meet me, Miranda? Throw her arms about me? It would mean a lot to me."

"You're not crying, Miss Letty?" Miranda paused with an armload of silk and lace which she was putting away in a drawer.

Letty stood up, brushing away her tears. "I was at that. Feeling sorry for myself." She stopped short. The door across the corridor opened and a man in evening dress stood staring. An American, tall, with dark merry eyes and a sun-bronzed face.

"The door, Miranda!" Letty said haughtily and loudly.

But behind the closed door, her tone was less haughty. She handed Miranda a ten dollar bill. "We haven't done anything about the dining room, have we? Give this to the head steward and ask him for my table, with—with somebody more or less human."

"MORE or less human." Miranda looked toward the closed door. She had not been with Letty through a long series of romances without having learned to take a hint. As she left the room, she wrote down the man's stateroom number on her cuff.

But when, having arranged it, Letty sat down to dinner with the handsome stranger, she was embarrassed. Suppose Hale Darrow—for that was his name on the passenger list—suppose he suspected she had planned this tête-à-tête? Letty, in her yellow evening dress, was very beautiful—and apparently very bored.

"Some," said Hale, "are born lucky, some get it as they go along, others have it thrust on them."

"Delightful," said Letty politely. "Who said that?"

"I said it." His eyes showed disappointment at her lack of wit. "You just got on, didn't you?"

"Yes," said Letty.

"I've been on since Capetown," said Hale.

"Yes? A fascinating town, I hear."

He sighed, discouraged. "The trip's been very dull—so far."

"Has it?" said Letty, enjoying his discouragement.

He tried everything—the weather, deck tennis, shuffle board. Finally he said, "I happened to glance into your stateroom today."

"I remember," said Letty.

"Do you? I arranged to have you at my table." He sighed, as if regretting it.

"You—" Letty suddenly choked.

"WOULD you drink a cocktail?" he proposed, desperate.

"I'm a modern girl," Letty simpered.

Waiting for the cocktails, she continued to simper, enjoying herself hugely. So he had been in Africa? Hunting lions? Oh, how lovely. Do tell her all about it.

He told her, wondering how much this dumb girl would believe, while she oh-ed and ah-ed and "then what"-ted. He laid it on thick, while she led him on. He leaped from his house on stilts to escape a panther which jumped upon him from a tree. His leap landed him right on the back of a lion who lit out for the jungle. He rode on the lion for miles and miles, into the jungle. Until finally, he reached for an overhanging bough and swung himself to safety in a tree.

"You'll never put a hand on me again as long as I live," cried Letty. "If I have to kill myself, you'll not do it"

Letty, struck dumb, saw Emile's hand reaching for her glass, into which she had poured the poison

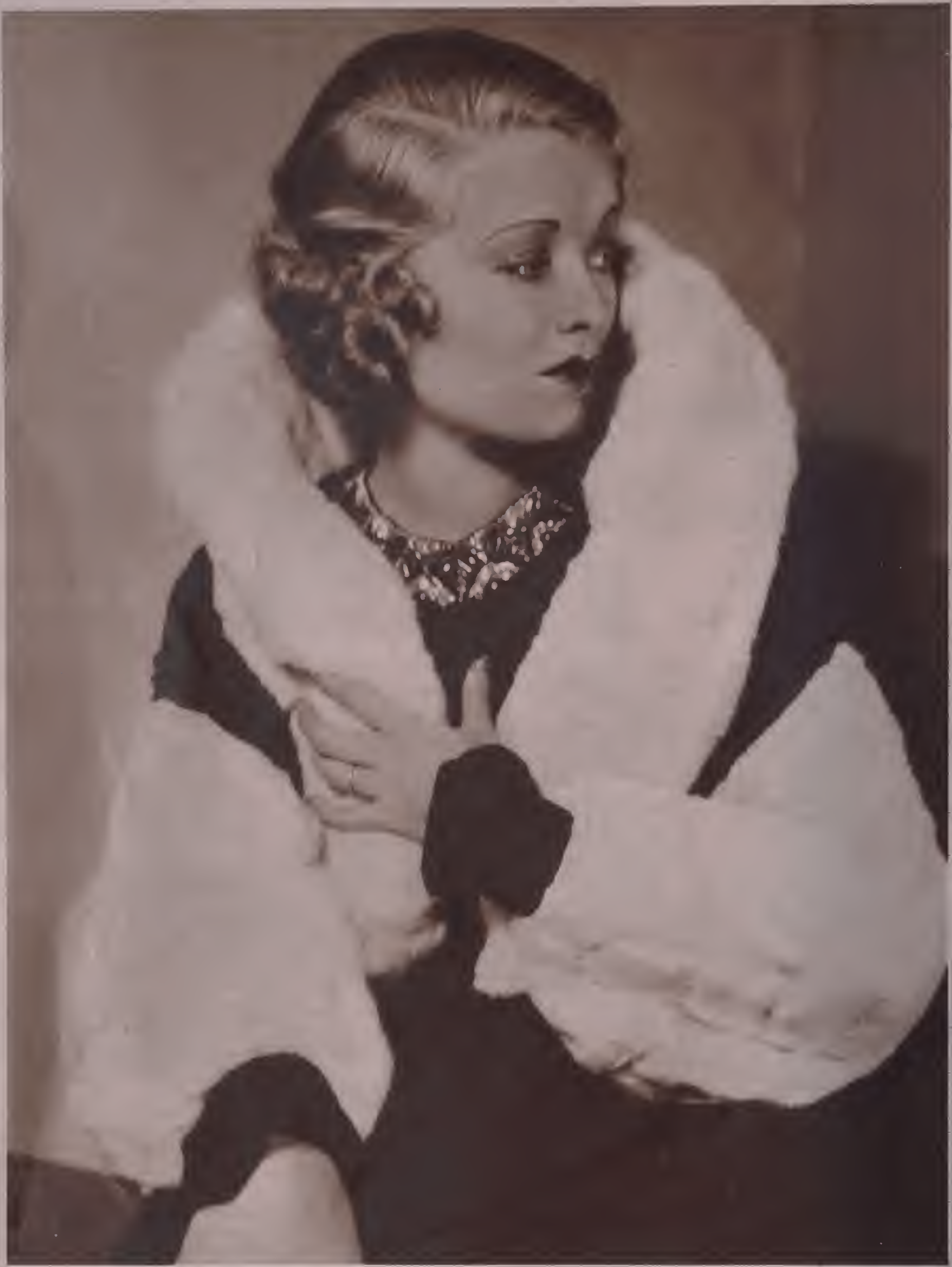
Letty kept her face quite straight. "And I'll bet I know the first thing you said to yourself."

"All right, little one, what?"

"You said, 'Thank heaven my grandfather was a monkey and I'm my grandpa's child'."

He looked up sharply. He roared. One kidder kidding another. From then on they were friends.

On the dance floor, in the bar, along the deck, they learned more about each other. He had been in Africa, studying rubber production—his father owned a rubber company. She was the daughter (*Continued on page* 98)

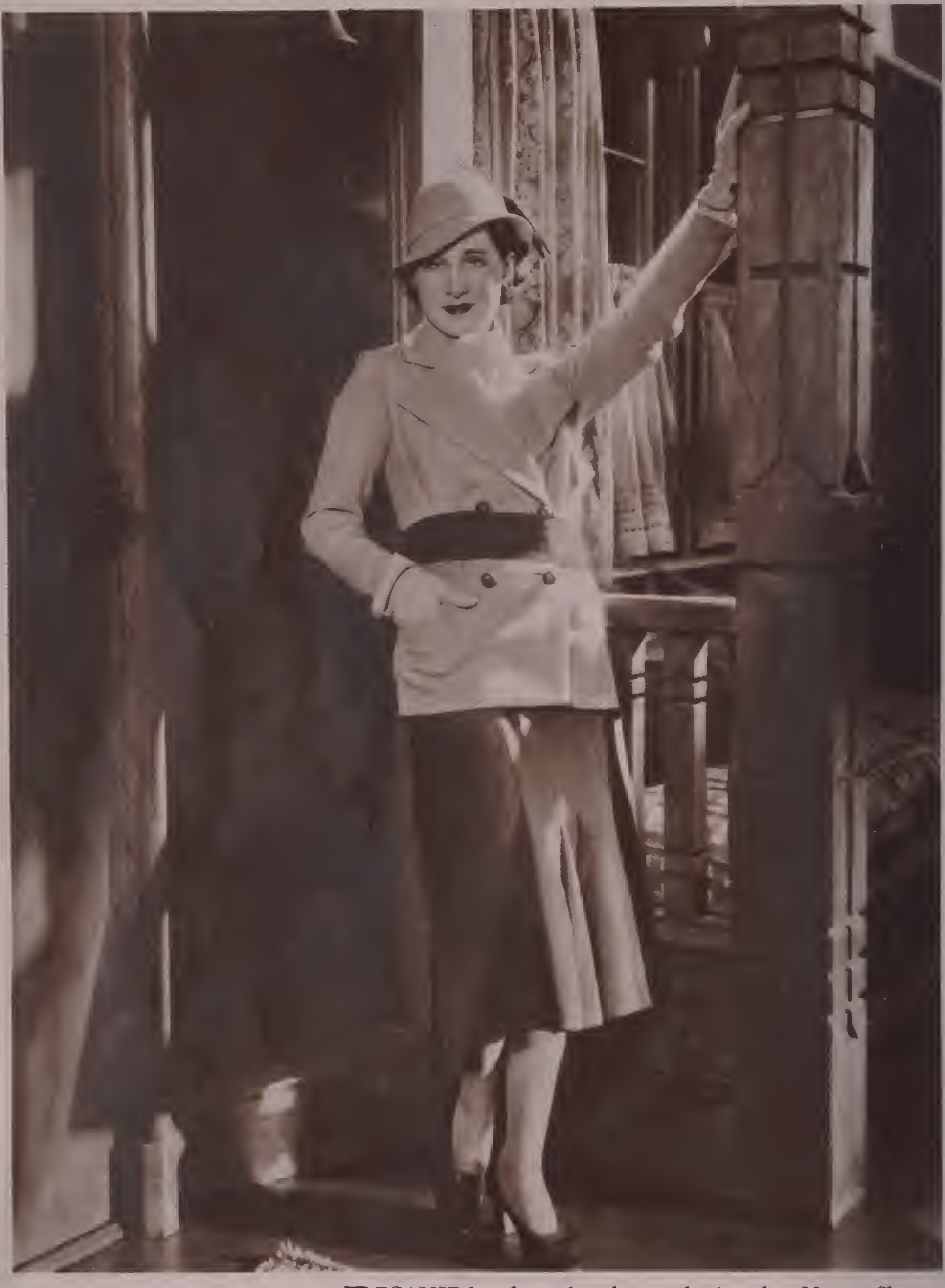


CONSTANCE BENNETT

SOME women shudder with envy when Connie Bennett's name is mentioned, and there's a reason. Connie is as glamorous as love in the moonlight, as sophisticated as black opals. She's a Marquise now, but still Connie to her friends. She has twenty-five pairs of pajamas, but drives her own car. She never wears red shoes. Everybody knows about her tremendous salary, but she earns every cent of it by being one of the biggest box-office hits ever. Her next picture is "The Truth About Hollywood"

RAMON is a star whose popularity never wanes. Clark Gable is the sensation of the moment; but Ramon Novarro has been a sensation for ten years. He was born in the Garden of Eden in Durango, Mexico. He can sing, act and direct, but for some reason can never remember his own telephone number. His fans have begged that Ramon be given a chance to sing again, so sing he will in "Huddle," even though it's a football picture

RAMON NOVARRO



NORMA
SHEARER

BECAUSE her fans adore her as she is today, Norma Shearer will remain sophisticated for at least one more picture. Years ago a famous director told Norma to get out of pictures because "you don't screen well." But Norma kept right on trying. And look at her now! She adores small hats, bites her finger nails and pretends to be oh, so poised! Her nervous little giggle betrays her as the swell human being she is. You'll adore her in "Strange Interlude," opposite Clark Gable

WILLIAM POWELL looks like a sophisticate, but he isn't. All his man-of-the-world veneer slipped away when he fell in love with Carole Lombard. They were married in July, 1931, and even cynical Hollywood thinks they're ideally happy. Bill loves domesticity and adores strawberry shortcake. He gets about $7000 a week for three pictures a year. Warners say his next picture, "The Jewel Robbery," with Kay Francis, is a lulu

WILLIAM
POWELL

Ronald Colman's Tragedy of Success

An Inside Story that Reveals a New Side of a Mysterious Star

By HANK ARNOLD

RONALD COLMAN is starting production on "The Brothers Karamazov," the last picture under his present contract with Samuel Goldwyn. There are many in Hollywood who think it may be his *last* picture as well.

Climaxing his career of eight years as a motion picture star (the average life of a star is approximately five years), the English actor has established for himself a unique position. With the exception of two early pictures. "Lady Windermere's Fan" and "Beau Geste," Colman has worked for and with one man during his entire career. That man is Goldwyn.

"I will never make pictures for any one other than Mr. Goldwyn," he told me a year ago when the question of his contract renewal first came up.

But the indications are that Ronnie may never make another picture for anybody. Why?

The answer is, I believe, that the personality of Ronald Colman, screen star, is a finished thing and it is a characterization which Ronnie is perhaps a little weary of living with.

I have supervised nearly all of Colman's relations with the public for the past six years, and there has always seemed to me something artificial in the Colman that the public knows.

"WHAT is back of his eternal reserve? Why does he look so romantically sad? Is he really unhappy? What is this feeling of mystery?"

These are some of the questions which have been continually asked—and just as consistently evaded by the star. Watching him, knowing him, I think it is perfectly possible that he honestly doesn't know the answers to some of them himself.

Here's Ronnie just returned from his trip around the world, which included looking in on the Chinese-Japanese conflict

Ronnie is facing the tragedy of complete success. He has found himself in the position of a boy who has worked for years creating an ideal personage, that of "Ronald Colman, screen star," and suddenly awakes to find the creation complete and finished.

In response to some boyhood influence or inner urge he has created an "ideal figure" looked up to or admired by all of the world. It may or may not be the real Colman, but it is a creation of which any boy or man might well be proud.

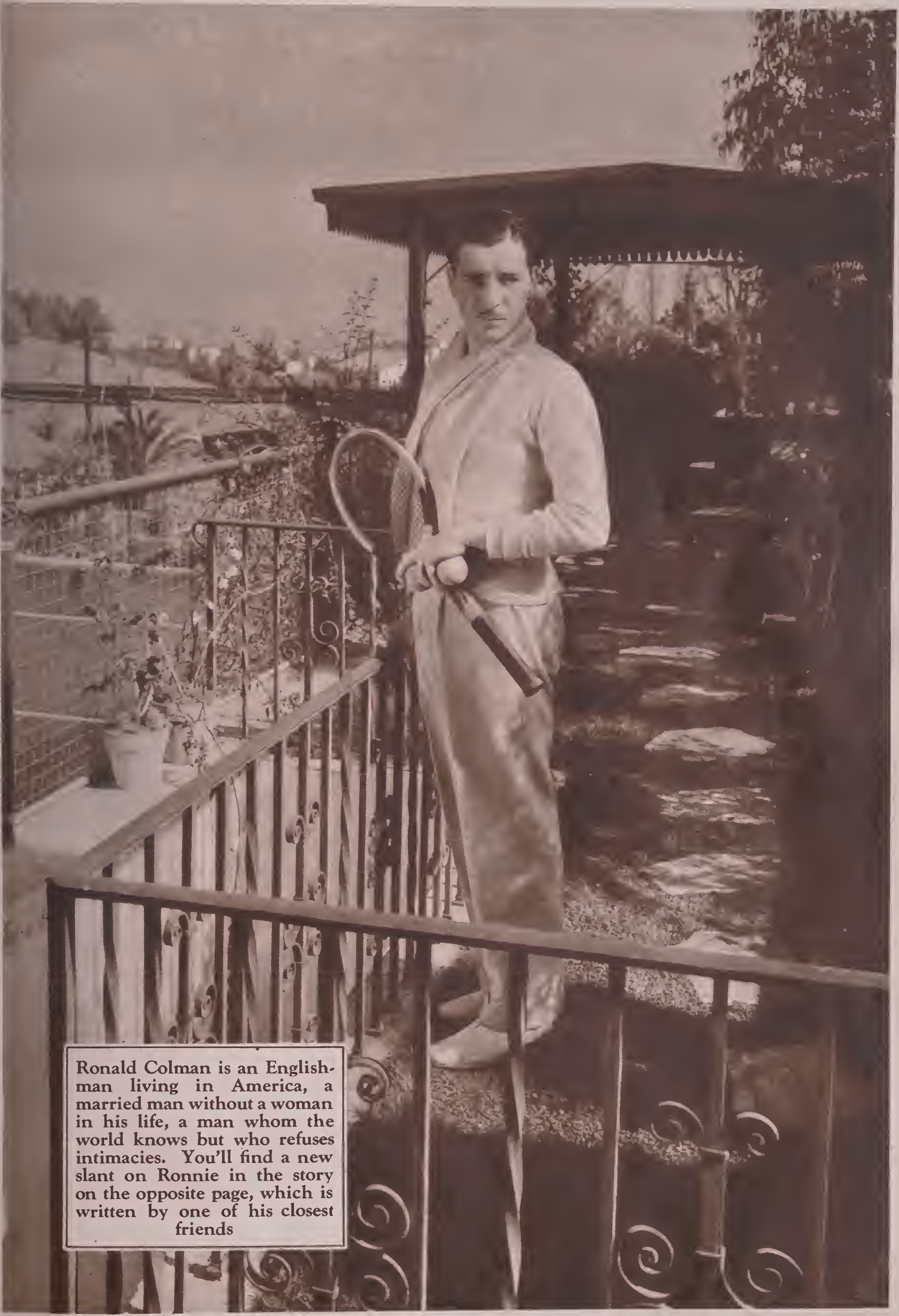
Colman is proud of this personality he has created, and yet, as with all men who completely achieve the success they have fought for, the result has made him unhappy!

HE was born at Richmond in Surrey, England, not far from the city of London. Colman's parents were of the lower middle class; very definitely so, and that's quite a bit poorer than the same class in America. In his boyhood in the late nineties, Ronnie must have seen and admired from afar the great lords of the county. He must have stood among the crowd of peasants at sunrise on many a foggy English morning to admire the scarlet coats and black habits as the "gentry" started the hunt.

Perhaps his mother on some great day took him to visit the local castle and led him down dark corridors where grim soldier nobles, immortalized by eighteenth century masters, stared gravely down from walls smoke-smudged by centuries.

It is easy to imagine her as saying, "When you grow up, Ronald, you must be a gentleman," and to vision the quiet grave boy, soon to be apprenticed to an importing firm at $3 a week, as going to sit down by himself and try to imagine just what a "gentleman" should be.

Famous ancestors he did not (*Continued on page* 88)



Ronald Colman is an Englishman living in America, a married man without a woman in his life, a man whom the world knows but who refuses intimacies. You'll find a new slant on Ronnie in the story on the opposite page, which is written by one of his closest friends

Mother Goose

Remember the old nursery rhyme . . . .

MONDAY'S child is fair of face,
Tuesday's child is full of grace,
Wednesday's child is full of woe,
Thursday's child has far to go,
Friday's child is loving and giving,
Saturday's child works hard for its living,
But the child that is born on the Sabbath day
Is fair, and wise, and good, and gay.

Anita Page is Monday's child in this Hollywood version of the Mother Goose rhyme. Nita's not only fair of face but fair of form, if you ask us

Being woeful little Wednesday is beauteous young Virginia Bruce. What do you suppose is bothering the girl? Didn't her new Paris dress come or did only nine boys try to date her up for the week-end?

Who better to be full of grace, charm and other delightful qualities than Karen Morley, the girl who hates hats but loves wigs, the girl who's skyrocketing into fame?

in Hollywood

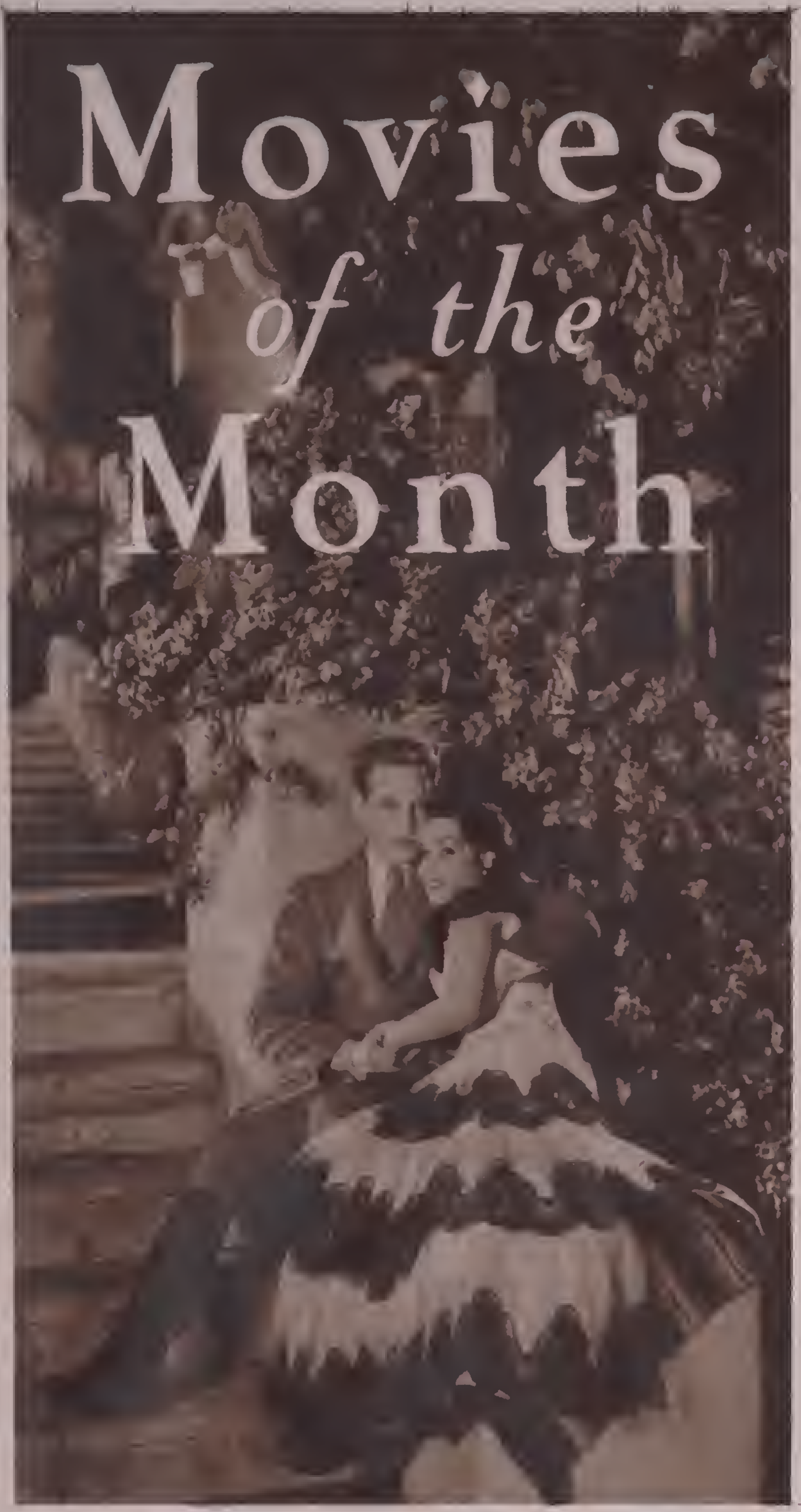
Thursday's child has far to go. That's Madgie Evans looking the world over. And has Madge already gone far and will she go further? Shure!

The child who is born on the Sabbath day. We chose Dorothy Jordan for this role—fair and wise and good and gay. Do'thy is such a keen kid, everybody adores her

Una Merkel glorifies Friday's child—the girl who loves and gives. Sure, Una's loving. She just recently got married. And she gives laughs to all audiences

Here's Hollywood's idea of how a girl looks who works hard for her living, Mary Carlyle posing. Oh, yeah—a silk eye shade, a knot of golden curls a-top her head. Can you imagine work going on in any office with a lass like that about the place?

Movies of the Month



"The Broken Wing," with Lupe Velez, Melvyn Douglas and Leo Carrillo, is romance nicely spiced with excitement

By HARRY LANG

(Check ✓ for the good pictures. Double check ✓✓ for the extraordinary ones that you shouldn't miss.)

This is a month of great pictures. Greatest of all, of course, is "Grand Hotel," which lives up to its advance ballyhoo. "Symphony of Six Million" and "The Miracle Man" are also outstanding.

Picture thieves of the month are Lionel Barrymore, who steals top honors in "Grand Hotel," Anna Appel and Gregory Ratoff as an old Jewish couple in "Symphony of Six Million," Mitzi Green, with her grand imitations in "Girl Crazy," and little Bobbie Coogan, who just breaks your heart in "The Miracle Man."

✓✓+ Grand Hotel (M-G-M)

You'll See: *The greatest movie-name cast ever in one picture: Greta Garbo, Joan Crawford, both John and Lionel Barrymore, Wallace Beery, Lewis Stone, Jean Hersholt, many others.*

It's About: *Tangled lives, passions, hopes, dreams—and how they work out in 24 hours of drama within the walls of a metropolitan hotel.*

"Grand Hotel" will not disappoint the expectations that that list of cast-names must arouse. It measures up, fully, to whatever you may expect in the way of superlative talkie-entertainment. Superlatives are too cheap in moviedom, so let's use just one, here, and get done with it: "Grand Hotel" is easily one of the finest motion pictures ever made.

As this is written, M-G-M plans to "roadshow" it. That means it will be seen, first, in important theatres at above-the-usual-movie-admission. Eventually, of course, it'll come to the neighborhood houses, but not for many months. If you can afford a dollar or two, don't miss it now. But if you can't, then don't miss it when it comes down to the two-bit houses. It'll still be a swell show.

Temperament, bitter jealousies, might have been expected during the making of it. There were no manifestations of it, though. However, among the more rabid fans, "Grand Hotel" will start countless battles as to who stole top honors out of that cast. When the votes are counted, this reviewer believes Lionel Barrymore will rate No. 1; Joan Crawford will take No. 2 spot away from Garbo, believe it or not; and the rest of them will all jam into No. 3 place.

The talkie version of "The Miracle Man," in which Sylvia Sidney and Chester Morris are co-starred, is even greater than the silent version

It'd be so easy to go into many paragraphs of raving over such a picture. Let's not start. Let's let it go at this straight, honest statement: "Grand Hotel," both by reason of that wonderful cast and also by virtue of all the other attributes aside from that, is a picture that no moviegoer should miss seeing.

✓ The Mouthpiece (Warner Bros.)

You'll See: *Warren William, Sidney Fox, Aline Mc Mahon, John Wray, Ralph Ince, Mae Madison.*

It's About: *The amazing tricks-of-the-trade whereby a criminal lawyer becomes famous and wealthy, and how his amorous proclivities wind up his affairs.*

Here's a snappy, amusing, sometimes thrilling bit of drama. Supposedly based, in some measure, on the life and exploits of the famous late William J. Fallon, the story tells of a young prosecutor who sends an innocent man to the electric chair, learns his mistake of zeal too late, spends the rest of his career defending guilty criminals, by all sorts of courtroom trickery. These tricks, breezily filmed, make grand incidents in a clever picture.

Tiny Sidney Fox—she looks like a midget alongside the barrymoorish Warren William—is the pure and innocent country gal for want of whom the lawyer gets all balled up, double-crosses his clients, gets himself paid off in bullets. She's quite charming, and handles a dramatic sequence with startling effectiveness.

As for William, whether or not you've liked him before (and chances are, you haven't; he's had such bad rôles), you'll like him in this—and hope he gets more rôles like it. Aline McMahon, one of the best hard-boiled gals on the screen, turns in a grand performance.

Little Joan Bennett is a rival for Constance Bennett honors in one of her finest pictures, "Careless Lady"

Warner Baxter's newest picture is "Amateur Daddy," which you'll either chortle about or think terribly tripe-y

✓✓ Night Court (M-G-M)

You'll See: *Walter Huston, Anita Page, Phillips Holmes, Lewis Stone, Jean Hersholt, John Miljan, Mary Carlisle, Noel Francis, Tully Marshall.*

It's About: *A crooked judge who railroads an innocent woman to prison to keep her mouth shut; her husband's efforts to vindicate her; how a strange twist of fate puts the judge's life in the husband's hands.*

This one packs a punch. There are scenes in it that'll lift you out of your seat, others that'll root you to it. You get the idea.

Walter Huston, who can achieve powerfully dramatic effects with as little waste motion as any actor on the screen today, turns in one of his finest performances as the judge. Anita Page will surprise those who thought she's just another dumb beauty; the gal acts in this, and how! Phillips Holmes vindicates the extravagant praise his particular fans lavish on him in a rôle that gives him a chance to do something different than the parts he's been playing lately. The rest of the cast—well, look at those names. Picture-stealers, notorious. They make the leads travel a fast pace.

"Night Court" wasn't meant to be a special; it was turned out as just another program picture. But, as so often happens, it's got a something that lifts it above the day-in-day-out run of films, makes it one more worth the seeing.

"Young Bride," with Helen Twelvetrees and Eric Linden, will bring a lump to your throat during some of the scenes

✓✓ Symphony of Six Million (Radio)

You'll See: *Ricardo Cortez, Irene Dunne, Anna Appel, Gregory Ratoff, John St. Polis, Lita Chevret, Noel Madison.*

It's About: *The genius, born and raised in the Ghetto, who becomes a great surgeon. Misled, he deserts his*

It's a gay picture, this one of "The Cohens and Kellys in Hollywood," and it'll also give you a lot of behind-the-scenes stuff on how pictures are made

people, turns to Park Avenue and money-making; learns almost too late that he has erred.

Not often does a picture like this happen. It's one of those pictures that digs deep into the heart of you, with its humanness, its realness, its depths of feeling that words can neither convey nor describe. You *feel* it—and that's the most you can say.

"Symphony of Six Million" is a story by Fannie Hurst. She's the one who wrote, you'll remember, "Humoresque," which was one of the most famous of the silent films. This "Symphony of Six Million" carries all the heart-appeal, the warmth, the power that made "Humoresque" great.

Somehow, the makers of this have gotten a greater fullness of atmosphere and color into the screening of their story than even the most hopeful might have expected. Much of this, perhaps, is due to the magnificent acting of two people who are not the leads—Anna Appell and Gregory Ratoff. They steal top honors of the picture as the old Jewish couple. Not even Ricardo Cortez, who legitimately rates stardom for his work in this, can gainsay Appell and Ratoff the honors.

As for Cortez, he's splendid as the surgeon. It's a welcome change from his tough-guy and heavy rôles. He had a big job, and he measured up. Irene Dunne, as the heart interest, had not much to do—but what she had, she did with a sweetness and charm that makes it alive.

"Symphony of Six Million" is one of the finest films of the year.

✓ The Cohens and Kellys in Hollywood (Universal)

You'll See: *George Sidney and Charles Murray, June Clyde, Norman Foster, Esther Howard, Emma Dunn, Luis Alberni.*

"Man Wanted," Kay Francis' first picture for Warners, is entertaining though not particularly convincing

It's About: *Well, you know the Cohens and the Kellys, don't you? This time, they get tangled up in movie-making right in Hollywood.*

Familiar by now are the antics and the dialogue of the Messrs. Cohen and Kelly, as portrayed by Universal's comedians Sidney and Murray. Herein, they are less physical, more vocal, than usual. Otherwise, they're as usual. If you've seen any of the preceeding C-and-K films, that's enough.

The difference between this and the others lies, of

The fun is fast and furious in "Girl Crazy," in which Mitzi Green steals the comedy from Wheeler and Woolsey

Joan Blondell hasn't enough to do in "The Famous Ferguson Case," but it's an entertaining picture otherwise

Fay Wray is back with movie-goers again in "Stowaway," which is only a fair picture

course, in the setting. This one is in Hollywood—and it shows a lot of inside details of how movies are made. It also shows the inside of the famous Cocoanut Grove, with a lot of movie stars present. As a tour of Hollywood, this Cohen-Kelly film is highly instructive.

June Clyde, pert little blonde, and Norman Foster supply the love interest.

✓Careless Lady (Fox)

You'll See: *Joan Bennett, John Boles, Weldon Heyburn, Minna Gombell, John Arledge, J. M. Kerrigan.*

It's About: *A little American wallflower goes to Paris, goes Paris, starts Danny Cupid's arrows flying, gets all mixed up in sophisticated affairs, and finds happiness at last.*

Well, well, well!—Connie's little sister Joan's treading right on her heels! Heretofore, Joan's rôles have been quite away from Connie's sort of stuff. But herein, Joan shows that she can do Connie's stuff, too—and *can* she! Incidentally, the parallel between the plot of this and Connie's latest picture, "Lady

In her intense scenes with Wallace Beery, Joan Crawford steals "Grand Hotel" from everyone but Lionel Barrymore

"Grand Hotel" is such an important picture that we're running two stills of it instead of the usual one. Above, Greta Garbo, who plays the dancer, Grusinskaya

With a Past," is interesting, to say the least. . . .

You see, Joan is the girl, who, a social failure at home, manufactures a past for herself in Paris. She picks the name of a "Mrs. Steve Illington,"—only to find (yes, you guessed it!) that there's a Steve Illington in her hotel. Well—what more do you need to be told? Only this—that the dialogue throughout is fast, snappy, bright, modern; the situations equally so.

Joan is adorable. All her wistfulness is there, but with it a new verve, sparkle that intensifies her charm. (Lucky Gene Markey!) John Boles makes a suave, pleasant, likeable Steve. Fine direction, splendid photography. And a perfectly swell fashion display!

✓The Wet Parade (M-G-M)

You'll See: *Walter Huston, Lewis Stone, Dorothy Jordan, Jimmy Durante, Neil Hamilton, Myrna Loy, Robert Young, John Miljan, Joan Marsh, Clarence Muse.*

It's About: *Liquor, prohibition, arguments both wet and dry, mixed in with the dramatic tale of a sot's son who goes prohibition-agent in revenge for his father's wrongs.*

It'd be nice indeed, if, either in the making or the reviewing of this picture, one could avoid mentioning the word "propaganda." But it's impossible. Any picture dealing with liquor-drinking and its results, both before and after the Eighteenth Amendment, can't help but be crammed with propaganda.

Say this for M-G-M: they have packed the film with about a 50-50 division of argumentation. No matter who's in the audience, they'll find things to cheer and things to hiss. And because people are as hot about this prohibition business as they are, they'll probably do both, loudly.

The story begins in the pre-Volstead era, tells a tale of liquor and its effects both in the Old South and the Modern North. There is drunkenness, murder, suicide. The son of a liquor-ruined man, shocked when his brother-in-law is blinded by bootleg, vows vengeance, becomes a dry agent. Melodrama follows.

"The Big Timer" won't set any box-office records, but it's a fair, at times snappy little story of a prize-fighter

The picture is well cast, well played. Lewis Stone as the Bourbon-guzzling "cunnel," Walter Huston as the northern soak, Neil Hamilton as the liquor-blinded youth, Dorothy Jordan as the girl, Robert Young as the dry-agent, Jimmy Durante as his co-operative, are all magnificent.

But despite their work, despite the money spent on the picture, "The Wet Parade" can't be entirely great —because it can't get away from propaganda.

✓✓ The Miracle Man (Paramount)

You'll See: *Sylvia Sidney, Chester Morris, Hobart Bosworth, John Wray, Ned Sparks, Boris Karloff, Bobbie Coogan, Irving Pichel, Lloyd Hughes, Frank Darien.*

It's About: *The spiritual regeneration and reformation of a gang of crooks who try to make capital out of a faith-healer's miracle-cures.*

Warren William turns in his greatest performance in "The Mouthpiece," the thrilling drama of a great lawyer

The silent version of "The Miracle Man" was a sensation—one of those pictures that people talk about years after, remember the story so well that it'd be superfluous to repeat it here. This talkie version is no less splendid. Thanks to the advance in screen story-telling, it's truly a finer piece of entertainment than the talkless movie was —and that's saying much.

"The Miracle Man" is one of those stories that might easily go sickly mawkish with its theme of a white-haired patriarch who heels the blind, the crippled, the sick; whose beneficent power is so effective that it accomplishes the complete reformation of a gang of as low-down crooks as movies can envision. It's to the deep credit of the cast and makers of this film that the story never gets sloppy-sentimental, because of its direction

Ricardo Cortez and Irene Dunne are splendid in "Symphony of Six Million," a picture which digs deep into your emotions

"Night Court" is a tremendously effective dramatic picture in which Phillips Holmes plays a different sort of rôle than the kind he's had lately

Sylvia Sidney makes a lovely crook for reforming. John Wray, in the rôle of "The Frog" which Lon Chaney made famous, does a magnificent job. Ned Sparks, Chester Morris, Lloyd Hughes make the most of their rôles. Bosworth is well cast as the patriarch. But the high spot of the picture is (*Continued on page* 95)

The Greatest Siren in Hollywood

No, it's not any of the girls you might expect. It's little Janet Gaynor and this article proves her right to the title

By
ARTHUR
WILLIAMS

Janet on her way to lunch on the Fox lot. Notice the escorts, Director Frank Borzage, Charlie Farrell and Director Bill Howard. Wherever this small girl goes, there one to a dozen men follow after

IF Janet Gaynor ever decides to go in for that sort of thing in a big way, she'll be the world's champion vamp.

As a slayer of men, she'd leave even Peggy Hopkins Joyce so far back in the shade that you couldn't catch the faintest glimmer from one of the Joyce diamonds.

Because what Janet Gaynor's got is Sex Appeal—make it all capital letters, Mr. Printer, SEX APPEAL.

It's been called by a lot of other names, when amateur and professional analysts have tried to define what it is that makes Janet Gaynor today one of the biggest box-office bets in pictures. They've called it "charm" and "naïveté" and "lovableness" and "winsomeness" and a lot of other nice-sounding words like that.

THIS story on Janet Gaynor is Movie Mirror's "request story" for this month. Each month Movie Mirror will publish a request interview with the star who gets the most votes for that month. So tell us whom you'd like to read about, and what you'd like to know about them, and Movie Mirror's writers will do the rest. Send your request to Movie Mirror, 8 West 40th Street, N. Y.

But let's just chuck all euphemism aside, and get down to facts. Let's see what Janet Gaynor does, how she affects people, how she lives and acts, and what happens—and we'll discover that no matter what other things her popularity-quality has been called, you can narrow it down to that so-overworked, yet so rarely truly-applied term: Sex Appeal.

Do you know, for one thing, that Hollywood's wise damsels guard their boy-friends from Gaynor as they would from the plague? Now that doesn't mean to imply either that Janet'd deliberately steal some other girl's boy-friend. It's merely a statement of fact: those Hollywood girls who aim to keep their current boy-friends all for themselves simply don't risk exposing them to the Gaynor sex-appeal! Why, even those brave, or rash or reckless ones who'd take a chance on having the B. F. meet Jean Harlow, say, or Billie Dove, would hesitate and halt before they'd let the poor lamb get within the sphere of the Janet Gaynor appeal.

It isn't that they don't trust Gaynor; it's simply that they know it's a ten-to-one bet that the Boy Friend would do like all men do who contact Janet. He'd just goggle at her, probably—and when she'd come to him, tilt those eyes up at him from her five-foot level, and ask him a perfectly innocent question in that gaynorish way of hers, why, the poor male'd just curl up and go klunk at her feet. Most of them do just that.

And Miss Hollywood Wisegirl knows that once he'd come under that Gaynor spell, her man'd spend the next weeks wandering around in a daze, and if he'd speak to her at all, he'd probably call her "Janet"—and that'd make any gal mad.

Somehow, although that sex-appeal was manifest in Janet even before her recent trip (*Continued on page* 83)

Since her first big hit in "Seventh Heaven," Janet Gaynor has never failed to click at the box-office. She isn't beautiful really. She's not at all startling. One of the "big four" of pictures, she assumes no airs. She makes a grand salary but lives quietly. She likes to work. She likes to play. And she makes every man who meets her feel that he alone can protect her from the great big cruel world

More than any other male, you want Gable. Yet you prefer women to men stars

What You Readers Want

Prize Winning Letters in Response to the Editor's Page in the April Movie Mirror

The $15 First Prize Letter

For years I have wished for an opportunity to tell producers what we, the public, want. I am the mother of three children, sixteen, ten and four. Motion-picture attendance forms a large part of our recreation, so that my interest in the kind of plays and the players offered by producers in this industry is indeed a vital one.

I want clean, decent pictures. I do not object to drama or adventure or even realism, for life is full of all three; but I do object to sexual smut, to plays depicting crime and to players who not only exploit but enhance both, to the degradation of real love which will come some day to my children and to the shaking of their faith in law and order and good.

While artists must be remembered for their work upon the screen, it is the play which must stand out in our memory. Great plays, like "Penrod and Sam" and "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" have been reproduced; but the stars who made them were replaced by others.

I watched with interest the reactions of an audience viewing Janet Gaynor in "Delicious" not long ago. That audience laughed, great shouts of deep-throated laughter, it cried—real sobs from an old woman who sat next to me to quiet tears rolling down the cheeks of my own ten-year-old daughter, it surged out of the little suburban theatre breasting the crowds waiting in the lobby, and it went feeling that it had been well repaid for having spent its hard-earned money—money saved perhaps by Mother having done the wash herself or Dad having sat up all night instead of having taken a sleeper on his last trip, because it had seen youth and romance, (which in other pictures the name, Gable, means to so many; it had seen gentle, tolerant humor and human-interest of Dressler's kind); it had felt the sincere sweetness of Gaynor's manner and because, most of all, in that simple little picture, old and young had met for a brief while in the dear land of Make-Believe and were going home happier for having done so. You see, no matter what our age, happiness is what we long for and this the magic of the screen is able to supply in miraculous, if vicarious and temporary fashion. But let the producers give us worth-while, decent pictures to which we can send our children, knowing that we have not spent time and money in vain.

Edith Bishop Sherman,
South Orange, N. J.

You'd choose Garbo to survive if all the other stars were killed off. This is Greta in her newest picture, "As You Desire me," which will be fictionized in an early issue of Movie Mirror. Watch for this story!

The $10 Second Prize Letter

Of course we know what we want; producers seem to take great pleasure in despairing of the public and saying we don't know what we want. It really is quite fantastic. We do know what we want, and the answer is: Good stories, well acted; colorful personalities. Is that asking too much?

It really would be ludicrous if it weren't so pitiful, the way producers dash around and copy their rivals.

One company puts out an air picture—it is a huge success and brings in the box office returns. Other companies say: "Ha! That picture was a success—that is what the public wants." And they produce a like picture; in fact all the companies seem to follow suit. The imitations are not successes to any marked degree. The producers say they are puzzled, resentful, despairing, because of the fickle public. They say we don't know what we want.

Then a company turns out, let us say, a gangster film. This is a huge success, and again the other companies think they see what the public wants, and flood the market with gangster pictures that are poor substitutes for the one that went over big. Again the producers blame the public.

This happens again and again, until one would begin to think that the producers would soon wake up and realize that the reason all those pictures copied after the one that made a hit are failures, is because they *are* copies!

The reason the first picture was a success may be because the story was an exceptionally fine or interesting one; because of good direction; good sets; or because the star was who it was. But those "follow-ups" are simply poor copies with an ordinary story, poor direction, poor sets, or because the players are second or third rate ones. Their follow-up picture did not fail because it was a gangster, musical, mystery, western, travel, comedy, air, sea, or social picture, but because it was, at best, a poor substitute. The first picture had something definite to offer the fans; it wasn't rushed out in imitation of some other picture.

And if the producers would only wake up to this fact, then they could work more independently, and give out *their* pictures, and not carbon copies of some other producer's, and they would see that the fickle public would at last have what it wanted. Of course we don't expect every picture to be perfection; but I think we should be able to have more really first-class pictures.

Alice Anne Shue,
Providence, Rhode Island.

(*Continued on page* 106)

Scandal!..
The Real
of

HERE they are, exposed at last, the persons who are breaking up the peace and quiet of Hollywood homes—well, the quiet anyhow, who are throwing bottles—milk bottles—all over the place. They may be little, but oh, my, the commotion they are causing! Hollywood has been putting on heirs lately and here are the results. Babies, babies everywhere and everybody crazy about them. No wonder Hollywood is becoming a nine o'clock town!

Time was when screen people, male and female, wouldn't admit they were married, much less parents. But now they just go around boasting about it.

Photo Preston Duncan

Two Pats and one Dick. That cute bundle in the upper left is Richard Monte Blue, son of Monte Blue, and just at the toddling stage. The young lady above is Patricia Mowbray, daughter of Alan Mowbray, and her daddy says please don't blame the pose on him. It's that Hollywood influence. The little girl at the left is Patricia Wheeler with her parents Bert and Mrs. Wheeler. With such a cunning daughter, isn't it a shame the Wheelers are getting a divorce? It's Bert's second divorce and he's pretty unhappy about it all

Sweethearts Hollywood

OF course, there are still some stars who think it is better taste not to let their babies be photographed for the public. Gloria Swanson has never permitted pictures of her children to be shown. Neither does Norma Shearer release photographs of little Irving Thalberg, Jr. But Gloria and Norma are both very proud mothers just the same and if you know Proud Father Irving Thalberg well enough, he'll show you a miniature of baby Irving which dangles from his watch chain. But most of the stellar parents are just like regular parents. They want to photograph their babies and let everybody have a look. (And is Movie Mirror glad they feel that way!)

More Patricias and one Jane who isn't plain but very beautiful. That's Jane up in the corner, Miss Jane Bannister if you please, the angel child of the Ann Harding-Harry Bannister household. That's her own swimming pool Jane is standing beside. It's right next to the big pool built for her parents and their guests. Patricia Ann Ford hugs her daddy's neck and her father adores it. Wally is an orphan, you know, but he's busily at work making his manufactured name a very fine one for Patsy to inherit. Patricia Louise Hamilton, crowing lustily between Neil and Elsa Hamilton is an adopted—but very, very welcome child

PROBABLY there's no more "dramatic" baby in all Beverly Hills than "Bud" Lloyd, Harold and Mildred Davis Lloyd's son. There were two little girls in the Lloyd household, pretty little Mildred Junior and an adopted sister, Peggy. But Harold, while he never said much about it, has always wanted a boy in the family. When Bud was born, it was suddenly revealed that Harold has all sorts of boy gifts purchased, had, in fact, had them since before the birth of his first child who turned out to be a girl. Still, there wasn't complete happiness because Bud was such a frail baby. For months he was an incubator child. Now, however, he is more than a year old and seems husky enough to make even an eager dad like his comedian father quit worrying.

Miss Evelyn Asther was pretty dramatic, too. Her dancing mother, Vivian of the Duncan sisters, had been warned that perhaps she wasn't strong enough to have a child. Vivian is a grand, brave person. Hearing of an extraordinary German doctor, she sailed abroad, so that she might have his services. It wasn't until tiny Evelyn was nearly a year old that her Dad, Nils Asther, saw her.

Mary Elizabeth Brown is the youngest child in the Joe E. Brown family. She doesn't look like her dad, and maybe he isn't glad of that!

Harold Lloyd, Jr., is called "Bud." He's a little more than a year old, and though he was a frail baby who had to be raised in an incubator, he's very healthy now. Bud has two sisters, his own sister, Mildred, and an adopted sister, Peggy

Evelyn Duncan Asther was a world-traveler before she was born! For her mother, the charming Vivian Duncan, went to Germany just before the "blessed event," and it wasn't until Evelyn was nearly a year old that she ever met her father, Nils Asther. Now Nils won't let her out of his sight

No baby has ever created more interest than Miss Barbara Bebe Lyon, heiress to the Daniels-Lyon fortunes. Here's Barbara with her great-grandmother, her grandmother, her lovely mother, and her daddy, Ben Lyon

Remember pretty little Alice Day of the silents? Alice is Mrs. Jack Cohn now, and this is her son, Richard E. Cohn

The Barrymores and their baby, Dolores Ethel Mae Barrymore. Lucky little Dolores is going to have a new sister or brother this summer

DOLORES ETHEL MAE BARRYMORE—of *the* Barrymores and *the* Costellos, my dear—has certainly been Crown Princess of the Hollywood babies. Now that the stork is again hovering over the household, nobody knows just what would happen if a boy should be the next occupant of the nursery. Dolores Ethel Mae is nearly two now, has blue eyes and blonde hair, like her beautiful mother's. What a swell actress she should make! There's another little Barrymore girl, daughter of John's second marriage to Blanche Oelrichs, the society poet. So a Barrymore boy with the Barrymore profile would be pretty welcome. Lionel has no children and Ethel Barrymore's son is Samuel Colt.

The stork, as you can see by reading this month's "Inside Stuff," is still a very popular visitor about Hollywood and is immediately hovering over several important households. Wouldn't it be fun if we could look ahead twenty years and see which of these youngsters will be the stars of 1952?

Speak *for* Yourself

Letters from Our Readers

THE $20 LETTER

That's Saying A Lot

The least that can be said for the movies is that they have done more to restore lost hopes; more to soften hard hearts; more to encourage greater tolerance; more to create a better understanding between youth and age; more to maintain peaceful and friendly international relations; more to encourage morality; more to cultivate an appreciation of good music; more to educate and inform the general public about things it ought to know than any other form of public entertainment.

Katherine Maurine Haaff,
Indianapolis, Ind.

This is your department. **You can say what you want in it. You can rave or knock all you want. We award seven prizes every month—$20 First Prize; $10 Second; and five prizes of $1 each. Prize letters must be 200 words or less. Address Movie Mirror, 8 West 40 St., N. Y.**

THE $10 LETTER

If I Had A Million Dollars—

If I should suddenly, through an act of God, or some other miracle, come into possession of—say—a million dollars, do you know what I would do?

I would be a spendthrift—of both life and money! Why drag out years of weary, monotonous existence, just eating and sleeping? Life has more exciting things in store for those who possess the courage and the means to go out and get them. I've always had a "good woman" complex, but with one million dollars—anything might happen!

I'd want things to happen to me—quickly and devastatingly. Years slip by with such startling suddenness, and one day we suddenly become aware that old age has crept upon us and it is forever too late to accomplish all the beautiful dreams that we have been storing up.

The quickest way I know to make things happen is TNT. The nearest thing to TNT that could happen in my life is Clark Gable. So—if such a thing could possibly be accomplished with one million dollars—I would simply buy Clark Gable.

"One of The Ten Million."

(*Continued on page* 80)

IN all of Hollywood there's no more vivid, colorful personality than the Alabama girl, Tallulah Bankhead. Tallulah's name comes from an Indian word meaning "love maiden." And Tallulah will confess that she was made for love. In fact, Tallulah will confess anything. Hollywood always expects Tallulah to do the unexpected. She paints her toe nails; lugs a six-foot portrait of herself around, smokes cigarettes incessantly and climbs mountains when wearing shoes with French heels. So far Tallulah hasn't had any picture that halfway reflects her vivid, dynamic personality; but Paramount is giving her a grand cast and production in "Thunder Below"

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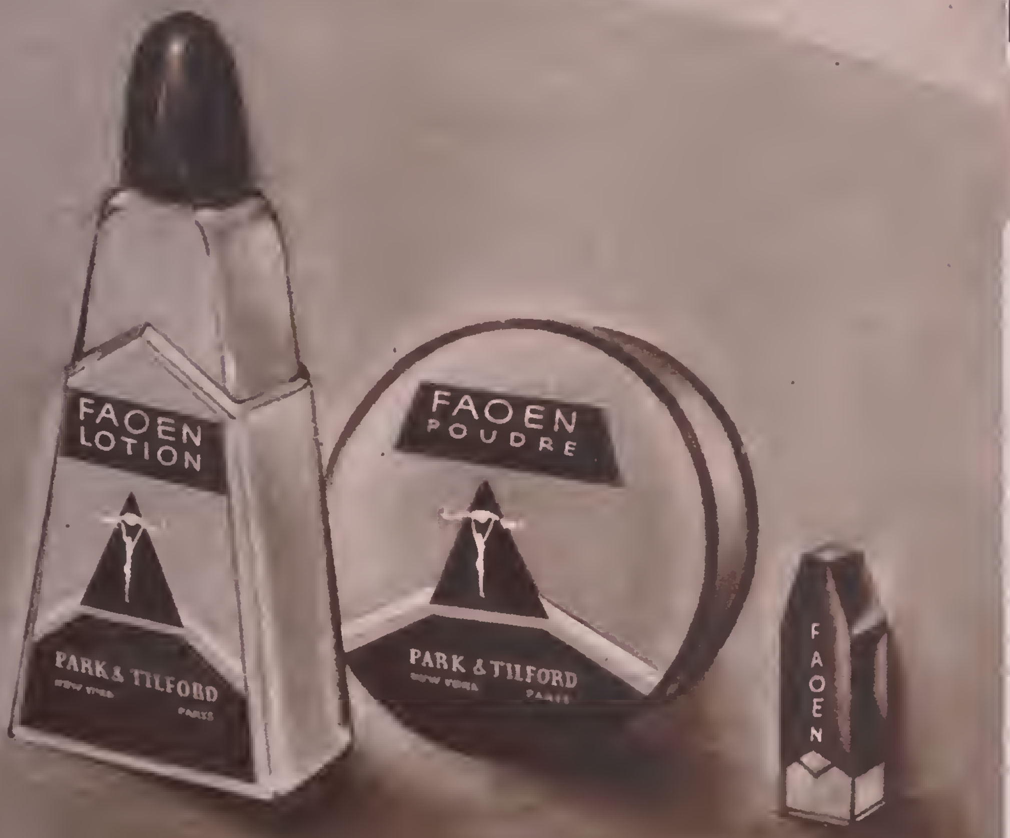
* The name of this firm and their complete analysis and report are on file at the offices of Park and Tilford, 485 Fifth Avenue, New York City, and may be seen on request.



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$1.00 LETTER

How to Pan the Stars

I have a simple way of panning movie stars whose work I don't like.

I don't bore my friends with long harangues against them.

I don't start acrimonious arguments with their admirers.

I don't waste paper, postage, and editors' time cussing them out in letters to movie magazines.

I don't bawl out theater managers for showing their vehicles.

I don't write them personal letters to tell them how rotten they are.

I just don't go to see pictures in which they appear.

Luther Clark,
Birmingham, Ala.

$1.00 LETTER

The Screen and God

Preaching and morals have always bored me—I'm young and don't want that kind of stuff. Yet, the other night I saw "The Man Who Played God" and was touched by this drama in a way never before experienced. The portrayal of the central character by that superb actor, Mr. George Arliss, forced a comparison between this picture and many other popular box-office sensations. What happened? It was a beautiful story bringing the better instincts in man to the foreground versus the "bang-bang" of machine guns, or the sophisticated lady with a shady past.

There will be many more people who, like myself, still be surprised when they see pictures like "The Man Who Played God" to know that the screen can combine rare entertainment with some of the finest things in life.

Mrs. Charles McGuffie,
Wheeling, W. Va.

$1.00 LETTER

Movie Memories

Gloria Swanson's superb versatile glamour in "Madame Sans-Gene."

The horror of Victor Varconi's carved grin in "The Man Who Laughs."

The terrific tension of "Journey's End."

The futility and pathos of "All Quiet on the Western Front."

Gary Cooper's legs in "Seven Days Leave."

The face of Dracula's victim in the hatch-way of the wrecked vessel.

The fantasy of "Kismet."

The whimsical old rascal that was George Arliss in "Old English."

The unforgettable trouser-flapping gait of George Stone in an early talkie.

The speaking eyes and inimitable laughter of Leon Janney at all times.

The killer's fearful call in "Mother's Cry."

Eric Linden's pathetically humble request for a dime in "Are these Our Children?"

Chatterton's kiss of renunciation in "Madame X."

Marlene Dietrich's black cat in "Dishonored."

Marie Dressler's ridiculous tipsy anger at the saloon door in "Anna Christie."

Wally Beery under the fish net in "Min and Bill."

The Legion's drums in "Morocco."

The delightfully absurd truth of "Private Lives."

The boots of "Mata Hari."

Robert Williams' "jitters" in "Platinum Blonde."

Richard Cromwell's loyalty to "Beautiful" in "Emma."

Jean Titus,
West Alexandria, Pa.

$1.00 LETTER

From A Factory Girl

As a poor working girl, most of my time is spent in a factory. My ears have become attuned to the noise of power machines, sighs of regret and complaints here, there, everywhere. Is it any wonder I love the movies with their beautiful people, gay songs and sophisticated repartee?

The movies make me forget that I'm tired. I forget the factory—noise, complaints and everything unpleasant. Nothing matters but this world of make believe—the house of cards that will fall when the curtain comes down. The movies are my rose colored glasses and I love them and am thankful for them.

"A Faithful Movie Mirror Reader,"
New York, N. Y.

$1.00 LETTER

Shearer the Sophisticated

I wonder why people censor Norma Shearer for becoming sexy and sophisticated. Before she became the Norma Shearer of today little or nothing was heard of her; today people criticize the way she wears her hair, the way her dresses cling to her shapely body and her sophisticated pictures—everything seems to be wrong to some people, but I'm glad that they are in the minority. I appreciate the fact that a certain amount of criticism is due every star. I also appreciate the fact that every knock is a boost. Every star is dear to the heart of somebody.

I know certain girls who have written Norma Shearer to find out how she combs her hair, others who have tried to copy her gowns, and still others who would never miss one of her pictures. I'm for Norma herself, her allure and her recent sophisticated pictures one hundred percent, and I know I'm not alone.

E. Swier,
Canton, Ohio.

But He's Still A Grand Actor

Just when I'm in the midst of having an honest-to-goodness good time you have to spoil it by printing a picture of James Cagney and his wife. Now I don't mind you putting his picture in your magazine, but, why oh why, must Mrs. Cagney be brought into it?

Up to date, I have always thought he was unmarried and I've been crazy about his acting and his rough and tough antics. But somehow after knowing he has taken the fatal step, the kick has gone out of the wine so to speak. The same goes for Clark Gable and the rest of those he-men who are t. d.* And this isn't just my opinion either. It has been said before a thousand times. But I just had to let you know.

So after this, when you print their pictures leave the better-halves out. We are not interested in them.

*Tied Down

A Fan,
St. Paul, Minn.

The Great Caveman Controversy

I've just come from seeing "Taxi." And boy, was it good—but why shouldn't it be with adorable Loretta Young in it—and James Cagney—oh, oh!—why can't we have more cavemen in pictures? Clark Gable was scrumptious in "Possessed." And Warren William was the real brute in "The Honor of the Family." What we need in this world is more cavemen.

"Peggy,"
Washington, D. C.

Women like their heroes to be strong and virile, but they hate brutes.

In several recent productions the glorified hero is the one who slaps or kicks the heroine into his way of thinking.

In "Union Depot" Doug Fairbanks, Jr., gives Joan Blondell a slap in the face that would lay the average girl out.

Can't we please have heroes that still respect women? The average woman or man for that matter, hates a brute. Domineering women in that fashion has never been successful and I don't believe it ever will be—in the movies or out.

Diane Roberts,
Los Angeles, Cal.

I am speaking for the majority of romantic minded married women, young and old included. They are too timid to admit it.

Our cry is for regular cavemen pictures and actors. We are surely thrilled when we go to Charles Bickford, George Bancroft, yes, and Clark Gable pictures, and you should see us being thrilled at Paul Lukas.

I think Phillips Holmes and all others like him and his pictures are just everyday bunk.

Mable Thompson,
Canton, Ill.

Clark Gable is called the ideal "caveman lover," but he is really just a brute. We want our men to be strong, yes; we want them to be forceful, yes; but we don't want to be socked by them—ever. That's brutality! And women don't love brutes. So please give us our Lew Ayres's and Bob Montgomerys and keep your Clark Gable.

Oneta George,
Racine, Wisconsin.

THIS seems to be the month of the great caveman controversy. Half the women in the world swear that what women want is more cavemen on the screen, and the other half shudder at the example such as Clark Gable and James Cagney are setting for the boy frens. Do women love brutes or don't they?

Gaynor and Farrell are sitting on top of the world this month, and Garbo and Gable just have to take second place to them. "Arrowsmith," "Hell Divers" and "Emma" are leading your favorite pictures.

Those who adore "Private Lives" say it's about the best comedy ever produced and those who don't adore it say it's about the worst. But there's just no middle ground.

You've always loved Marie Dressler, but since "Emma" her fan mail has doubled.

The Gablemaniacs go on and on. There's no stopping them. Just now they're clamoring for another Gable-Crawford picture and also for a Gable-Constance Bennett picture. Whom do *you* want to see him play opposite? Why not tell us, M-G-M and the world?

Address "Speak for Yourself,"
Movie Mirror,
8 West 40th Street, New York, N. Y.

"Shanghai Express"

After having seen "Shanghai Express," I am convinced of two things, that Marlene Dietrich is not another "carbon copy" of Greta Garbo and that she has a distinct and fascinating personality of her own.

I cannot find enough words to praise this picture, but no wonder it's a "Paramount Best Show in Town"!!!

George Lucas,
Des Moines, Iowa.

Can't We Have A Little Truce

Eee-yowoo! That explosion has been smouldering inside of me for so long that it just *must* come out. The reason for it? Garbo, Garbo, and more GARBO!

Why is it that most every time I turn over a page of a movie magazine I find Garbo staring at me with that sick-cat-let-me-die expression? Honestly, I bet if she smiled a really and truly smile she would crack or break right in two. If someone would write a good Egyptian story and Garbo was assigned to a mummy part, she would be cast perfectly! Good facial expression.

I prefer *human* actresses like Joan Crawford. When a picture with Joan is advertised, I can go with a certainty that I will enjoy it. When I am in a good mood to be bored or if I want a nap, I go to see Garbo.

Lucile V. Falkner,
Coffeyville, Kans.

On This Garbo Controversy

Greta Garbo is the best actress that has appeared on any American stage in the last fifty years. A big statement? I have seen them all, Sara Bernhardt, Leslie Carter, Olga Nethersole, Mrs. Fiske and what have you. As to comparing her with any of her contemporaries—I think too much of her. She hasn't Norma Shearer's silly laugh, Constance Bennett's goggle-eyed stare, Gloria Swanson's smirk or Joan Crawford's superficialities. Her Anna Christie was perfection, her Romance brought a tear to my eye, a hard boiled habitué of the theater of nigh onto half a century.

Carrol G. Briggs,
Anderson, Ind.

(*Continued on page* 110)

JOAN BLONDELL
starring in
"THE CROWD ROARS"
Warner Bros. Picture

Famed parfumeur Inspired by Personality of Joan Blondell *dedicates* ARLY'S "LA BOHEME' *to this Lovely Star*

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MOVIE FAN FAVORITES
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Here is where your personality awaits you. Each month a new fragrance will be offered—dedicated to one of the feminine stars of the screen.

The Greatest Siren in Hollywood

(*Continued from page 68*)

abroad, it's much more intense since her return. In New York, for instance, she gave a tea. The men were banked six deep around Janet, while other undeniably more beautiful girls and more worldly ones stood around against the wall and waited.

Around the Fox studio lot, Janet is perhaps the most hugged-and-kissed girl that ever stepped through the gate. It seems that it's an irresistible impulse—instead of greeting her with a handclasp and a hello, the men she works with greet her by flinging their arms around Janet, and planting a resounding smack on her lips.

No, Hubby Lydell Peck doesn't mind. A hug-and-kiss isn't such an unconventional greeting in Hollywood. But Janet gets more of it than anyone else, it seems. Well, you couldn't imagine them doing it to Elissa Landi, could you?—or Joan Bennett, popular and beloved as Joan has become in Fox Hills? No, they admire and respect Landi, and they greet her cordially—but not with a hug and a kiss. They love Joan Bennett, and they greet her warmly—but not with a hug and a kiss. But when Janet shows up—oh, the hugging and kissing.

How does she do it, you ask. What makes her so appealing? Well, if the answer were as simple as all that, every other girl'd have Janet's appeal, too. But they haven't.

Oh, yes; women do like Janet. But they don't make friends with her—or Janet doesn't make friends with them. Whichever it is, the fact remains that Janet has no close, intimate girl friends. The only woman who is close to her is her mother, Laura. Janet and her mother are inseparable; her mother is Janet's confidante, always. They resemble each other not only in looks, but in actions, their likes and dislikes, their very personalities.

Incidentally, Janet's name really isn't Janet. It's Laura, too. But they don't call her either Laura or Janet, her intimates. They call her "Lollie."

Aside from her husband and her mother, the two persons closest to her are young men, Charles Farrell, of course, and one Phil Thompson.

Phil Thompson is a lad just out of his teens. He is the son of the woman who was Janet's studio companion and chaperon before her marriage. He works in a Los Angeles bank. But in his spare time, he is the most frequently present companion of Janet and Lydell.

It's odd, but Janet and her husband hardly ever go out alone. That is, there is almost invariably a third person along, or a party. Most of the time, the third person is Phil. And, as you all know, much of the time, Charlie Farrell is along, and Mrs. Charlie Farrell, who was Virginia Valli.

Farrell and Peck are good friends. There's no use being so silly, here, as to ignore the ever-present Hollywood belief that Janet and Farrell are in love with each other. Not even Janet and Charlie can ignore it, because it's probably the most current Hollywood rumor. But they don't waste time uttering repeated denials in words. They just meet the situation by being seen together as a foursome and a merry, obviously happy foursome, too!

Janet and Lydell, for instance, since their return from Europe have spent the majority of their week-ends visiting Charlie and Virginia at Palm Springs, the desert resort where the Farrells have been spending all their time recently. If Janet and Charlie *are* in love with each other, then Virginia Valli and Lydell Peck are two swell actors.

Now, here's a facet of Janet's character that may strike you as odd. With all her lovableness, her sex-force, her femininity, Janet Gaynor is not domestic, nor ridden by sentimentality.

Home-life, for instance, doesn't particularly appeal to her. Before their recent European trip, Janet and her husband and mother lived in an unpretentious house on an unfashionable beach, quite a way from Hollywood. It was in Venice, one of the beach municipalities not favored by movie folk. The house was not far removed from a row of oil derricks. Not many fashionable people came to that part of the Pacific's shore.

When they went abroad, Janet and her people gave up the house, which they were only renting. Since they're back, they live at the Beverly-Wilshire Hotel, in Beverly Hills, on one of the community's principal business streets. They occupy two typical hotel-apartments, Janet and Lydell in one, Janet's mother in the other.

Janet does no housekeeping, no home-running. She doesn't enjoy that sort of thing, frankly. She loves parties—that is, she likes to attend them. But she doesn't care for giving them herself, save to have a bunch of people as her guests at some affair in one of the swanky dancing places or night clubs. No; Janet Gaynor is not a homebody. She says she's perfectly happy living in the hotel, and that she'll probably stay there for quite a long time, rather than take a house.

Janet likes clothes, too. She loves to buy clothes, loves to wear them, loves to dress up. She doesn't like to keep the same article a long time.

Her first picture after her marriage to Lydell Peck was "High Society Blues." It required a lot of dressy clothes. Janet, of course, helped plan her outfits.

One day, she came into the wardrobe department of the studio with a gown flung over her arm. She laid it on the counter. "Can't you cut this up and make a sports dress out of it, for the picture?" she asked the wardrobe woman. The latter picked it up, looked at Janet in surprise. It was a wedding dress.

"Why, isn't this—that is, isn't this your wedd . . ." she began to ask. Janet said yes, it was the wedding dress she had worn when she and Lydell Peck were married.

But with the wedding over, and the business of making pictures to be attended to, there was no reason why the dress couldn't be used, was there? So it was cut up, and a sports dress made of it. That sports dress still hangs in the Fox studio wardrobe department. It is now and then issued to an extra girl, to be worn in a scene for some picture or other.

Her intense application to her work is one of Janet's outstanding characteristics. You've already read, in Movie Mirror, how she personally watches each day's rushes, when making a picture; how she is by far her own severest critic; how, if a scene doesn't please her, she urges that it be re-shot, to make it better.

She works hard, and sacrifices her own comfort, feelings, safety, even. For example:

She has a terrific fear of horses. It's something innate with her, but she dreads being near them. Yet in "Delicious," you recall, she had to squeeze into a small packing-crate with a polo pony. She worked for days close to that horse. When the sequence was finally "in the box," Janet virtually collapsed from nervous strain. She had to rest a week, after the picture was done, to recover her composure. But you'll note that she didn't crack up until after her work was done.

Yes, Janet Gaynor works hard when she works. And, like so many other people of whom that is true, she plays with almost equal intensity. She loves the beach, the theater, music, parties, dancing, particularly dancing. She has a hula skirt, which she brought from Hawaii, and a ukulele, too. In Hawaii, where she owns a beach cottage, not on Waikiki beach, but on the other, less fashionable side of the island, she learned to play the ukulele and sing native songs and dance native dances. Now, every once in a while, she likes to put on her grass skirt, plunk away at the ukulele and sing, and dance a hula.

But all that is getting pretty far away from what we started to talk about—Janet's sex-appeal. But Janet's like that—you get to talking about her, and there are so many interesting things that you ramble on and before you know it, you're far from where you began. But to get back to her sex-appeal, for one last moment or two—

One of the persons who has known Janet since her beginning in movies, and has watched the reactions of others to her, says that in all that time, there has been but one instance when Janet didn't "slay" any man who met her.

"They'd all fall at her feet on first meeting, no matter how skeptical or cynical they might have been in advance," this person said. "All of them—all, that is, save one.

"He was a writer. He met her for an interview. He began to talk with her—and I could see him going into that same spell that other men go into, with Janet. He was falling for her, like all the others; and you can't blame them, or him.

"But then, he asked her what her hobby was. Now it happened that she'd just been reading a short article, or something, on occultism. It had entertained her, and a smattering of its contents was still fresh in her mind. So Janet, in a momentary burst of enthusiasm, told the man that that was her hobby—occultism—and proceeded to impress him by trying to tell what she knew about it. . . .

"Janet should never have done that.

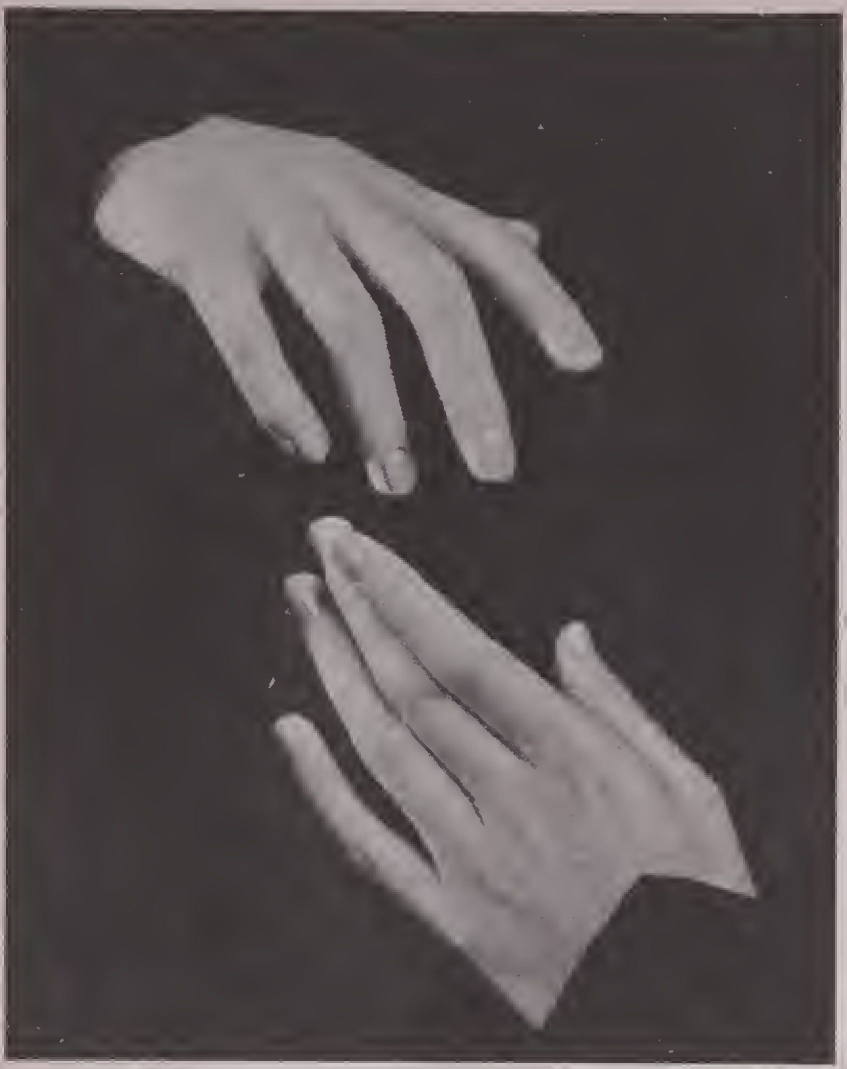
"You see, the man happened to be an authority on occultism!

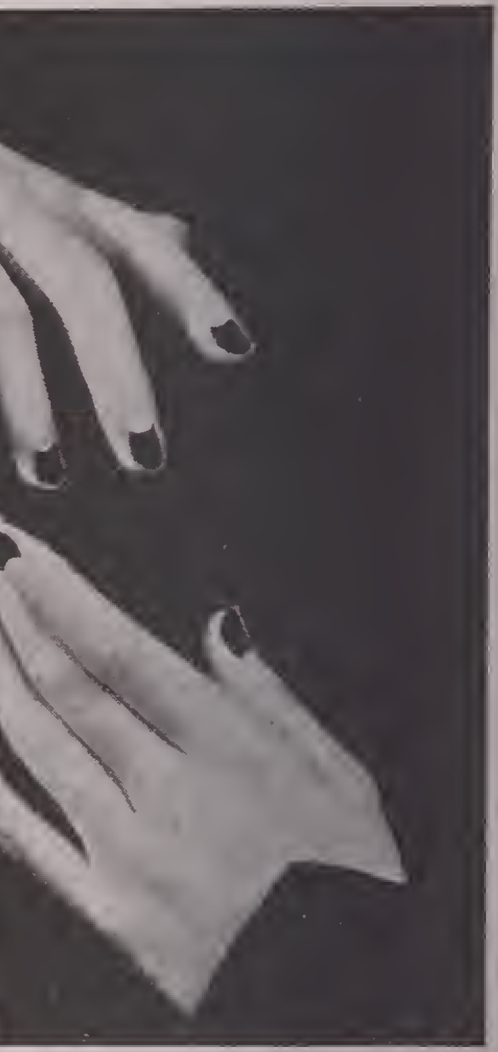
"But anyway, that's the *only* man in all my experience with Janet who didn't come away one of her worshippers."

The Movies' Beauty Secrets

Here's How to Have Beautiful Hands

By EVELYN CASSIDY





Notice the contrast between these two photographs. They're both the same pair of hands. Above, the simple nail polish makes the fingers seem slim and tapering. At right, too brilliant polish produces a blunt, cheap look

(Editor's Note: *The author of this article is one of Hollywood's leading beauty specialists. To her, for advice on all phases of beauty, come many of the screen's leading stars. Her establishment has cared for the hands of such celebrities as Joan Bennett, Lilyan Tashman, Hedda Hopper, Kay Francis, Ruth Chatterton, Lois Wilson, Madge Evans, Ann Harding, Joan Crawford, Norma Shearer.*)

IN the April Movie Mirror, I offered you advice on achieving great prettiness of the arms. In this article, as I promised, I'll tell you some hand-beauty secrets. Nothing tricky, but simple, sensible, sane rules that any girl may follow. For hands should be things of beauty as well as utility.

Hands are naturally conspicuous. They are used constantly in gesturing. Gesture is movement; movement attracts the eye.

The same principles of naturalness and subtle charm apply to the care of the hands as well as to the face. Obvious and flashy make-up is just as disastrous on the hands as over-rouging and too much lip-stick are unattractive as well as bad taste on the face.

Genevieve Tobin is famed for her beautiful hands

THERE are many ways of caring for the hands and of filing and polishing the nails to enhance beauty. And there are "don'ts" to be remembered.

Women with very long fingernails, for instance, should not wear a deep red nail polish. When the nail is too narrow and long for real beauty, don't call attention to

(*Continued on page* 86)

The Story Behind Harding Headlines

(Continued from page 17)

On that afternoon, they were together. That day they fled in an automobile to escape the reporters that forthwith sought them for further statements.

But that afternoon was the last time they were together. In keeping with their decision they parted that night. By their very frankness Ann and Harry couldn't get a decent divorce in the state of California. By announcing they had "agreed" to get a divorce, they had committed the virtual crime of "collusion" and no California court could grant them their freedom. A couple of nights later Harry registered at a Reno hotel, to establish the necessary residence to file suit for divorce on the grounds of incompatibility.

So, there's the story. There is the heartbreak in back of the headlines.

The future? Ann will fulfill her contract in Hollywood because she must. In the past few months even her most loyal fans have noticed that the fire had gone out of her, that the lovely flame that was Harding, was very dim. Perhaps now with her great strength of character, with her really fine soul, Ann will be able to rise above her personal tragedy. be able to bring back that glorious personality that is hers. Perhaps. And perhaps not. It isn't so easy to rise and be glorious when your pillow is wet with tears.

Harry has settled his contract with Radio, under which, to face the matter squarely, he was getting a salary for nothing. He is coming back to Broadway where, again to face things squarely, he never was too important. He was a good leading man, but there are a lot of good leading men in New York. He never gave a performance that equalled the fame of Ann's stage performance in "Tarnish," for instance.

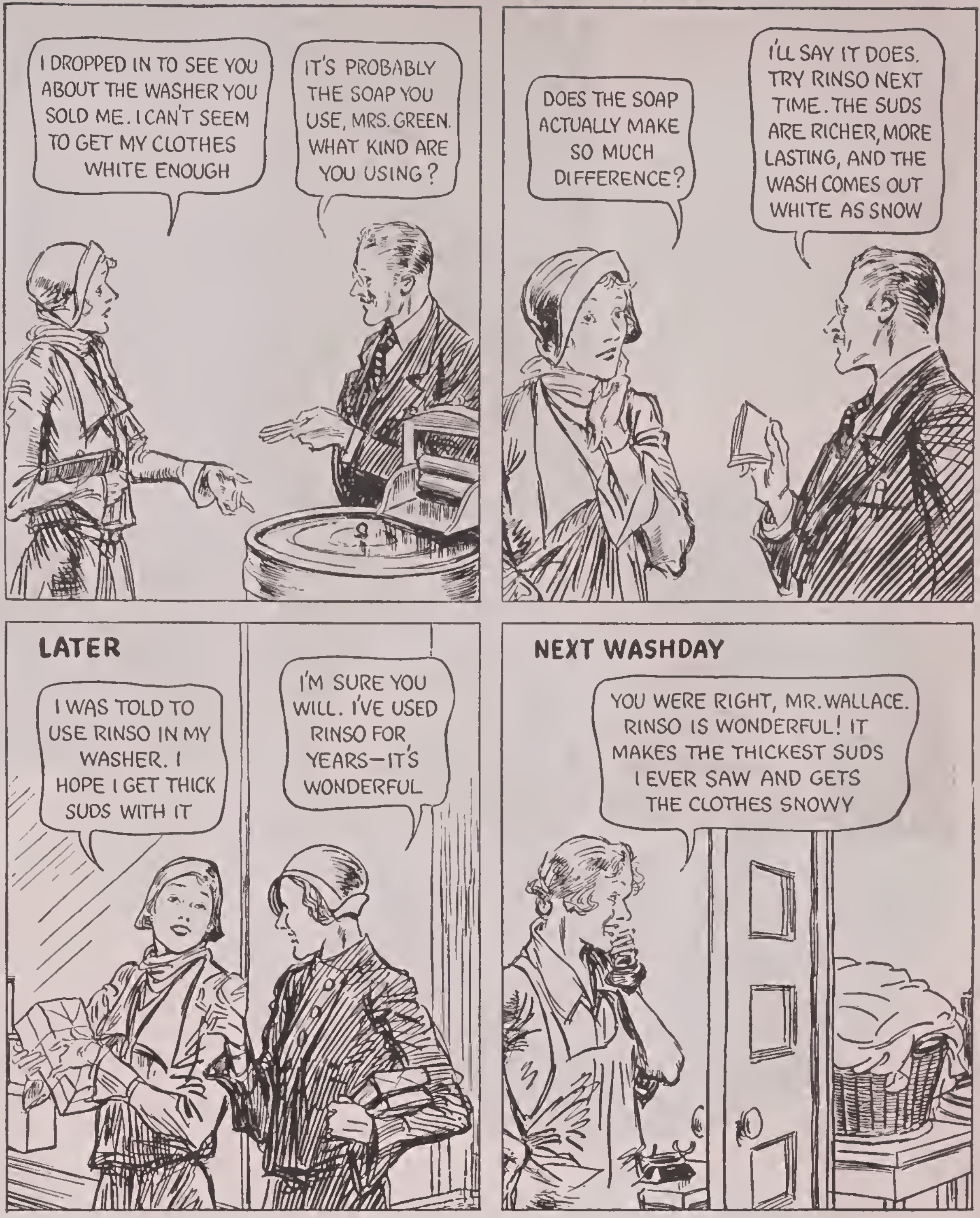
But they hope, now, that when Ann's term of service is over with Radio—about a year and a half, that she can rejoin a newly-famous Harry. And perhaps she will. Perhaps the pain Harry has suffered will make him into a greater actor. He's a nice person, Harry, and he deserves the breaks.

But all this is a dream and only time can tell whether it will come true. Today there is no "other love" in the heart of either of them—but who can tell what months and months of lonely separation may mean?

There isn't a square shooter in the world who doesn't hope, with them, that they can make their love live again some time in the future. But how often is a lost love refound and how often are people reborn?

Were You Ever a Dizzy Kid?

Sally Eilers, that amazing little "Bad Girl," once was, and the reason she got over acting that way is the most charming one in the world! Harriet Parsons reveals a new side of Sally in the July Movie Mirror. Don't miss this great story!


I DROPPED IN TO SEE YOU ABOUT THE WASHER YOU SOLD ME. I CAN'T SEEM TO GET MY CLOTHES WHITE ENOUGH
IT'S PROBABLY THE SOAP YOU USE, MRS. GREEN. WHAT KIND ARE YOU USING?
DOES THE SOAP ACTUALLY MAKE SO MUCH DIFFERENCE?
I'LL SAY IT DOES. TRY RINSO NEXT TIME. THE SUDS ARE RICHER, MORE LASTING, AND THE WASH COMES OUT WHITE AS SNOW
LATER
I WAS TOLD TO USE RINSO IN MY WASHER. I HOPE I GET THICK SUDS WITH IT
I'M SURE YOU WILL. I'VE USED RINSO FOR YEARS—IT'S WONDERFUL
NEXT WASHDAY
YOU WERE RIGHT, MR. WALLACE. RINSO IS WONDERFUL! IT MAKES THE THICKEST SUDS I EVER SAW AND GETS THE CLOTHES SNOWY

WHAT'S THIS — A NEW SHIRT? IT'S SO WHITE IT LOOKS NEW
THAT'S AN OLD SHIRT, DAN. THE REASON IT LOOKS SO WHITE IS BECAUSE I WASHED IT IN RINSO, TODAY
C. A. Voight

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"1900"
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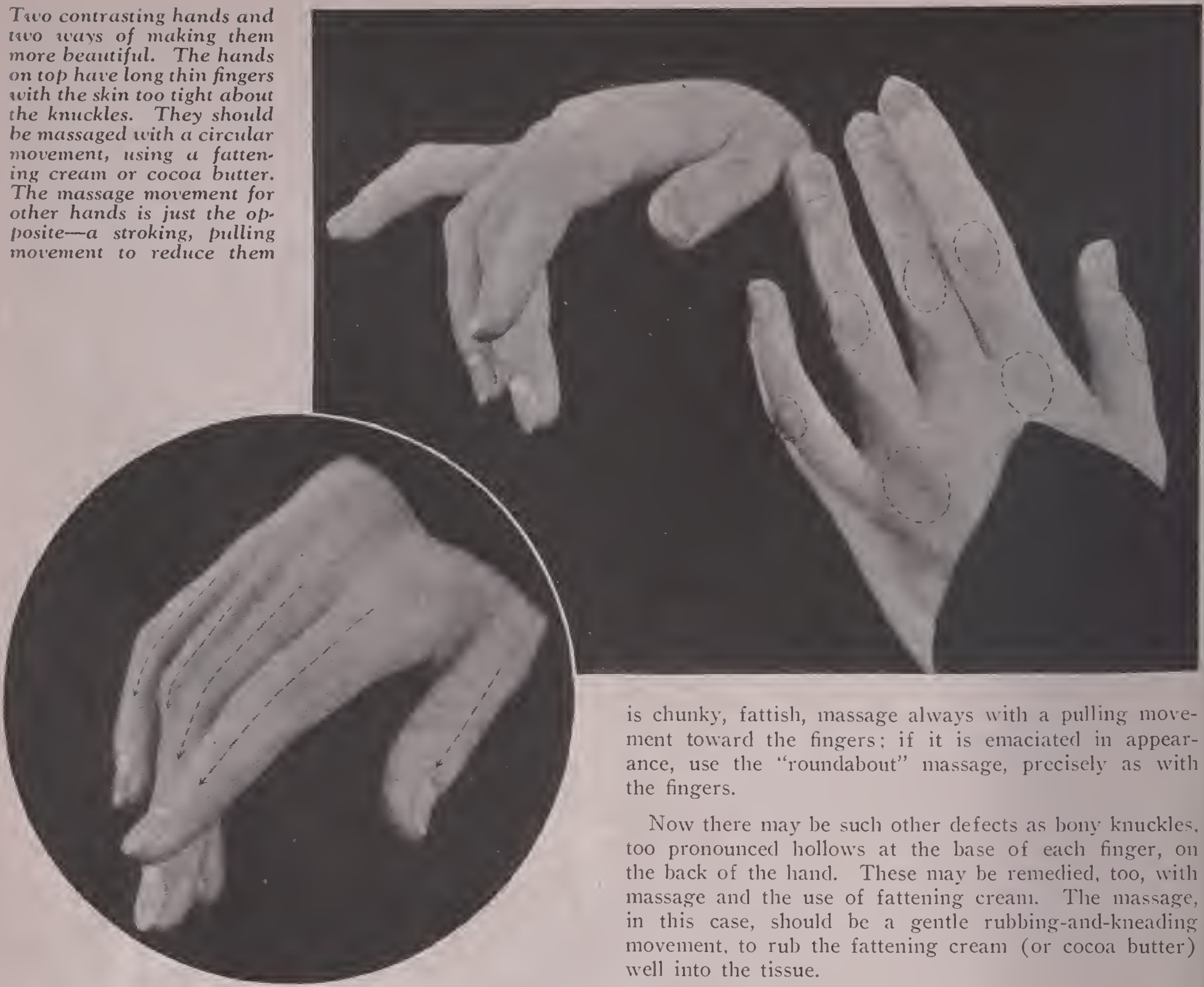

Two contrasting hands and two ways of making them more beautiful. The hands on top have long thin fingers with the skin too tight about the knuckles. They should be massaged with a circular movement, using a fattening cream or cocoa butter. The massage movement for other hands is just the opposite—a stroking, pulling movement to reduce them

(*Continued from page* 84)

it with flaming red; resort, instead, to a subdued tint or natural color, with an inconspicuously filed, oval nail, rather than a too-pointed one. That's just an example of a "don't."

For hand beauty, there are about four cardinal points to consider: The shape of the hand and fingers; the texture and color of the skin; the shape and color of the nails; and finally, conscious graceful disposition of the hands, at rest or in motion.

Let's consider shape first.

Shape of the hand and fingers can be controlled by massage. Your fingers, generally, may be either too long and thin, or too short and stubby.

To counteract the first fault—overlong, skinny fingers—massage by working the flesh of the fingers in a "roundabout" movement—rubbing and kneading the tissue *around* the finger. For the massage, use a fattening cream, or cocoa butter. Constant use of this process will do wonders for emaciated-looking digits.

IN the other case—fingers too short, stubby-looking—the massage movement should be a gentle stroking and pulling always toward the tip of the finger—outward from the palm. If you wish, you may use a reducing cream, of course; it helps. But of main importance in both cases is the massage—you can massage the fingers much during the average day, in spare moments.

The same rules of massage and use of cream apply to the hand itself as to the fingers, of course. If your hand is chunky, fattish, massage always with a pulling movement toward the fingers; if it is emaciated in appearance, use the "roundabout" massage, precisely as with the fingers.

Now there may be such other defects as bony knuckles, too pronounced hollows at the base of each finger, on the back of the hand. These may be remedied, too, with massage and the use of fattening cream. The massage, in this case, should be a gentle rubbing-and-kneading movement, to rub the fattening cream (or cocoa butter) well into the tissue.

Now as to the skin of your hands:

It is your aim, naturally, to have a smooth, soft, white skin texture. You want your hands to look youthful, not gnarled, rough with the appearance of hard work, or laundry tubs.

CONSTANT use of a good hand lotion is advisable. You may obtain such a lotion at beauty shops, drugstores. If you prefer not to obtain a trade-marked, patented preparation, here is a simple recipe for a lotion that will work wonders for your hand-skin:

Ask your druggist to mix equal parts of glycerine, witch hazel, and soap liniment. You can buy this in four-ounce lots. Rubbing a quantity well into the hands and wrists each evening will do much to keep your hands white, soft, smooth.

And many women have found that to slip on a pair of soft cotton gloves (not tight) over the hands while asleep, during the length of the night, will help along the work of the lotion. The gloves, of course, save the lotion from rubbing off; give it a chance to work into the skin.

If your hands are tanned, red from exposure to sun or weather, you may add a rub with bleaching cream to the other lotion.

Not alone at night, now, may the softening or whitening lotion be used. If the hands are so treated several times a day as well, the action of the lotions will naturally be intensified.

For a further softening treatment, a daily rub-in of olive oil is extremely beneficial.

And now for the nails—perhaps the most important factor in considering hand-beauty:

Nails should be manicured *at least* once a week. And they should be kept clean always.

Discretion must be used in selecting the shape in which you wear your fingernails. The shape of your nail will help counteract the appearance of a too-long or too-stubby hand, too. For instance, if your hand is chubby, file your nails to a somewhat longer point than usual. Vice versa, if your fingers are thin and long, shorten the tips of your nails to a more rounded effect, rather than pointed. *But do not go to extremes in either case,* or you will accentuate instead of counteract your fault! I mean, if your fingers are short, do not file the nails to a sharp point; file them merely to a long oval tip. If the fingers are overlong, do not file your nails down to a bluntly round state; reduce them instead to a short oval, but still an oval tip.

As a general rule, long points are neither practical nor becoming. The oval is the shape to have.

Many nails are short and stubby. To give the illusion of length to a short nail, rub with cuticle oil and push the cuticle as far back as comfortably possible, so that the moons of the nail show. Then file the nail into as narrow a shape as possible without making the skin sore or painful; as far down the sides as you can without hurting or cutting or digging into the skin. Polish with a light or medium color, not dark. The effect will be remarkable in combating nail stubbiness.

TOO narrow-and-long nails, of course, are treated in the opposite manner. Do not push the cuticle too far back; let as much broadness remain as possible without filing down the sides; make your point less pointed, more rounded in its oval.

In all cases, symmetry is the aim. That is, the oval curve to the tip must be even —not lopsided.

For color of nail polish, I can report that the deeper shades of polish are losing popularity, probably because they were never in the best of taste because they forced undue attention. The medium shade is much more in use at present, with many stars preferring natural tint.

Now all that remains is the conscious graceful disposition of your hands. Many of you, unquestionably, are hand-conscious. It is a natural human trait, when embarrassed, to "wonder what to do with my hands." Men can stick them in their pockets, and get rid of the problem that way. But women—well, women have to learn how to hold their hands gracefully. Any hand can be graceful, when intelligently held or moved. Notice the pictures of motion picture actresses—notice how they poise their hands. You don't see them with nervously-clenched fists; with awkwardly intertwined fingers; with gawkishly-held postures. You'll see their hands always graceful. It's a thing that can't be told in words; but it is a point that can be easily learned by observation, practice. It will add tremendously to the beauty of your hands.

Jack Pierce, Universal's make-up wizard, tells you how to dress your hair most flatteringly. In next month's Movie Mirror. Don't miss it.

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Ronald Colman's Tragedy of Success

(*Continued from page* 58)

have, wealth and opportunity were lacking. It must have seemed a hopeless task. But he could create ancestors in his dreams. Good grammar he could cultivate. Education beyond a mere public schooling was impossible. But he could read! Self control and courtesy were innate. He could learn for himself the lesson of an English gentleman; to conceal from the world every heartache and pain; to be assured and self-sufficient without being intrusive.

Very well then. He would make a "fine figure of himself," not for the world to admire, but to please his mother and himself. And in the creation of Ronald Colman, screen star, he has done precisely that.

Most of "the gentry" he had ever seen were soldiers, statesmen, or gentlemen of leisure. The last two rôles were far out of reach of a messenger boy in an importing house, but he could at least make a start as a soldier.

So in 1911, at the age of 18, he joined the "London Scottish," a very good regiment corresponding to our militia or national guard. Three years later he resigned. By that time he was a clerk making the equivalent of $15 a week and had no time to spare. However, with the outbreak of the war he rejoined immediately and left for France early in August, 1914, with the "Old Contemptibles." It was the first step in the career of building the Ronald Colman of today, but he probably regretted exceedingly that he was not "going out" as an officer.

Today Colman, playing true to his rôle, will never talk of his war experiences. An English gentleman doesn't do such things. He served three months, was wounded and invalided out of the service.

"I walked the streets of London without a job or any money for three months," he admits. "Finally I took a job as an actor. There wasn't anything else to do."

COLMAN does not consider himself a good stage actor. "If motion pictures had not come to my rescue, I think that I would have had to leave the stage," he once told me. "I was getting stage fright so badly that I had to force myself to walk out from the wings at every performance."

That is still true. I have seen him preparing to step out before an audience and receive applause at the premières of his pictures. Ronnie on such occasions always arrives early with Bill Powell, Cameraman George Barnes, or one of his few close friends to keep him "bucked up." He will be in a cold sweat, hands shaking visibly, and forehead perspiring. When the time comes to step forth, he shudders, makes one nervous grab at his necktie, and strolls out before the footlights. Immediately he becomes calm and assured! His appearances are always successful, but his nerves pay a terrific price for them.

"I'll never make another personal appearance," he declared after the "Bulldog Drummond" opening in New York two years ago. He had been detected slipping out of the theatre by a side door and admiring fans had torn his dinner coat off his back.

He has kept his word, even going so far as to run away from Hollywood when his picture, "Condemned," was selected to open at Grauman's Chinese Theatre, that most desirable of all West Coast première houses. On that occasion, Samuel Goldwyn, his producer, threatened to put detectives on his trail because a nation-wide broadcast had been arranged over the Columbia chain, but Colman laughed and vanished and nothing was ever done about it.

The creation of the "mystery" about him dates from an early stage of his screen career. Soon after his first success in "The White Sister" with Lillian Gish, he played "A Thief in Paradise," directed by George Fitzmaurice. "Fitz" likes his love scenes as torrid as the censors and his audience will permit—and he succeeded in filming Colman and Doris Kenyon, the leading lady, in a sequence so intimate and romantic that a critic remarked that "It seems like invading personal privacy to watch them."

Yet the scene, which involved a kiss through a flower, was absolutely uncensorable.

Colman had really given of his best. When he saw the sequence for the first time in the studio projection room, he shuddered and after the reel was finished walked out with bowed head. I believe he thought then that he had been undignified and untrue to the ideal "figure" he was creating. He had shown emotion—and an English gentleman doesn't do that, either.

In any event, it never happened again. While the love scenes in the Colman-Vilma Banky pictures attracted great attention, he was always holding back.

With the coming of talking pictures, his love scenes have nearly all been played in a very light vein. Colman has even gone so far as to refuse to pose for intimate love still pictures with his leading ladies, unless the poses were precisely the same as those that appeared in the picture.

THUS, bit by bit, Ronnie has developed reticence into a fine art. When he leaves Los Angeles on a trip, he usually shaves off his mustache so that people may not recognize him. Only one writer, Margaret Chute, an Englishwoman, has ever been inside his home. No one except himself has ever taken pictures in it. In six years only one woman has ever talked for publication about what went on at one of the quiet intimate parties of eight or ten which he delights in giving.

Colman delights exceedingly in these parties. His dining table seats eight comfortably and that is his usual limit of guests. On the walls are old English hunting prints and his favorite china in Wedgewood.

About the cooking and ordering he rarely troubles himself. His two Filipino servants seem unobtrusive and letter perfect in their parts.

He likes plain food cooked English fashion rather than French or Italian.

His servants idolize him. Four years ago he sent his former valet and odd-job man back to England. The man had been with him for four years and wept openly at the parting. The present incumbent of that position is Tommy Turner, valet, chauffeur, errand boy and secretary who would cheerfully lie, steal, or beg for his master.

Women have played a very small part in Colman's life since his unfortunate marriage. It is as though he had shut them away as unnecessary to his existence. It is true that at one time or another his engagement has been widely rumored. Kay Francis, Betty Jewel, Vilma Banky and many others have come before the public eye as Colman "possibilities." To all direct queries he has merely said that "I am still married and in any event don't you think you should ask the lady?"

And the lady in question has invariably denied it. Of course all of this may have had something to do with the fact that the ladies were usually in the newest Colman picture and that publicity is publicity.

And yet Colman is a "he-man." It is his idea that no gentleman ever shows off in public nor talks of his achievements. I have never seen him at a Hollywood first night, although I have met him many a time at a second or third performance. He stays away from the public. If they insist on trying to find out about his private life, very well, let them try. It is a game that two can play and in most cases Ronnie has won.

With his success in "Bulldog Drummond," his first talkie, the character that Colman was creating reached perfection. The "figure" was finished. For several years he has drawn a large salary which is now over the quarter million mark. He has earned all the money he will ever need and he has held on to it without being niggardly either to his friends or to charities. Today at a conservative estimate he is worth over $2,000,000. Wealth was the final necessity for the characterization.

And the result? A personage who is friendly yet reserved, who talks of himself and his business when necessary, but never gives himself away. A man who moves leisurely and assuredly through life.

And yet there are those of Colman's acquaintances who ask which is the reality, the boy or the figure he created and which the world knows? Like Frankenstein, has the creation conquered the boy?

This is impossible to answer. But there are evidences that Ronnie has grown somewhat weary of himself and the personage he has created.

For the past two years he has talked of long yacht cruises and spending lazy years idling in the South Seas. He wants to make a loafing trip around the world, but not like Douglas Fairbanks, to reduce it to eighty minutes. There will be no movie cameras with the Colman party.

As this is written, Ronnie, just back from China, is already planning another trip. Not even Samuel Goldwyn knows where or when he is planning to go.

As Bill Powell, his most intimate friend, commented in talking of Colman and his journeyings, "He sends me cablegrams from where he is, but never tells where he is going."

There is a possibility that Ronnie doesn't know.

Inside Stuff

(*Continued from page* 45)

Do awful puns give
You the jitters?—
Well then: "Arliss
Not gold that glitters."

Pay no attention to that rumor that Mary Pickford has decided *not* to appear in any more pictures, but will finance a Clara Bow picture instead. "It's utterly untrue," says Mary, and adds that while she may appear in a stage play on Broadway, it will not be until *after* she has starred in another talkie.

It's hard to imagine Peter Pan married, isn't it? Betty Bronson, that pert little actress who skyrocketed to film heights as "Peter Pan" and then never again did anything worth getting excited about, is a Mrs. now.

She was married, a few weeks ago, to one Ludwig Lauerhaus, a business man of Beverly Hills, California.

The romance that had Hollywood all agog and a-guessing led straight to the altar. Here they are, Greta Nissen and Weldon (Fox's Gable) Heyburn, wearing that newly married look. They met for the first time when Weldon had to choke Greta Nissen in "The Silent Witness," and they were married in Tia Juana, Mexico

So now little Peter Pan is just Mrs. Ludwig Lauerhaus.

Jack Oakie, Hollywood's screwiest dresser, scored his latest sartorial monstrosity at a recent party given by Jeanette MacDonald. Jack appeared in utterly correct dinner-jacket and all. With one exception: instead of dress shirt, collar, tie, he wore a *red* sweatshirt.

Just to show what Hollywood does to people, here's what Ronald Colman said when he got back from the Orient, where he got a close-up of the Japanese-Chinese mess. "It's a very dull war," said Ronnie.

(*Continued on page* 93)

The QUICK *delightful way to keep your skin* SOFT SMOOTH *and* SILKY...

Merely dissolve half a package or more of Linit in your tub and enjoy the soothing sensation of a rich, cream-like bath.

After a luxurious Linit Beauty Bath you instantly "feel" the results—your skin is unusually soft and delightful to the touch.

Which explains why the Linit Beauty Bath is so popular among thousands of fastidious women.

After your Linit Bath, powdering is unnecessary, as Linit leaves just the right amount of powder on the skin, evenly spread. You will find that Linit adheres well, absorbs perspiration without caking and eliminates "shine" on body, hands and face.

Starch from corn is the main ingredient of Linit and, being a pure vegetable product, is absolutely harmless to even the most delicate skin.

THE BATHWAY TO A SOFT, SMOOTH SKIN

LINIT

is sold by Grocery Stores... Drug and Department Stores

LINIT
FOR THE BATH
Makes Your Skin Feel Soft and Smooth
LINIT
DELIGHTFULLY PERFUMED FOR THE BATH

TIPS *on* TALKIES

Chester Morris whispering a hot tip to Carole Lombard in "Sinners in the Sun"

(Check ✓ for the good pictures. Double check ✓✓ for the extraordinary ones that you shouldn't miss.)

By DORA ALBERT

✓ **AFTER TOMORROW** (*Fox*) If you can bear to see Charles Farrell playing opposite Marian Nixon instead of Janet Gaynor, you'll find this a nice, human story, cut out of the same material as "Street Scene," though to be honest, it isn't anywhere nearly as great. It's the story of a boy and girl who have to keep on putting off their marriage on account of the boy's "silver cord" comic strip mother. Marian Nixon and Charles Farrell give splendid performances. Josephine Hall's rôle as Farrell's mother calls for a lot of exaggeration, and she gives it.

☆

✓✓ **ALIAS THE DOCTOR** (*First National*) Barthelmess's best picture since "Dawn Patrol." The story of this is a beautiful one, that of a boy who sacrifices his career as a doctor for the sake of his foster-brother, and when that brother dies, has to conceal his identity in order to save human lives. The final scene of the story is filled with an almost unbearable suspense and reaches a high pitch of emotion. Barthelmess's own work stands out above everything else in the picture, though Marian Marsh is lovely as his leading lady and Lucille LaVerne gives a grand performance as his foster-mother.

☆

✓✓ **ARE YOU LISTENING?** (*M-G-M*) You may not be expecting a story that digs as deep into the emotions as this one, but no matter what you're expecting, you'll admit that this is a swell picture. Madge Evans, Anita Page and Joan Marsh play three girls who work in a radio station, and they're all adorable. William Haines is good, and his dramatic work will surprise you, for he doesn't play his usual wise-cracking self. Karen Morley gives a powerful performance. All in all, grand.

☆

✓✓ **ARROWSMITH** (*United Artists*) Here's an exceptional talkie. It's the story of a young scientist who for love becomes a country doctor. Ronald Colman gives a splendid performance in this story. Helen Hayes, who really ought to have more to do, is very appealing as his wife. Whether or not "Arrowsmith" is a hit at the box-office, it is a superbly intelligent picture.

☆

✓✓ **ARSENE LUPIN** (*M-G-M*) This is a thriller—and howl It's not alone that the story is exciting and has lots of suspense, though it is and it has. The main thing is that both Barrymores, John and Lionel, are in the picture, and they do themselves proud. My own pet is Lionel, but I'll have to admit that his brother is swell also. "Arsene Lupin" has romance, thrills and mystery. See it.

☆

✓ **BEAST OF THE CITY, THE** (*M-G-M*) This glorifies the police, and how! It also glorifies Jean Harlow, and how! It's an answer, really, to all the gang films that have gone before—particularly to those which glorified the crooks. Walter Huston turns in a fine performance as a police big-shot who has sworn to rid his city of the gang chief.

☆

BEAUTY AND THE BOSS (*Warners*) It's too bad about this. Beautiful as Marian Marsh is, she can't save it. And though Warren William is a sex-appealish lad, neither can he. The story of the ambitious country girl who becomes the millionaire's secretary and then falls in love with him has been done just once too often. This whole picture is exaggerated and untrue to life from start to finish.

☆

BEHIND THE MASK (*Columbia*) Exciting secret service melodrama with Jack Holt, Boris Karloff and Constance Cummings. The secret service man goes to prison to get the lowdown on the dope gang; the fiendish surgeon murders people on the operating table; the beautiful heroine saves the hero in the nick of time. Jack Holt and Boris Karloff are very well cast indeed as the hero and the villain respectively. You'll find the story thrilling even if not wholly believable.

☆

✓ **BROKEN LULLABY** (*Paramount*) Also released as "The Man I Killed". Lubitsch tries his hand at a tragic theme and creates a picture that may be art but isn't box-office—a psychological study of a man who feels that he has committed murder because he killed a man in the war. Chief acting honors go to Lionel Barrymore. Nancy Carroll, miscast as a German fraulein, does nicely anyway. Phil Holmes gives a sensitive, high-strung performance.

☆

BUT THE FLESH IS WEAK (*M-G-M*) Reviewed in the May issue as "Mister and Mistress." Bob Montgomery is fairly good in this sophisticated story of two paupers who set out to marry wealthy women. Aubrey Smith lends splendid support. Heather Thatcher and Nora Gregor are the two women in the story. They might be interesting, but unfortunately they are miscast, and the story suffers from this miscasting.

☆

✓ **CARNIVAL BOAT** (*Radio*) Here's a tale of adventure in the timberlands. It has a lot of thrills, a lot of action. Bill Boyd, Ginger Rogers and Marie Prevost are in the cast, and you know darn well they're worth seeing.

☆

CHEATERS AT PLAY (*Fox*) Conventional international crook story in which most of the action takes place on a steamer at sea. Thomas Meighan and Billy Bakewell do all they can with a not-so-hot story. It's Charlotte Greenwood, though, who steals the picture with her comedy work. All in all, it's fairish entertainment.

Personally Recommended

✓✓ **Alias the Doctor**

For its pictorial beauty, heart-rending suspense, and Richard Barthelmess' sincere performance.

✓✓ **The Passionate Plumber**

Because it's the most side-splitting comedy that's come our way in months, and the combination of Polly Moran, Jimmy Durante, Buster Keaton and Irene Purcell is simply too elegant for words.

✓✓ **Tarzan, The Ape Man**

Loading thrill on thrill the way this does, it's simply the best thing in entertainment for both children and adults. For a good, all-round movie, give me this.

✓ **The Man Who Played God**

I call this a beautiful story. The human dramas seen by Arliss through his opera glasses—those dramas within the drama — are particularly striking.

✓ **Lady With a Past**

The dialogue's so darn clever, and Connie Bennett demonstrates such a beautiful sense of humor, and Ben Lyon's so utterly ingratiating.

—Also—

These Double Check Pictures of the Last Six Months

✓✓ Arrowsmith
✓✓ Arsene Lupin
✓✓ The Crowd Roars
✓✓ Dance Team
✓✓ Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde
✓✓ The Hatchet Man
✓✓ Hell Divers
✓✓ High Pressure
✓✓ Ladies of the Big House
✓✓ Mata Hari
✓✓ One Hour With You
✓✓ Private Lives
✓✓ Scarface
✓✓ Shanghai Express
✓✓ Union Depot

✓✓ **CROWD ROARS, THE** (*Warners*) When James Cagney appears in a picture, you know that there's going to be plenty of action, and oh boy, oh boy, do you get your money's worth in this! It's a tale of the auto race tracks, and everything in the picture is subordinate to the hair-raising thrills of the auto race scenes. James Cagney and Eric (Are These Our Children?) Linden deliver performances that'll make you want to get up and cheer, and when you add to all this, Joan Blondell and Ann Dvorak, you have a picture that we simply had to give a double check to.

☆

✓ **DANCERS IN THE DARK** (*Paramount*) If Miriam Hopkins is your pet the way she's my pet, you'll go to this and love it. It's the tale of a taxi dancer who discovers true love. Jack Oakie puts over a swell dramatic performance, Miriam is grand as usual, and Lyda Roberti sings a hot song number the way a hot song number is supposed to be sung.

☆

✓✓ **DANCE TEAM** (*Fox*) That James Dunn-Sally Eilers team keeps rising in popularity. And no wonder, when they give us pictures like "Bad Girl" and now "Dance Team." They'll tear the heart out of you in this and make you like it, make you laugh and make you love it, make you feel it's real life they're portraying and real people. You'll like the story, too, that of a couple of hoofers whose romance is almost wrecked when one of them gets a case of swelled head.

☆

DEADLINE (*Columbia*) Here's a good Western for the thousands of fans, young and old, who dote on them. Buck Jones is the hero who is freed after a year in prison for a murder he didn't commit. When he sets out to find the real criminal, there's plenty of action to keep the Western fans on the edge of their seats till the very end. Loretta Sayers is the charming heroine.

☆

✓ **DECEIVER, THE** (*Columbia*) Here's a murder mystery story about a blackmailing villain who gets killed for his dirty work. The picture will keep you guessing. No stars in the cast—only featured players like Ian Keith, Dorothy Sebastian, Natalie Moorhead—but the story has sufficient excitement in it to lift the picture into the class of better-than-average.

☆

✓ **DELICIOUS** (*Fox*) If you like Janet Gaynor, you'll like this, although the story isn't new. It's the love tale of a little immigrant girl. Added to this you have some nice incidental music plus Charles Farrell as the hero plus some lovely photography. And Janet Gaynor is "Delicious" in this!

☆

DESTRY RIDES AGAIN (*Universal*) Just to see Tom Mix back in his saddle, riding good ol' Tony again, is enough for thousands of Western fans, young and old. And when you add to this that Tom Mix talks, it's enough to give plenty of fans one of their biggest talkie thrills. The story's not unusual, but the Western fans will eat it up.

☆

✓ **DEVIL'S LOTTERY** (*Fox*) You don't like melodrama? Wait! The chances are you'll like this. It's so well cast, so nicely produced, that you won't care whether it's believable or not, it's so exciting. And it contains some of Elissa Landi's best work. Hectic but enjoyable.

☆

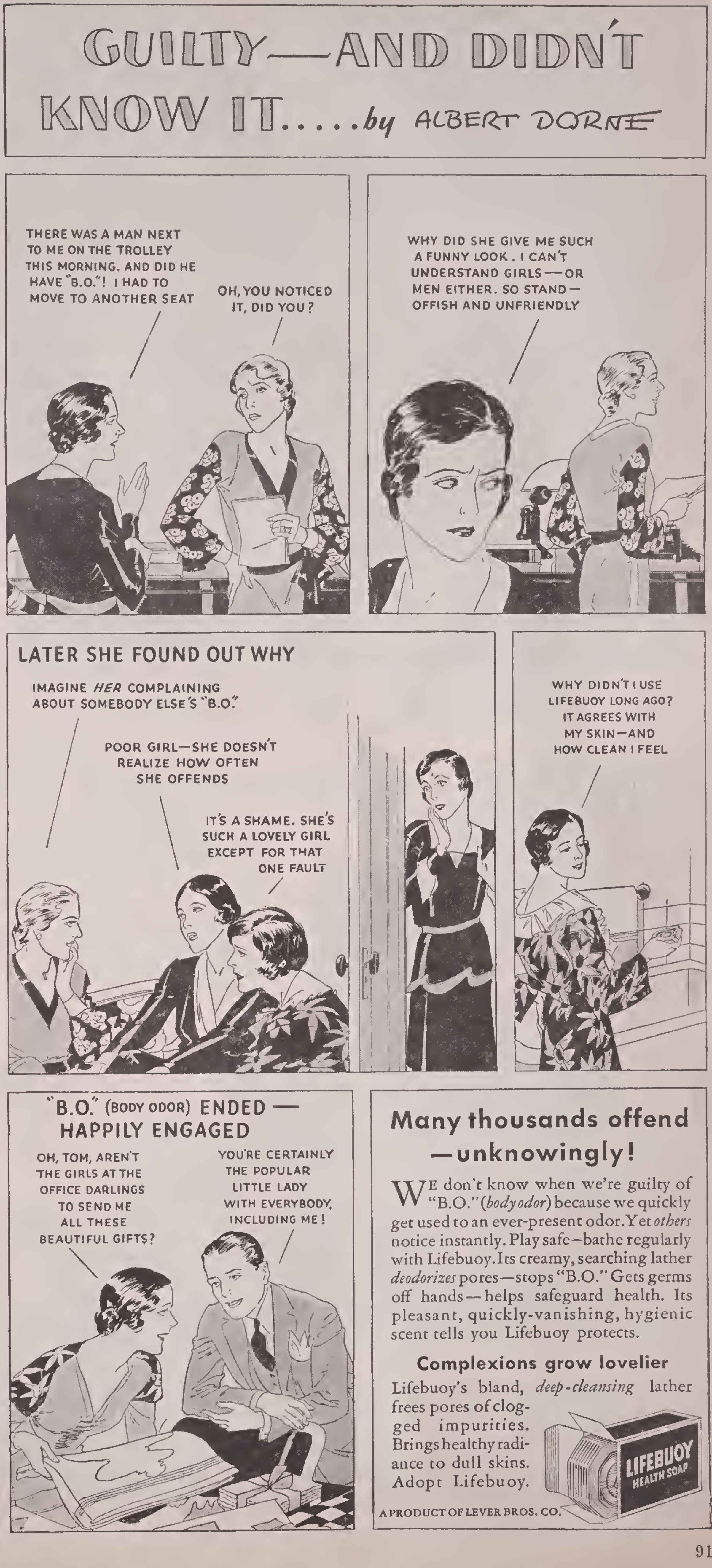
✓ **DISORDERLY CONDUCT** (*Fox*) Here's a movie that moves! There's a big time racketeer and his beautiful daughter, a couple of cops, a gambling raid, a murder and more than a dash of romance. It's got action, it's got speed, it's got excitement. In fact, it's got pretty near everything. And even though Sally Eilers hasn't got Jimmy Dunn playing opposite the way she ought to have, she gives a swell performance. And El Brendel, as always, can be depended upon for laughs.

☆

✓✓ **DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE** (*Paramount*) Showing how horror may be mixed with beauty. Gruesome though the story of this is, it's so beautifully produced, so intelligently directed, so charmingly played that it's one of the great pictures of the year. When you first see Fredric March change from Dr. Jekyll to Mr. Hyde, you'll gasp. His make-up is marvelous. And he proves in this that he's an *actor*, and how! Rose Hobart as his sweetheart is fair; Miriam Hopkins as a Cockney girl as cute as the dickens. The story has charm and beauty, as well as moments of horror. As entertainment it's grand; and in addition it'll give you a lot of things to think about.

☆

✓ **EMMA** (*M-G-M*) Though Garbo is glamorous and Shearer has poise, though Joan Crawford is a grand dramatic actress and Janet Gaynor sweet-


GUILTY—AND DIDN'T KNOW IT.....by ALBERT DORNE
THERE WAS A MAN NEXT TO ME ON THE TROLLEY THIS MORNING. AND DID HE HAVE "B.O."! I HAD TO MOVE TO ANOTHER SEAT
OH, YOU NOTICED IT, DID YOU?
WHY DID SHE GIVE ME SUCH A FUNNY LOOK. I CAN'T UNDERSTAND GIRLS — OR MEN EITHER. SO STAND-OFFISH AND UNFRIENDLY
LATER SHE FOUND OUT WHY
IMAGINE HER COMPLAINING ABOUT SOMEBODY ELSE'S "B.O."
POOR GIRL—SHE DOESN'T REALIZE HOW OFTEN SHE OFFENDS
IT'S A SHAME. SHE'S SUCH A LOVELY GIRL EXCEPT FOR THAT ONE FAULT
WHY DIDN'T I USE LIFEBUOY LONG AGO? IT AGREES WITH MY SKIN—AND HOW CLEAN I FEEL
"B.O." (BODY ODOR) ENDED — HAPPILY ENGAGED
OH, TOM, AREN'T THE GIRLS AT THE OFFICE DARLINGS TO SEND ME ALL THESE BEAUTIFUL GIFTS?
YOU'RE CERTAINLY THE POPULAR LITTLE LADY WITH EVERYBODY, INCLUDING ME!
LIFEBUOY HEALTH SOAP

Many thousands offend —unknowingly!

We don't know when we're guilty of "B.O." (*body odor*) because we quickly get used to an ever-present odor. Yet *others* notice instantly. Play safe—bathe regularly with Lifebuoy. Its creamy, searching lather *deodorizes* pores—stops "B.O." Gets germs off hands—helps safeguard health. Its pleasant, quickly-vanishing, hygienic scent tells you Lifebuoy protects.

Complexions grow lovelier

Lifebuoy's bland, *deep-cleansing* lather frees pores of clogged impurities. Brings healthy radiance to dull skins. Adopt Lifebuoy.

A PRODUCT OF LEVER BROS. CO.

Warm scenes from a warm climate! Joel McCrea and Dolores del Rio promise some pulse-skipping moments when "The Bird of Paradise" is shown

ness itself, there are things that old trouper Marie Dressler does to your heart strings that no one else can do. This picture is Marie Dressler, and Marie Dressler *and* Marie Dressler. And oh, how you love it! If anyone else but Marie played in this, you'd say that the story was hokum. Marie makes you take it and like it. So bring at least two handkerchiefs along. You'll need 'em.

☆

✓ **EXPERT, THE** (*Warners*) This is a simple, human story that's aimed straight for the heart and gets there. Chic Sale gives one of his wonderful old man portrayals. Little Dickie Moore will touch your heart with his performance as an orphan boy.

☆

✓ **FIREMAN, SAVE MY CHILD** (*Warners*) All the more because this is the year of great depression, we must have laughs. Who can furnish them better than Joe E. Brown? This picture was made to order for him. It's about a smalltown boob who doesn't realize that he has the makings of a great baseball star and sets to work inventing fire extinguishers instead. There are some swell gags in this, and a touch of romance on the side. Evelyn Knapp is the heroine, and you know yourself what a decorative and charming one she makes.

☆

✓ **FOOL'S ADVICE A** (*Frank Fay*) Frank Fay produced and wrote this himself. It's his answer really to the Hollywood producers who said he was a flop. He proves in this that he's much better as a small town hick than he ever was in those "God's Gift To Women" rôles they gave him.

☆

FORBIDDEN (*Columbia*) Adult drama about a woman who loves hopelessly. The story is utterly tragic, but beautifully played by Barbara Stanwyck, Adolphe Menjou, Ralph Bellamy and Dorothy Peterson.

☆

✓ **FRANKENSTEIN** (*Universal*) Can pure, unmitigated horror be made entertaining? Maybe you think not, but there are thousands and thousands of people, who, the more they shiver, the more they love it. If you belong in this class, don't miss "Frankenstein." It's more weird, more horrible, more unearthly than "Dracula." As you probably know it's the story of a man-made monster who gets beyond human control. Boris Karloff's performance in this rôle is a marvel of horror.

☆

FREAKS (*M-G-M*) Nobody can tell you whether you're going to like this amazing picture or not. Certain it is that some people will delight in the prickly shivers it gives them; that others will walk out of the theatres where it is showing with a feeling of horror and disgust. Into it is packed more horror than in any of the horror-shockers, because the circus freaks and monstrosities in it are real. The story tells about a beautiful but beastly woman who marries a dwarf for his money and then plots with her lover, the strong man, to poison him. If you're like me, you'll want to go and see it

☆

✓ **GIRL OF THE RIO** (*Radio*) Originally reviewed in the February issue as "The Dove." More radiant than ever in her comeback picture, Dolores Del Rio makes this show worth seeing. She's warm and she's lovely; and in one scene where she saves her lover's life she's simply grand. And that isn't casting any reflections on the rest of her work in the picture, which is good all the way through. Leo Carrillo as "the bes' dam' caballero in Mexico" is amusing, though he never quite loses himself in his part.

☆

GOOD SPORT (*Fox*) Conventional story about gold-diggers, which makes only passable entertainment. Linda Watkins, John Boles, Allan Dinehart and Greta Nissen play the leading rôles satisfactorily, though there is nothing in the story to inspire them to any heights.

☆

GREEKS HAD A WORD FOR THEM, THE (*United Artists*) Between the devil, the censors and the deep blue sea, this screen version of the stage play didn't have a chance to be anything more than fair entertainment. On the stage it was naughty and sophisticated. On the screen, stripped of the censorable stage dialogue, the picture isn't anything to get excited about. The story's about three gold-diggers, played by Ina Claire, Joan Blondell and Madge Evans. Ina Claire and Joan Blondell are amusing. Madge Evans is handicapped by having to play the noblest and sweetest of the trio.

✓✓ **HATCHET MAN, THE** (*Warners-First National*) Edward G. Robinson gives another of his smash hit performances, this time as a Chinese killer. The picture is powerful, effective, with intriguing make-up work which makes the players look more Chinese than the Chinese themselves! The story is sheer melodrama with more than a touch of horror. Loretta Young and Dudley Digges deserve honorable mention, too, for their performances.

☆

HEART OF NEW YORK (*First National*) Oh, this is all right enough if you go for those pictures in which dialect is the main reliance, but otherwise you'll find it fair entertainment at best. Smith and Dale, the comedy team you saw in "Manhattan Parade," are the ones who set out to amuse you in this trite little story about an eastside family. It's funny—but only in spots.

☆

✓✓ **HELL DIVERS** (*M-G-M*) Here's a rip-roaring, exciting, super-special picture of the Navy's fighting airmen. M-G-M, Wallace Beery, the Navy and Clark Gable got together to make this picture, and by Allah, it was worth it. The picture's so big that it towers above any of the actors, even Clark (the maiden's thrill) Gable.

☆

HER MAJESTY, LOVE (*First National*) This is a pleasant soufflé, light, gay, amusing, with plenty of songs and laughs. The story's about a rich young German who falls in love with a beautiful barmaid. Ben Lyon and Marilyn Miller play the leading rôles. The picture, however, belongs to a quartet of comedians, of whom the funniest is W. C. Fields. "Her Majesty, Love" is perfectly all right for an evening's entertainment, though you'll hardly remember a line of it the next day.

☆

✓✓ **HIGH PRESSURE** (*Warners*) At last, a picture worthy of Bill Powell! And how he crashes through in this! How!!! We're fed up on the long procession of ladies' man pictures in which Powell has been appearing, but this is different. Bill plays a big-shot promoter who gets into trouble and out of it again. Evelyn Brent and Evalyn Knapp as the women in the picture, will delight, too. And don't, don't, *don't* miss the beginning of the picture, for your first sight of Bill Powell will make you gasp.

☆

✓ **IMPATIENT MAIDEN, THE** (*Universal*) You'll go to see Lew Ayres, and you'll go away raving about Mae Clarke, who proves in this, as she did in "Waterloo Bridge," that she's a comer—and how! Not that Lew Ayres' work isn't grand; it is. He plays a young interne in love with a girl who refuses to marry him rather than ruin his career. And yet they've been all the world to each other! It's very modern, very frank. It has laughs as well as drama. You'll like it.

☆

✓✓ **IT'S TOUGH TO BE FAMOUS** (*First National*) It's a question whether the public will pay to laugh at a picture which laughs at it. This is satire, and it isn't polite, gentle satire either. It makes fun of us for the way we ballyhoo our heroes. Doug Junior gives a grand performance in the kind of a rôle his dad used to play. Mary Brian does one of her best pieces of acting. If you have enough of a sense of humor to enjoy being kidded for the kind of a chump you make of yourself over a national hero, okay. Otherwise this'll be poison to you.

☆

✓✓ **LADIES OF THE BIG HOUSE** (*Paramount*) The grim shadows of prison walls, injustice, bitterness. That's "Ladies of the Big House." Yet so powerful is the picture that even though it's depressing, even though you may not be sure whether you like it or not, you'll have to admit it's great. It's the story of a young couple unjustly doomed by the law. Sylvia Sidney glows in a drab setting. Watch Gene Raymond! He's got something, that boy

☆

✓ **LADY WITH A PAST** (*RKO-Pathe*) You've seen Connie Bennett as a great emotional actress, haven't you? And no doubt when you saw the title of this, you said, "Aha, there's that old Bennett plot again." But it isn't. Here's a different kind of story for Bennett, and oh, how she makes the most of it! It's light and gay and filled with laughter. Oh, there's love in it, of course, but it isn't tragic love. Connie shows that she has a swell sense of humor. But for all that, she wasn't able to keep Ben Lyon from stealing the picture from her in a rôle that has everything. Dialogue splendid.

☆

✓ **LOST SQUADRON, THE** (*Radio*) This is an exciting, swift-moving picture. You'll certainly get a thrill when Dick Grace, Hollywood's

(*Continued on page 94*)

Inside Stuff

(*Continued from page* 89)

Believe it or not—but Marie Dressler actually had a set of these new artificial eyelashes, called eye tabs, put on her the other day!

You know, they're not the old-fashioned kind, that come fastened on a tiny strip of adhesive to be pasted on the eyelid. No, the kind Marie had applied are the new kind that have taken Hollywood by storm. They're individual hairs, and they're fastened right on to the wearer's own eyelashes, one by one, by means of a special stickum. And they're supposed to stay on weeks, without coming off.

Leo (Dialectician) Carrillo is the latest who says he's going to write a book about Hollywood. He won't soft-soap it, says Leo, but intends to write about what he terms "the boloney, the posing and the make-believe." Come, come, Leo; come, come!

Eugene O'Brien knows what "fame" is in Hollywood. And how long it lasts. Or, rather, doesn't. So his crack at a recent première is interesting. During intermission, he stayed in his seat. A friend asked: "Why don't you go outside, with the others?" He replied: "I'm afraid nobody will ask me for my autograph."

Ramon Novarro's sister, a nun, is now near her brother. She was transferred from a Madrid convent to a Los Angeles orphanage.

More time was lost in interstage visiting on the Radio lot, the other day! You see, Jill Esmond was playing on Stage 10. On Stage 9, playing opposite Ann Harding, was Laurence Olivier. He's Mister Jill Esmond, you know.

Summer comfort note from Hollywood: All the young actresses—well, *almost* all—are going in a big way for flannel trousers for sports wear. Most popular colors: navy blue, brown, emerald green.

Old Lady Fate handed Warner Baxter a shock a few weeks ago.

At the last moment, Baxter changed his mind about driving from Hollywood to his Malibu home, decided to stay in town overnight. So he ordered his chauffeur to go on alone.

Ten minutes later, rounding a curve, the Baxter car crashed into a huge truck, was demolished. Baxter's chauffeur was killed. But for his change-of-mind, Baxter might have been in the wreck, too.

Autos keep movie folk in trouble! H. B. Warner has to pay $329 for colliding with somebody else; Bert Wheeler, 58-mph'ing it, couldn't wisecrack a traffic cop out of a ticket; Winifred Westover, ex-Mrs. Bill Hart, had to pay a fine for speeding; and Paul Lukas—well, Paul, caught the second time in the same town for going 70, was fined $100 and had his driver's license suspended for two months!

Marie Dressler got a long letter from a man in Kentucky. "Dear Miss Dressler," was its purport; "I saw you in 'Emma' and thought you were great. But when I came out of the theater, I got a tag for having parked my car overtime while seeing it. It cost me two dollars fine."

Marie sent the man two dollars!

If you have any idea you can work the same racket, don't waste your time or postage. Because Marie says she won't do it again.

Looks like another of Li'l Danny Cupid's arrows has found a mark. Billy Bakewell and Polly Ann (Loretta's sister) Young here and there together.

June Clyde, Universal's blonde charmer, always wears a ball and chain. It's a tiny thing of silver, in the form of a bracelet. Her hubby, Director Thornton Freeland, gave it to her when they married—locked it on her wrist.

Well, the Bob Montgomerys, Clark Gables, Riccy Cortezes, et al, can have their old polo in a big way, but Boris (Horrors!) Karloff's hobby is cricket.

SPEARMINT
WINTERGREEN
PEPPERMINT FLAVORED
ALWAYS REFRESHING
BEECH-NUT GUM

There's more Chicle in it
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greatest air stunter, dives a plane headlong into the ocean. Richard Dix, Bob Armstrong and Joel McCrea play three ex-war-aces who go to work for a mad director in Hollywood. Dorothy Jordan and Mary Astor add love interest.

☆

✓ **LOVERS COURAGEOUS** (*M-G-M*) The most charming romance of young love you've seen in a long time, and that's saying puh-lenty. This is quite different from the sophisticated rôles you've been seeing Bob Montgomery play lately. He's utterly delightful in it, and so is Madge Evans. The whole picture is full of romance and charm, and you'll like it.

☆

MANHATTAN PARADE (*Warners*) Here's Hollywood's answer to "Once in a Lifetime." It shows that the stage producers do just as coo-coo things as they sometimes accuse the screen people of doing. There are hilarious moments in this, yet on the whole, it's only a fair comedy. Winnie Lightner plays a straight rôle, while Smith & Dale and Charles Butterworth share comedy honors.

☆

✓ **MAN WHO PLAYED GOD, THE** (*Warners*) This is a distinguished, intelligent picture, and you can thank Warners' and George Arliss for it. It's the story of a great musician who sinks to the depths of despair when he loses his hearing, only to find happiness and faith again in the end. This is a present day story, no costume drama, and it's beautifully played. Besides Arliss' fine work, there is nice playing by Bette Davis, Violet Heming, Ivan Simpson and the rest of the supporting cast.

☆

✓✓ **MATA HARI** (*M-G-M*) Here is a perfect example of what a grand thing for the movies M-G-M's newest idea is. What—you don't know what it is? It's the idea that one good star deserves another. So Greta Garbo and Ramon Novarro, each a glamorous star, play opposite each other in this, and the result is a picture that is stirring and powerful and stunningly photographed. Garbo does her greatest work in this. Her supporting cast is excellent, but her performance is so extraordinary that it towers above every one else's, good as the other players are.

☆

✓ **MURDERS IN THE RUE MORGUE** (*Universal*) This is a pretty entertaining screen shocker, though it certainly isn't the wow that "Frankenstein" and "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" were. It varies between moments of excitement and suspense, and moments where—oh, well—you may even be inclined to giggle a bit. Bela Lugosi gives the best performance as Dr. Mirakle. I like the hero, Leon Waycoff, and Bert Roach for the comedy relief. Sidney Fox is only fair as the heroine.

☆

NO ONE MAN (*Paramount*) Well, well, well! So no one man can satisfy the modern woman. And the solution to that problem is that she must marry one man after another, till she finds the one who's her ideal. The plot of this one is certainly pretty weak, and it doesn't deserve such a fine actor as Paul Lukas in the cast or such a luscious eyeful as Carole Lombard playing the heroine. Because of them and because of the swell settings and all that, it's fair entertainment.

☆

✓✓ **ONE HOUR WITH YOU** (*Paramount*) When Maurice Chevalier grins in that irresistible way of his, what more is there to be said? You know very well that he's at his best when Jeanette MacDonald is his leading lady and Ernst Lubitsch directs. "One Hour With You" in this case means an hour laden with spicy, sophisticated entertainment, with love scenes and lyrics that steal your heart away. Do we need to tell you to see it? If you're over eighteen and count yourself a sophisticate, you will. And among other things, you'll get a hearty chuckle out of Roland Young.

☆

PANAMA FLO (*RKO-Pathé*) Torrid passion in the tropics and elsewhere, with Helen Twelvetrees starring. Nevertheless and just the same, it's Charles Bickford's picture and he makes the most of it. Never was he more tough and hard-boiled than in this.

☆

✓✓ **PASSIONATE PLUMBER, THE** (*M-G-M*) Have you seen Jimmy "Schnozzle" Durante? If you have, you won't want to miss this; and if you haven't, you certainly ought to see it and make his acquaintance. He's the bozo who played with William Haines in "New Adventures of Wallingford" and almost stole the pictures from Haines. In "The Passionate Plumber" Jimmy Durante and Buster Keaton are perfect foils for each other. If you want plenty of laughs (and who doesn't?) see this and give yourself a treat.

(*Continued from page 92*)

PLAY GIRL (*Warners*) Here 's the charming love story which was fictionized in the April Movie Mirror as "Love On a Budget." You'll find Loretta Young adorable in the rôle of a salesgirl who's afraid of love. In spite of Winnie Lightner's boisterous antics, Loretta gives such a heart-rending performance that you'll want to bring an extra hanky along. Norman Foster's okay as the lad Loretta falls in love with.

☆

✓ **POLLY OF THE CIRCUS** (*M-G-M*) It looks as if, one after one, Clark Gable is being teamed with all of M-G-M's sirens. More power to him! This time he plays opposite Marion Davies and together they create nice entertainment. There are splendid thrills against the background of circus scenes. You'll gasp when you see Marion Davies making trapeze leaps and doing other dangerous stunts. But Clark Gable should never have been cast as a minister. He's not the type.

☆

PRESTIGE (*RKO-Pathé*) Gosh, I like Ann Harding! That's why I'm so sorry that this picture is a lemon. Couldn't they have found any better plot for Ann than that old one about the white men who go native and the white woman who tries to redeem the man she loves? Ho, hum. It's a bad break, too, for Melvyn Douglas, who made such a splendid début in "Tonight Or Never," only to be miscast in this. Better luck next time, Ann.

☆

✓✓ **PRIVATE LIVES** (*M-G-M*) On the stage a brilliant, sophisticated comedy; on the screen this is just as brilliant and just as sophisticated with an added touch of humanness. Bob Montgomery and Norma Shearer were never more likable than as the ex-husband and ex-wife who meet again on their honeymoon night with their new mates, and find that they are still in love with each other. Whether or not you saw the play, you'll find yourself enjoying the clever situations, the sophistication and perfectly elegant acting of this. Una Merkel scores in a bright bit of comedy.

☆

SADDLE-BUSTER, THE (*Radio*) There are just two classes of fans really, those who like Westerns and those who don't. If you like 'em, you'll like Tom Keene in this. It's all about a lad who loses his nerve when he falls off his horse, but regains it after a while. Okay for those who like fast riding, and all that sort of thing.

☆

✓ **SCANDAL FOR SALE** (*Universal*) He-Man Bickford adds to his laurels in this. He plays a hot news editor who prints the kind of news that makes tabloids and movies. Pat O'Brien is ingratiating, but the picture is Charles Bickford's from start to finish.

☆

✓✓ **SCARFACE** (*Caddo*) Never mind what you think of gang pictures. This so far tops all the others that you simply have to see it. It's brutal, it's cruel, it's horrible with its picture of violence, but so is gangland itself. And there's no sentimentalizing here. Oh, what it does to your emotions! This is the picture that brings Paul Muni back to the screen. He's magnificent here. Ann Dvorak and Karen Morley are also grand. If the censors keep their hands off it, you'll see one of the most powerful pictures ever filmed

☆

✓✓ **SHANGHAI EXPRESS** (*Paramount*) This is one of the grandest pieces of direction you've seen in a long time. Credit Josef Von Sternberg with that. And give credit to Marlene Dietrich for a perfectly thrilling piece of acting. If you thought that Marlene was getting by on legs appeal, you won't think so any more after seeing this. You get barely a glimpse of her legs in this, and so you have a better chance to realize that the girl has what it takes! Clive Brook plays splendidly opposite her. Swedish Warner Oland is the perfect Chinaman. This is timely; it's thrilling; it's grand.

☆

SHE WANTED A MILLIONAIRE (*Fox*) This isn't going to convince any girl that she oughtn't to marry a millionaire if she gets the chance. It's too unbelievable. No girl is going to believe that millionaires necessarily have peepholes in their castles and dote on feeding innocent young wives to ferocious hounds. Una Merkel, however, as a girl reporter who says some things you really shouldn't hear, is so amusing that she almost makes the picture worth seeing. Joan Bennett is beautifully appealing, James Kirkwood outdoes any villain you ever saw, and Spencer Tracy gives a splendid performance as Joan's real sweetheart. But all of this is wasted on a silly plot.

SILENT WITNESS (*Fox*) Parts of this picture are dull; parts of it are entertaining; and the result is that it's fairly diverting, but not much above the average. It's acted mostly by an English cast, headed by Lionel Atwill. Don't get this picture mixed up with "The Secret Witness," in which Una Merkel appeared! The plot of this one concerns a loose lady who is strangled to death in her apartment. Son says he did the deed; father tries to take the blame. You'll like Lionel Atwill as the father.

✓ **SKY DEVILS** (*Caddo*) When you go to see this, you'll be in for a good heart-warming series of chuckles; you can depend on that. For Spencer Tracy is in it and George Cooper, and what an elegant time they seem to have had! This is an air comedy—thrilling and yet rib-tickling. It contains some of the air spectacle stuff originally shot for "Hell's Angels" and not used. It has a kick like a mule.

☆

✓ **SO BIG** (*Warners*) Remember when Colleen Moore played in this? Now Barbara Stanwyck adds to her screen laurels with this tremendously emotional story. If you're honest in saying you're sick of the screen's crop of gunmen, murderers, sex-inflamed men and women, see this. It's a great story of mother love. Bette Davis plays a small rôle brilliantly. And here's your chance to see George Brent, Warners' candidate for Gable honors

☆

✓ **STRANGERS IN LOVE** (*Paramount*) If you ever doubted that Fredric March was a versatile actor, this'll convince you. After his horrible but beautifully performed rôle in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," the last thing you expected from March was comedy. So that's what he gives you in this. "Strangers in Love" is a gay picture about the complications that ensue when a splendid but down-at-the-heels lad takes the place of his twin brother who has just died. Fredric March is grand in the dual rôle. Kay Francis is also excellent. And Stuart Erwin's presence in the cast is a guarantee of entertainment.

☆

✓✓ **TARZAN, THE APE MAN** (*M-G-M*) Here's the "Trader Horn" of 1932, a picture packed with thrills and excitement. The chances are you'll like it even better than "Trader Horn," because it's exactly what a movie should be—entertainment on a grand scale. It doesn't matter how overused the word is—it's swell, just swell. There's animal-thrill stuff in it that'll root you to your seat, and as for the love scenes! ! ! Johnny Weissmuller as the superman who lives in the jungles is the hottest thing we've seen since Clark Gable, and at times he even out-Gables Gable. Maureen O'Sullivan gives a better performance than you thought she had in her. The story's a fairy tale, but if you pass it up for that reason, you don't deserve to see another movie. This is one of those pictures that's grand for both children and adults.

☆

✓ **TOMORROW AND TOMORROW** (*Paramount*) This is a beautiful story, the best Ruth Chatterton has had in a long time, and yet she doesn't give her best to it. Her acting, somehow, doesn't seem sincere. That's why, though she gets most of the close-ups, Paul Lukas runs away with most of the honors of the picture.

☆

✓ **TWO KINDS OF WOMEN** (*Paramount*) From the stage play, "This Is New York." It's the tale of a girl who goes to New York, meets up with a young man who undertakes to show her the town—and does! The story's pleasing. So are the leads—Phil Holmes, Miriam Hopkins, Irving Pichel and Wynne Gibson. Wynne Gibson steals the picture from picture-stealer Miriam Hopkins.

☆

✓✓ **UNION DEPOT** (*First National*) "You'll see a new Doug, Jr., in this," First National told us. "I like this better than anything I've made since 'Dawn Patrol,' " said young Doug himself. Well, they have cause to be glad! This picture hits the bell! It's one of the finest things young Doug has done—this story, almost all of whose action takes place in a union depot. The cast is swell. We have just one quibble with it. Joan Blondell is grand as a leading lady, but since she's such a swell comedienne, why not give her more wise-cracking rôles to do? There are so few good comediennes.

☆

WOMAN COMMANDS, A (*RKO-Pathé*) It's just too bad about this. We should have loved to see Pola Negri make one grand, smashing comeback. But whoever picked this story doesn't know the sort of screen fare audiences want. Not this unreal stuff and glitter and pomp about life as it's lived in mythical kingdoms, but real human, close to earth stuff. Pola Negri herself is lovely.

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BLUE
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Movies of the Month

(*Continued from page 67*)

the bit where little Bobbie Coogan throws away his crutches and runs to the faith-healer.

"The Miracle Man" is one of those screen pieces that gets way deep inside you, makes you like it.

✓ Girl Crazy (Radio)

You'll See: *Wheeler & Woolsey, Dorothy Lee, Mitzi Green, Eddie Quillan, Arline Judge, Stanley Fields.*

It's About: *Wheeler-Woolseyish monkeyshines in a dude-ranch setting, mixed up with wild-west stuff and music.*

Faster, funnier, foolisher than the average wheelerwoolseyfilm, this hour-plus of screen nonsense'll give you your money's worth in laughs alone. As a matter of fact, that's all it is—haha stuff. There are some romances, and a thin wraith of a story, but they're never allowed to interfere with the comedy stuff.

And believe this or not—little Mitzi Green steals the picture right out from under the W-W noses! The sequence wherein Mitzi imitates Edna May Oliver, Rosco Ates, George Arliss, others, is the high spot of the picture.

But the Two W's are there, too—watch for the Indian dance, the hypnotizing gag, the motor-cop idiocy.

This, in short, is grand for laugh-value; if you want drama, emotion, heart-throbs, never mind going. And incidentally, despite all the rumors that this is the last Wheeler-Woolsey joint picture, you can bet a bankroll that it *isn't*.

The Broken Wing (Paramount)

You'll See: *Leo Carrillo, Lupe Velez, Melvyn Douglas, Arthur Stone, Willard Robertson, George Barbier.*

It's About: *The bee-ootiful Mexican maiden and the bad, bad bandit who wants her, and the handsome American aviator who falls kerplunk into the situation—and of course, you know the rest.*

"The Broken Wing" is romance, spread thick, with a Spanish sauce of thrills, laughs, excitement, deviltry, love all gooed over it. And the chances are, you'll like it—unless you're offensively highbrow.

There's nothing new to the story situation—the big-shot Mexican bandit and the little spitfire whom he covets but who wants none of him. Then, out of a storm, a good-looking Yankee flier crashes into the story—and there's your triangle.

As a Mex bandit, Carrillo and his accent click as usual. As the gal, there's Lupe, no less hot than you expect. Mel Douglas is heroic enough as the aviator. You quail with Lupe when Leo wants to shoot Mel; you exult with her when she and the Yank put it over on the bandit. And you feel nice and warm when the lovers fly away together, leaving the bandit to his banditting. So what more do you want?

The Famous Ferguson Case (Warner Bros.)

You'll See: *Joan Blondell, Tom Brown, Vivienne Osborne, Leslie Fenton, Adrienne Dore, Clarence Wilson, Kenneth Thompson.*

It's About: *Yellow-journalism messes into a murder case, almost convicts innocent people, but a reporter-hero turns up the true solution—and wins the gal.*

Encouraged by the success of "Five-Star Final," Warners slide another indictment of certain newspaper tactics onto your movie screen. It shows the maneuvering of a gang of "modern" journalists, who try to tell the small-town district attorney how to handle his case. But the small-town city editor beats them at their own racket.

The picture is chiefly interesting for its introduction of young Tom Brown, a new leading man who steals the show right out from under the noses of such crafty actors as surround him. You'll be wanting to see Brown again, after this one.

Joan Blondell's fans will be disappointed by the tininess of her rôle. Besides that one can say little about any individual performances—there are so many characters that it'd be impossible to single out any for special mention.

(*Continued on page 102*)

DON'T LET THE SUN *Dry Up* YOUR BEAUTY!

Keep your skin smooth and supple with this marvelous *Olive Oil* Face Powder

A HOT summer sun may be fine for your health, but what it does to your *skin!* The scorching rays bake out its natural oils... leave your complexion dry, dull and lifeless.

Soon, wrinkles appear. Parched tissues shrink and shrivel. Your skin, deprived of its essential moisture, grows brown, taut and "leathery."

Here's the safe way to protect your complexion. Every day, before you go out, use OUTDOOR GIRL Face Powder. Its luxurious *Olive Oil* base (found in no other powder) acts as a "softener" of sun-dried skin... soothing it, restoring its normal suppleness. OUTDOOR GIRL *clings* for hours, yet it never cakes or becomes "patchy."

Try this *different* face powder today! Discover why millions of women will use no other. OUTDOOR GIRL comes in 7 popular shades to blend naturally with any complexion.

Large size packages of OUTDOOR GIRL Face Powder and other *Olive Oil* Beauty Products are popularly priced at 35c and $1.00 in the better drug and department stores. Try-out sizes, too, at 10c each, may be found in the leading "chains." Buy your box of OUTDOOR GIRL today, or mail the coupon for liberal samples of both the *Olive Oil* and Lightex face powders and the new *Liquefying* Cleansing Cream (which cleans the skin as no soap can).

OUTDOOR GIRL OLIVE OIL *Face Powder*

Lightex in the red box for oily skins . . . With *Olive Oil* in the purple box for normal skins.

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Kindly send me free samples of the 2 OUTDOOR GIRL face powders and the new Liquefying Cleansing Cream.

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The Man Behind Garbo

(*Continued from page 31*)

any associates who do not plan to exploit them.

Eventually, in a half year or so, these two learned to understand each other—a strange relationship, at one and the same time utterly impersonal and yet more deeply personal than, even, the relationship between lovers . . . ! For lovers do not wish to control their loved ones' lives as much as Edington needed to control Garbo's life for her own career's sake.

It was at this juncture that Edington made the decision that has been, perhaps, the greatest factor toward creating the mystery-figure that Garbo is.

"Inverse publicity," Edington terms it. He realized that in Garbo, there was presented the opportunity and the personality to overturn all the accepted canons of ballyhoo. Other newcoming stars burst on the moviegoing public in a blaze of publicity, interviews, pictures, stunts, and so on. With Garbo, Edington decided, it should be different. She should never grant an interview, never see the press . . .

He had to battle, at the outset, not alone the press, but also the studio that had Garbo under contract. They couldn't see his idea. They've changed their minds, now—they, even more militantly than Edington-and-Garbo, defend Greta against interviews.

Some of the most influential journalists in the world have asked, demanded, to interview Garbo. Not one of them ever succeeded.

The resentment and anger against the "no interview" rule have died. At present, Edington has written proof in thousands of letters, the public is virtually one hundred percent behind her. Now any effort to badger her into talking is resented by her tremendous army of fans. More, any even half-veiled attack on her attitude is more than resented; it is countered. When a magazine, some months ago, published a story derogatory in effect, condemning her for her no-interviews course, it lost hundreds of subscriptions.

Because it has been made "hard to get," any news about Garbo, direct, has become big news, and important news—and therefore widely published. By saying nothing, by doing nothing to get herself in the news, Garbo has been in the news more often than any other motion picture star . . . !

She has never endorsed any product for sale. But because she wears a certain kind of coat, when she tries to avoid public gaze, that particular coat has sold thousands!

Because Garbo wore a certain kind of hat, women all over the world wore that kind of hat. You remember.

This silence policy hasn't been Edington's only service. He has gone far beyond that. Of course, as Garbo's business manager, he handles all her finances. He takes her check, invests it, pays her bills. Even her intimate, household accounts are handled by Edington; she handles none—save for the few pennies spending money she carries in her purse. Through Edington's investments, Garbo is virtually a millionaire today. Stories of her losses in stock market crashes and in the recent collapse of Swedish match stocks have been so much nonsense. Her money is almost entirely invested in American government bonds.

Besides this financial supervision of her personal affairs, Edington's supervision goes into her personal life.

"The more famous she becomes, the more careful it is necessary to be," is one of his tenets. That carefulness includes such a keen supervision over her actions and activities that the guns of scandal cannot be loosed against her—for that would be fatal. Nothing can crash quicker, deeper, than a fallen idol.

One day, Edington heard that Garbo had been seen in a Hollywood café, lunching with a certain woman from the east. He had not been told by Garbo that the lunch was to occur. Within two hours, he had Garbo "on the carpet"—in his own private office.

They talked. Edington laid down the law.

"You must not ever be seen with this woman again," he told her.

"But . . . ," began Garbo.

There was no "but," Edington told her. He explained that the woman, in her past, had been involved in an affair which had an unsavory angle. For Garbo to be seen with her would have touched Garbo with this same unsavoriness. Garbo listened, understood—and has never been seen with that woman again.

WHETHER Garbo's recent trip to New York was part of Edington's work is a mystery, must remain so. This writer can only report that Edington, asked if he had anything to do with that famous journey, grinned knowingly and said:

"Oh—that's been a sore point with the studio, so let's not go into *that.*" Then he grinned some more.

In her business affairs, Edington *is* Garbo.

It is a matter of general knowledge that in her five years' association with M-G-M, Garbo has not ever personally discussed any business affairs with the M-G-M executives—even the weightiest matters. It is Edington who appears for Garbo at these conferences—story conferences, contract conferences, and so on. Often, he never consults Garbo in advance—instead, she trusts him to function for her. He confers, signs, then goes and tells Garbo what has been done, and she agrees.

And if Garbo quits Hollywood when her present contract expires—that will be Edington's doing too.

Whether she will or not is a mystery—and Edington keeps it so.

But he does say this:

"Wouldn't it create a tremendous sensation if Garbo, when her contract expires, should suddenly drop out of sight—say for six months. Absolutely out of touch with anyone. And then, suddenly, come back on a steamer to New York and the very next night, with only one day's announcement, open on Broadway in a *stage* play . . . ?"

What Men Fall For

(*Continued from page 35*)

anyone and everyone. Not at all. I mean a woman with pride who looks as if she would yield to the right man. And every man, of course, prides himself that he could manage to be that one.

"The yielding type always has been attractive and I guess it always will be."

"Who else in Hollywood is especially popular?" I prompted.

"Loretta Young," Eddie said. "Loretta has the freshness of youth. She's always ready for a good time. She has a lovely spirit of gaiety which helps you forget your worries. She is dainty about her clothes and person. Her hair is always well brushed. Her hands are always smooth.

The newest male excitement. The boy who has Hollywood all hot and bothered. He's George Brent, the latest, most dangerous answer to a woman's prayers. Warners think he may be a second Gable. He's playing opposite Chatterton, Stanwyck, Joan Blondell, and they all say he's grand. So watch for him!

"Which reminds me of three more things men fall for:

"A spirit of gaiety
"Health
"And daintiness."

"Are clothes important?" I asked.

"Superficially I should say they were very important," Eddie said. "They're certainly one of the chief things a girl has with which to present herself to the best advantage. They are, so to speak, a major factor in her showmanship.

"But I don't think they're enough in themselves. Men soon are bored by girls and women who are nothing more than paper dolls, manikins. . . .

"However, speaking of clothes, I have an idea women dress more to impress each other than to attract men. Lately, at any rate, clothes haven't been the sort of things which have the greatest masculine lure."

I immediately asked what clothes now in the mode he did think had lure.

"The lace gowns—the white ones particularly—which women have been wearing evenings," he said. "And the eye veils are provocative. They lend an air of mystery.

"Velvet, of course, always has lure. I often wonder if women have any idea how men dote on:

"Velvet
"And floppy hats
"Flowered silks
"And, last but not least, polka dots!"

By this time we had repaired to Eddie's dressing-room where his man served us luncheon. Eddie, however, spent most of the time talking over long distance to Lilyan Tashman Lowe, who was making personal appearances in Detroit. He urged her not to work too hard, to eat enough, to get enough sleep. And he told her over and over again how very lonely New York was with her away. . . .

Apparently Eddie knows a little about what women fall for, too. . . .

What Women Fall For

(*Continued from page 34*)

importance after a while, that good looks by themselves cease to be enough.

"Fred March is amusing. And because he brings imagination and sympathy, enthusiasm and understanding to everything he does, he always manages to have a grand time. And when you are with him you have a grand time too.

"Women fall for a man who knows how to get the most out of life, who colors everything he does with imagination and animates it with enthusiasm.

"And too," Claudette fastened an exquisite brooch at her neckline. It was her only ornament. "In spite of the fact that both Fred March and Ivor Novello are men of the world, they have very definite little boy qualities. These qualities remain as irresistible to women as they always have been. Times may change but the maternal instinct never abates one iota.

"All men have little boy qualities, goodness knows. But they're more surprising in some than in others.

"Little boy qualities women fall for."

"What third man charms the Hollywood ladies?" I asked.

"Clark Gable," laughed Claudette. "And how! Wherever you go he is certain to be talked about. He's a man's man, for one thing. It may be only an old superstition but women are a little suspicious about a man who doesn't get on with other men. What's more, a man's man is likely to have reserve. That becomes a challenge.

"Clark Gable has a quiet power. He is one of those men who invariably remind me of motor cars with fine engines. He is one of those men who would master difficulties with the same quiet, confident power with which these expensive motors take the steepest grades.

"And a man's man with quiet force and power women simply adore!"

Five Women Wanted Him So!

...but Her Clear White Skin Won Him!

Bob *could have married* any of them. All were wild about him. Yet she triumphed—against others of flawless features. The reason? . . . "Bob simply said, 'I just love your clear white skin!'"

A Secret Any Woman Can Use!

DON'T fool yourself—no woman is truly beautiful without a clear complexion—a smooth, youthfully white skin. You can have it—even if your skin is now dark and coarsened by wind, sun, dust, age and worry. The secret is Golden Peacock Bleach Cream, a truly wonderful new discovery, which makes skin *shades whiter* in a night—*or your money back!* And so easy to use! Just smooth this cool, fragrant cream over your skin before bed time. Next morning—your complexion is clearer, whiter, smoother. Even freckles, pimples, blotches, blackheads vanish amazingly with this *natural* aid—the gentlest, daintiest, of all bleaches that *work*. No excuse now for rough skin—dull, dark, "muddy" complexions. Just ask at druggist's or toilet goods counters for Golden Peacock Bleach Cream—the *safe* discovery. See how *little* you use because it works so fast—therefore *more economical*. Over half a million women use it. Get *your* jar TODAY.

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LIPSTICK

This new *modern* lipstick makes *ordinary* lips charming. Indelible—so it can't rub off. Non-drying. Non-greasy. Triangular shaped—therefore *always pointed*—exactly what women everywhere appreciate. Tints lips with a warm, glowing loveliness that *keeps natural-looking* for hours. And so irresistible!

Golden Peacock

Introductory size now on sale at all 10c counters

Letty Lynton

(*Continued from page* 53)

of Alexander Lynton, Lynton Chemical Company, New York. Her father was dead.

"But what are you doing, alone on the high seas?" he said.

"That's one thing I never am on the high seas—alone."

"Oh. Always some bird like me, I suppose."

"Oh, no," she cooed. "Not like you."

Hale's brown eyes twinkled. "Lay off me, will you?"

Four times about the deck made a mile. They sank back into deck chairs. "There's something on my mind," he said.

"I could see that," said Letty.

"Stop kidding me, will you? On the level, what are you doing out here all alone?"

"I try to avoid Christmas at home because my father was shot about this time of year."

"Shot?" Hale almost shot from his chair.

"Yes. The lady's husband missed his train or something. Christmas bells remind my mother of things, so we shy off from Christmas."

It was late when Letty returned to her room. "Oh, Miranda, I'm so sorry, I should have sent you to bed. I forgot about you!"

"Fine!" Miranda beamed. "The king is dead, long live the King! Oh, here's a cablegram that came for you this evening."

"From mother? I wired her today." Letty opened it hopefully. But it was signed Emile: "How soon will you come back to me?"

Miranda was watching her face. "I give you fair warning, Miss Letty. I don't leave this ship till it gets to New York."

The days passed into weeks. Days full of fun. Days, for Letty and Hale, of walks, and swims in the pool, and deck tennis, and shuffle board, and a comradeship lovelier than Letty had ever known.

On Christmas eve the passengers were festive with that false excitement that hides a bitter homesickness. Paper hats, whistles, a lighted Christmas tree. Cablegrams, it was announced, were hung on the tree.

"Don't crowd in, Letty," Hale said. "I'll get yours."

Letty edged out of the crowd, fighting off her loneliness. Christmas—among strangers on a boat. She looked out to sea. She watched an airplane swooping overhead, dipping in salute. In the crowded salon behind her, she saw Hale seeking her, stuffing cablegrams into his pocket.

He joined her on deck. "Aren't we a couple of orphans, left out in the cold? Not a cablegram between us."

"Not a—" He was lying, lying about his own messages, so that she would feel less forlorn! Impulsively she squeezed his arm. "Merry Christmas, Hale." She tore down the companionway, to her cabin.

"What's our next stop, Miranda?"

"Havana. Tomorrow noon."

"I'm getting off," said Letty.

"Oh, Miss Letty! Not going back to—?"

"How do I know!" said Letty miserably. "You can stay aboard if you want to."

"If you get off," said Miranda firmly, "I go with you. But—can I speak? This young man, Mr. Darrow? You love him, don't you?"

Letty stood before the mirror rouging her lips. "And so what?"

"Miss Letty," said Miranda softly, "there's no reason in the world he should ever know a thing. There's nobody but me to tell him. And you know I'd cut my tongue out for you."

Letty stopped, her lipstick in mid-air. Marry Hale? Oh, could she? Could she?

Hale was knocking at the door.

"I've heard," he said, "the female likes to be pursued by the male—so here I am."

Gary Cooper, who has been away for ten months shooting lions and super-lions in darkest Africa, comes back to civilization, and is Paramount glad! When Gary went away, he was ill in health; but doesn't he look grand now? Hollywood is wondering whether that romance with Lupe is going to be revived

Miranda faded from the room.

"Sit down," Letty said. "Something got my goat."

"What shall we talk about?" Hale, for her sake, was trying to be jolly. "Rubber smells to high heaven. Let's see—there *was* something. Something I meant to ask you. Oh, yes—will you marry me?"

"The old one comes in handy—this is so sudden."

"If," said Hale, "we ever got off this boat and went our separate ways, and you weren't going to marry me and live with me the rest of our lives, I—honestly, I can't get it into words."

Letty looked at him, so fine, so—so clean—so far above any other man she had ever known. "You're funny," she said. "In two weeks you've hardly held my hand. You haven't tried to kiss me—or anything. You've been pretty swell."

"Is that funny?"

"Well—it's different, anyhow," said Letty.

"The first day—the first night—I told myself, 'This is it.' The second day I knew it. You don't want to get fresh with a girl you feel like that about."

"Like what?" said Letty.

"Like—well, you're something very special. I suppose you might feel the same way about an angel."

Letty's eyes blinked back tears. "I didn't know there really was anything like that!"

Hale dropped beside her chair, took her hand. "If you'll just take me out of this swamp of misery—"

"I thought I never would get married," said Letty.

"But what do you think—now?"

"I think now," said Letty, "that I'd black your boots for the rest of my life."

When he kissed her, she would have given all the world to blot out those hot kisses of Emile, and the others. When his arms went about her, she knew that this was love, like nothing she had ever felt before.

At the pier in New York, reporters, camera-men swarmed aboard.

"Miss Lynton?" A photographer focussed upon her. "Will you sit up on the rail a second? Now, just cross your legs."

Letty perched on the rail, demurely crossed her legs, and, Victorian fashion, she pulled down her skirts. She laughed. And glancing at the pier below, her laughter froze. Emile—Emile was down there, staring straight into her eyes.

Emile! Emile, with his proprietary manner. Oh, they must not meet, he and Hale. What was he doing here? How? In that plane they had passed at sea? What, oh, what could she do?

"My ring!" She pointed to her bare finger, whose ring she had just put into her pocket. "I've left it. No, Hale, I'll get it myself—I'll meet you among your trunks."

Miranda scurried along beside her. "You didn't leave any ring."

"No," said Letty. "Help me, Miranda. I just saw Renaul."

Beside the customs section marked L. she greeted Emile coldly. "You might have saved yourself the trip, as far as I'm concerned."

"We won't discuss that here," said Renaul.

Letty took her turn before the customs man, opening trunks, pulling out trays and drawers. A fur scarf, hand made laces, perfumes. The question beat time in her mind, "How to get rid of Renaul?"

Emile was impatient. "Now, officer, can we go?"

Letty pointed to her clothes streaming out of her luggage. "I have to straighten out this mess. And I have to go way over there and pay this—" she waved her declaration—"unless of course you want to." She reached for her purse.

"I'll pay it." Renaul hurried to the customs' desk.

"I'll see you at the house, Miranda." Letty fairly flew, leaving the terrified Miranda with the luggage, to face Renaul.

Hale was waiting under section D.

They found Dennis, her family chauffeur, down on the street with the car.

In the car she shivered, thinking of her narrow escape. She sat back within Hale's arms. Safe! Tonight, together, they would take the train, to visit his people in the Adirondacks. Away—safe—where Renaul could not find her.

When she reached home, her mother, at the telephone, was curtly addressing reporters. "No, I know nothing about my daughter's engagement."

"Hello, dear." Letty held out a Christmas gift for her mother. "I'm late—I stopped to get you this."

Mrs. Lynton, tall, severe, sharp-featured, did not smile, nor look at the package.

"You don't care about this?" Forlornly, Letty laid the package down. "Are you angry about my engagement?"

"What's the difference? You didn't wait to consult me."

Timidly Letty began, pleading for her mother's friendship. "Mother, I'm not the girl I was a year ago. I'm so much in love, mother. I could die for everything I've ever done that wasn't right. I wish you'd be friends with me—believe in me. It would help a lot."

"I'd hate to be the man who depended on you." Mrs. Lynton's thin lips closed firmly.

"You said that when I was fourteen years old," Letty said. "It wasn't true. then—oh, it wasn't true, then. I need help, mother."

"I suffered all I'm going to for other people's sins."

"Mother, mother, don't you suppose anyone has ever been hurt but you?" Letty rose, brushed the tears from her eyes. It was no use. Friendship with her mother? That was impossible.

Downstairs, she found Emile, holding a newspaper, glaring at the headlines:

"TWO GREAT FORTUNES UNITE
Letty Lynton—Hale Darrow."

"I'm not going to apologize," Letty said.

Renaul flicked the newspaper with contempt. "We shall laugh at this, in the years to come. We shall laugh much."

"It is not a joke!" Letty's brown eyes blazed. She shrank as he reached for her hand. "I told you we were through, Emile."

"I did not come so far on a wild goose chase!" His hands slid from her shoulders, slithering down her arms. But she pushed him off.

"The touch has lost its magic, Emile."

"You shall tell me tonight about that!"

"Oh, please, please say good-bye and wish me luck. This is the last time you will see me."

"Until tonight," Renaul insisted.

"If by eight o'clock tonight you are not at my hotel, tomorrow he"—again that contemptuous flick of the newspaper with its headlines—"he shall read in your own handwriting that you cannot live without Emile Renaul."

"There's nothing I haven't told him"—but her white face, her stifled cry, told Renaul that she lied. He threw his card with his address on the table. "Eight o'clock, remember," he said.

Terror held her silent as he picked up his hat and stick. Seeing her mother in the hall, she wondered how much Mrs. Lynton had overheard. Her voice was dead, flat, as she phoned Hale that she could not leave with him that night. "Yes, tomorrow," she said. "Mother—"

All afternoon she walked the muddy, slushy streets, unseeing. Driven by desperation. Not knowing what she was doing. Until at last, cold, dishevelled, she found her way to Emile's rooms, not knowing how, nor why, knowing only that, with the little vial in her pocket, she would kill herself rather than go back to Renaul.

"You're very late." He rose indignantly from his solitary dinner which had been festively laid for two, with champagne. "It is ten o'clock!" He moved to take off her coat.

"Leave it on," said Letty. "I'm frozen."

He poured her some champagne. "This will warm you." He took off her coat, her rubbers. "You won't need these again tonight."

"No?" Her teeth chattered, as she sipped the wine. She brushed aside his offer of food. "No, I—I couldn't eat."

His arms enfolded her, those arms that once had such power for her undoing. But now—"Emile," she said, "do you know how I feel when you put your arms around me? Like plunging a knife in your heart."

"How dare you say that?" He seized her again, roughly.

"Emile, please listen. Please—if you love me. I want to get married. I've never been in love before, with you or anyone else. Give me back my letters. Let me have my chance. I'm begging, Emile, begging for my life. Abjectly—with all my heart."

"And make a laughing stock of me? You leave when I say so."

"Nothing can bring us together, Emile, nothing under heaven."

Emile lit a cigarette. "We are together. I doubt if you will scream." He saw the open transom above the door.

Then, in that moment, while Emile struggled to close the transom, Letty reached for the vial in her coat pocket. With shaking fingers she dropped its contents into her wine glass, bubbling with champagne, and returned the vial to her pocket.

Renaul came close. "Now we will not be overheard."

"You'll never put a hand on me again as long as I live, so help me God! If I have to kill myself, you'll not do it!"

"True to your Mr. Darrow, I suppose?"

"Yes. And there isn't a rotten, filthy second I ever spent with you that I couldn't cut my heart out for."

Renaul's fist shot out and threw her to the floor. As she staggered up, his fist shot out again. And again. And again. Till finally she lay dazed on the sofa where he had thrown her.

"No woman can make a monkey from Emile Renaul!" He was shaking with rage. He mopped his brow. He reached for champagne. And—while her eyes popped—seized her glass.

A warning cry came into her throat, stuck there, congealed. She moistened her dry lips, her eyes round with horror. He drained the glass in one gulp. He saw her fixed stare.

"You seem interested in me again." He seized her in his arms, the conquering male who has brought his woman to terms. He carried her into the bedroom.

Patting her cheek, he left her on the

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bed. From the sitting room, his voice came to her, humming a soft Spanish song. Glass tinkled, as he poured another drink.

The humming stopped. "This wine—it has no life. Why is it so dark in here?" He turned on the wall switch, flooding with light the softly lamp-lit room. "Dark, dark! Santa Maria." As Letty crossed the threshold, suspicion seized him. "You she devil." He reached for the phone. Letty, white-faced, swung it out of his dizzy reach, while he held his stomach in a spasm of agony. His face was pallid and dripping.

"Yes," she said. "I did it. I meant it for myself. But I'm glad, glad, do you hear?" But even as she spoke she reached for the phone, to call a doctor. But at the moment there was a knock on the door and she fled into the dark bedroom.

"The waiter for the service," a voice said, and getting no answer, the waiter came in. She saw him glance at Emile, and smile with professional tolerance for the drunk. He left the room as Emile breathed his last.

Her first thought was to flee. But—her letters! Frenziedly she ransacked his things. She could not find them. Perhaps, despite his threat, he had not brought them. Carefully, her first shock over, she began thinking. Her wine glass! She washed it in the bathroom. Dried it. Put it on the tray with the champagne bottle. Finger prints! She rubbed everything with a towel. She picked up her hat and her coat and her purse. With gloved fingers she opened the door. She found a stairway and went out. Next morning she went to the Adirondacks with Hale.

A sleigh met them at the station, drove them through miles of snow. Letty nestled close to Hale. "I'm scared pink. Maybe your mother and father won't like me."

"Don't worry. They have sense. They're swell." He kissed her. "They know I've looked all over the world for the right girl—mother of future Darrows, you know." His eyes shone.

"That's a big job." Letty stifled her shame.

"I'll say. Look what's been done in the past!" He hugged her.

Among immense acres, the Darrow house was large and rambling and lovely. Mr. and Mrs. Darrow ran out into the snow. Mrs. Darrow flung her arms about her only son. "Hello, darling." Mr. Darrow, big, hearty, athletic, seized his hands. "Hale, my boy."

Letty stood by, wistfully, until at length the white-haired Mrs. Darrow seized her. "And this is Letty! Forgive us for overlooking you so long. He's all we have. He's been away so long."

Here, thought Letty, as they went into the great living room with its enormous fire, here was home, and love, and warmth, and all the things she had never had.

"I'm very cross with you, Hale," said Mrs. Darrow. "I've always looked forward to announcing your engagement. And here it was this morning, all mixed up with my oatmeal."

Mr. Darrow looked admiringly at Letty, warming her hands by the fire. "You've done mighty well for yourself, son."

"Oooh!" Eagerly Letty sipped the warm mulled wine which Roberts, the butler, brought in.

"Bring yours along upstairs, Letty." Mrs. Darrow put an arm about her. "I want to get a chance at you all to myself."

Letty's room was gay with chintz and a large glowing fire. Hale's photograph stood on her dresser—"to let you know," Mrs. Darrow explained, "I was willing to give him to you."

"*Share* him with me," Letty said softly.

Mrs. Darrow brought out the cablegrams that Hale had sent home. "Met a girl today named Letty." "Met a girl yesterday named Letty." She smiled. "They go on and on about you."

They went out into the hall. Through the window they could look out across the broad estate, to the frozen lake where there was skating. It was all so beautiful—these people, so fine and warm and lovely. Letty felt a lump in her throat.

"A man to see Miss Lynton." Roberts, the butler, bowed.

Turned suddenly to ice, Letty faced them downstairs. "Honey," Hale said, "you seem to be under arrest or something."

"Miranda smuggled something in?" She tried to sound nonchalant.

Hennessey, the detective, shook his head. "The district attorney wants to see you, Miss Lynton. Bird named Renaul got bumped off. It's just some questions, but you'll have to come with me now."

"But you don't know anything about it, Letty?" said Hale.

"Of course not."

"Did you know the man?" said Darrow Senior.

"Yes. But I left him in South America."

"Better not talk, miss," Hennessey warned her. "It's murder. You'll have to drive down with us now."

Over their protests, Letty, with Hale loyally going along, was bundled into the car.

At the district attorney's office very early next morning Letty found her mother and Miranda and a doctor, Dr. Sanders.

Haney, the district attorney, was almost too casual, as if to throw her off guard. "Miss Lynton, there's nothing to connect you with this murder. We're not giving this out to the press."

"Why have you got my daughter here?" demanded Mrs. Lynton.

"We found out that Renaul came north on the same ship."

"He did not!" said Hale. "I was on the ship. He was not."

"Then what about this?" Haney drew forth the stub of Letty's customs declaration.

"He came along," said Letty easily, "when I was going through the customs and he took care of it for me."

"I see. Did you see this man at the customs too, Mr. Darrow?"

"No, I didn't." Glancing at Letty's ring, which she had pretended to lose, his eyes showed their first faint suspicion.

Haney pushed forward a newspaper. "You've seen this?" In it was Letty's picture, taken on the ship's rail. "The headlines shout romance. This picture! Look!" On Letty's face was stark terror.

"Photographers asked her to cross her legs," Hale said limply.

"And she was as shocked as that?" Haney went on with his questions, about Renaul's business, his wealth, his possible enemies. He held up a telegram. "We wired inquiries about his life in the Argentine. You left him in Montevideo,

Here's the new wonder kid of the movies—Cora Sue Collins. Only four years old, she can cry bucketfuls. That's how she got her job, by crying beautifully whenever she was told a sad story. She did such a swell job in Universal's "The Unexpected Father," that Paramount signed her for "The Strange Case of Clara Deane"

Argentina, didn't you, Miss Lynton?"

"Yes." She felt panic. Was she mentioned in that telegram? "He came north by plane."

"And was waiting for you at the dock, eh? Surprise." He picked up the newspaper photo again. "This horror was just surprise, maybe. I suppose Renaul was in love with you?"

"I suppose he was."

"He followed you north, didn't he? You practically lived with him for months, didn't you?" He pulled a pile of letters from a drawer. "We found these yesterday, in a box in the hotel office. It is my duty to hold you for the Grand Jury, Miss Lynton. These letters—" he began to read.

"Hale, let me fight this out alone!" Letty almost sobbed.

"I thought so!" said Haney. "She didn't want you to know, Darrow, that"—he picked up a letter—"'the nights were agonies of loneliness' for this romantic foreigner. Here's another—"

Hale interrupted him, magnificently. "I knew all about the situation. We're not living in the early nineties."

Haney jumped at Letty. "You went to his rooms, prepared to kill him and get those letters back!"

"That's a lie! I had no idea of killing him."

"But you did kill him!"

"I did not. It's a lie. I did not."

"You went to his rooms about ten o'clock. In your hurry to get away you left these." He pulled out her rubbers.

"All right," said Letty. "I did go to see him. I had told Hale Darrow nothing—I was afraid I'd lose him. I went to beg Renaul to give me a chance. He laughed. But I didn't go there to kill him. I put the—"

Hale, terrified she was going to confess, interrupted frantically. "There is no way out of this but the truth. At half past eight that night I met her in the lobby of the hotel as she came down. We walked to my place and spent the night together. That"—his look warned Letty to stick to this story—"is the truth."

Mrs. Lynton, surprisingly, spoke up. "On the afternoon of the murder, Renaul came to my house. I overheard what he said. He seemed quite mad. He threatened—if my daughter didn't come to his rooms by eight o'clock—he would kill himself before morning."

Unbelievably Letty looked at her mother, lying so beautifully.

"I went to the hotel a little after eight," Mrs. Lynton went on. "I saw Letty leave with this young man; I followed them. I protested they should not start their lives together in such cheap fashion. They said, 'We are not living in the early nineties'."

"Did anybody see you leave the house, Mrs. Lynton?" said Haney.

"I did," said Miranda glibly. "It was about eight, sir."

"Would you swear to this in court, before a jury, Mrs. Lynton?"

"I would! Because every word of it is true."

Dr. Sanders was consulted again. He stuck to his assertion that the poison could not have been administered before ten o'clock.

Haney bowed gallantly to Letty. "Your alibi seems air-tight."

At home, Mrs. Lynton, her mother love to the fore the moment her child was in danger, lovingly helped Letty off with her coat.

"Mother, mother," Letty almost sobbed. "What can I say to you?" She looked at Hale. "To you both? I did kill that man."

"I know that," said Mrs. Lynton.

"But it was an accident. I meant the poison for myself."

"For yourself?" said Hale. "Then thank God—"

She faced him with tears. "You're even more wonderful than I thought you were, Hale. Good-bye. And please forgive me."

"Good-bye, Hale," said Mrs. Lynton. "If there's another girl who will love you so much, I hope you find her." Her arm slid about Letty.

"Another girl?" He put an arm about Letty too, so she stood between them. "Do I smell ham and eggs?" They started toward the dining room. "Mrs. Lynton, can you skate?"

"I used to." Her austere lips were smiling.

He laughed. "I'd like to see Dad in the middle, with you hanging on one arm and mother on the other."

NEXT MONTH

"MISS PINKERTON OF SCOTLAND YARD"

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Movies of the Month

(Continued from page 95)

✓Young Bride (Radio)

You'll See: *Helen Twelvetrees, Arline Judge, Eric Linden, Rosco Ates, Polly Walters, Blanche Frederici, Cliff Edwards.*

It's About: *The tangled love-tale of a little bride and her two-timing hubby, who learns his error in time.*

Helen Twelvetrees comes out of the tropics (which have been her usual background) in this one, and plays an appealing little thing whose love for a no-good lad almost drives her to suicide. It's emotional stuff, and Helen gives it what it takes. Eric Linden plays the young husband, who is blinded by good-time stuff and a taxi-dancer, but gets up against the facts of life in the end—in time to find out how wrong he was, save his wifie from a bottle of poison, take a job and go straight.

Originally filmed under the title of "Veneer," this isn't any world-shaking movie drama, but it's good entertainment that'll bring a lump to your throat occasionally, and then ease it off with a laugh in time. Twelvetrees gives a nice performance; so does young-discovery Linden. Arline Judge, as the taxi-dancer vamp, is excuse enough for the hubby's straying footsteps. Cliff Edwards supplies the laughs, as you may have guessed.

✓Vanity Fair (Allied)

You'll See: *Conway Tearle, Myrna Loy, Barbara Kent, Anthony Bushell, Walter Byron, Montague Love, Lionel Belmore, Billy Bevan.*

It's About: *The story of Becky Sharp, as told originally by Thackeray, movie-modernized, emerges as the screen tale of a high-powered gold-digger and her part in a household's affairs.*

Here's another of the current crop of independently-produced movies, which show that the big studios will have to do some tall stepping to hold the lead in entertainment value. "Vanity Fair" is a splendid piece of movie, and you'll like it.

Myrna Loy, exotic beauty, gets top honors as the governess who upsets the calm life of a modern household when both father and son fall for her, and fall big! And incidentally, ladies, what gorgificent gowns the gal displays . . . ! Anthony Bushell and Barbara Kent supply the true-love interest—and well. The rest of the casting is aptly done, as is the whole production of the story.

If Myrna Loy can keep up the pace she sets in this, there'll be another star in Hollywood's heavens.

The Big Timer (Columbia)

You'll See: *Constance Cummings, Ben Lyon, Thelma Todd, Charles Delaney, Tommy Dugan, Robert O'Connor.*

It's About: *The story of a "palooka" prize fighter, whose woman manager falls in love with him.*

It won't be any box-office record setter, but you can say this for "The Big Timer"—it's a snappy, laughworthy little story that'll send you away not dissatisfied with the evening's entertainment. The story, about a bimbo pug and the lovely gal who marries him, has a few "different" angles that'll keep you interested. And besides, there are laughs—and any good laugh is worth a few nickels these days.

Ben Lyon in the title rôle doesn't hit the high spots he's received raves for in other recent pictures he's played, but he'll do. Connie Cummings is charming, as well as beautiful. The gal's a comer! And Tommy Dugan is a new laugh-name.

Amateur Daddy (Fox)

You'll See: *Warner Baxter, Marion Nixon, David Landau, Clarence Wilson, little Frankie Darrow and some other cute kids.*

It's About: *A more-or-less misogynistic bachelor steelworker who undertakes to mother his dead buddy's four children—and does such a good job of it that all ends well—and he's headed for matrimony too.*

Dear, dear readers: This is one of those films which no *one* reviewer can guide you about. It's the sort of picture about which one group of audience-members will rave that "it's the sweetest, darlingest, cutest, dearest thing I've *ever* seen!" and the rest of the people will mutter that "if they don't quit making tripe like that, I'll never see another movie!"

So—if you enjoy cute sayings by tiny tots, if you get amusement out of a he-man's clumsy efforts to be mama to little ones, if you find entertainment in the growing love of a worldly male and a militantly unworldly little bit of innocence (imagine Warner Baxter giving Marion Nixon a bath!), then you'll chortle over this picture. But if you don't, then you'd better wait for something Garboish or Bennetty or so.

Baxter, whose fan mail is heavy, will get more after this. Marion Nixon does an excellent piece of work as the simple little country gal! And the kids—well, they're cute, and that should mean a lot.

Man Wanted (Warner Bros.)

You'll See: *Kay Francis, David Manners, Una Merkel, Andy Devine, Kenneth Thomson, Claire Dodd, Elizabeth Patterson.*

It's About: *A modern "big business woman" hires a good-looking youth as her secretary, falls in love with him. So she switches hubbies. Oh, well.*

Here's Kay Francis' first movie since she left Paramount for the Warner clan. The movie isn't any too hot—but Kay is more lovely, more lusciously feminine and soft than she's ever been before. Her fans will love her in this.

As for the filmplay itself, there's a hard-to-define "something" that's lacking. It's amusing—outright guffaw-worthy, in places. But it's never convincing; you find difficulty in believing that the characters could and would do the things the story has them do. But what of it?—you'll get some laughs, a good measure of pastime, and you won't be asked to cry a hankie wet, or shudder at machine-gunning.

Dave Manners, as the young secretary to Kay Francis, is romantic enough—but even so, it's hard to understand why the heroine would give up a millionaire-hubby for him. But never mind. Andy Devine and Una Merkel provide the ha-ha's, and powerfully.

Stowaway (Universal)

You'll See: *Fay Wray, Leon Waycoff, Roscoe Karns, Betty Francisco, Maurice Black.*

It's About: *The melodramatic events that happen when a taxi-dancer stows away on a coast freighter.*

There aren't any exchequer-thinning star-names in the cast of this, yet it emerges as a nicely-told, often thrilling yarn that makes good screen pastime.

Fay Wray is a taxi dancer, pure in heart, who stows away on a boat to get home. Leon Waycoff, a new leading man, does nice work as the first-mate, who understands and helps the gal. Of course, one girl, and a good-looker at that, on a freighter manned by rough men—well, you might know there'd be the devil to pay. There is—but it's all straightened out in the end, with the intervention of the Secret Service, ta-ra-rah . . . !

Hell's Headquarters (Mayfair)

You'll See: *Barbara Weeks, Jack Mulhall, Frank Mayo, Everett Brown.*

It's About: *Dirty work in the African jungle, with heroic heroes and villainous villains—and a heroine.*

Barbara Weeks was clawed by a leopard while they were shooting this one—which ought to give you an idea of the sort of thing it is. It's Hollywood's idea of what goes on in the African jungles, when men mix cupidity and cupid.

For an independent production, it's better-than-usual stuff. The wild animal sequences are thrilling, measure well up to the standard set by such films as "Trader Horn" and other pretentious jungle-stories.

The Reckoning (Olympic)

You'll See: *Edmund Breese, Sally Blane, Jimmy Murray, Bryant Washburn, Pat O'Malley.*

It's About: *Li'l Danny Cupid guides the good-hearted crook's footsteps into the straight and narrow.*

Well, it seems some people got together and decided to make a moving picture. So they got a story which has been tried out and found all right lots of times. And they got somebody to write dialogue, because they had some microphones and figured they ought to have some wordage on the sound track. Then they hired some good actors, some cameramen and things like that, and told them to go ahead and make a movie.

They all did what they could, and the result is several thousand feet of celluloid. It can be run through a projecting machine, and makes shadows move on a screen. They utter words. It'll probably be a dry summer, don't you think?

Probation (Chesterfield)

You'll See: *Johnny Darrow, Sally Blane, Clara Kimball Young, J. Farrell MacDonald.*

It's About: *Another of these modern-generation-going-to-hell themes which is saved from the curse by the fact that a sweet love tale is played up.*

Here's another of the current crop of better-than-you'd-expect independent films. With a cast that boasts of no fan-exciting names, it nevertheless manages to entertain with a satisfying story, adequately played.

The story is of a night-court judge and his daughter, and the youth who comes before the judge for beating up an egg for insulting a girl. The lad is paroled in custody of the judge's daughter (imagine!), and you know the rest.

Scareheads (Talmadge)

You'll See: *Richard Talmadge, Jacqueline Boardman, King Baggott, Joseph Girard.*

It's About: *A young reporter saves his brother from being framed for murder. But how. . . ! ! !*

Richard Talmadge is the last-remaining of the old fairbanksian school of super-athleticism on the screen. Remember Doug and his antics, ten years or so ago? Well, Talmadge outdoes Doug ten-to-one. . . .

In this, he's a newspaper reporter who does such things as leap from his editorial window, several stories down into a police car; dive off a train crossing a high bridge and escape from his captors; lick, single-handed, a gang of ruffians—that sort of thing. It's sheer, un-adulterated and un-adult movie, but it's g-r-r-rand, if you take it in the right spirit. More fun than seven Laurel Hardey comedies!

✓This Is the Night (Paramount)

You'll See: *Lily Damita, Charles Ruggles, Thelma Todd, Roland Young, Claire Dodd, Cary Grant.*

It's About: *Naughty nonsensical stuff about a devil-with-women who hires a French gal to pose as his wife, so he can carry on an affair with another man's wife.*

This is frothy, merry stuff which you're not expected to take seriously. Evidently, when they made it, they had the idea people might occasionally want to be simply amused at the theatre—without having to take a lot of heavy drama and deep psychology, too. So they made this in that spirit. And darned if it doesn't amuse!

Roland Young as the rich philanderer, Thelma Todd as the married woman he's yenny for, Lily Damita as the gal he hires, Charlie Ruggles as the alcoholic hubby—they're all swell, and so's the film.

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Me, My Life and I

(*Continued from page 14*)

that for? Seems like you're always fighting."

"Well, mister," I told him, "I can remember when you ran a two-for-five film company on a side street. I suppose you got where you are by letting people step on you, too."

That man, knowing what fighting means, never ribbed me again about fighting. There are times when life gets pretty tough. That's reason enough for adopting those kids. I want them to miss all the grief.

But, getting back with the elephants, I went with Forepaugh-Sells, on account of my drag through Willie, who was a big shot in those days. I learned more from circus life than I ever learned from books. The lessons of those days came hard—but they stuck.

While I was going from Ohio to Georgia and from Maine to Illinois, and loafing during the winters in wide open Leavenworth, Kansas, where my father was in business for a while, Noah was going brightly ahead in his chosen career. He bid fair to make Willie and me feel like pikers. He said goodbye to the chorus and became one-eighth of the Gainsborough Octette—four girls and four boys, count 'em—and he got twenty-five bucks a week, which was hitting the high spots.

I HEARD about Noah finding a gold mine in his throat and I tossed my last elephant around and slid into New York, where I began my stage career at eighteen bucks a week, Noah heading me in right when I arrived. And right here I want to say a word about Noah. He's regular, one of my best friends, all that one could hope for in a brother.

Not so long ago some bright writer on the local newspapers got the hot idea of writing a story about how famous brothers don't get along, slapping at Lionel and John and others. Noah and I were mentioned as being ready to put poison in each other's coffee and to laugh like hell watching each other die. That's a lie.

I don't kick at stuff like that. Once such stories are noised around or printed, the damage is done. I've been called a great big overgrown boy, a hop head, a wife-beater, and in New York City, I can't sell 'em the idea I ever draw a sober breath, although I've only had about ten drinks of hard liquor in my life.

I like beer, but the rest of this is all untrue.

I must add that although I was a chorus boy, I haven't any lace on my handkerchiefs. Still, all the stories are tributes, because they show that the public's interested in me.

But to get back to the early days—

In 1904, that dainty young Beery mug was a chorus boy, the place was New York City, and the show was "Babes in Toyland." From this point on I could give you an endless list of plays in which I appeared, all of them musical. I got gradual raises until I drew $35 a week, sometimes. Among the best were "The Prince of Pilsen," "The Student King," "The Galloper," and "The Yankee Tourist."

During the summer, I went home to Kansas City. I worked in stock, playing heavies, heroes, and anything else the Woodard Stock Company offered me. I made my bow at the Willis-Wood theatre, and soon folks began to point out Patrolman (sometimes Captain) Noah Beery as "Wally Beery's old man" instead of pointing me out and saying, "That mug's old man is Noah Beery, the cop."

About this time, I started to get civilized. My first big break came when I was understudying Raymond Hitchcock (you remember Hitchy-Koo) in "The Yankee Tourist," at the Astor Theatre in New York City. The overture was under way one night with no Raymond on hand. He was seriously ill. I played his part until the end of the season, Henry Savage getting big hearted and paying me $70 a week.

Noah, at this time, was the big shot of the Beery tribe, playing leads and putting from $100 to $150 a week in his pants pockets. Willie had met Lottie Zeigler,

Joan Crawford's favorite lounging pajamas and aren't they smart? In three pieces, they have trousers that fit snugly around the hips, a tiny detachable bolero jacket and a gay striped blouse. The pajamas are red and the stripes are white and very wide had married her, and had given up his strenuous days on the road with the Forepaugh-Sells circus.

But by the time summer came—the summer of 1912—I was broke. There was a young fellow I knew named Victor Heerman. He was office boy in a vaudeville booking agency, whose bosses sometimes got jobs for actors in "those cheap movies."

Now, Vic was making eighteen bucks a week, and I wasn't making any money. Neither were my pals and room-mates, "Mule" Linderman, who now takes big movie productions on the road, and Johnny Powers.

Vic, being a shrewd guy, couldn't figure feeding three of us on his wages, so he got us a job with Tannhauser Productions at New Rochelle. We bummed fifteen cents apiece for carfare. I was to play a motor cop. We were to get five bucks each. When we got there, it was raining. Work was called off. We walked from New Rochelle to Times Square, about fifteen miles, cussing the movies at every step.

That should have cured me, but it didn't, for in 1913, when I was playing the lead in the comic "Balkan Princess" in Chicago, some scouts from Essanay, which had a studio on the north side, saw the show. They figured I was hot.

They offered me $75 a week, every week in the year, and I flopped, hook, line and sinker.

G. M. (Broncho Billy) Anderson was half of the firm. He is now retired, in San Francisco, I believe.

Francis X. Bushman, idol of idols, took his profile to the cashier's window for $250 every six days. Beverly Bayne put $50 in her purse. Ben Turpin and Bryant Washburn got $75. Leo White worked with me then. He is still an extra and bit player.

Extras included Virginia Valli, now Mrs. Charlie Farrell, Rod La Rocque and Gloria Swanson. Louella Parsons was writing a comedy a week for us, and George Ade gave us picture rights to his fables for $75, $100 and $125.

I liked the looks of this Swanson girl. She was a darned sweet kid, modest as could be, and pretty. She fascinated me right off the bat. I started going with her and took special care to see that she was cast in my pictures with me. Her mother was very nice, and was almost always with her. Her father was a paymaster in the United States Army.

I bought a yellow Mercer roadster and drove around the north side in it. It was very fast, doing fifty-five miles an hour, and I got pinched just twenty-six times. I didn't get it to show off, but to go fast. I bought it second-hand and it cost me $600 and twenty-six fines at $11 apiece, all collected by good old Judge Jahrecki. We got to be great pals.

Along about this time folks along the sidewalk used to stare and say—"There goes Wally Beery, the funny movie guy," and this gave me a big kick.

Before very long, Gloria and I fell in love. I was the happiest guy in the world. I loved Gloria and I thought, if she'd marry me, we'd be happy forever and ever.

Read what really broke up Beery's marriage in next month's Movie Mirror.

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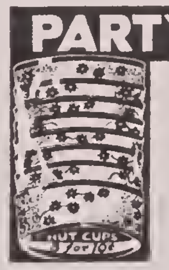

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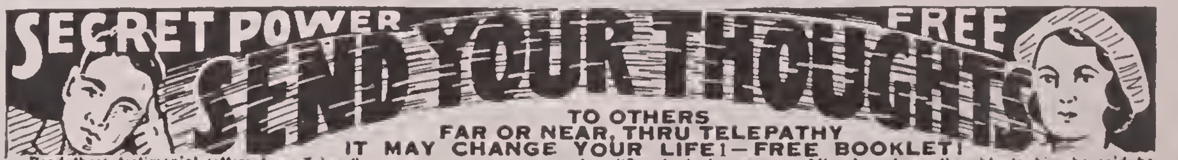

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What You Readers Want

(Continued from page 71)

$1 PRIZE

You query, "Do you know what you (the public) want?" and "What kind of pictures do you like to see your favorite stars in?" The modern public is clamoring for pictures and portrayals of high standard. An idealistic picture like "Sunny Side Up" will bring hordes of the best element of the common people out of their homes—the same people who are driven back to their living-rooms and radios by trashy gangster films, sex and horror pictures. It is up to the producers whether they wish to pander to the wild, sex-mad, immature youth of the land, or to the sane, reasonable, common-sense folk.

When the film business was in its infancy, a pretty face was enough to gain stardom—but times have changed! Most of us retain, sometimes unknowingly, the instinctive ability we possessed in childhood to discern the false from the true; this is especially so when our emotions are uppermost, as in the theatre. It will be noted we have rallied to the banners of the stars who most naturally (therefore, subconsciously) portray their allotted characters, Garbo *is* mysterious (therein lies her power); Novarro *is* sentimental; Gaynor *is* sweetly demure. It must be admitted each favorite of the public occupies his or her particular niche to perfection. It would be ridiculous to have them change places.

Of course, the public likes to see its favorite stars in pictures which will allow them to give of their best. Wisely, it has been said the only divineness in our human nature is the craving after perfection.

Mrs. Augusta Schwartz,
Trenton, N. J.

$1 PRIZE

We fans want HAPPY STORIES. Not just a happy ending, nor a logical ending—like "they lived happily ever afterwards," or prison for the gangster—but *Happy Stories.* Like "Sooky" and "Skippy," "Daddy-Long-Legs" and "Delicious," "Touchdown" and "The Millionaire." Clean, warming. Not this unreal tosh, either, about life in a mythical kingdom, such as in "A Woman Commands." No, give us life which touches the earth. And no more stories like "The Magnificent Lie," where the magnificent Chatterton has the Herculean task of winning our sympathy after she has been having a round of Blind-Man's Bluff with a blind man. Maybe that was supposed to be Art, but it certainly wasn't being fair to the actress, for no fan forgives a mean trick like that.

There may be more Art in sex hokum, but these pictures don't seem to be the really successful ones. After all, I think we like to believe that the Divine Plan is of a gayer pattern, like "Sooky" and "Daddy-Long-Legs," where Fate *does* smooth out wrinkles.

Samela K. Parkhurst,
Seattle, Wash.

$1 PRIZE

Like many other people I am a very ardent movie fan. I would enjoy seeing a continuous round of pictures of any kind or type so long as Clark Gable is in each and every one of them.

I don't care if he has been married twice; I don't care how many step-children he has; I don't care anything about his private life. I like his acting, his voice, his manners and his features and it won't be until a million years from now that I shall ever tire of watching him.

Naturally I prefer the men stars to the women, though I certainly enjoy the beautiful women and some of the styles they wear.

I prefer the stars in adventurous pictures, not merely mysteries and romantic (not love) scenes, with breath-taking thrills and plenty of excitement.

I would rather see the star regardless of the story and the plot of a picture; the star always furnishes my delight.

Kill off all the stars you choose and if you leave Clark Gable I shall be satisfied.

Sally Lynch,
Syracuse, New York.

$1 PRIZE

There is always a lot of moralizing and censoring from all sources about the stories shown on the screen—and the producers come right back and tell us they are giving us the greatest stories by the world's greatest writers—and they are—yet, after all, isn't it true that there are very few people who go to see a picture for the story itself? In fact, isn't it a very rare thing to hear a person say they are going to see "that particular picture, because they like the story?" But, what you do hear is that "Garbo is playing it," or "Chatterton is playing there," or Beery or Dressler—that's whom they are going to see. They are the ones who are going to make the superb entertainment for us. It's with them we are going into the land of adventure, or excitement or danger—they are the unforgettable souls—the time and place or the plot make very little difference—we lose all of those—but never the character.

True, afterwards we will say, "That was a great picture," but it's because of the man or woman who made the picture. It was he or she that made us laugh or cry or sigh. For instance, take a picture with an interesting title—sounds like it might be good, we say, but we don't know who's playing in it. Do we go to see it? We do not. We pick out another attraction, because we know "him or her" and we know just about what we are going to get for our money, and the kind of thrills we are going to get out of it. In fact, every fan is a bargain hunter, and he goes to the star where he knows, or thinks he knows, he is going to get the most of his kind of entertainment for his money.

Of course the ideal combination is a good star in a good picture, but that is not always possible, even with the best of producing. Yet, to be perfectly honest, I think we get that combination very consistently—considering the great multitude of tastes and ideas that have to be pleased. We might just think back a year and remember "Daddy-Long-Legs"—"Skippy"—"Cimarron"—"Susan Lenox"—"Emma" and a few other really great pictures with greater stars—pictures and stars that will live forever.

And that very list makes one grand slam of a conclusion clear, the public *does* want decent stories. There is nothing heavily sweet in any one of these fine pictures. Any one of them is a heart-stirring cross-section of modern life that fairly hammers on the emotions. They are the good old-fashioned dramas that have always clicked—the kind where the under dog comes out on top despite all odds.

Of course, my formula of "the stars first, and decent stories next" will not meet the approval of everyone, but I believe it will of many.

Betsy C. Reiley,
Flint, Mich.

$1 PRIZE

Life to many of us is often unbearably dull and drab; and there is no place where our dreams come true. How wonderful to forget our cares in the Never Never land of pictures, there to drink deeply of beauty, glamour, and romance; to become (for awhile) the glorious, fascinating figure depicted on the screen. What greater service can be rendered unto mankind than the sort of pictures that make these joys possible?

If all the stars in the world were killed off and only one remained—oh, let that one be Garbo!

Just to see Garbo walk alone across the stage is joy enough for me. What does the story matter if the star is not present? Whatever Garbo does, or if she does nothing at all—I want to see Garbo. Why? Because to me she opens the door to that precious land of make-believe.

As for the men stars—they are only props—accessories to the "white flame that is Garbo."

There will always be stars, and there will always be ardent admirers; because to each of us "happiness" means a different thing, and it would not be possible to find any one person who meant the same thing to everyone. I think we pick the star who most closely fulfills our subconscious desires, and whose screen career unfolds "what we would like to happen to us."

One magic power our favorite star *must* have, and that is the ability to help us escape from monotony!

Zonca Waunda,
Yakima, Wash.

There are more middle-class people in the world who like good pictures that are true to real life—so why not try to please the majority once in a while? We want pictures that are really TRUE, not just partly true. For instance, in pictures, where there is a working girl supporting her mother and sometimes the whole family and she can hardly exist with her meagre salary—well, in the same picture that same little girl has her hair set, fingernails manicured perfectly, has on satin and lace undies. I'm referring to Marian Marsh in "Under Eighteen." Of course, we want to see something wholly unlike our own drab and uneventful lives sometimes, but if the picture is supposed to be portraying circumstances like this—why not let them be dressed and groomed accordingly?

Mrs. Fred Futchs, Jr.,
Wilmington, N. C.

My taste runs more to female stars than male. For two reasons. First, I think female stars have more glamour than male stars. By this I mean their own personality plus gowns, coiffures, settings, and other details that make for box-office appeal. My second reason is that being a female myself, I can learn so much from them—everything from how to shape my eyebrows most becomingly to the latest styles from Paris.

Selma Mehlman,
Los Angeles, Cal.

Women stars are preferable to men, and the main reason is that women are allowed a larger scope of emotions to portray. A man must always be a man, and the more admirable and popular he is, the more masculine he must be, which means he'll always have to be strong and mostly silent, and never give way to his lesser emotions, nor give vent to his deepest feelings, while a woman star can have hysterics and go into rhapsodies, and still not be ridiculous.

Pictures of people one finds in fiction may attract us because in our imaginations we have often been such persons but the picture that really touches our heart strings is one of common ordinary human living. "Over the Hill," for instance. Because such a picture can get so close to our hearts, it must necessarily be well acted and the story must be very good, otherwise it would make us feel ridiculed, for we ourselves probably have been in a situation such as that portrayed in the picture. Then why, you might ask, are the Garbos and Gaynors so popular? The answer is because they act out the two most universal day dream types. Most every girl has at some time wished she were a charmer of men and how many of us have never secretly believed ourselves a "Cinderella"?

Leona Siveck,
Detroit, Mich.

My favorite star—Greta Garbo. Kill the others, if necessary.

I would walk that celebrated mile to get away from a gangster picture, a courtroom picture, a mother love picture, a riotous party picture, and others of like ilk. I am sure most of us, the great majority, who work for a living and live decently, would like to see pictures of real life. There are very few of us who have murders happening on our doorsteps, are constantly dressed in evening clothes and attending wild parties, or killing men because we went to their rooms in the dead of night, when we should have been sleeping. But then it would take a great director, I suppose, to tell a simple story of real people, without those lurid happenings to create the excitement.

L. Alice Skinner,
Stapleton, Staten Island, N. Y.

We always have and always will pay our money to be enchanted, to be lifted out of ourselves for a little while, and our favorites get our nickels any old time and any place.

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G. A. Davis,
Sapulpa, Okla.

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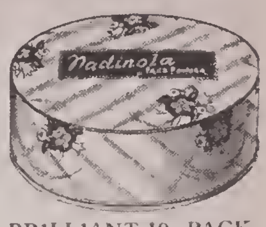

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Love's the Best Cure for Loneliness

(*Continued from page* 18)

the most wonderful experience of my life. I wouldn't have missed it for anything. I've tried everything—I want to try everything life has to offer!—but I never realized, until now, that marriage can be as beautiful as this."

That's what Fenton, the supposedly-cynical man-about-the-world, said. And Ann's eyes, big and glowing enough ordinarily, just melted as she nodded a check-and-double-check.

"And how," you naturally ask them, "do you reconcile your respective reputations with matrimony?"

"In the first place, we've got everything in common—all the things that can't be put into words, that you can only feel," says Fenton, while Ann, again, nods yes. And they don't seem to either realize or care, these two, that newlyweds the world over have said that since time began.

"My wandering? Is marriage going to stop it? Of course not," grins Fenton. "Ann wants to travel, too. That's one of the reasons we married—so we can do it together. And is marriage going to interfere with our careers?—again, no. . . ."

Ann interrupted.

"My marriage is going to be a greater incentive than ever to me," she said. "Now I've really *got* something to work for. I want, more than ever before, to make something of myself. And besides, the harder I—we—work, now, the quicker we'll make enough to do the things we really want to do, together."

Fenton told his side:

"I don't consider moving pictures my career. It's a way to make money, rapidly, but it's not a career. So how can marriage interfere with it?"

You see, Fenton writes, too. He has had stories, articles, published. He wants to travel and write. That's his dream.

"Hollywood is fine and lovely," he went on, "but it 'gets' you. You can't stay in it too long. Both Ann and I realize that. Why, if we just stayed here, we'd get to be just two more Hollywoodites—and all our dreams and hopes'd die, bit by bit. We're not going to let that happen. When we feel Hollywood closing in on us, why, we'll just pack up, and fly away."

The thing that drew these two together, more than anything else, was a mutual loneliness. They are both intelligent enough to realize that—and they both believe that in each other they've found the remedy.

"My traveling, my wanderlusting, my bumming around—that's been nothing but the manifestation of an innate loneliness. I've known people all over the world—men, women, girls. I've known them for a few hours, maybe; or a few days or weeks or months. But then we parted—and I was alone, again. Even here in Hollywood, surrounded by countless people, I've been lonely. . . ." That's Fenton's explanation. As for Ann:

Ann's been living with her mother, all her life. Her mother is Ann Lehr. She was a star in the old Vitagraph days, was Ann Lehr. Even now, she plays an occasional rôle in pictures.

Ann's mother guarded her daughter with extreme care. Ann had few boy friends in her school days. When she left school, she threw herself heart-and-soul into the making of a career. She worked hard; it left her no time, no energy for other affairs. Her life has been strangely devoid of romance.

They met on New Year's eve—in the make-up department at the Warner studios. There was a little party. Actors, actresses, studio workers—just one of those casual, unplanned get-togethers that happen. They toasted 1932's advent. You know how those New Year's Eve parties are—happy, carefree, open-hearted. . . .

And present were Ann Dvorak, the lonely girl, and Leslie Fenton, the lonely man. "Love at first sight" is a horribly overworked phrase. But so often it's true, that you can't get away from it. But Fenton and Ann say that in their case, it's inadequate—they insist they were in love even before they met.

"We knew we'd be married before we knew each other," Fenton worded it. He meant, you can understand, that subconsciously each of them knew that somewhere they'd sometime find a mate. On New Year's Eve, they found each other. And if that sounds gushy, tripe-y, sloppy-sentimental, you've got nothing but truth and fact to blame for it!

There was another girl at that time in Fenton's life. Fenton's an attractive lad; women have always fallen for him. There was a girl who believed Fenton planned to marry her. Maybe Fenton'd given her more or less reason to believe so; maybe it was just another casual affair to him. But after he'd met Ann, there was no question in his mind—in February he told the other girl that he was in love with someone else, and that he could see her no more.

Unfortunately, things aren't done as easily as that. To shadow the warm glow of their romance, Leslie Fenton and Ann Dvorak within a week after their elopement to Yuma, suffered the publicity and embarrassment of a breach-of-promise suit filed against Fenton by the other girl. As this is written, that suit is pending. But it does not affect their honeymoon happiness—for Ann knew of the other girl. Fenton had told her.

As for their own marriage—it's a thoroughly 1932 version. There wasn't any "obey" in the marriage ceremony.

"Ann's not going to be that kind of wife. She's taking on none of the obligations of old-fashioned wifehood. This is a marriage of companionship," Fenton explains, seriously.

"Even greater than flaming love, passion, physical attraction, is companionship, friendship. We've got that. We like the same things, want to do the same things, want to live the same way. Because we want to do those things together—always—we married.

"Marriage is largely a matter of convenience. Of course, we could probably have just lived together, and gotten away with it. But we didn't want to. Marriage is so much more beautiful, so much sweeter, makes living together so much more worth-while. We can be lovers, friends, openly, now."

Don't these three people look alike? Well, they should, for they all belong to the same fambilly! That's Spencer Tracy with his familiar grin at the left and the other two are Spencer's mother and brother visiting Spence at Fox Hills

Hot News

(*Continued from page* 10)

of the Evening" stop . . . it'll probably be Lupe Velez for the rôle of Charmaine in the talkified "What Price Glory" stop . . . up on top of the highest building in Hollywood is a health club where nude sunbathing is done by such as Jack Oakie, Hardie Albright . . . the "No Women Admitted" sign is out seven days a week stop . . . an assistant director at United Artists is named Roger Heman . . . Heman became a proud papa the other week stop . . . and did you or didn't you know that Nick Stuart and Sue Carol are wondering whether it'll be a boy or a girl question mark stop.

. . . because Erich von Stroheim clicked his heels so loudly whenever he bowed to Garbo in "As You Desire Me," they had to put felt on his heels to keep the click from becoming CLACK on the sound track stop . . . there's no limit to the precociousness of Hollywood's press agents —why, the Paramount publicity department sent out a story on March 29, telling what April Fool's Day jokes their stars were going to play exclamation point.

. . . one week, to the day, after those Harding-Bannister divorce bombletters were sent out, Ann Harding collapsed . . . through the week she had worked every day making "Westward Passage" for Radio, worked twice as hard dodging reporters who demanded she elaborate what the letters said . . . the strain was too much . . . doctors had to give her sedatives to make her sleep, rest the wrecked nerves . . . six hundred miles away, in Reno establishing divorce-residence, Harry Bannister could do nothing but sympathize stop . . .

. . . after setting all Hollywood aguess, Greta (Nordic) Nissen and Weldon (cave man) Heyburn finally married exclamation point . . . they airplaned to Tia Juana where they had one of those Mexican marriages . . . convenient place, this Mexico, where they marry you or divorce you, WHIZ, like that exclamation point stop . . .

. . . Rex (MISTER Clara Bow) Bell is going to make eight hoss-operas . . . which is Hollywoodese for western talkies . . . and Clara isn't in any hurry to get back to work so she'll sit home by the yucca trees and knit socks or something . . . warm up on this: the title for Ernst Lubitsch's next directed film will be "Passionate Strangers" and Miriam Hopkins will star . . . summer's here stop . . . and so they're going to remake the famous "Blood and Sand" which thrilled Valentino fans—only this time Cary Grant'll play the Rudy rôle and Tallulah Bankhead will do the rôle Nita Naldi did opposite Valentino . . . what a tough spot for a newcomer . . . to follow Rudy exclamation point . . . don't be surprised if Mary (aintshesweet) Duncan becomes Mrs. "Laddie" (Polo star) Sanford stop . . . . . . Phil (wattaman) Holmes may play opposite Connie Bennett for the first time . . . in Radio's "The Truth About Hollywood" stop . . . Evalyn Knapp and Donald Cook are being seen together . . . Gloria Swanson's baby has been born . . . it's a girl,

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Speak for Yourself

(Continued from page 81)

She Saw Garbo

Who can be a better judge of the beauty of a screen actress than one who has seen her in person? I saw Greta Garbo when she was in New York.

I had almost a week of walking and standing in the cold before I got my wonderful look at her. I actually walked eighteen miles in that week; more exercise than I have ever had. Even after four days, the bitter cold and my weariness did not make me give up—I was determined to see Greta Garbo or die in the attempt.

On the fifth day, weary at heart, I was standing on the corner of Fifty-Eighth Street and Sixth Avenue when I saw her coming toward me.

What attracted my attention first was her neat appearance—also her broad shoulders. She made a striking appearance in a vagabond hat and a blue sport coat. The next thing I noticed when I got close to her were her exceedingly long and heavy lashes—the longest I have ever seen. They looked like large fans shading her blue eyes. In all she made a most attractive picture.

In concluding I want to say that:

Greta Garbo is more alluring, more enchanting, more exotic, and far more beautiful off the screen than on.

Phyllis Pascale,
New York, N. Y.

Short and Sweet

There comes once in a moon's age a real actress, one who wrings tears from your heart, one who makes you laugh, God bless her. There's only one, the great unsurpassable Marie Dressler!

Mary Porter,
Lima, Ohio.

Three cheers for three of our greatest actresses! I think you'll all agree with me when I name Marie Dressler, Ruth Chatterton and Barbara Stanwyck.

Lucile Shelton,
Atlanta, Ga.

Greta Garbo's clean and untrammeled life may be the keystone on which her eminent success stands. Long may she live to be the best, love the best, and thus give us the best she can!

Mrs. C. R. Meredith,
Baltimore, Md.

I have just seen Wallace Beery and Clark Gable in "Hell Divers," and I want to add my congratulations to the producers of this picture, because it is the best he-man drama that I have seen in many a matinée.

Jennie Malkin,
Toledo, Ohio.

Here's to Boles, Novarro and Tibbett. Long may they sing!

Albert Manski,
Boston, Mass.

I consider Chester Morris the best young actor in Hollywood today.

Janet Coats,
Santa Monica, Cal.

No amount of money spent on admission is ever too much for a Wallace Beery entertainment.

Mrs. Nellie D. Gallagher,
West Palm Beach, Fla.

Short and Not So Sweet

What a disappointment Maurice Chevalier is to me! He laughs only with his lips, not his eyes, and he needs laughter in his heart.

Naomi Whitney,
Edmonds, Washington.

Norma Shearer is terrible. So affected and apparently conceited. Not very good-looking and tiresome with her flighty mannerisms.

Janet Gaynor is sickening, she's so sweet. Nothing new or interesting, just dumb.

Jerry Alden,
Hartford, Conn.

Cheers For Wallace Ford

Well, well—I must bow to the fact that "Possessed" was a wonderful piece of acting on the part of Gable. But say—what about the "home-town sweetheart," Wallace Ford? Thanks for the story of his life in the April issue. Please, Mr. Director, don't put him in any more plays like "Freaks." Give him a leading rôle with Crawford, Garbo or Gaynor to establish his ability. The result will be heavy competition for Charles Farrell and James Dunn. Come on, Wally, you can make the grade. May we see you soon!

P. E. Cox,
Chillicothe, Ohio.

In Memory of Robert Ames

To Robert Ames, our perennial juvenile, who came, we saw and were conquered by his great performances in Holiday, Behind Office Doors, Rebound, and Rich Man's Folly; who leaves behind him many pleasant memories of a jolly, likable and real personality, as well as a splendid actor, of whom we will think, not only today, but Tomorrow and Tomorrow.

Jackie Colvin,
Fort Worth, Texas.

"Emma"

When I went to see Marie Dressler in "Emma," I expected to see the usual comedy-picture, but instead I saw a warm, heart touching picture. In "Emma," Marie Dressler reached far greater heights than she has ever attained before. I have never seen an audience change so rapidly from laughter to tears as the one at "Emma." She may not be a Garbo or a Chatterton, but she is one great old actress.

Elizabeth Washburn,
Charlotte, N. C.

Joe E. Brown Makes Good

I am a champion for any actor who can make me rattle my slats with good wholesome laughter and forget the mechanical, monotonous daily drudgery of toil.

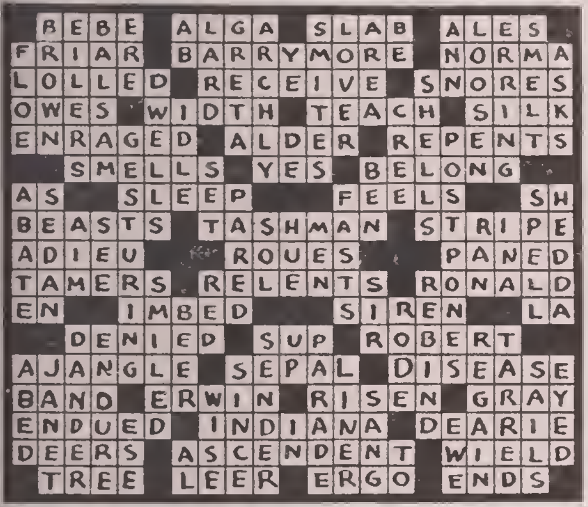
Joe E. Brown . . . may his tribe increase. I saw him recently in "Local Boy Makes Good." The picture goes to show that a comedy can have a good story as well as a lot of funny situations. Joe E. did himself nobly, and it is my hope that he will be cast in other pictures as good.

Raymond Goforth,
Dallas, Texas.

Against the Old Favorites

Almost everyone hates monotony, but it's obvious that this fact has failed to impress picture producers, as we have been going to the theatre for years to view the same old faces.

If we drive our car two years we are tired of it, and want to trade it in, regardless of how well it is performing. We frequently discard expensive clothes, not because they are worn, but because the sight of them bores us.



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This is the answer to last month's Cross Word Puzzle. This month's puzzle is on Page 6 and there will be a new puzzle in the July Movie Mirror on sale June 5th

We demand great variety in everything we have; yet some film stars have been featured for years, and no matter how badly we desire a change, we still must endure Garbo, Cooper, Fairbanks, Bow, and a dozen other antiques.

Regardless of how great an ability these players possess, someone is equally as good. There are just as good fish in the sea as ever were caught; and just as good stars to be discovered as ever were featured. Old favorites have had their day, and should be replaced.

D. W. Bement,
Centerville, Pa.

And How He's Getting Along!

Give us another opportunity of spending a delightful time by seeing Eric Linden who played in "Are These Our Children?"

I think he's darling! He has the cutest smile, and his voice is simply grand.

He acts so natural and gives that impression of "I'll get along." I'll say he'll get along; he will take his advancing steps in a big way!

Let's all drop our work for a few moments and give Eric Linden a big hand. That's fine. Thanks.

Helen Zeller,
Greenville, Ohio.

Chatterton's Best Team-Mate

Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell may be an ideal team, but what about Paul Lukas and Ruth Chatterton? These two make a combination admired by all, I'm sure—especially in their romantic rôles. "The Magnificent Lie" and "Once a Lady" to me weren't complete because Paul Lukas' name was omitted from the cast. There is something—either his adorable accent or the sympathy he adds to his rôles which brings out the best in Ruth Chatterton.

More power to 'em!

Kay Matthews,
Seattle, Wash.

We're All Gablemaniacs Now

In Roosevelt junior high school, Wichita, Kansas, has been organized a Clark Gable Gab Club. The boys and girls who have joined agree to boost this movie star. One rule is that a picture of Gable must be carried in the purse or pocket at all times. A member may be challenged to produce the picture at any time by any member. Failure to have said picture at a third challenge means loss of membership. No one may be permitted to slam said actor. Any panning causes a member to be kicked out of the club. A member must attend showings of every picture in which Gable appears unless sickness or some other valid excuse is presented.

Mabel C. Wilson,
Wichita, Kansas.

A Slam For Constance

Why all this furor over Constance Bennett? She seems just a shuttlecock between the sparring factions—the "For" and "Against."

For my part, I must confess to being among the "Against" party. I fail to see beauty in that monotonous, bored, broad face. Nor any more than the average rating as an actress.

However, I believe she would add to her fans, greatly, if she would pose less, and appear less indifferent and superior and aloof. After all, she has had the breaks—and been lucky. Many another girl of far more beauty and acting ability might have had just such a rise if they had had the opportunities. There is no reason for her bored, superior attitude, or conceit.

She appears to have a very advanced case of Hollywooditis, and the only cure will probably be if she ever has bad breaks and ill-luck like some of the less-favored actors. Give me the human, flesh-and-blood stars—not these far-and-remote types! Come down to earth, Constance, before you get a tumble!

Lucile Overton,
Montgomery, Ala.

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Hailing a New Star

There's a new star in Hollywood's heaven tonight. I know! 'Cause far be it from me to overlook so fine an actor as Raul Roulien. His performance as the jilted Russian in "Delicious" was magnificent . . . incomparable. He's wonderful! Marvelous! Keep an eye open for him, girls—you'll like him!

Berta Jaki,
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Slamming Joan

I'm getting tired of hearing Joan Crawford called "Glorious Joan" and "Joan the Beautiful," etc. In my opinion eyes that pop out of a brainless top-piece are far from beautiful. I do not consider her absurd, melodramatic actions acting. Why push her stringy hair back when in anguish? We know she has a well-modelled forehead without this stupid demonstration.

I bet Webster had something like Joan Crawford in mind when he defined ridiculous, anomalous, preposterous, etc.

Betty Noelita,
Guttenberg, N. J.

"Lovers Courageous"

I want to give three cheers and a great big "hooray" for "Lovers Courageous"! I feel indebted to Frederick Lonsdale for the story, to Bob Montgomery and Madge Evans for the acting, and to M-G-M for the producing of such an interesting movie. Love is always an appealing subject for a motion picture, but love between a boy and girl in the springtime of life is more than that, it reaches right down into the heart.

Why can't we have more such fresh, clean stories of young love? Heaven forbid any more of the sickeningly sweet "Merely Mary Ann" type. But, please, Mr. Producer, give us more "lovers with courage" like *Mary* and *Willie*.

Edna Walters,
Wilson, N. C.

A Tribute Deserved!

I respect him because he gives no posy interviews, or asks for a double for dangerous bits.

He does not take himself seriously or others either, for he satirizes his contemporaries.

At hot loving, acrobatics or just plain heavy acting he exhibits rare artistry.

But there's not a woman who wouldn't scream if the wicked fellow was seen in her bedroom—because—he is the one and only *Mickey Mouse*.

Wm. H. Eldridge,
Hibbing, Minn.

Trailers

Some time ago, while viewing a picture, a "trailer" flashed, no, burst upon the screen announcing a new star in his first picture who was so wonderful, marvelous, blah, blah and blurb blurb that he was a "combination of the Prince of Wales, Lindbergh and Mayor Walker all rolled into one." And so on ad nauseum, or to your amusement depending on how you feel about it.

Assuming an "oh yeah" attitude I decided not to see this Mr. James Dunn person no matter how good he was—being just that annoyed by it all.

Well, one day later he was on a double bill along with the picture I had gone to see—and (I bet you've guessed it!), I *liked* him and thought he was most attractive and fully worthy of my becoming one of his cash customers from now on.

All of which proves you can and do like movie stars in spite of the 57 varieties of phoney publicity they get. But seriously, can't something be done about it, campaigns in the magazines or something? Perhaps "there ought to be a law."

Dorothy Green,
Stamford, Conn.

Comparisons Are Odious Anyway

Clark Gable is a very attractive young man, I agree, but when compared to Ramon Novarro, he compares just a little worse than a candle does to an electric light—a hundred watt at that!

Vinnet L. Daringer,
Oxford, N. J.

The Two Royal Families

With all due respect to Bennett and Barrymore fans, I think that the less seen of the two families, the better. Both have an air of colossal conceit. The former is exceedingly over-rated and the latter over-acts terribly.

Charles Colliflower,
Washington, D. C.

The Gaynor-Farrell Team

How dare Miss Starchbill (April issue) say that Janet Gaynor has had her day? How *dare* she?

Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell are the grandest, most perfect people on the screen. Why not have more pictures of them?

I've never seen a movie mag yet that doesn't have a picture of those dreadful, terrible G's arbo! able!

Why not be different and not mention them?

Please have more pictures of those two divine people—Janet and Charles.

Jean Scholz,
Evansville, Ind.

P. S. Wasn't "Spirit of Notre Dame" grand and "Delicious" and "Arrowsmith" and "Lovers Courageous"?

Briefs

Gable has that indescribable something which only a woman can understand but refuses to explain.

Mrs. R. S. McClintic,
Monroe City, Missouri.

Dietrichs, Dagovers and other hausfraus may be imported and deported, but none

Bessie's Love these last few months is none other than Miss Patricia Hawkes, shown about to receive a big bottle of water in the above picture. Patricia was born early in March and Bessie Love is so happy as Mrs. William Hawkes she refuses even to consider—right now—the possibility of ever returning to the screen

can ever take the place of the incomparable Greta Garbo.

Mrs. F. C. Smith,
Mobile, Ala.

Sally Eilers ought to have a better leading man than James Dunn.

We want Clara Bow back again. Peggy Shannon can't take her place, neither can Sylvia Sidney. Who told Sylvia she could act anyway?

Marie D. Daly,
Houston, Texas.

The whole world ought to give at least three cheers for Bob Montgomery.

Genevieve Kaminski,
Erie, Pa.

Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell are big box-office hits. Why do we almost have to beg for them in a co-starring picture? Who can forget "Seventh Heaven"?

To the bottom of the ocean with sophistication! It is unnatural and I, for one, hate it.

Mary Katherine Leffler,
(No address given.)

I think Rochelle Hudson is the year's best screen find.

Bess Napoli,
Vandergrift, Pa.

"Mata Hari" leaves a bad taste in one's mouth.

Myrtle Neighbors,
Prichard, Ala.

I believe that Joan Crawford, Norma Shearer and Evelyn Brent are the three most loved actresses on the screen today. At least I thought enough of Joan and Evelyn to name one of my baby girls who was born March 4, 1930, after them, her ame being Joan Evelyn Hoppe. I tried my best to get Norma in, but could not do so. If I am ever so lucky again, I shall name the next one Norma.

Robert G. Hoppe,
Montgomery, Ala.

James Dunn in "Over the Hill"

Why, in heaven's name was James Dunn ever allowed to appear before his beloved public in anything so utterly inane as "Over the Hill"? He is one grand actor, but he's not for such insipid rôles. He's full of pep himself, so please, in the future, let us have him in parts like he had in "Bad Girl" and "Sob Sister."

Alice Lautner,
Wheeling, W. Va.

Saying It In Verse

Maurice Chevalier,
What do the flappers say?
"I think he's cute,
The naughty brute."
Maurice Chevalier!

And Peggy Hopkins Joyce,
What do you think of boys?
"Each time I leave one for another,
I wish I'd stayed at home with Mother."
Poor Peggy Hopkins Joyce!

Sophisticated Joan,
What makes you weep and moan?
"Salvation lasses I can't be—
The blasé parts were meant for me.
That's why I weep and moan."

And dark-eyed handsome Fredric March,
Why do your features look so harsh?
"My complex is so sorely tried
From turning into Mr. Hyde,
I can't help looking harsh!"

Here's to the Alfred Lunts!
Of all of their various stunts,
The greatest of all, please allow me to say,
Is the fact they're together in play after play
And *still* they're the Alfred Lunts!

Frances Aycock,
Birmingham, Ala.

Sidney's Friend

Don't any of your readers notice Sylvia Sidney?

Sylvia is a little wiz, to say the least. Did you ever see any one act without obviously acting the way Sylvia does? And she doesn't play the ultra-sophisticate, nor does she play the sweet ingenue. She merely acts as we all act every day in our lives, but still adds a glamour to it such as most of the actresses in Hollywood cannot do. The modern actress is more or less of a stereotype set by some preceding actress, but Sylvia dares to be different, and gets away with it. Good for you, sweet Sylvia. We want more pictures like "Ladies of the Big House," and don't be too sparse with that tantalizing smile of yours.

Ione Caddick,
Chicago, Ill.

Darling,
YOU'RE THE GIRL YOU USED TO BE!

It was years since she had looked so young and lovely. Something—somehow—had been robbing his wife of the fresh vibrant brightness he had always admired.

. . . Perhaps it's because gray hair comes gradually that you fail to realize how it *fades* your looks—sweeps you remorselessly into Heartbreak Age.

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FREE
Just send your name and address and I will tell you FREE how to reduce your bust, banish fat, and lift the sag. Don't miss this wonderful FREE opportunity.

Not Like Chaney

(*Continued from page* 46)

something of a giant. Actually, he is only six feet tall and built like an athlete. His looks are not so deceiving, for he plays golf assiduously and he is organizing a cricket team in Hollywood.

He laughed when I mentioned his height. "I know why you're asking how tall I am. You are wondering how I managed to tower over everyone in 'Frankenstein.' It was no laughing matter. I was built up through my boots. Those boots weighed eighteen pounds each. That was one of the greatest difficulties I encountered during the whole picture. Altogether, I had forty-eight pounds of added weight to pack around with me. And, of course, it took me a little time to master the trick of being absolutely mechanical in all of my gestures and movements."

Sitting across the luncheon table from him, it was hard for me to picture him in the rôle of the monster. He acknowledged that it did tax the ingenuity of Jack Pierce, the make-up man, to get him ready for the part. It took three hours each day to get him ready for the camera. The method of putting on and taking off the make-up proved quite painful, although after it was once accomplished, the wearing did not prove so uncomfortable. The forehead was built up carefully to give it a bulged appearance, to indicate that numerous brains had been tried before one was found to fit the skull. And in order to achieve the heavy-lidded, dull look of non-understanding, his eyelids were heavily waxed so that they were never more than partly open. He says this proved quite painful under the lights.

Owing to the difficult job of making-up for the rôle, he often worked as much as eighteen hours at a stretch and the day that the company went on location for the lake scenes, he worked twenty-three hours without stopping. Since it took Pierce three hours to put on his make-up, Karloff had to report at 4 A. M., in order to be ready to go on location at seven, with the rest of the actors. They worked until the light was gone and then, returning to the studio, Karloff was called for interior scenes and worked until three o'clock the following morning without a break. Which constitutes some kind of a record.

After his performance as the monster it was natural that Boris Karloff should be compared to Lon Chaney. This is unjust. Karloff can never be rightly compared to Chaney. In the first place, Chaney was a make-up artist first and an actor last. Whereas, Karloff always depends upon the skill of others to make him ready for his rôles. He is an actor, first, last and all the time. Again, he is working with a different medium than Chaney used. In justice to him, it must be said that he is going on where Chaney left off.

KARLOFF has always had the lure of acting in his blood, though none of his relatives have been connected with the theatre. In fact, his parents wanted him to go into the Consular Service at Hong-Kong, and they sent him to King's College in London with this end in view. Karloff wasn't much enthused over the prospect, and during his last year at college he saved up enough from his allowance to take him to Canada, where he began a new life.

He worked on a farm for awhile in Ontario, until he had laid up enough money to purchase a wardrobe. Then, by inventing a theatrical past "back in England," he secured a job as a villain with the Ray Brandon Players of Kamloops, B. C. He says Kamloops is a grand place and he ought to know, for he was there long enough. He wasn't so much of a hit when he first got there. To tell the truth, he was engaged at a salary of $30 a week and after the first week they reduced him to $25 a week. He hung on, though, and managed to stay with the company two years until it went broke. The day after the Brandon Players broke up, a cyclone struck town. Which was a stroke of good luck for Karloff. He got a job as a laborer clearing away debris. Then, through an "ad" in the *Billboard*, he got an opening with a company that was going on tour in the States. That is how he came to Hollywood.

The newest white hope of the Metro lot is Robert Young, who is here gathering Dorothy Jordan in his arms for "The Wet Parade." After seeing Bob in this rôle Movie Mirror nominates him for its favorite young comer. Hi, there, Robert!

Back in 1922, he did a number of good rôles and seemed about to make the grade, when a production slump occurred and he suddenly found himself facing a period of inactivity. There was no film work to be had. So he hunted up a job as a truck driver for a cement firm in Los Angeles. He was told to report for work on Monday. And as he did not know how to drive, he spent Sunday having a friend teach him. He managed to keep the job for several months. At first, he had to drive a 17-ton truck. Then, he was given a speed wagon delivering 300 casks of putty. All he had to do was carry the 300-pound casks from the warehouse to the truck, drive 25 miles and then unload them, for which he received five dollars a day. He arranged with the foreman to get an occasional day off to work in pictures, but this didn't occur as often as he hoped. His calls were few and far between. Finally, he got a part with Bert Lytell in "Never the Twain Shall Meet," and when the company went to San Francisco, he did not get to report at the trucking office for ten days. Naturally, when he returned, he found himself out of his trucking job.

He got a chance then, to play in a stage production with Reginald Poe and in a few months he was playing leading rôles in the company. He stayed with it then, until "The Criminal Code" brought him back into pictures again. The producers gave him the same rôle in the picture that he portrayed on the stage and he turned in a satisfactory performance.

AND now he is in them to stay. He doesn't want to become a star. The thought rather terrifies him. He wants to be a character actor so that he can stay on indefinitely. He thinks that stardom limits a performer's life on the screen.

But in spite of his feelings in the matter, Universal is threatening to star him in their forthcoming production, "The Invisible Man."

He says he is lost when he is without picture work, it has gotten so thoroughly into his blood. He feels like a fish out of water when he is between pictures. And he isn't between pictures, much, thanks to his agent.

Boris lives an unexciting life off-screen. His friends are mainly non-professionals. He and his wife live in a charming stucco bungalow on the shores of Toluca Lake. For recreation, he spends most of his time away from the studio on the golf links.

HE likes to sit by the fire in the evening and read Conrad's tales of high adventure. Having tasted of adventure himself, he can thrill to the exploits of Conrad's heroes.

Boris Karloff isn't a man with an obsession. He isn't a man who could by any stretch of the imagination possess any of the attributes that he gets across to you on the screen. He is wholesome, genial and cultured.

I'm glad he is doing these horrible rôles, as long as someone has to do them, instead of trying to bolster up the courage of British residents in far-off Hong Kong. He is mighty convincing, which is a test of genius.

When you meet him, you instantly wish that you might know him better. He is the sort of fellow you would like to include in your circle of intimate friends.

I like Boris Karloff. Tremendously.

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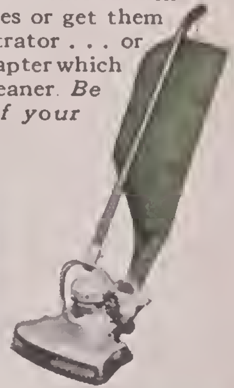

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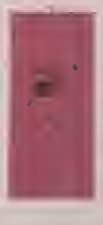

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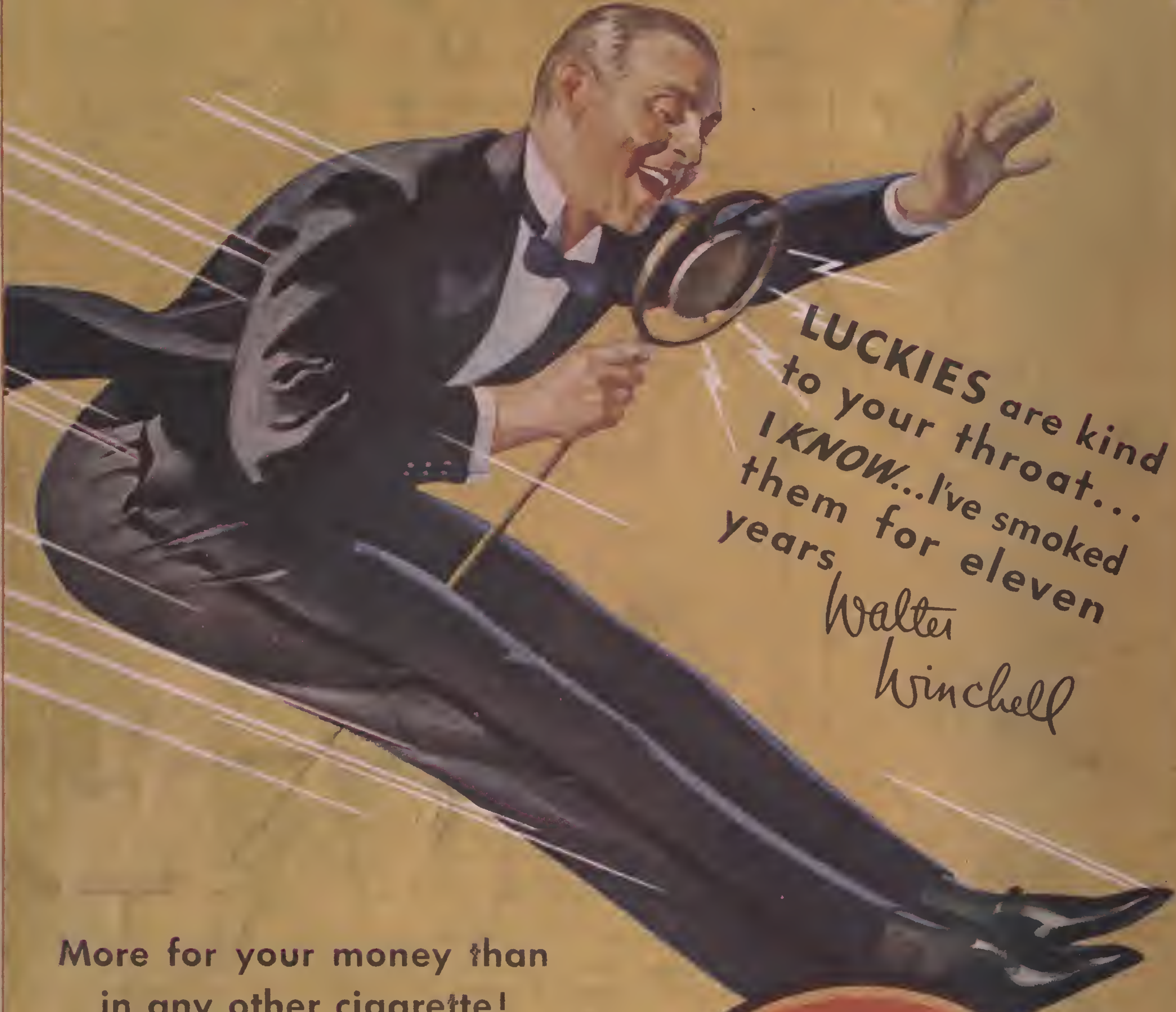
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Directed by **WILLIAM WYLER**

Universal Pictures

UNIVERSAL CITY, CALIFORNIA
Carl Laemmle
President
730 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

JUN 15 1932

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Movie Mirror

FILMLAND'S MOST BEAUTIFUL MAGAZINE

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Vacation Time is Here Again . . .

Let's Go!

Let's go to the beach . . . woods . . . mountains . . . farm . . . or camp . . .

Let's swim . . . hike . . . motor . . . paddle . . . fish . . .

Let's get a sunburn all day and dance all night . . . or maybe watch the moon come up, with our head on somebody's shoulder . . .

In other words, let's forget our troubles for a couple of weeks this summer and have a grand vacation!

- And let's remember that the August issues of *LOVE MIRROR and MOVIE MIRROR* will be on sale bright and early the 5th of July . . . just full of fascinating pictures and stories that are ideal vacation entertainment . . . 25 cents worth of magazine value for 10 cents . . . sold exclusively by these value-giving national chain store organizations:

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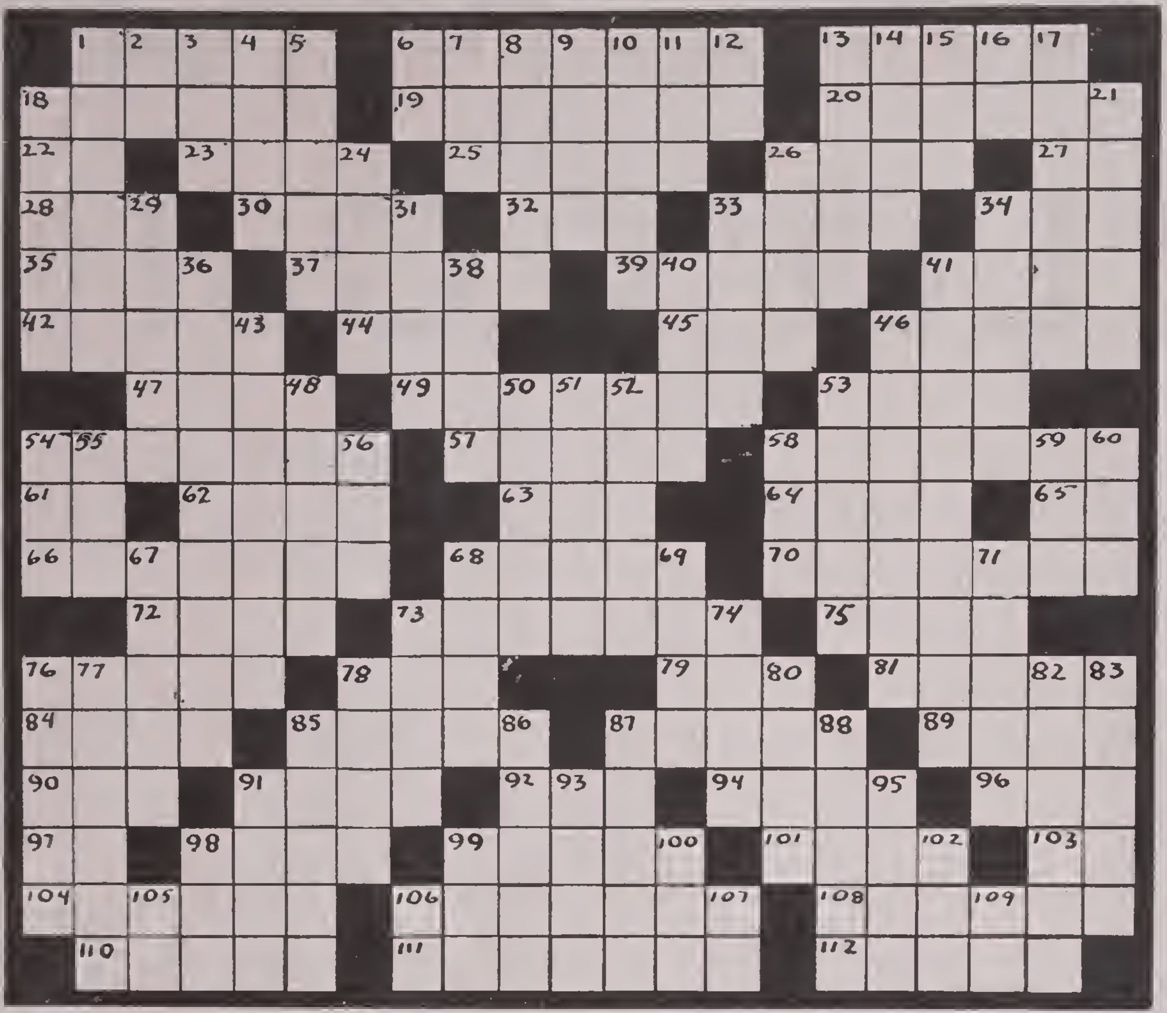
MOVIE FAN'S CROSSWORD PUZZLE

By Alma Talley

6 Across

41 Down



49 Across

1 Across

ACROSS

1 The screen's most glamorous actress.
6 The German star of "Morocco" and "Shanghai Express."
13 The biggest male "wow" on the screen.
18 The planet that brings bad luck to your horoscope.
19 Stirred up.
20 On board—as a ship.
22 Belonging to me.
23 A Catholic church service.
25 Small wood.
26 Baby's bed.
27 An actor's favorite pronoun.
28 A contract is signed in this.
30 Dorothy Jordan's brother in "The Wet Parade."
32 Ocean.
33 Hollow cylinder.
34 Unit of measure for wire.
35 Fertile soil.
37 Appointment.
39 Periods of time.
41 This grows on a pine tree.
42 Made a mistake.
44 A drunkard.
45 Part of to be.
46 Dissipated men.
47 You hear talkies with these.
49 M-G-M's Mexican male star.
53 The husband of "Dance Team."
54 The famous producer of custard pie comedies.
57 A section of a door.
58 The tough part of meat.
61 The animal that pulled a covered wagon.
62 Venture.
63 Light two-wheeled carriage.
64 This means "is not" and is bad grammar!
65 Printer's measure.
66 Raced.
68 A drug store cowboy's greeting to a pretty girl.
70 Was spitefully proud.
72 Made pictures.
73 The trainer in "A Free Soul."
75 The moon.
76 Yielded—as territory.
78 What a sheep would say in a talkie.
79 To drowse—as at a dull movie.
81 A remnant.
84 One of Novarro's former leading women—now Mrs. Fred Niblo.
85 Mrs. Irving Thalberg.
87 She starred in "Smart Woman."
89 Rim.
90 Consumed.
91 "America's sweetheart."
92 A pig's home.
94 Always.
96 The heroine says this to the hero in the end.
97 Note of the scale.
98 Mentally sound.
99 This makes an oak tree.
101 To issue forth.
103 That little word meaning "I won't."
104 Pertaining to love.
106 A food element.
108 Half-wits.
110 Foe.
111 Testifies.
112 The years between twelve and twenty

DOWN

1 Fox's most popular star.
2 By.
3 Strong drink.
4 "Roughage" for your diet.
5 The beginning of an attack.
6 Pa's wife.
7 Kind of lamp used in film making.
8 To perch.
9 The "hot-cha" from Mexico—Gary's former girl friend.
10 A short literary composition.
11 Born.
12 Lil Tashman's nickname for her husband.
13 Costumes.
14 The youth with the "Irish Rose."
15 Leading man in "Letty Lynton" (nickname.)
16 Note of the scale.
17 A screen star's evening wrap is made of this fur.
18 A pleased facial expression.
21 Takes out.
24 Polite form of address—plural.
26 Heal.
29 The selfish wife in "Are You Listening?"
31 Bebe Daniels' husband.
33 Tropical plant used as food.
34 A mountain.
36 Wandered aimlessly.
38 Cease.
40 An English title.
41 The highest paid star on the screen, now a Marquise.
43 Feared.
46 Destructive.
48 Scatter.
50 Indefinite.
51 A Page from M-G-M's list of players.
52 Leading man in "Shopworn."
53 Military exercises.
54 Signal for help on the high seas.
55 Abbreviation for express.
56 Spread for drying.
58 A movie sequence put in to cause laughs.
59 The comedienne in Wheeler-Woolsey films.
60 The last word flashed on the screen.
67 Star of "Kid Boots" and "Whoopee"—now cantering on the radio.
68 A kind of sea-food.
69 Ages.
71 Late.
73 Lupe's ex-boy friend.
74 A short letter.
76 Stop.
77 All.
78 A dull talker.
80 That beautiful gal in "Cock of the Air."
82 Business managers for actors.
83 Mexican dollars.
85 She was the star of "Wayward."
86 Famous English race-course.
87 The boy who pleased "The Impatient Maiden."
88 What a dunning letter asks you to do.
91 To mutilate.
93 To carry—slang.
95 What you do on a horse.
98 Saint—feminine abbreviation.
99 What an actor says he works for, instead of money.
100 An insect egg.
102 What an actor wears around his collar.
105 Upon.
106 Ma's husband.
107 Canadian province on the Atlantic. (Abbrev.)
109 On top of.

The answer to last month's puzzle is on page 114. The answer to this puzzle will appear next month.

Should A Woman Chase Her Man?

Through the ages, tradition has established the male of the species as the aggressor in all affairs of courtship. Woman has been forced to remain in the background . . . to accept her role of "quarry" with becoming modesty and restraint

But *this* is 1932! Other days—other ways. The modern girl is no longer content to play the part of a shy and blushing violet. Feminine initiative is today finding new expression in business, in the arts, in *affaires du coeur!* . . . To what extent should a woman assert herself? *That is the question!* . . Read the startling answer in Jane Littell's scintillating Leap-year story in the August issue of *Love Mirror*.

"HOW DOES NORMA SHEARER RUN HER HOME?"

In the August issue of *Movie Mirror*

"THRILLS AND THE BOSS"

In the August issue of *Love Mirror*

"WHO'S GETTING THE FAN MAIL NOW?"

In the August issue of *Movie Mirror*

Amazing magazines . . . the two "*Mirrors!*" With deft fingers they play the chords of emotions . . . Love and Life! Humorous or tragic! Light or serious! . . . With inspired camera they catch the shifting scenes of Hollywood and Main Street—reflect all that is vivid, glamorous and *interesting* in the daily doings of "reel" stars and real people.

Movie Mirror and *Love Mirror* bring you each month a staff of artists and writers who take neither themselves . . . *nor you* . . . too seriously, but who are keenly alive to those few priceless things that give relish and zest to your reading hours.

- By all means buy your August issues—*early!* They'll be waiting for you in their accustomed places on the morning after "The Fourth"!

Hot News!

By HARRY LANG

HOLLYWOOD—Last-minute news as Movie Mirror goes to press:

Nancy (red headed) Carroll is the latest star to get mad at Paramount . . . but does anybody care question mark . . . everybody understood that Harry Bannister would file for that famous Bannister-Harding divorce, but it was Ann Harding herself who got the decree . . . Harry Bannister merely established residence . . . that long-talked-about Barrymore-Barrymore-Barrymore movie is finally going to happen . . . Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer have signed up Ethel and Lionel and John for one movie and watta show it'll be stop . . . M-G-M did RKO a big favor by throwing that mammoth Hollywood Chinese theater première for "Grand Hotel" . . . because RKO went and took movies of it to use in their "Truth About Hollywood" film which'll star Connie (on a lower horse these days) Bennett stop . . .

. . . too bad but we're not going merrily to hell because the Hays office told Paramount it couldn't use the title "Merrily We Go To Hell" stop . . . Gloria (mama) Swanson may make a movie in England stop . . . Lily (luscious) Damita and Sidney Smith are still likethis, no matter what you may read to the contrary stop . . . George (Warners' gable) Brent is going to play the lead again in Ruth Chatterton's second movie for Warners just as he did in her first . . . and because Ruth herself asked for him again stop . . . for one whole day Gene (that blonde boy) Raymond was dying . . . but only for the camera in Paramount's "Forgotten Commandments" stop . . . I can't just remember who Lupe (whizzzz) Velez's current boy friend is but by the time you read this it won't matter anyway stop . . . and Gary Cooper brought a pet chimpanzee back with him so what stop . . .

Clara (still curvy) Bow is playing back-yard baseball with the kids in Searchlight, Nevada, while waiting to decide whether and when she'll make another movie stop . . . you see, she and Rex live on a desert ranch six miles from Searchlight which is an old-time mining town and every day or so they drive in to town to play stop . . . Charlie (oh, make up your mind!) Chaplin now indicates that he plans to produce a picture in Hollywood this year . . . it'll be a talkie except that Charlie himself won't utter a word though all the other players will . . . you've no idea what Charlie's voice sounds like, have you question mark stop . . . Lilian (one "L" only) Bond has a secret divorce stop . . . or didn't you know she'd been married question mark stop . . . oh well . . . stop . . .

Nobody in Hollywood will be surprised if Estelle Taylor and Jack Dempsey will have "made up" by the time you read this stop . . . Tom (over fifty) Mix's reply when asked for a fat check for a revival temple in Los Angeles: "I don't do my prayin' in the spotlight!" stop . . . Bob (new contract) Montgomery is building a mountain home many miles from Hollywood stop . . . Howard (still a few million left) Hughes' "Scarface" is breaking attendance records all over the country stop . . . Anna Sten, Sam Goldwyn's newest foreign sex-appeal importation, learned as her first English words "Darling Sveetheart I loff you" because, she says, she thought they were the most important for an American screen career stop . . . and does she mean offscreen or else what question mark stop . . . Evelyn Brent was sued for $700 for books by a Los Angeles book firm and I'll bet there are some stars in Hollywood who'll never be sued for even two dollars on that score stop . . . Marion Davies' next will be a haha film called "Good Time Girl" and Bob Montgomery will good-time opposite her stop . . . if Hays told Paramount they couldn't use the title "Merrily We Go To Hell" what will he tell Warners for buying the title "They Call It Sin" for a Loretta Young starring film question mark stop . . . Emil Jannings may return to Hollywood to make pictures for Warners stop . . .

George (mister) Arliss is off to England for a summer stay . . . Jenner, his ever present valet, went with him . . . of course . . . there's talk that Jack (getting happy again) Gilbert may be loaned to RKO for the lead rôle in "The Sun Also Rises" stop . . . Monte (remember?) Blue's comeback is on and they're shooting on his comeback starring film, "The Stoker," stop . . . in addition to old-timer Harry Langdon, old-timer Ben (eyes can't agree) Turpin will also play in Paramount's "On Your Mark" stop . . . and of course by this time you must know that Connie Bennett will sing in "The Truth About Hollywood" . . . so *now* will you go question mark stop . . . Adolphe (expressive eyebrows) Menjou's wife slipped in the bathtub and broke two ribs stop . . . you won't see Marian (baby blonde) Marsh in any more Warner pictures . . . they agreed to disagree stop . . .

. . . Mrs. Maurice Chevalier announces she is giving up the stage forever and ever . . . "from now on I am nothing but Maurice Chevalier's wife," she says . . . nothing question mark stop . . . an average of 380 miles of film

Last Minute Review

✓✓ The Doomed Battalion (Universal)

You'll See: *Tala Birell, Luis Trenker, Victor Varconi, Henry Armetta, Gustav von Seyffertitz.*

It's About: *A phase of the World War you haven't seen pictured before—the fighting in the ice-topped Tyrolean mountains.*

Here's a picture that can be highly recommended to those of you who are fed up and tired of the usual movie fare. It's different—and if that's what you're hungry for, don't miss it. Scenically, too, it's one of the most beautiful films you'll see. Those scenes of the Tyrolean Alps, that night-barrage sequence, that thrilling blowing-up of the mountain top—those are pictorial thrills you'll long remember.

The story itself?—oh, nothing terribly exciting. A man and a woman. Duty leads him to what appears certain death. Heart-drama is inevitable. Tala Birell, Universal's new importation, and Luis Trenker, brought from abroad especially for this film, do the lead rôles acceptably. But individual performances are unimportant against the greater effectiveness of the picture.

You know (or didn't you?) that most of this was filmed in the Alps. Some of the scenes, some of the stunts—ski scenes, particularly—are amazing. The "story" part of the picture was shot in Hollywood; you won't be able to tell, when you see it, what scenes were shot where, though.

---

is used each year in Hollywood testing new screen prospects . . . whatta waste exclamation point stop . . . ZaSu (flutter-hands) Pitts got that divorce from Tom Gallery the other day . . . said he deserted her five years ago and she doesn't yet know why stop . . . Gallery is the current big moment in the life of Madge (ivory soap girl) Evans . . . they say it's too early to answer questions as to whether or not they'll marry when the Pitts divorce becomes final stop . . .

. . . From Reno, where he went after he and Ann Harding announced their divorce plans, Harry Bannister made a phone call to Ann the other day . . . "I just thought you ought to know," he said, "that the latest rumored reason for our divorce is that I'm going to marry Mrs. William Randolph Hearst Junior, who's here getting her divorce" stop . . . Ann says that within one week after their divorce announcement, she had heard eight different rumors of the "real" reason behind it —and there isn't any "real" reason save the one they gave stop . . .

. . . Mrs. Clark Gable has returned to Hollywood and bam, there goes another rumor exclamation point . . . for the time being anyway stop . . . Al (mammy) Jolson and Ruby (wifie) Keeler say they're going to make a world tour after Al finishes his next movie stop . . . they'll make personal appearances on the trip stop . . . Polly Moran's trying to find the friend who sold her $500 worth of oil stock and then vanished without producing the stock . . . Claire Windsor filed a 100 percent denial in that $100,000 alienation of affections suit by a California broker's wife stop . . .

. . . Madge (babystar) Bellamy is to return to the screen in a film called "Gigolette" stop . . . Will Rogers was arrested for driving too fast and the motor cop wouldn't laugh off the ticket even though Will tried out seven hundred dollars' worth of jokes on him stop . . . Don Cook fainted at the wheel of his auto and when he came to, his car and a telephone pole and his face were wrecks . . . but all can be repaired good as new stop . . . one of Charlie Chaplin's Hollywood friends says Charlie's recent attack of dengue fever was probably a relapse from all the "denk-you's" he received in Germany and that's the world's worst pun stop . . .

. . . Lillian (blues) Roth is getting a divorce . . . her marriage to William Scott failed to help her forget her tragic love for her childhood sweetheart who was also her fiancé . . . Herbert Oshinsky . . . he died while she was singing the blues at the Palace Theatre, New York . . . she went on singing, but she never forgot stop . . . Miriam (modern) Hopkins has adopted a baby . . . its a boy . . . it happened in Chicago, where Miriam quietly went about looking for a baby to adopt . . . inquiring at orphan asylums, until she found "Boy Wilson" . . . but she wouldn't tell why this sudden desire to adopt a baby . . . she said that she hated the publicity about a matter that had nothing to do with her career . . . so what question mark stop . . .

. . . In a year when everybody's cutting budgets and paring salaries Carl Laemmle of Universal has a different sort of idea . . . his company has *enlarged* its budget and he says Universal is going to turn out more "big pictures" because that's the kind the public wants and fewer "program pictures" because the public is fed up with them . . . what do *you* think question mark stop . . . it's a beautiful idea, we'll say. . . .

. . . Mary (always in trouble) Nolan is asking a pardon . . . she was sentenced for not paying her employees . . . Claudette (back on the Coast) Colbert and Norman (leading man) Foster adore each other, so they say, but they're taking a leaf from Miriam Hopkins' book . . . they've always had to live apart because Claudette worked in the Long Island Paramount Studios and Foster on the West Coast . . . but now that they're together again, they'll still live six minutes apart . . . in separate homes . . . and see each other every night for dinner . . . believing marriages might last longer if husbands and wives always maintained separate establishments . . . it's swell for the landlords of course . . . but will it work question mark stop.

. . . Virginia (blonde) Bruce gets her biggest break to date . . . as John Gilbert's leading lady in his next picture "Downstairs," which Gilbert authored himself . . . Virginia, you know, is the love interest in Robert Young's life stop . . . Karen Morley will emote opposite Lionel Barrymore in "The Claw" . . . because she did such a swell job in "Arsene Lupin" . . . there's a comer for you exclamation point stop.

. . . Ann Harding and Leslie Howard are going to be together again in the screen version of "Animal Kingdom" . . . it's the story of a man who had a sweetheart and a wife . . . and didn't realize that his sweetheart should have been his wife and his wife his sweetheart . . . so which part is Ann going to play question mark stop . . . at last the rumor hounds have caught up with Sally Eilers . . . just because she was on a vacation in New York without Hoot Gibson, they had her just about ready for Reno and the divorce courts . . . but when Sally got back and heard about it, was she mad or was she mad two exclamation points stop . . . Sally squelched all the rumors by saying, "Couldn't you tell everyone I would like to know it first when Hoot and I get ready to be divorced? So far neither he nor I knows a thing about it" stop . . . good girl, Sally . . . and isn't that a swell story about her on page 32 of this issue?

. . . Metro won't let Clark Gable play polo . . . the sport's too hazardous, says Metro . . . and the great god Gable's too valuable stop . . . Connie Bennett's Marquis will direct the French version of "Grand Hotel" stop . . . That chimpanzee of Gary Cooper's is not named "Tallulah," as the chatter-writers said, but "Toluca," which spoils another romance clue stop . . . but is it or isn't it true that James Dunn has fallen for those smiling Irish eyes of Maureen O'Sullivan?

. . . The kids'll be tickled to death . . . Mitzi Green is going to have the lead in a talkie based on "Little Orphan Annie," which is just about the most popular comic strip in the papers today . . . ask your daughter . . . she knows stop.

. . . John Wayne, who hasn't had a good part in heaven knows how long, even though he was supposed to be the great discovery of a year or so ago, gets a break at last . . . a part in Bancroft's next film, "The Challenger" stop . . . Wilhelm Sorenson suffered from a nervous breakdown when the rumors came out that he was going to marry Garbo . . . and the doctor said it was because he was afraid of losing Garbo's friendship stop.

. . . Bob Montgomery and Doug, Jr., chartered Cecil B. DeMille's yacht for a two weeks' cruise stop . . . Joan'll be too busy working on "Rain" to go along . . . and Bob's wife is going to New York . . . but if anyone says it's for a divorce, Bob's just about ready to punch them on the nose, singly or collectively stop . . . if M-G-M can buy "Dancing Lady," the Satevepost story, it'll be one swell picture for Joan Crawford stop . . . and doesn't M-G-M know it question mark stop . . . practically every company is bidding for it . . .

. . . Will Rogers says that "Grand Hotel" is probably the only hotel in the country that'll make money this year stop . . . Clara Bow's trying to reduce so she can be in shape for a comeback picture . . . Fox says it's official that she'll make one picture for them . . . and more if that one is a success, but so many plans about Clara have gone glimmering since she became Missus Rex Bell you can never be quite sure stop.

. . . According to Dick Arlen's new contract he doesn't have to make any more Westerns . . . and if you know Dick, you know what a lot that means to the lad stop.

Last Minute Review

Street of Women (Warner Bros.)

You'll See: *Kay Francis, Alan Dinehart, Roland Young, Gloria Stuart, Adrienne Dore.*

It's About: *The unhappinesses that happen when a rich skyscraper-builder tries to divorce his wife so he can marry the woman with whom for three years he has been carrying on a real, true, splendid-and-all-that love affair.*

Kay Francis, since she went to Warners, has been working hard and fast, turning out pictures rapidly. The chief trouble is that the result is they look like it. Her first Warner film wasn't any wow; neither is this.

Kay's fans will be surprised to find her cast in what is called a "middle-aged" rôle. She's the heart-interest in the life of a rich contractor. The problem (for this is one of those sex-problem draymas) is how to get rid of the latter's wife. There's a lot of talk, and complications when Kay's brother falls in love with the contractor's daughter. An auto accident is the author's answer to the problem.

There's a great deal of talk, and not such extra-good acting, despite the fact there's a good cast.

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Movie Mirror
FILMLAND'S MOST BEAUTIFUL MAGAZINE

The Editor's Page.

I'VE always been for Jimmy Cagney in everything he did—up till now. As I write this Jimmy has walked out on Warners' demanding a salary increase. It's the third time he's walked out for the same reason and twice he got away with it, and got the increase. This time he says he won't play unless he gets $3,000 a week instead of his regular $1,400.

Jimmy is a box-office magnet. Admittedly. Jimmy is a swell actor. But in a year when too many of us are out of work and the rest of us are taking pay cuts, I think Jimmy's acting like a spoiled kid and a bum sport.

Von Sternberg and la Dietrich have walked out of Paramount, too. They don't like the script of "Blonde Venus" which Von originally wrote and in which Marlene was supposed to star. They are on strike for reasons that are more sympathetic than Jimmy's. Von Sternberg says the present story will make a bad picture and he doesn't want to make a bad picture and Marlene is staying loyal to the man who discovered her.

Nice qualities, those, loyalty and artistic honesty, but I wish they'd all act with the fineness and common sense of Dick Barthelmess.

Dick took a salary cut from Warners' without a murmur. He's agreed to make three pictures this year for less than his usual price for two. Dick's contract with Warners' was an air-tight one and he could have held them to it. In the last seven years every picture of Dick's except one has been a big money-maker and even the one weak sister wasn't so bad. But he was regular enough to recognize that his company was in a tough spot. Warners' have too many half empty theatres on their hands. Even the profits of such keen pictures as "Taxi", "The Crowd Roars", "The Mouthpiece" and others have been swallowed up in the theatre losses.

Dick says, "If I had insisted upon my old salary, the company would have had to cut on the other costs of my pictures. That might have made them bad pictures and that's not fair to the people who come to see me."

Richard Barthelmess has remained a star many more years than the average actor does. I wouldn't mind betting this square shooting is one of the reasons why.

Jimmy Cagney argues that he's got to get his money now. From which you might draw a couple of conclusions.

Anyhow, I hope that by the time you read this, the quarrels will all be over and Hollywood being the mad, moody place it is, they probably will be. Cagney and Dietrich and von Sternberg are all too good to lose, no matter if they do get bad attacks of temperament.

Those three shouldn't be so nervous and afraid of things.

They ought to be like Jack Oakie.

Jack says the only thing he's superstitious about is sleeping thirteen in a bed.

Ruth Waterbury
Editor

The Night the Stars came Out!

The Bennett girls and the Bennett husbands. At left Mr. Gene Markey, Joan Bennett Markey, Constance Bennett and the Marquis de la Falaise. Quite a group of handsome young peepul, those!

Hollywood's favorite son, Mr. Clark Gable, Mrs. Clark Gable and Miss Norma Shearer. Did you ever see Norma look so utterly cute? Strange word to use on the dazzling Mrs. Thalberg, but that's the way she did look on the night "Grand Hotel" opened

HOLLYWOOD was at its most gorgeous and splendiferous the night "Grand Hotel" opened on the Coast. *Everybody* in the film colony came out in all their satin and diamonds. Before the main event there were scores of intimate little dinner parties and some that were too glittering to be believed.

The Louis B. Mayers—he's the important "M" of M-G-M—entertained a party of fifty. The wonder boy, Irving Thalberg, and Norma Shearer Thalberg entertained a group of twenty, including—and do you suppose Norma didn't gloat—Clark Gable and the just recently returned from New York and divorce rumors, Mrs. Gable.

The publicity boys had the forecourt of the theatre fitted up like the main desk in "Grand Hotel" with Lawrence Grant making the celebrities sign a register—and wouldn't the autograph hounds like to get their hands on that? Hedda Hopper was behind the desk, too, and described the gowns over a national radio hookup—but maybe you were listening in and heard all that.

The whole stellar world came out—

Signing the "Grand Hotel" register is Cecil B. (Bathtub) DeMille. The smiling white-haired lady in the background is Mrs. DeMille. In the foreground are Rudolph Seiber, commuting husband of Marlene Dietrich, and next to him is Marlene herself with not a leg showing. Josef von Sternberg, busily engaged in quarreling with Paramount, was absent, being on his way East

The demure young person at the left is Florence Eldridge, or Mrs. Fredric March. The gentleman in the center is Carey Wilson, the demon scenario writer, and next to him is Freddie Jekyll-and-Hyde March himself. At the right stand Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Lowe. Lilyan, just having returned from a personal appearance tour, is knocking the natives dead with a capeful of sables. The gentleman peering over Lilyan's shoulder in the background is Louis B. Mayer. He gets no spotlight. All he did is produce the picture!

that is all of it save Garbo. Where was she? Perhaps back somewhere among the mad crowd of fans roped off along the sidewalks, listening perhaps to them argue as to whether it was her picture or Joan Crawford's or Lionel Barrymore's or Wally Beery's.

And if she did see this magnificent sight, this unreal—like-nothing-else-on-earth spectacle, is it humanly possible she will be able to say good-bye to all that when her contract expires?

The very first people to sign the Grand Hotel register were Samuel Goldwyn and Joseph Schenck, rival producers. And you can imagine how they felt—and all the other producers in Hollywood—at the spectacle of one studio having the courage—and the nerve—to put out a super-spectacle in such a year as this. It's a known fact in Hollywood that Irving Thalberg gambled his whole career on the success of "Grand Hotel". If it had failed Mr. Thalberg's name would probably have been mud. But it clicked.

The Inside Stories Behind the Recent Big Productions

Do You Know Why a Platinum Blonde was Cast for "Red Headed Woman"? How Johnny Weissmuller Was Discovered? The True Story of Why John Gilbert Didn't Play Opposite Garbo in "Grand Hotel"? Here Are All the Answers

By EDWARD CHURCHILL

Here's how Jean Harlow will look as "The Red Headed Woman." She won the part after scores of girls had been tested

JEAN HARLOW is going to play "The Red Headed Woman" for M-G-M. And thus comes to an end a set of tests almost as dramatic as anything that has happened in pictures. It also proves the new casting system of Hollywood. Testing is going on more violently than ever in Hollywood, and every possible person is tested for every important part that comes up.

Behind those tests there is tragedy, heart-throbs and comedy. Dreams that are frustrated and careers that are made. The irony of circumstances reaching out and touching some unknown young boy or girl and making him a star. Or some little twist of fate keeping some player from the part he wants, the part on which he has staked his career.

Clara Bow, Carole Lombard, Ginger Rogers, Joan Crawford, Anita Page and Peggy Shannon were all considered for the rôle of "The Red Headed Woman."

It's an unsympathetic rôle, as you know if you read the story by Katharine Brush. An ambitious and ruthless woman manages to snare a gullible young man who's the most important social figure in his town. The fact that he's already married to another woman doesn't make an iota of difference to her, except that after she gets her young man, she's frightfully jealous of his former wife. Everything that his former wife had, she has to have, only done better. Better furniture, a more beautiful home, and social position. She uses her husband to meet people she couldn't meet otherwise. And then when she's used him for all he's worth, she casts him aside for someone more prominent in a larger city.

It's an important part, as you can see, but also the kind of rôle that may send an audience away hating the person who plays it.

Irving Thalberg, one of the most powerful executives at M-G-M, was frankly worried about whom to cast in the lead. He even asked Louella Parsons, the most famous of movie columnists, to get suggestions from the public. A great many people suggested Clara Bow.

Tests for the part went on for months. Every eligible woman in Hollywood was given the photographic-sound "once over" for the rôle. It became one of the most discussed parts in Hollywood.

One day Anita Loos, who wrote "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes," sat in the front row of Warners' Hollywood Theatre. Gene Dennis, the mind reader and psychic wonder for whom Hollywood fell like a ton of bricks, was holding forth. Anita Loos asked her, "Who is going to play 'Red Headed Woman'?"

Gene Dennis shut her eyes in that dramatic way of hers. She seemed to be seeing far-off things.

"Joan Crawford," she whispered, "but I see another—another—the girl who will play the second lead—she will be the outstanding hit of the picture. Can't name her, but she will outshine the star."

Now Peggy Fears Blumenthal, who had married a wealthy society man, had taken tests at M-G-M, and suddenly the Hollywood wires began burning. All

Peggy's friends were sure that she was the girl who was going to electrify the world.

But after scores of tests M-G-M decided that platinum blonde Jean Harlow could play the part better than any other girl in Hollywood. Virginia Bruce, a newcomer to the Metro contract roster, was a runner-up for the rôle.

Among those who were tested for the part was Colleen Moore. And there's a story! After leaving First National, she was tested as a motion picture player who was "about through". She was washed out of the picture because no studio felt she was worth the salary she wanted. The other night, she made her stage début at the El Capitan Theatre in Hollywood.

"TESTS! Tests!" shouted the studios, amazed at her ability in the stage play, "The Church Mouse."

Metro was first on hand. She was put through all sorts of antics to see if she could play the lead in "Red Headed Woman." Though she didn't get the part, it looks very much as if M-G-M will sign her up to make other pictures on the strength of those tests.

The series of tests for "Grand Hotel" were productive of great drama. First of all, Greta Garbo demanded a test for John Gilbert, with whom she was once in love. She wanted to see him play the rôle of the baron, for which she felt he was suited. He and John Barrymore were tried out, and Irving Thalberg thought Barrymore better. Gilbert blew up when he learned that he had lost the greatest chance he has had since "The Big Parade" and, furthermore, the reason that Garbo went to New York, disguised as "Gussie Berger," was to sulk a bit, I happen to know.

Wally Beery has told me he hated the rôle of Preysing in that picture. But he was tested, along with Jean Hersholt. Hersholt was wild to play the part. He believed it to be his greatest opportunity. Thalberg decided in favor of Wally. Wally was furious.

A lengthy exchange of wires resulted when Wally refused to come to the studio. and almost ended in the abrogation of his contract. Hersholt, great trouper and artful actor, swallowed his pride and his disappointment, and accepted the rôle of the porter, far less important.

Johnny Weissmuller won the rôle of Tarzan against such competition as Neil Hamilton and Clark Gable. Now he has a long-term contract with Metro. Will he prove to be a "one rôle" discovery or will he repeat?

Sparks flew when Cagney, James himself, with "Blessed Event" about to go into production, held out for a boost in salary. (He is getting $1,400 a week, while others with approximately his drawing power at the box-office are getting from $2,000 to $9,000 and he's mad.) He was in New York, and stalled about coming to the coast to go to work.

Warner executives, who had raised him before on other holdouts, decided to call his bluff this time. They made a frantic search for someone to take his place and arranged a series of tests for several candidates. They chose Lee Tracy. This was to have been Cagney's greatest rôle, it is said. Cagney arrived to find himself taking a nine-week layoff without pay, while Lucky Lee is the white-haired boy as the result of a hastily run test!

Testing was behind the discovery of Johnny Weissmuller, who became a star with one picture, "Tarzan, the Ape Man."

JOHNNY WEISSMULLER, though a champion swimmer, was plugging along in the difficult grind of going all over the country demonstrating swimming suits. It may have been fun at first, but he was getting pretty sick of it.

One day when he was giving a demonstration at the Hollywood Athletic Club. Cyril Hume, the novelist, saw him. He knew that M-G-M was going almost frantic testing people for the part of Tarzan. Tarzan simply had to be a he-man with a marvelous physique, and he-men like that are rare in Hollywood or anywhere. Even the great god Gable was tried out for the part and flopped.

Cyril asked Weissmuller why he didn't try out for the part. So Weissmuller went

The man who lost the breaks through testing. Jean Hersholt wanted the part of Preysing in "Grand Hotel." M-G-M decided in favor of Wallace Beery, who didn't want it

to see Benny Thau, who takes care of such things as casting at M-G-M.

As his test Weissmuller had to climb a tree, swing from limb to limb, and then jump about twelve feet to the ground. Every other player who'd tried the test had landed on his back or anywhere but on his feet. Johnny landed on his feet. He was used to long dives. And now Johnny has a seven-year contract with Metro.

HEARTBREAK often follows tests. There's by this time the almost historic case of Harry Bannister, who was tested for a rôle in "State's Attorney." For Bannister that part represented his great white hope for redeeming himself from the obscurity which made him "Mr. Ann Harding." He wanted to prove that he was an actor, and not just Mr. Harding. Radio planned to put him in the rôle at first. And then the movie directors changed their minds, through one of those mix-ups that sometimes happen. It was the cruelest thing that could have happened to Bannister, and led indirectly to his divorce. It made him decide that so long as he was married to Ann, nobody would really take him seriously as an actor.

A laugh and a tear in connection with recent testing was that caused by David O. Selznick, Radio production chief. Helen Twelvetrees, for whom the tear is to be shed, was slated for the leading rôle, that of a young actress who makes good in "The Truth About Hollywood." Suddenly she was shunted aside because tests showed her too sophisticated.

"I want a new and untried player for the rôle because I believe that the rôle of a beginner in Hollywood can best be played by a beginner in Hollywood," he announced.

Forty-eight hours later, after testing all the beginners and finding them inadequate, he told the world:

"The rôle will be played by Constance Bennett!"

There is irony galore in tests. Bob Williams, shortly before his death, was chosen as leading man for Constance Bennett in "Lady With a Past." Pathé officials said, after shooting thousands of feet of him:

"No other man in Hollywood can play that part."

BOB died. Frantic testing followed and Ben Lyon, who does a uniformly good job in almost any rôle, was selected. He had the handicap of stepping into a rôle tailor-made for another man, was faced by open statements that he couldn't make good. He not only survived the tests and played the part—but was acclaimed by critics as having given one of his best portrayals.

The man who got the breaks through testing. After being pronounced "through" at Paramount, Phil Holmes' tests for "Night Court" at Metro saved his career

Tyrone Power was one of the most generous men on the stage or in pictures. Whenever he had money, he gave it to anyone who asked for it. He was just about at the end of his financial rope when he got his biggest break. He was placed before the camera to see if he could play "The Miracle Man." He got the job over a score of others, was elated. Then he died suddenly. And Hobart Bosworth, who lost on tests, took his place. He gave an exceptional performance.

Lucky breaks figure in tests.

Take Phil Holmes, for instance. "Out" at Paramount, he was rushed to Metro to take tests for "Night Court" with Walter Huston. He fitted the part exactly. He wasn't out of work a day, and "Night Court" will add to his glory.

If his Paramount contract had run a week longer, he would not have gotten the rôle.

Paramount had some new high speed film. Executives

Joan Crawford wanted Robert Young as her leading man in "Letty Lynton." She didn't get him, because he was already assigned to "The Wet Parade," in which he clicked so definitely that Metro is excited about him

wanted to see how backgrounds registered on it. They needed people—just anyone—to move around in front of the backgrounds to see how the backgrounds would react in shadow.

"Here, you!" called Casting Director Fred Datig to a young extra. "Get in there and walk around."

The young man walked for $7.50 a day and went home, satisfied with his pay. But when executives saw the film they forgot about its high speed properties and the background and the shadows. "Who is that fellow?" they asked. Datig got busy on the telephone.

The puzzled young man came to the studio.

HE signed a long term contract. Now he is Cary Grant, one of the studio's young hopefuls, being trained by that ace of stage and screen directors, Stuart Walker.

Clark Gable worked as an extra. He tried to get screen tests and could not get them. Directors looked at him and said that his head was too flat in the back, that his ears were too prominent, and that the expense would not be justified. Discouraged, Gable accepted a rôle in "The Last Mile," a stage production which played in Los Angeles.

Then the testing directors, who had hidden behind any convenient object when Clark Gable, the extra, came near to plead, considered him a big shot stage player and he was tested in every studio. His first tests for Pathé won him a rôle in "The Painted Desert"; he went from that into "The Easiest Way" at Metro, was loaned to Warners for "Night Nurse" and, after that, never moved off the Metro lot.

Two or three testing directors could not see him at first. Paramount, for instance, had a chance to sign him but didn't. But from the moment he first appeared before the public on the screen, he clicked. In "Strange Interlude," in which he will soon appear with Norma Shearer, he and Miss Shearer took fourteen make-up tests to determine whether or not he and she could age twenty years satisfactorily, and he was perfect. So was Miss Shearer.

Cora Sue Collins, the youngster in "The Strange Case of Clara Deane," was to be tested. Judging from her personal appearance, she didn't seem to have a great deal, and Datig was reluctant about testing her, spending studio money.

"I admit the result was miraculous," said Datig. "On the screen, the little girl had ten times as much personality. And she could cry better than any other kid in Hollywood."

Sari Maritza was chosen as possible starring material by Paramount. But she dropped into oblivion. Some said that her tests had killed her, but this was not the case. Executives were just looking for a suitable rôle. She has it now, the lead in "Forgotten Commandments" (in the silents, C. B. DeMille's "Ten Commandments") opposite Irving Pichel. Randolph Scott, groomed for Gary Cooper's place by the same company, was turned down after his first test as being too awkward and amateurish.

"HE'S just frightened," said one Paramount executive. He was re-tested and signed, and is now making westerns for that company.

Ruth Chatterton saw tests of George Brent, now being pushed by Warner-First National, and wanted to know: "Where has he been all my life?"

He played opposite her in "The Rich Are Always With Us," made good, was grabbed by Barbara Stanwyck for "So Big" and "The Mudlark" and goes back with Chatterton in "Children of Pleasure." Joan Crawford saw Bob Young in a test after he had made good in a small part in "The Sin of Madelon Claudet" and asked for him as her leading man in "Letty Lynton."

He couldn't take it because others liked his tests and he already had been assigned the lead in "The Wet Parade."

Pluck plays a part in tests.

Norma Shearer fought for them in the days of the silents. Told again and again she was no good, that she didn't photograph well and that she couldn't act, she came back for more until she forced the powers that be to see that she had talent. Plain pluck and persistence pitted against the testing system.

If you have read the lives of either Barbara Stanwyck or Frank Fay, you know that when Frank was going strong, he demanded tests for Barbara, his wife, and when studio executives said her nose was too long, offered to pay her salary himself if they'd give her a rôle. Repeated tests showed that she could act, long nose or short. A parallel to this example of devotion is found in the case of Laurence Olivier and Jill Esmond, man and wife, hailing from the British boards.

Laurence was spotted while playing on the New York stage and called in for tests. He brought Jill with him.

"No testing me unless you do (*Continued on page 110*)

What Does the Future Hold for Helen Twelvetrees?

With her career in the balance, Helen is deserting it for motherhood. Will she now find the happiness she has long sought?

By S. R. MOOK

EVERY time I think of Helen Twelvetrees I think of what Hollywood can do to people. Helen as I first knew her—and Helen now.

She is giving up her career this summer to become a mother. Whether or not she will go back to acting later remains to be seen.

Three or three and a half years ago when we had both just arrived in Hollywood, I was invited to her home to dinner one night. Gosh, it was a cute place: living room, dining room, bedroom, bath and kitchen. It was a little white house that nestled in the lap of the hill on which it was situated. Outside, flowers grew in careless profusion and a flagstone walk led down the hill to the road. Inside, it was the kind of place young couples, with not too much money, plan and execute together when they are trying to make a home for each other.

There were tall glass floor lamps, filled with colored fluids, and squatty little table lamps of the same design. The shades were parchment on which she and Clarke (her first husband) had stencilled designs themselves. They had gone to a glass factory, had the bases blown the shapes they wanted and then made the lamps themselves. The furniture was comfortable: the sort that shows it is being lived with. They had had that made, too, and had painted it themselves. There was a deep recessed window, with bookshelves at the sides and a day bed piled high with cushions in between. I believe Helen had made the cushions, too.

If ever I saw a place designed for a love nest, that was it.

Helen looked like what she was: a young bride—and pretty as a picture. The only possible chance *anyone* had of knowing that everything was not as smooth as it seemed on the surface was the expression that occasionally flitted across her face. It reminded me of a slightly bewildered angel. But even an angel might become bewildered if suddenly dropped down in this madhouse we call Hollywood.

Helen Twelvetrees as she looked when she first came to Hollywood. She was so wistful, so bewildered, Hollywood labeled her a "Second Gish"

I spent a very pleasant evening there. On the way home I assured myself I was crazy to even imagine she and Clarke could be less than ideally happy.

I didn't see Helen again for quite awhile, but one heard rumors that all was not going well with her. Fox were doing nothing with her. After idling for months, they finally gave her a tiny bit, the school tattler in "Words and Music." More months passed during the course of which she and Clarke separated, became reconciled and separated again. Then Fox didn't take up her option and she was adrift.

SHORTLY after that I ran into her one day. Her eyes were red from too much crying. "It's all so terrible," she said simply. "Clarke and I hadn't been getting on too well in New York. That was one reason I signed the movie contract. I thought if we were out here where we could lead more or less normal lives—have a home and garden, regular working hours and our evenings free so we could entertain and have friends like other people, it would make things better. I loved Clarke so much I was willing to sacrifice anything to make our marriage last. It wasn't any good, though."

Helen didn't tell me but there were other things I knew. Sober, Clarke Twelvetrees was one of the nicest chaps I've ever met, but under the influence of liquor he developed a nasty streak. *He* couldn't get a movie contract and he resented the fact that *she* had one. More than once he told her what an outrage it was that an actor of his ability should be idle, while an indifferent actress such as she, worked.

There was the car. It wasn't a Rolls-Royce but it was a more expensive car than she (*Continued on page* 83)

LOOK at the picture across the page and then at this, and see how Helen has changed! Disillusioned by love, she turned to her work. That failed her, too, for her pictures haven't been outstanding. Can a new love and approaching motherhood make up for the ideals she has lost?

Have Foreign Women More Sex Appeal Than American Girls?

GLOWING incandescently hot again, right now, is that good old favorite among Hollywood's several perennial battles:

"—is it true that these foreign gals really do have more SEX APPEAL than our home-grown American screen-burners?—and if so, why?"

It's a grand argument on the face of it, you'll have to admit. And there's plenty of ammunition in Hollywood for the opposing forces.

Massed solid behind the Garbo, the Dietrich, the Negri, the new Gwili Andres, Lil Dagovers, Tala Birells, the pro-foreign sex-appealers shout:

"Consider Garbo's 'mystery' allure! Where can you match that in any American actress?"

And right back at 'em come the Yanks, with:

Marlene (Legs) Dietrich is a wife and mother—but oh, how she doesn't look it. She is S. A., German variety. The girl on the opposite page is Universal's new imported siren, Tala Birell

Our own American Harlow has legs, platinum blonde hair, the figure of a goddess and a voice so soft it could make the coldest male heart turn to applesauce

"Bah for Garbo's 'mystery.' It's all hokum, anyway. When it comes to sex-appeal, it doesn't stand a chance against the vibrant animal magnetism of Joan Crawford . . . !"

"And what," insist the imported sex-appeal adherents, "is more sex-challenging than the ultra-feminine grace and demeanor of Lil Dagover . . . ?"

"Frigid, as compared with the flaming abandon of a Clara Bow, from Brooklyn!" retort the red-white-and-bluers.

THEN the shock troops swing into action:

"Look at Marlene's LEGS . . . !" scream the pro-outlanders.

"Bah—what are Marlene's legs, stacked up against ALL of Harlow?" shriek the hundred percent Americans.

And so it goes—on and on and on and on and on. It's not a new argument, this; it's been going on, with fluctuating intensity, ever since the 'way-back days when Valeska Suratt slunk an exotic sex-presence across the silent screens of the nickelodeons. It flamed brightest in the past, perhaps, during those hectic weeks when the imported Pola Negri and the Chicago-born Gloria Swanson were fighting it out for the queen's throne on the Paramount lot a few years ago. Subsequently came the Clara Bow era, when sex-appeal was translated simply in terms of red hair, round hips and whatever else Clara

By
HARRY LANG

Glamour, domestic version, Joan Crawford, free, vital, beautiful, vivid. "Sex is simply part of life to an American girl," says Joan

had: and Clara from Brooklyn held the sex-appeal championship, conceded.

But now Clara's been off the screen for quite a while—and a new kind of sex-appeal seems to be occupying the attention of Hollywood's arguers. Physical charms still have their part in this new sex-appeal, but only a part; there are many other factors . . . mystery, grace, mental attitude, glamour, allure, curiosity—any number of terms like that enter into the argument.

And right now, that argument is once again "hottened up" as it has rarely been before—this time by this recent wholesale importation by virtually every studio of foreign actresses to lend a new note of sex-appeal and glamour to the screen. Whether they've been successful in that aim is one point of the argument. And, right here, it's mighty interesting to find that Tala Birell, one of the most recent importees (by Universal) is utterly surprised at the fact that there *is* any such subject of discussion.

"WHY do you foreign actresses seem to possess more sex-appeal than Americans?" was the question proposed point-blank to her.

Tala was unaffectedly startled. Then bewildered. She said she thought it a funny question, at least—and certainly a typically American one. And finally, she admitted that as a matter of fact it was a matter which she hadn't thought about in the slightest.

And there, probably, you have it. An answer to some of the "why's"—while American women *talk* sex, European women *live* it.

Joan Crawford—and if there isn't sex-appeal, then where is?—expresses the same idea, in a different set of words:

"To the average European," she says, "sex is as natural a part of life as breathing, or eating. European girls are trained from childhood in the subtleties of sex attraction. It becomes, subconsciously, their purpose in living. They achieve a mental attitude which may be expressed as a consciousness that their aim is to make themselves sexually attractive and desirable and that such is the only fundamental career for a female.

"The American girl, on the other hand, with our public school and co-educational systems, with her athletics and personal freedom, regards sex as merely a part rather than the whole of the art of living.

"It seems to me that the American screen actress's sex-appeal is a franker, more forthright appeal than the rather mysterious, delicately shaded appeal of the European."

Well, certainly Joan practices what she preaches. Joan's sex-appeal is unquestionably frank and forthright. Certainly more so than her sister M-G-M star, Garbo. If there is any perfect example of what Joan calls "the rather mysterious, delicately shaded appeal," then

The Sphinx of the modern world, Garbo, the riddle woman. She is the symbol of allure to the whole world

Garbo is it. Maybe Garbo could say a lot about it. But she won't.

Somewhere along here, you're probably asking why on earth this story should quote women when it comes to analyzing, explaining, dissecting sex-appeal. Okay, then—let's see what Old Sex-Craftsman Ernst Lubitsch has to say about the matter.

CERTAINLY Lubitsch ought to know something about it. He can—and does—pack more sex and sex-appeal into one sixty-minute moving picture than any other director, and gets away with it. And Ernst knows women—foreign and American. Sex-appeal is his business, and both kinds of women are his materials—and here's Lubitsch's answer:

"Continental women and continental actresses are not one bit more sex-appealing or glamorous than American women and American actresses!"

Then pop goes that cigar of his over to the other corner of his mouth, and he twinkles an eye at you, and then goes on to explain what he thinks about the whole battle.

"It is simply this—to Americans, continental women may *seem* more interesting—because they represent something *different.*"

And, there, Herr Lubitsch hit upon a crux, if you know what a crux is. With one pudgy forefinger, metaphorically speaking, Foreigner Lubitsch pointed out just as definite an answer as was Tala Birell's "never-even-thought-about-it." Lubitsch's explanation that to Americans, foreign women represent something *different*, is it.

Certain it is that in sex fields, novelty is a lure, curiosity a stimulant. American men, having lived among and with American women, have little curiosity left about American women. But about foreign women, plenty! And that works vice versa, too. A certain charming actress—(she's a blonde, and American, but she made me promise not to mention her name, and you'd be surprised)—put it into words:

"Gable and Montgomery and March—they're charming men, and I like them, on and off the screen. Perhaps Gable's got sex-appeal; fifty million women can't be wrong. But to me, Paul Lukas, for instance, exerts an infinitely greater sex-appeal. I'm frank enough with myself to have analyzed it and find out it's merely a definite curiosity as to whether a man like Lukas, born and raised in a different sex-environment than the American men I know, wouldn't afford a distinctly *new* and *different* experience emotionally.

"In other words, Gable may have a certain sex-appeal. But he's an American, and instinctively I feel that he'd do nothing, say nothing, be nothing really different from other American men, when it came to love-making. But Lukas—I feel that I don't know what he'd do, say, be . . ."

JUNE CLYDE, snappy little blonde starlet on the Universal lot, expresses it in parable form:

"It's for all the world like what happens to the popular small-town girl when a girl from some other place comes to town. All the boys who've been cuh-razy about the home-town gal suddenly leave her and give the new girl a rush. It isn't because the new girl has any more innate sex-appeal than the girl they know, but she represents the probability of a new experience, something different."

June staunchly declares that all this idea about foreign women having more sex-appeal than Americans is just that much blah. "I think that Americans, girl for girl, can out-sex-appeal Europeans," says she. But to get back to the astute Herr Lubitsch, who adds:

"—at the same time, the American woman attains the same interesting air of novelty when she visits a foreign country."

Which brings to mind the

(*Continued on page 93*)

PHILLIPS HOLMES

PHIL promised himself three years ago that he'd climb to stardom, and today he's doing that very thing. And are the wiseacres who said his contract wouldn't be taken up confused! Paramount has just signed him to a new contract. M-G-M put him in a new sort of role in "Night Court," and he was a wow as a taxi driver. So climb on, Phil, climb on .

GOOD news! Lew Ayres is going to appear in another picture right away. And even though he's smiling, did you ever see a lad who looked more determined? Lew Ayres is married to Lola Lane. He's under contract to Universal. He's made up his mind that each of his pictures is going to be bigger and better, and judging by "Night World," they will

LEW AYRES

IRENE DUNNE

WHAT a lot Irene has Dunne since she first made "Cimarron"! She's become a star. Her secret marriage to Dr. Griffin has leaked out. She's under contract to RKO, but was loaned to Universal for one of its most important pictures, "Back Street." Irene is five feet four, a brunette with brown eyes, and she has that tremendous little thing called charm

SHE'S Hollywood's newest discovery, and are they excited about her! Her first picture is "Roar of the Dragon" for Radio. A siren from Denmark with ash blond hair and luring eyes, five feet six inches tall, and very reserved, the double of what star with initials G. G. do you suppose she aspires to be?

GWILI ANDRE

Here is the original, Clark, the wonder man himself. Still officially a leading man, he is in reality one of Hollywood's greatest stars

The Town of a Thousand Gables

Clark Has Started an Army of Imitators. Will Any of the Boys Take His Place?

By MARQUIS BUSBY

"IF A little is good, a whole lot is better."

That axiomatic advice may have gone out of fashion, if you exclude coin of the realm and the cheering cup, in most places. It is still the Golden Rule in Hollywood.

If one studio films a war picture which makes the cash register hum sweet music, every other studio gets the cannons out of mothballs. In less time than it takes to say the Marquis de la Falaise de la Coudray, the battle of the Marne is being fought all over again on every studio back lot in Hollywood. For a time, after the first success of casual, charming, mean-nothing dialogue, it seemed as if the screen were doomed forever to the school of "How in China?"—"Very large, China."

The RKO Gable. The lad's name is Bruce Cabot. He even features imitation Gable sweaters and imitation Gable pipe smoking

To get right down to personalities, and I intended all along that this should be a personality story, M-G-M is in possession of a young fellow named Gable—Clark Gable. It looks as if the boy would make good, too. The ladies, bless 'em, swoon when he kisses Garbo or Joan Crawford, and they beam with pleasure when he socks Barbara Stanwyck or Norma Shearer. "Wotta Man!" "Wotta Man!"

NOW every other studio wants a Gable. If they can't have the original signed copy, a substitute will have to do. Therefore, the new phrase has come into being—"the Gable type." The "Gable type," a strong, rugged fellow. He's got to have a little of that old caveman business even if he does patronize a good tailor and pronounces hors d'oeuvres without stuttering.

Hollywood is running over with Gables now, just as it is filled with potential Garbos. A few years ago it was the Valentino type. Before that there was a Mary Pickford type. I can remember when every American girl thought that all that was needed to be a second Pickford was a full set of corkscrew curls. Clark, however, is the only man to start a flood of imitators since the days of the dark and handsome Rudy.

If someone would burst into Hollywood and say that another Gable had been found in the middle of the Gobi desert, nineteen producers would be killed in the rush.

Imitation may be the sincerest form of flattery, but it isn't as tough on Clark as it is for the young men who are labeled as Gable types. Or, at least, that's the way Clark feels about it. He doesn't think he could get to the first base as a second Gary Cooper or Richard Barthelmess.

They do say that word went to a scenario writer at First National that James Cagney should have a Gable rôle in his next picture. The writer ventured the mild opinion that Cagney resembled Gable no more than he did Garbo, and what would he do with such a rôle if he had it. The official had his own ideas about the matter, and the writer returned to his office and tried to think of a story which would please the nabob and still provide at least a hand-me-down fit for Cagney.

That's the way it goes. Whoever said "follow the leader" was a child's game?

George Brent, under contract to Warner Brothers-First National, actually looks somewhat like Gable. He has the same rugged physique, and facial characteristics are not unlike. You will see him with Barbara Stanwyck in "So Big" and again with Ruth Chatterton in "The Rich Are Always With Us."

I DON'T know how he feels being indexed as a Gable type. His personality is definitely his own, and undoubtedly he will travel farther the minute his screen career is divorced completely from that of Mr. Gable.

During his youth Brent found time for a good education, which Clark did not. At the time Clark was playing nursemaid to an Oklahoma oil derrick, Brent was reading the plays of Yeats and Lady Gregory. When Clark was riding freight cars to the coast, Brent was a student at the University of Dublin.

The Universal Gable. He's Onslow Stevenson, a native Californian. He's also a runner-up on the "second Colman" title

At least, the two men have one great thing in common. There is the soul of the adventurer in both of them. If Brent had lived two centuries ago he would have been a bold pirate on the Spanish Main, or plotted against European thrones. He's Irish and romantic. Clark, of German descent, has the same driving ambition without the Celtic flair for poetry and battling for anything as long as it is some kind of a "cause."

SOMEONE saw Weldon Heyburn in "The Silent Witness" and dubbed him immediately as "a gigolo Gable." That was really hardly fair, since the rôle came several thousand miles from presenting his real personality. Here again is a man who may cause shivers in the timbers of the Gable throne. He's the Gable type. Heyburn is a six footer with dark brown hair and hazel eyes. He, too, lacked those early bitter years which brought self-reliance to Clark when most boys were trying to memorize "All Gaul is divided into three parts."

Heyburn graduated from the George Washington University, and expected to practice law. His uncle was a senator from Idaho, and his father is a lieutenant-colonel in the U. S. Army. Clark inherited his rugged physique and developed it by working in Oregon lumber camps. Heyburn has played football, holds fancy diving records, and in 1920 took part in the Olympic Games tryouts. A broken ankle prevented him from qualifying in the finals.

He is not as serious as Gable, and after meeting him only once, I'm afraid that he has a sense of humor. He tells jokes on himself, and laughs harder than anyone. Now, a great lover has no business with a sense of humor. It's like Adonis with a Chester Conklin moustache. John Gilbert, the passionate papa of the silent pictures, is almost completely lacking in humor. He doesn't laugh much at other people, and never, never at himself. The same holds true of most of the screen's famous lovers of the past. Even Casanova, Don Juan, and other great neckers of history, seemed to take their business pretty seriously. Maybe Mr. Heyburn will take heed and pretend that he doesn't see the funny side of things.

The Warners' Gable. Name, George Brent. Nationality, Irish. Seems gifted with the Gable come-hither since leading ladies are demanding him

EVEN the blondes do not escape the Gable classification. Ralph Bellamy, with light brown hair and blue eyes, is quite definitely the new type of leading man. The ladies seem to like that strain of brutality which crops out occasionally in the Gable portrayals. At least no one was heard to protest when he got rough with the fragile Shearer lady. Bellamy had to turn into all sorts of a blackguard in Barbara Stanwyck's "Illicit." While he did it very well, and he's a splendid actor, you sort of felt that he had his fingers crossed all the time.

But, if you will notice, there is a devil-may-care romance in all of these young men. Bellamy ran away from school to join a barn-storming Shakespearean troupe. He played a grave digger in "Hamlet" one night, and helped to hold up the balcony in "Romeo and Juliet" on the following evening.

The Paramount Gable, Randolph Scott. He got off to a flying start on the great lover publicity when Lupe Velez was seen places with him

The Fox Gable, Weldon Heyburn, who recently married the Fox Garbo, Greta Nissen. He has a sense of humor and a good education

The guy who refuses to be anybody's Gable, Jimmy Cagney. Warners' ordered Jimmy to go Gable and Jimmy told Warners to go lots of places

You probably saw him first on the screen with Ruth Chatterton in "The Magnificent Lie," and he was the war-scarred soldier in "Surrender" with Elissa Landi.

He's the only one of the new Gables who professes any collector's urge. Bellamy likes old music boxes, for some reason or other, and has picked up fourteen of ancient vintage from different parts of the United States.

RANDOLPH SCOTT, before he ever made a picture, gained world wide renown as the boy who made Lupe Velez forget all about Gary Cooper, John Gilbert and other boy friends. Lupe saw him first, and there are few ladies brave enough to dispute any claim advanced by the Mexican madcap. Now that she has deserted Hollywood for Ziegfeld musical comedy, other film ladies feel free to set up quite a-sighing over this young Virginian.

There is little physical resemblance to Clark Gable, but he is nevertheless a member of the new club of indestructible leading men.

Scott was born in Virginia, (*Continued on page* 105)

Not-So-Frivolous Sal

The "Dizzy" Little Eilers Girl Has Grown Up In A Big Way

By HARRIET PARSONS

(Who's Still Dizzy)

A NUMBER of years ago I went to a birthday party at which Hollywood's very-much-younger set were making merry. It was a nice party and except for the fact that the favors were a little more expensive and the cake more elaborate it might have been taking place in any small town country club. The youngsters were of high school age—clean, polite lads with well-scrubbed ears and impeccable flannels and vivacious, bright-eyed lasses in demure summer chiffons. Most of the boys were good-looking and most of the girls astonishingly pretty. Otherwise there was nothing to mark it as a Hollywood party. Certainly nothing in the behavior of the youngsters themselves.

The honored guest was a petite striking brunette named Carmen Pantages. I think it was her sixteenth birthday. (You've read a good deal these past two years of her turbulent romance with and recent marriage to John Considine, Jr.) Among the guests was a pretty and poised blonde with a manner mature beyond her years. They called her Jane Peters. (She's now married to Bill Powell and riding to stardom under the name of Carole Lombard.)

But to get to the point: among those youthful faces there was one which caught my attention particularly. The other girls were pretty, but this child with her piquantly pointed chin, soft dark hair and sparkling eyes was really beautiful. Furthermore, she was alive, animated, bubbling over constantly—the very spirit of irresponsible youth having a good time. The boys tripped over each other and themselves asking her to dance—and obviously she had no thought beyond the next moment. I was struck by the sheer, unburdened, joyous youngness of her. The name on her place card read Sally Eilers. I had never heard it before.

THE other day I went over to a gracious pleasant little bungalow in the non-swanky section of Beverly Hills to have breakfast with Mrs. Hoot Gibson. I found Mrs. Hoot on the telephone making a business appointment in Hollywood for 1 o'clock and an interview date in Fox Hills (some 15 miles from Hollywood) for 4. She greeted me cheerily and took me into the kitchen, where, with a minimum of deft movements she put the toast into the oven, the bacon into the frying pan and the eggs into the poacher, chatting genially meanwhile. Then, casting an appraising eye over the situation, she whisked me into the breakfast room, leaving the serving of the meal in the hands of a capable young maid-of-all-work. During breakfast husband Hoot came in with a script in one hand and sat down to have coffee with us. Mrs. Hoot arranged dinner plans with him (it was the maid's night out), informed him that her mother would take care of the "baby", (Lois, Hoot's eight-year-old daughter by a former marriage), made several phone calls, and still found time to gossip with me. Furthermore, it was a darn good breakfast.

Lots has been written about the maturing of Sally Eilers, the actress. Too little has been said about the growing-up of Sally Eilers, the woman. And that's the real story. With Sally is Hoot Gibson, her husband

While we talked I looked at Mrs. Hoot meditatively and remembered the Sally Eilers I had first known. Outwardly Sal had not changed—except that her dark hair had become blonde. There was the same fresh beauty, the same dancing eyes, the same infectious smile—still youth incarnate. But inwardly? Well—Sally had grown up—and *how* she had grown up.

A good deal has been written about Sally's spectacular rise in pictures this past year. Since "Bad Girl" made film history and created a new starring team, writers have discoursed at length upon the sudden blossoming out of Sally, the actress. They've commented on the new emotional depths she has revealed and told how she's developed and matured—as an actress. But curiously little has been said about the maturing of Sally, the woman.

And therein lies the real story. For the growing up of Sally Eilers has been not only professional but personal as well. The two have gone hand in hand. The unschooled but promising Sally Eilers of "The Goodbye Kiss" was a carefree, pleasure-loving youngster, dashing gaily to parties and openings—with one beau after another; getting engaged and dis-engaged but with no very well-formulated ideas about marriage and what it meant. The intelligent, moving and eminently convincing Sally Eilers of "Bad Girl" and "Dance Team" is a woman, happily married and sanely building for the future with the man she loves.

When unsophisticated, harum-scarum little Sally Eilers married the worldly-wise and considerably older Hoot Gibson, Hollywood wise-acres shook their heads. Sally, they said, was an adorable kid, but a little "dizzy"—not through with playing yet and anything but ready to settle down. She liked beaux and partying and attention. She'd soon get restless and there would be plenty of men only too eager to amuse her. As for Hoot—it was general knowledge that he was decidedly attractive to women and had been "on the loose" for a long time. Besides he had had one unfortunate marital experience. Hardly likely that Sally would be able to hold him for long any more than he would her. And the difference in their ages made it a cinch that the marriage wouldn't last. That's what Hollywood said.

MONTHS passed—but there were no startling developments in the Eilers-Gibson household. Nary an explosion, nary a rumor. The (*Continued on page* 82)

Just a Passion Flower from Broadway

He's That Mad Jimmy Durante, who Knew about Sweaters and Sex Even Before He Hit Hollywood

By DORA ALBERT

"CLARK GABLE, he just stole my ideas. Why, would you believe it, he's claimin' that he started this turtle-neck sweater idea. I started the style when I was playin' the piana in a jernt at Coney Island. I wore blue turtle-neck sweaters—they were loud ones — with suspenders over them. It took Clark Gable twenty years to catch on to the turtle-neck sweaters and he hasn't caught up to the suspenders yet. If he copies the suspenders, too, I'll die, I'll be so mortified."

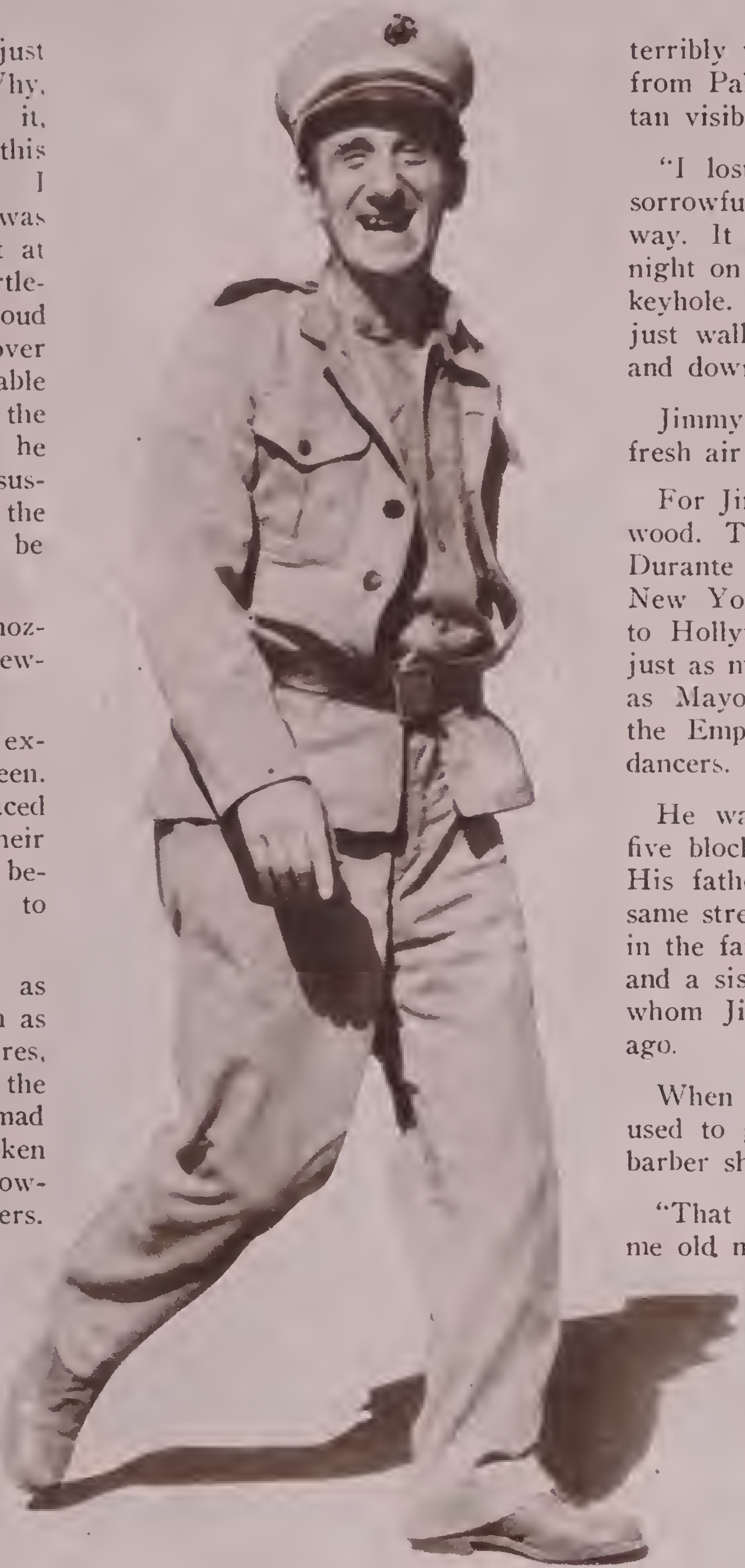
Folks, meet Jimmy (Schnozzle) Durante, Hollywood's newest, maddest, goofiest clown.

You never know what to expect of a comedian off-screen. Most of them are dour-faced chaps, who spend most of their time off screen worrying because they're not allowed to play Hamlet or something.

Jimmy Durante is just as goofy, just as mad off-screen as on. He uses the same gestures, the same lingo he does on the screen, and if by any mad chance he's hiding a broken heart he doesn't go around showing the cracks to interviewers.

The chances are, if you take your movie going at all seriously, you've seen Jimmy Durante. He's new to the movies, but oh, what a picture thief! Did you ever see anyone steal pictures more completely than he stole "The New Adventures of Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford," "Cuban Love Song" and "The Passionate Plumber"? One critic said that "The Passionate Plumber" was a swell picture, but M-G-M made the mistake of trying to star Buster Keaton in it, when it should have starred Jimmy Durante.

I met Jimmy Durante in the M-G-M publicity offices in New York, ready to start out on a tour of personal appearances. He was wearing just a plain ordinary suit and not a turtle-neck sweater. I'd been told I'd find him terribly tanned because he'd just returned from Palm Springs, but there wasn't any tan visible.



Here's Jimmy taking a stroll on the M-G-M lot, a hail-fellow-well-met who gets just as much fun out of life off screen as on, and who hasn't forgotten the old mob who knew him "when"

"I lost it on Broadway," said Jimmy sorrowfully. "No tan ever lasts on Broadway. It is a street of broken hearts. One night on Broadway and you fit through a keyhole. But oh, how glad I'm to be back, just walking up and down the street, up and down."

Jimmy sniffed, as if to breathe in the fresh air of Broadway.

For Jimmy is Broadway's gift to Hollywood. The team of Clayton, Jackson and Durante was famous in the night clubs of New York before Jimmy ever came out to Hollywood and wowed 'em. Jimmy is just as much a product of New York City as Mayor Jimmy Walker, the spires of the Empire State Building or marathon dancers.

He was born at 90 Catherine Street, five blocks from New York's Chinatown. His father owned a barber shop on the same street. Jimmy was the youngest child in the family. He had two older brothers and a sister. The eldest brother, Michael, whom Jimmy adored, died several years ago.

When Jimmy was just a little tike he used to get up on a box in his father's barber shop and lather the customers.

"That was when I wanted a dime from me old man," said Jimmy.

JIMMY'S first really paying job was when he worked for *The Sun* after school delivering newspapers. He used to deliver 500 newspapers a day, and in return he'd get thirty papers which he'd sell for eighteen cents. That way he'd make eighteen cents a day.

"But I got promoted," said Jimmy proudfully. "Instead of just dropping the papers off at Fourteenth Street, the way I did at the beginning, I got promoted to where I served the four corners and got up to Union Square. And I worked up to five dollars a week.

"All this time I was taking piano lessons, too. My teacher was a great big-shot from Italy, Professor Foire, and I used to pay him a dollar a lesson. He'll die if he ever hears I told about it.

"He always wanted me to play classical music. And I wanted to play ragtime. He would throw up his hands and say, 'You put my reputation at stake. I cannot give nobody lessons who will not practice *Poet and Peasant.* You will kill my reputation. Why don't you find another teacher?"

Sometimes the old Italian professor would come to Jimmy's home, and then Jimmy would have to take lessons. But when he was supposed to go to his teacher's home, he would never get there. He found that the dollar his mother gave him for piano lessons would buy ice cream instead. And the professor used to rant and rave because Jimmy was ruining his reputation.

JIMMY made up for it all by writing his love letters for him. The "Professor" couldn't read English and he couldn't write letters. He was keeping steady company with a girl, and Jimmy would write the professor's love letters to her.

"What a chump I was!" he said. "I didn't know nuttin' then. If it had been me now, I would have run off with the girl long ago. But I didn't know nuttin'."

One day Jimmy's job delivering newspapers came to an end abruptly. He doesn't say how; he doesn't say why; he doesn't say if he was fired or not; but I guess he got ambitious. His brother Michael was working in a photo-engraving plant, and Jimmy got a job assisting him.

Jimmy Durante's got everything in the bag. He's stolen every picture he's appeared in so far. He has a fat contract with M-G-M. But he went through a lot of struggles to become the clown he is

In the meanwhile Jimmy's reputation as a piano player was growing steadily. His teacher used to put a pretty girl next to him and have him play in four-hand concerts. He used to play the piano at the neighborhood social club dances at the East Side Atlantic Club and the Hamilton Athletic Club. There were fighting bouts at the Hamilton Athletic Club and it was Jimmy's job to play between rounds.

One day a fighter who was supposed to appear in the ring failed to show up.

"Why don't you take his place?" someone challenged Jimmy. "Don't be a quitter. You can make twenty dollars for three rounds."

Jimmy only got two dollars a night for playing the piano, and twenty dollars seemed like a pile of money. He stepped into the ring.

"In those days they had seconds," he said. "The other fellow's second snapped his fingers, and bingo, while I turned to look, the other fighter knocked me out right in the first round. As soon as I came back to consciousness with a busted nose and a plugged ear, I begged, 'Let me go back to the piano.' After that came challenge after challenge, but I stuck to the piano."

Durante got so well known for his jazz playing that they began to call him Ragtime Jimmy.

"I wanted everybody to point me out," he says. "I would go out of my way to pass a crowd."

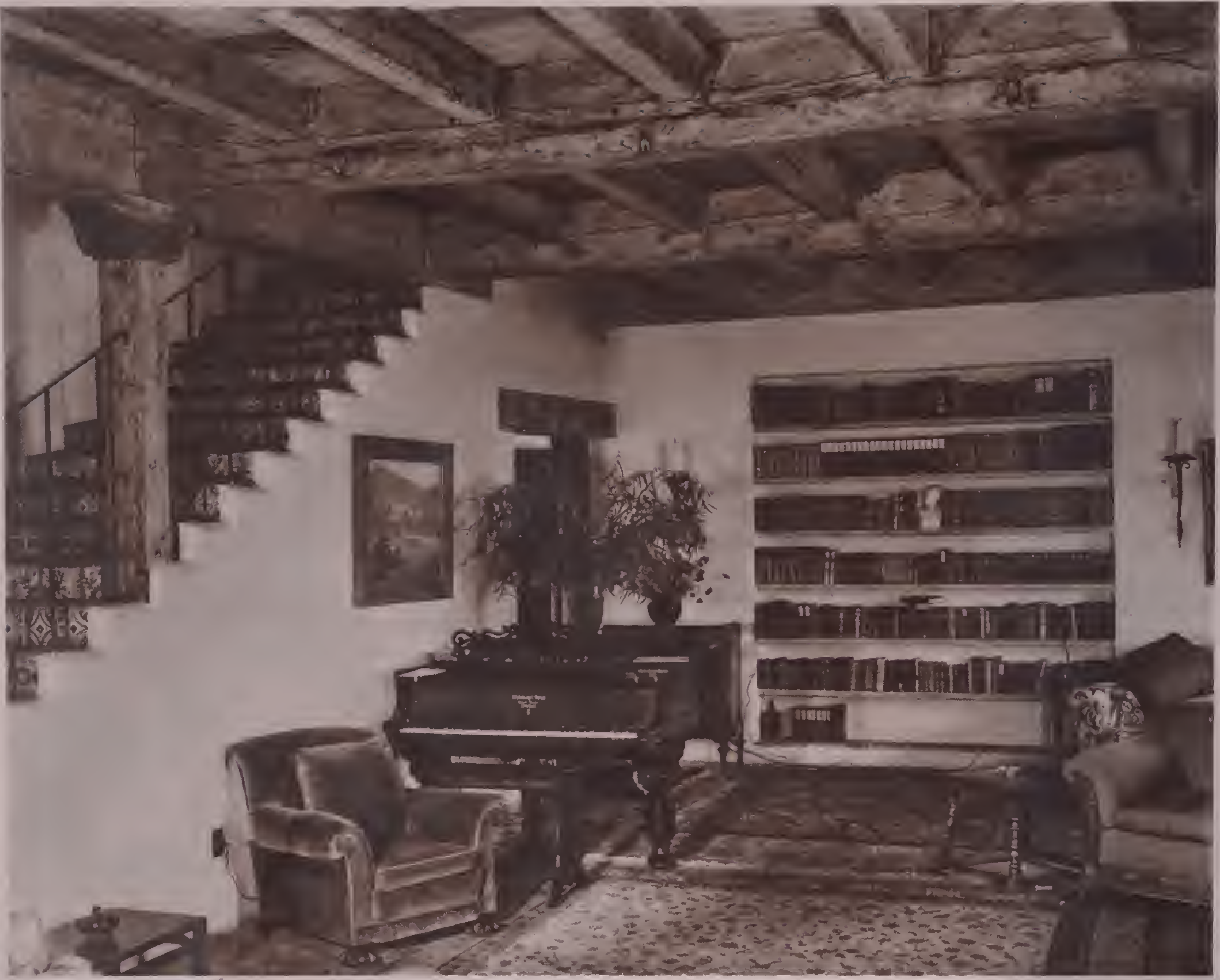
One day someone tipped Jimmy off that they needed a piano player at a Coney Island joint. He was too big by this time to lather in his father's barber shop, and his brother Mike had left his job at the photo-engraving company, so Jimmy had left too. Piano playing was just about the only thing left.

"I can't transpose," wailed Jimmy. "I'll never get the job. I can't change the keys."

BUT he put on his turtle-neck sweater and jacket and went down to Coney Island. He took his pal, Joe McLaughlin, with him to egg him on.

"There were a couple of other fellows trying out for that piano-playing job," said Jimmy. "Tuxedos they had on. And me in my turtle-neck sweater. And was I mortified!

"And, oh, the way they played the piano! Their fingers moved up and down the keys—like this," and Jimmy turned to the nearest piano, "ta-da-re-ra-do-dum. But my pal, he kept egging me on. 'Go ahead, Jimmy. You play rings around them. Gee, you're a pip.' So I gets up there and I starts off with an old song. When I'm about half way through with it, (*Continued on page 94*)



The living-room of the house that used to be Garbo's and is now the Hopkins homestead. Very simple, restful and bookish

Miriam Hopkins Acquires the Garbo Manor

If you were a Gay, Young Star, Separated from Your Husband and Having a Life of Your Own, Is this the way that you would live?

By HELEN LOUISE WALKER

Editor's Note: *Would you like to have your home, within the bounds of perfect taste, express your personality completely? The homes of the Hollywood stars do just that. So choose the star you want to be like. Then read about her home and see if you can't get pointers for your own home from it.*

Miriam Hopkins is so typically modern Movie Mirror chose to start its series with her. Neither maid, wife or widow, how does she conduct her home to conform with this somewhat difficult social status? Next month you will read how Norma Shearer conducts her home so that it is right for Miss Shearer, the actress; Mrs. Thalberg, the wife, and for Irving Thalberg, Jr., her small son.

SOMEONE has said that one of the fundamental differences between men and women is that men look at the sky while women contemplate the inside of the house. You can see what a difference that would make in the outlooks of the two sexes! Well, perhaps it is a good thing if they exchange points of view now and then. A woman may profit considerably from a little sky-gazing—and a man might conceivably learn a number of things by glancing, with a seeing eye, about the interior of his dwelling.

Perhaps that is one thing that modern women are learning to do—a thing which their grandmothers neglected—contemplate the sky. Perhaps that is one of the important things about modern women. . . .

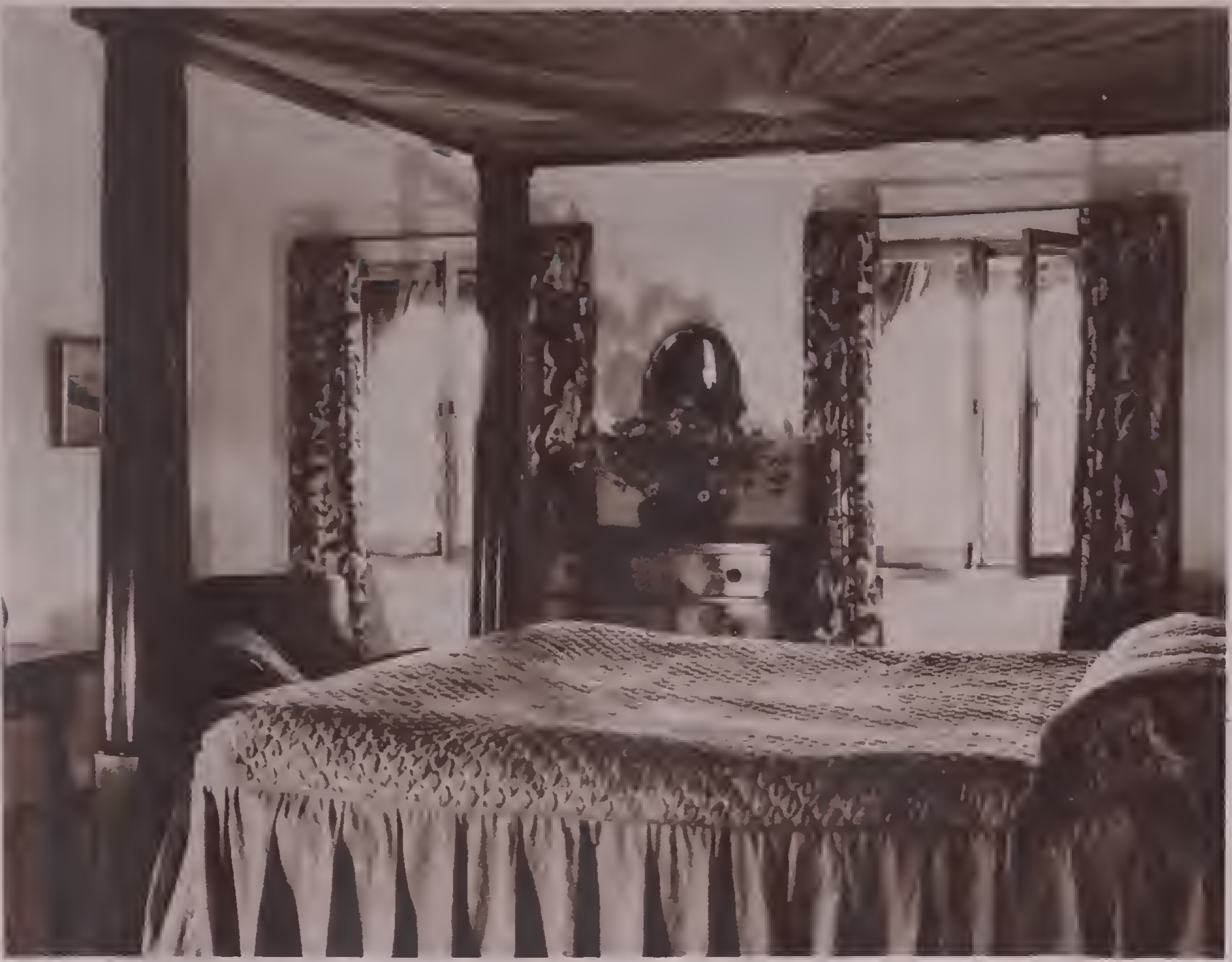
Another angle on Miriam's living room. Here crowds of her friends gather nightly for conversations that often last till dawn. That's the girl herself demurely holding a cup—of what?

Take Miriam Hopkins. Miriam, as everyone knows, has been separated from Austin Parker for nearly a year now. A friendly and somewhat informal separation, with rumors flying even at this moment, that they may be about to return to one another's arms. Meanwhile, Miriam's social status, if not her legal one, is that of the young divorcée, living alone. And how does such a young woman live—in Hollywood?

Well, Miriam lives in a glass house, with plenty of sky available. She is a very modern young woman and she doesn't throw stones. She rented the house in which Greta Garbo used to live, a hillside dwelling, out beyond Beverly Hills, surrounded by a high, impenetrable hedge and a beautiful garden—with views of the hills, the valley and the sea on all sides of it.

ALL that she asked of the inside of it (as did Garbo) was that it be comfortable. She rented it furnished, and everything is just as Greta left it. So perhaps it's more characteristic of Garbo than of Miriam. Miriam said that it was pretty disconcerting for the first few weeks. People came to the house, not to see her at all, but demanding, the moment they were inside, to see the bed where the mysterious Swedish lady had slept for so long!

The house is a white, stucco, Spanish affair, with a tile roof and a long balcony running across the



Miriam's bedroom, as serene and restful as such a room ought to be. Notice that there are no glass curtains at the windows. There are none throughout the house. The place is dedicated to the sunlight

front. Spacious enough for comfort. Small enough not to be a burden. Having ascertained the simplicity and convenience of the inside, Miriam turned her attention to the charming grounds which surround it. There she could plant things and watch them sprout and grow and bloom.

Here on the front lawn was room for a croquet set. The fountain with its goldfish, the sun dial, the secluded nooks for sun bathing (intimate reminders of its former occupant!), sweeps of grass where the wire-haired terriers could race—these were the important things about a home to Miriam.

The balcony outside her bedroom faces East and there she breakfasts in the sunshine, winter and summer, gazing across the valley to the sea.

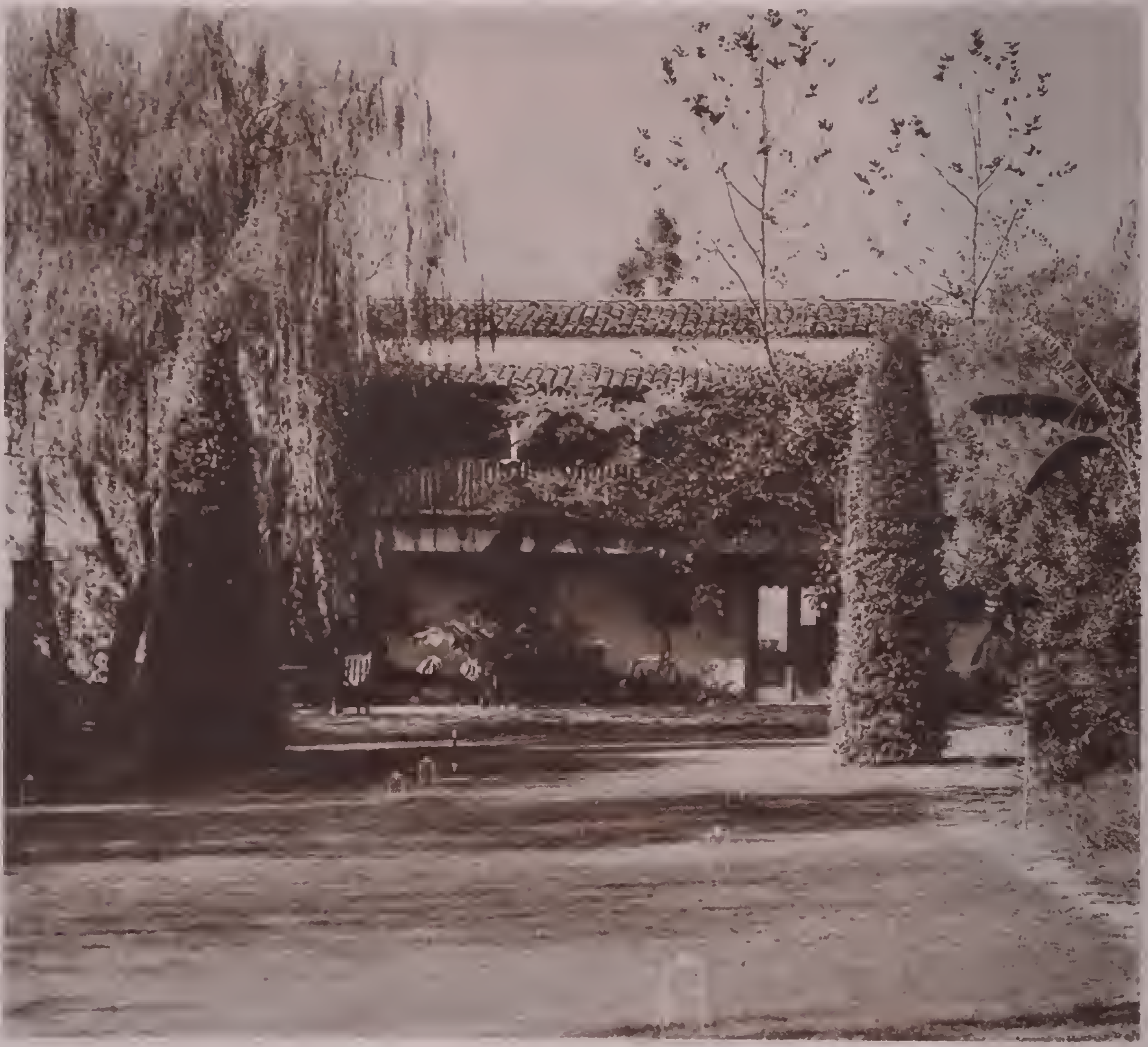
THE house, itself, is open on all sides to the sea breezes and the view. When Miriam opens her eyes in the great four poster bed in the master bedroom, she faces two enormous windows, commanding the choicest outlooks the location affords. There are no glass curtains in the entire house—merely bright chintz drapes which may be pushed far back, leaving the windows entirely clear. There are not even any screens. The house is set so high that no flies or mosquitoes venture there.

The furnishings are simple almost to the point of austerity. You'd expect frills of a softly feminine girl like Miriam but no taffetas or lace pillows or feminine ruffles and frippery. The whole house might have been designed by a man for a man. . . .

The walls of the bedroom are rough white plaster, with red and yellow glazed chintz drapes. The bedspread is coarse monk's cloth in its natural shade. The box couch in the corner is covered with crimson velvet and there is a business-like, capacious desk and chair in one corner. Sturdy lamps with red and yellow parchment shades stand upon sturdy, small, easily-moved-about-at-your-convenience tables. There are books scattered everywhere, for Miriam is a great reader.

The small dressing room adjoining betrays the femininity of the occupant. There are still no ruffles or musical powder boxes or hoop-skirted dolls disguising things. But the equipment is dainty and immaculate. There are bottles and boxes and brushes of all varieties—efficient aids to beauty for a woman who *cares* about her looks. Artfully placed lights and mirrors—a girl could not miss the slightest flaw in her appearance. There are rows and rows of frivolous bottles of expensive perfumes.

NO black marble or clusters of waxen flowers or rainbow lights adorn the bath. It is frankly and severely a bathroom—with all the modern gadgets for keeping



The house, a low, rambling two story affair, sits far back from the road with a croquet court before it

And here is the heavenly garden where Garbo used to take her sunbaths. Miriam loves it, too; in fact, she hired the house because of it

luxuriously and freshly *clean*. Just that and nothing more.

THE guest rooms are a shade more frivolous. One of them boasts a quilted coverlet of apricot silk upon its mahogany bed and there are hand-blocked linen drapes at the windows. The other is in gay, many-colored chintz, and the white parchment shade of the bedside lamp is sprinkled with silver stars. Which may or may not be significant, depending upon whether you care to look for symbolism in bedside lamps.

But the white plaster walls still predominate and the windows are flung open to sky and scenery. There are *new* books upon the shelves and the drawers and closet are *not* filled with the hostess' winter things put away in moth balls. These guest rooms are hospitably ready for use and are specifically arranged for the guests' comfort and convenience. They have been occupied by relatives or friends almost constantly ever since Miriam took the house. She is a Southern gal, you see, and extends cordial and easy invitations to people she likes. Austin's niece, a merry and vivacious eighteen-year-old, was with her for several months this winter.

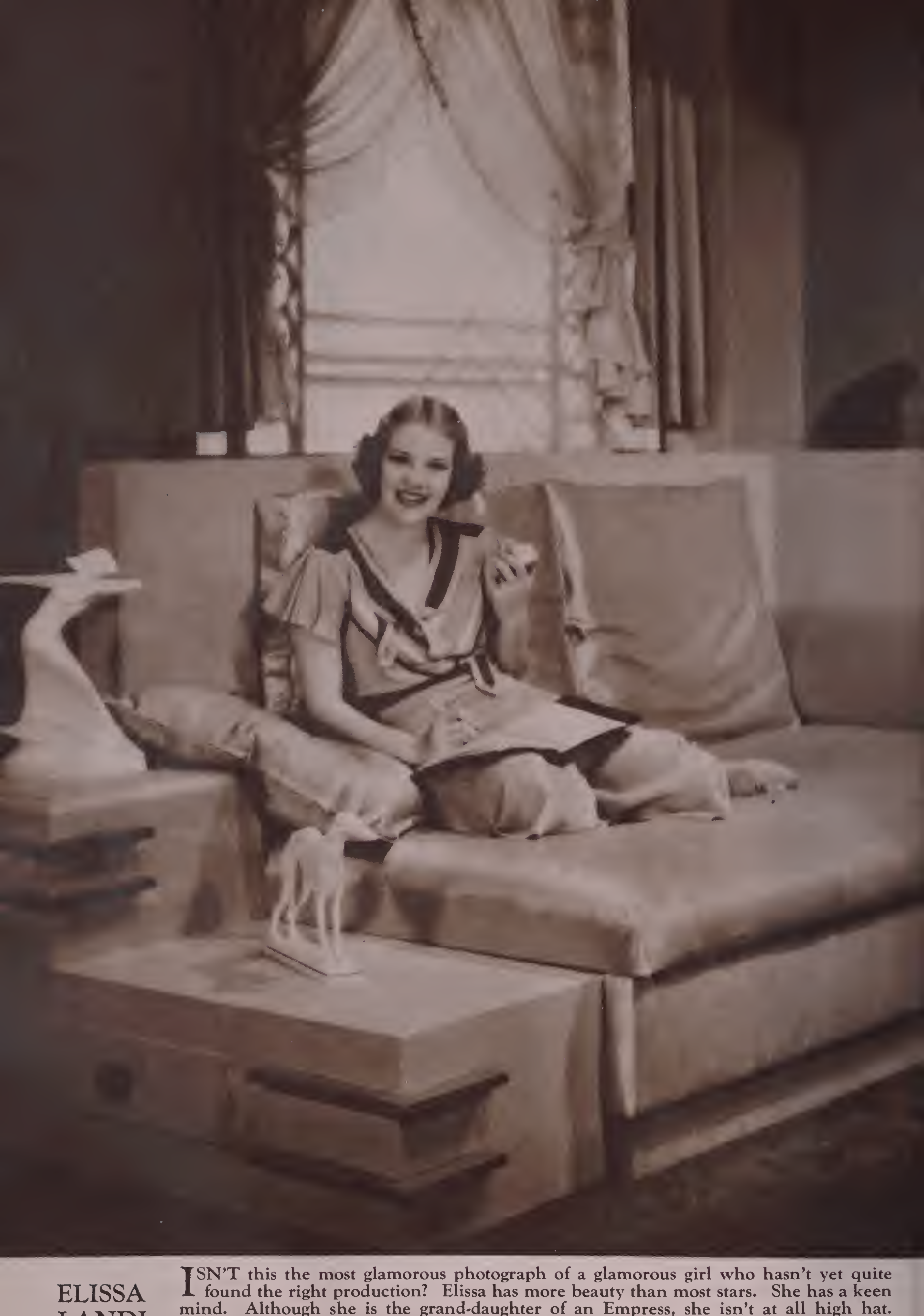
Downstairs is a long living-room with buff walls, a red tile floor, covered with Oriental rugs, dull henna drapes with green *motif* and comfortable, sink-in divans and chairs with soft green basket weave upholstery. Books—and books. A large fireplace, richly smoked from much use and a perfectly enormous basket to hold the logs for these ample and constant fires. And windows again. From ceiling to floor, looking out over tree tops. . . .

A room for lounging and dawdling and long, long conversations. A room for curling up with books. A room for informality and leisure and fun.

The dining room and kitchen are small and gay and account for those small, informal Southern dinners to which Miriam likes to invite her special friends. Fried chicken and beaten biscuit. Rolled pork chops and candied sweet potatoes. Miriam was born in Georgia and this is the result.

HER household is a small one. First and foremost there is Gabby. And Gabby is a most important person. She used to be with Mrs. Edward Doheny and she came to Miriam when Mrs. Doheny went abroad last autumn. "I shall never, *never* let Gabby leave me!" Miriam proclaims, earnestly.

(*Continued on page* 89)



ELISSA LANDI

ISN'T this the most glamorous photograph of a glamorous girl who hasn't yet quite found the right production? Elissa has more beauty than most stars. She has a keen mind. Although she is the grand-daughter of an Empress, she isn't at all high hat. Fox has her under contract, and her next picture is "Burnt Offering." Here's hoping it gives her the part she so richly deserves

Inside Stuff

"Button up your overcoat," says Rian James, the author, to Ken Murray, the singing lad of vaudeville, who's going to be in Rian's picture, "The Crooner", for Warner Bros.

Renee Adoree Must Wait A Few Months More . . .

Still in a little cottage in Prescott, on the Arizona desert, is Renee Adoree—fighting the last few months of the grand battle to come back to the screen. Over-optimistic were earlier reports that Renee would be back in Hollywood in mid-June; more likely now that it will be Fall before the li'l French gal goes back to flickerland.

Eighteen months she lay in bed, flat on her back, in a desert sanitarium, giving her lungs the chance to rebuild. It was gruelling—doubly so in that Prescott is just far enough from Hollywood so that few, if any, visitors could come to see her. Truth, Renee nearly went crazy with loneliness during those endless months. The greatest joy in the last year and a half for her has been the change to the little cottage that she now occupies, where she can sit in a chair, walk a bit at last.

Her old cook, who used to be with her in Hollywood, has gone to Prescott to care for her during these last few months. The things Renee wants most now (and how her heart leaps with joy when she receives some!), are imported delicacies—*pâté de foie gras,* some imported sardines, caviar, little palate-ticklers like that. She may eat them again, after those months of health-foods that are good, but oh how untasty.

And still stands the offer from several studios to give her a part in a picture, as soon as she is able to work again.

What a Mouth!

Hollywood's still giggling over colyumist O. O. McIntyre's line: something about Joe E. Brown being "born with a silver ladle in his mouth. . . ."

There's no sense to it at all, but it's a fact that after making "Is My Face Red?" at RKO, Riccy Cortez' next picture will be "The Man WITHOUT a Face" . . . !

The Hollywood See-Saw Does Its Stuff Again

Bing Crosby (and who was he just a few years ago?) has just closed a deal with Paramount for a total of $115,000—twenty weeks personal appearances at $4,000 per, and the lead in a radio-crooner movie for another $35,000.

—and at about the same date, Mildred Harris Chaplin, broke, signed up to sing in burlesque shows for less per week than she used to get per day in movies. In burlesque . . . ! ! !

The Barrymores have nothing on the just-plain-Moores! While plans are still being talked for the three Barrymores—Lionel, John and Ethel—to appear together in one picture, the three Moores—Tom, Owen and Matt—have closed a deal whereby the three of them will play together in a series of two-reelers.

Two productions, in work, were delayed by injuries: Chico Marx got tangled in an auto crash, injured his knee, stopped work on "Horsefeathers" for six weeks. James Dunn, doing a prizefight scene in "Society Girl," failed to duck a pugilist's punch, loosened three ribs, couldn't work for several days.

Another Champion Bites the Dust!

Out of Hollywood's thousands of autograph hounds, perhaps the champion is one lad named Neal, who has

The one native in all Hawaii who didn't try to get in "The Bird of Paradise" was this grandpop shown with Joel McCrea. So they put him in the picture anyhow. They never learned his name—but such whiskers rate a salary anywhere!

personally collected the signatures of more than 500 motion picture players in his books. But *not* Greta Garbo's. He once accosted Greta at a theater, proferred his book and fountain pen. Garbo looked, turned away with: "No, I can't."

This'll Have to Be Printed on Asbestos

Pola Negri has just repeated her determination to write a book—her "confessions"—in which she says she'll tell everything about her career "and leave nothing untold."

And are faces getting red?

As This Goes On, It Gets Verse and Verse

Leap Year's half-run,
Still single's James Dunn!
And Dan Cupid's arrow
Means nix to Novarro.
Ol' Bachelor-Bill Haines
Stays cold to all janes.
And sweet Joel McCrea
Says: "Marry? Nay, nay!"
George (Chest) O'Brien,
Still Cupid-defyin'—
It all goes to show
Just what? I don't know!

Mary Pickford's newest hobby is sculpture. She's being taught by a noted Slav sculptor now in Hollywood. So eight thousand Hollywood wits are waiting for her to model hubby, so they can chortle: "She made a big bust of Doug!"

NOTE TO ALL INTERESTED: Joel McCrea's nickname is "Slug." He got it because he called everybody else that—hailed 'em with "Hello, Slug."

Jack Gilbert has taken to cactus-fancying. That is, he's a cactus-fancier, or whatever they call those people who have rock gardens with as many varieties of cacti as Heinz has pickles. Jack's rock garden now has more than two score varieties.

And others might profit
By doing as Jack does—
While others raise hell,
Jack just raises cactus!

Big-Definite-Decision-of-the-Month Note:

Ina Claire, who used to be cactus-fancier Gilbert's husband, was met at the gangplank by reporters as she returned from Europe. "Any matrimonial plans?" they asked her.

"No," she replied; "I'm *never* going to marry again."

And swept on down the gangplank. But halted at the bottom, to voice an afterthought:

"—unless I change my mind."

Inside Stuff

Typographical-Error-of-the-Month Note:

It's about the beautiful leading lady who fired her press agent because, when he sent out a story about her phenomenal luck at Agua Caliente, he mis-wrote "when she goes to Caliente, she always wins" and it came out in type: "—she always sins."

Mister Butterworth Goes A-Calling—

Ruth Western herself answered her doorbell, and there stood Film Comedian Charles Butterworth, for an afternoon call. In his hands, a cluster of gorgeous pink roses.

"For you, my dear," he proferred them, with a Butterfieldian bow. She gushed her thanks.

"Oh, tut-tut, tut-tut, my dear," replied Butterworth. "It's really nothing at all. Don't mention it. I plucked them off your bushes down there by the walk, as I came to the door. . . ."

Is Neil Hamilton's face red? Is it RED!!—you see, Neil was always chiding other actors for playing polo, telling them how they endangered their means of income by such rough, dangerous sport.

Then Neil played tennis with his wife—and stepped on a tennis ball, turned his ankle, and couldn't walk for days . . . !

And to top it off, MRS. Neil Hamilton several days later fell off a horse while riding. Luckily, got off with only bruises.

Whom You'll See As And in What—

Sylvia Sidney as "Madame Butterfly" (if now-being-discussed plans go through); Joan Crawford, as "Sadie Thompson" in "Rain," which was originally to have been done by Gloria Swanson, but! . . . ; Ann Harding and Leslie Howard in "The Animal Kingdom"; John Barrymore in Somerset Maugham's "The Moon and Sixpence"; Eddie Cantor as a banjo-eyed toreador in "The Kid From Spain"; Edna May Oliver as a lady-sleuth in "The Penguin Pool Murder". . . .

See What Movies Do to the King's English?

Back from London, Adolphe Menjou reports that American talkies are slangifying British talk. In short, the London trick at present is to sandwich American slang into their conversation.

And can't you imagine Lady Whoozis telling Lord Waddayacallim to "Scrahm!" to which he responds: "Ho Keye!"

Or can you?

What do they say about Gable now?

They say: "Fifty Million Women Can't Be Wrong."

If You Don't See Here What You Want to Know, Never Mind . . .

They are ready-ing up Rudy's old rôle in "Blood and Sand" for George Raft at Paramount, and doesn't he make you think of Valentino? Like the great god Gable, he clicked first playing gangsters

. . . yes, Charlie Murray and George Sidney are going to make still another "Cohen-and-Kelly" comedy right soon . . . in London, film extras are called "crowd artistes" . . . Lilian Bond, on a strict diet, had to go through eight "takes" in a scene that called for her to eat roast beef and potatoes and Director Jimmy Whale made her *eat* it! . . . little Dickie Moore's new contract gets him $525 a week . . . Spencer Tracy is going to be a papa before long . . . an extra is suing Victor McLaglen for $10,000 because McLaglen crushed his nose in a too-realistic fight scene . . . and an artist is suing Tom Mix for $3,500 for a painting of himself . . . Tom says his mug isn't worth that much . . . but he's glad Universal doesn't think so . . . Janet Gaynor's had a haircut . . . quite a bit shorter than she's been wearing it . . . and Doug Junior is re-raising that thing he calls a moustache. . . .

Ann Harding Joins the Army Ranks Again

Until this month, there were only three real "honorary colonels" in the movie ranks—Bebe Daniels, Mary Pickford, Marion Davies. All were invested with the rank in previous years.

Now Ann Harding joins them. At this year's reunion of the famous Rainbow Division in Los Angeles, the formal honor was conferred upon her. You see, her dad—the late George Gatley—was second in command of the division during World War days.

Ann herself knows army life. For many years, she

Lil Tashman got home to Hollywood the other day after several months of personal appearances throughout the country, and was Eddie Lowe glad? Well, this is how he greeted her at the station

lived on army reservations in this country and the Orient, with her father.

Court Champion

Mae Murray has a positively uncanny genius for getting into the newspapers—and courts. And whether she wants to or not.

For instance, just the other day, the Los Angeles newspapers carried the story that charity authorities wanted to know why Mae didn't contribute to the support of a brother and his family, who had been living on county charity. Mae replied that she had helped much, that this was merely a move "to embarrass her."

And in the same week, the Murray name was again haled into the courts and press when Mae's hubby, Prince Midivani, was named in a suit for $76 back dues in a country club.

Ho-Hum Department and What-of-It Section:

. . . silly, isn't it, that one of the best Italian-gangster types on the screen is an *Irishman* named J. Carroll Naish! . . . the Monte Blue family has four fewer tonsils than it had because the Blue tots, Dick, 3, and Barbara, 6, both had 'em out the same day . . . Alan Mowbray's daughter Patricia weighs 24 pounds and isn't a year old yet! . . . Gene Raymond has taken up polo . . . Harold Lloyd is mind-fidgeting with the idea of making a movie of a trip around the world . . . the only time during the day when a big café set on the Universal lot is empty is at lunchtime, when the players go to a café for lunch! . . . Jacqueline Wells, film find, has changed her name to Diane Duval . . . why ? ! ! ! ? ? ? . . . Betty Compton (*not* Comp-S-on!) lost her jewels while in Paris and it wasn't until after several columns of newspaper space that she "found" them in a dresser drawer and yes, they have press agents in Paris, too . . . Richard Dix bought a Scotch terrier from Mystery-Story-Writer S. S. Van Dine . . . Walter Byron has lived in the same room in the same club in Hollywood for four years . . . and is it or isn't it funny that the name of the speed cop whom Johnny Comedian Hines couldn't kid out of a speed-fine ticket is G. A. KIDWELL. . . . ! ! !

Disappointed by the stork were Gloria Swanson and Michael Farmer. They wanted a boy; even had its name picked out—uh huh, Michael Junior, of course. So anyway, since it was a girl, they named it Michele.

What you'll NEVER see
is Connie Bennett
Catching custard pies
a la macksennett!

What a Few Months Can—And Do!—Do:

A half year ago, there were two names on the passenger list of a liner that sailed from Los Angeles to Honolulu. One name was Norma Talmadge; another was Luis Alonzo (which is Gilbert Roland's real name).

A few weeks ago, there were two names on the passenger list of the liner Europa, which sailed from New York to Europe. One name was Norma Talmadge; another was Georgie Jessel.

—Dorothy Mackaill personally denies the report that she's stork-conscious.

Edmund Lowe will play the "Chandu" rôle in the talkie which Fox will make around the radio feature.

Clara, Prune-Cooker and Ex-Bonfire?

Like 'most everybody else, you probably thought, when he married her, that Rex Bell'd become just "Mister Clara Bow." But yeah?—But NO! See what's happened:

Rex has just signed with producers to star in a series of western pictures. Right now it looks as if Clara may make a picture for Fox named "Call Her Savage."

Hoydenish though she may seem to have been, Clara's been no fool about money. She's saved it, sunk

Here's Freddie March and his new home in Beverly Hills. Freddie, who's one of the most home-loving chaps in pictures, has been the long distance commuter of the Paramount lot, playing between East and West Coast studios. He's hoping to settle down now

it in a trust fund. Right now, that trust fund's paying her about $400 every week—four hundred cash dollars—and will continue to pay her that much every week for the rest of her life! With that much coming in weekly, come hell or high water, Clara should worry whether she makes motion pictures or not. Instead, she stays at home, cooking prunes and eggs for Hubby Rex, with her own plump li'l hands. She's proud of how she cooks prunes for Rex, boasts about 'em. So does Rex.

And so, dear friends of cinemaland, instead of Rex becoming "Mister Clara," it looks as though Clara's definitely settling down to being Missus Rex Bell.

Look, Sherlock—Another "Mystery" Picture!

Every once in a while, some studio goes very hush-hush, locks up a stage, and begins shooting a "mystery picture" about which nothing is to be known. Strange whispers emanate, but no information's official. The purpose is twofold: in the first place, studios steal new ideas from each other in the borning, let 'em deny it as they will! And in the second place, all this mystery stuff is swell publicity.

So now it's Radio lot where they're doing it. On a certain stage, to which only a few pledged-to-secrecy actors and technicians are admitted daily, they're shooting a picture to be called "The Eighth Wonder of the World." Joel McCrea and Fay Wray are in it, and it's said to be a weird adventure story with a brand-new process of trick stuff, or what?

Reports: One, that it's another sort of "Lost World" film using miniature animals photographed to look like giants. Another, that it's a story of man's battle with giant insects, photographed by a magnifying process so insects look mammoth, humans pygmy. Maybe it's neither.

Wouldn't it be interesting
If Elissa Landi
Were to run around, dressed
Like Mahatma Gandhi?

—and since M-G-M started giving away corkscrews as an advertising stunt for "Wet Parade," it's quite natural that Hollywood wisecrackers wanna know if they mean it's a screwy picture. . . .

Weighty Dress, Colyumist Crack, Flu Poundage and Oakie Jokie!—

. . . sleeky-slinky dress tip: Joan Crawford achieves that cling-tuh-muh effect with her gowns by the use of muchnesses of those concealed little lead weights in hems and places. As many as forty pounds to one dress, believe it or don't . . . and IF (capitals, please, Mr. Printer on that "if") the Clark Gables ever get perambulator-conscious, it's ten-to-one a certain columnist'll call it a "Gablessed event" . . . OW! . . . Loretta Young *gained* two pounds during a recent attack of influenza . . . probably if she had pneumonia she'd come out and get the fat lady's job in the circus! . . . Jack Oakie's idea of a joke: at a linen shower to a certain Hollywood bride-to-be, a package arrived from him. It contained a tablecloth from the Hollywood Athletic Club, napkins marked with the names of two Los Angeles hotels, and four Pullman towels!

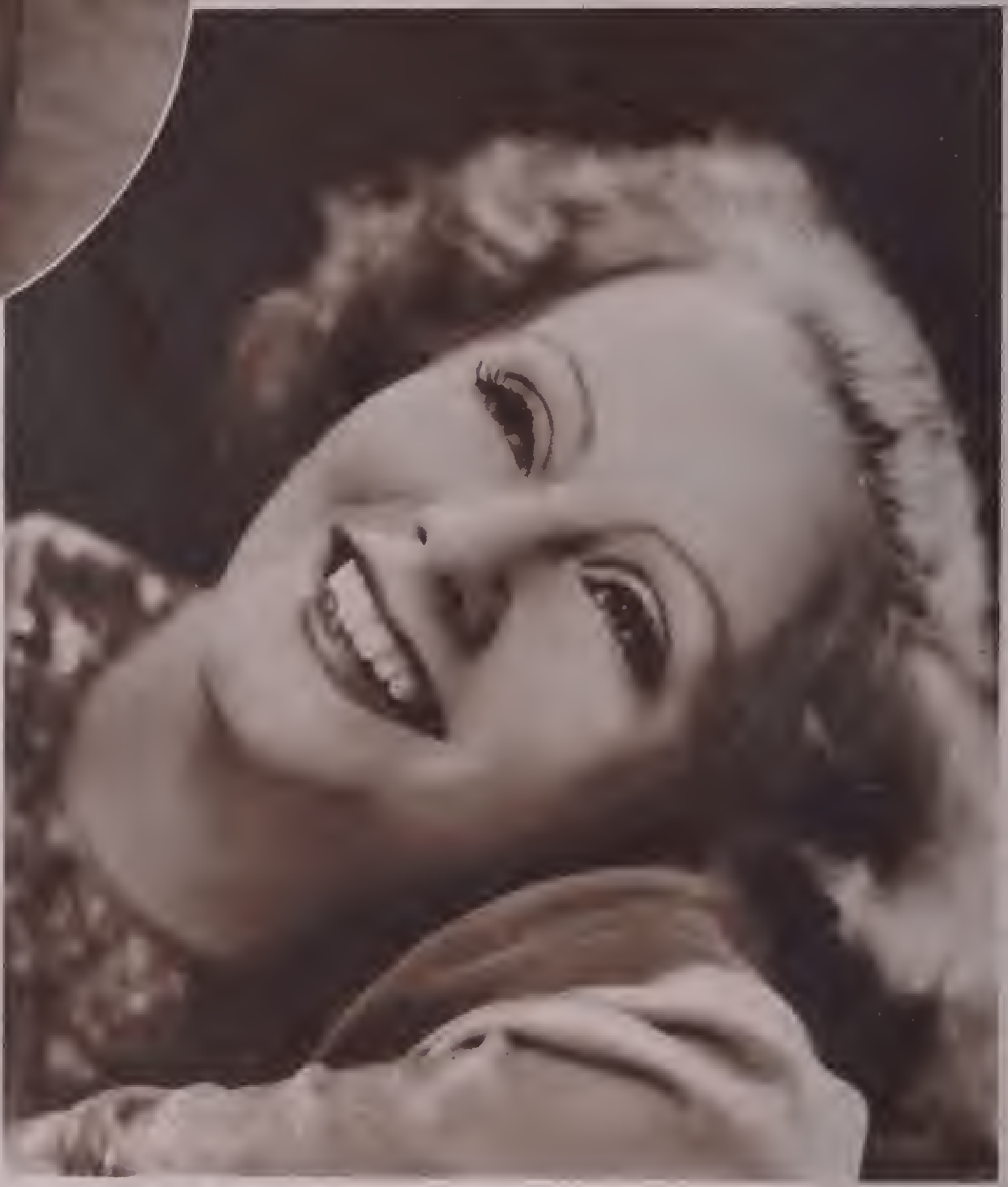
And This Tells How Connie Rings the Bell . . .

It's funny, but Connie Bennett, who was so very, very mysterious about the "certain (*Continued on page* 107)

Photographing Garbo

By ALLAN JORDAN

Clarence Sinclair Bull alone is privileged to take pictures of the glorious Greta. He's photographed her more than two thousand times!



This is Bull's favorite photograph of Garbo. He doesn't know just why. His second favorite of her comes from the same sitting, one made after "Inspiration" in December, 1930

You'll see a new side of the mysterious Greta when you read how she acts in the gallery

IN the five years she's been in Hollywood, Greta Garbo has had about 2,000 pictures taken of herself in the portrait gallery of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio.

And today Greta Garbo has in a private collection of her own at least one print of every one of those 2,000 photographs of herself.

You may add to that collection of gallery portraits countless scores of informal kodak snapshots of Greta, taken at the studio or at her home or on location or almost any place imaginable—taken, at Greta's behest, by her colored maid Alma, or one of the grips on the set, or a press-agent wandering about at large or anyone she could press into service as an emergency kodaker when she wanted a snapshot of herself taken. Yes, what with all the portraits, all the stills from her many pictures (she has a print of every still taken of herself, too!) and all the kodak-shots, Greta Garbo herself has unquestionably the greatest single collection of photographs of Greta Garbo in existence.

To which you'll probably instantly scream:

"Vanity!"

"Colossal egotism!!"

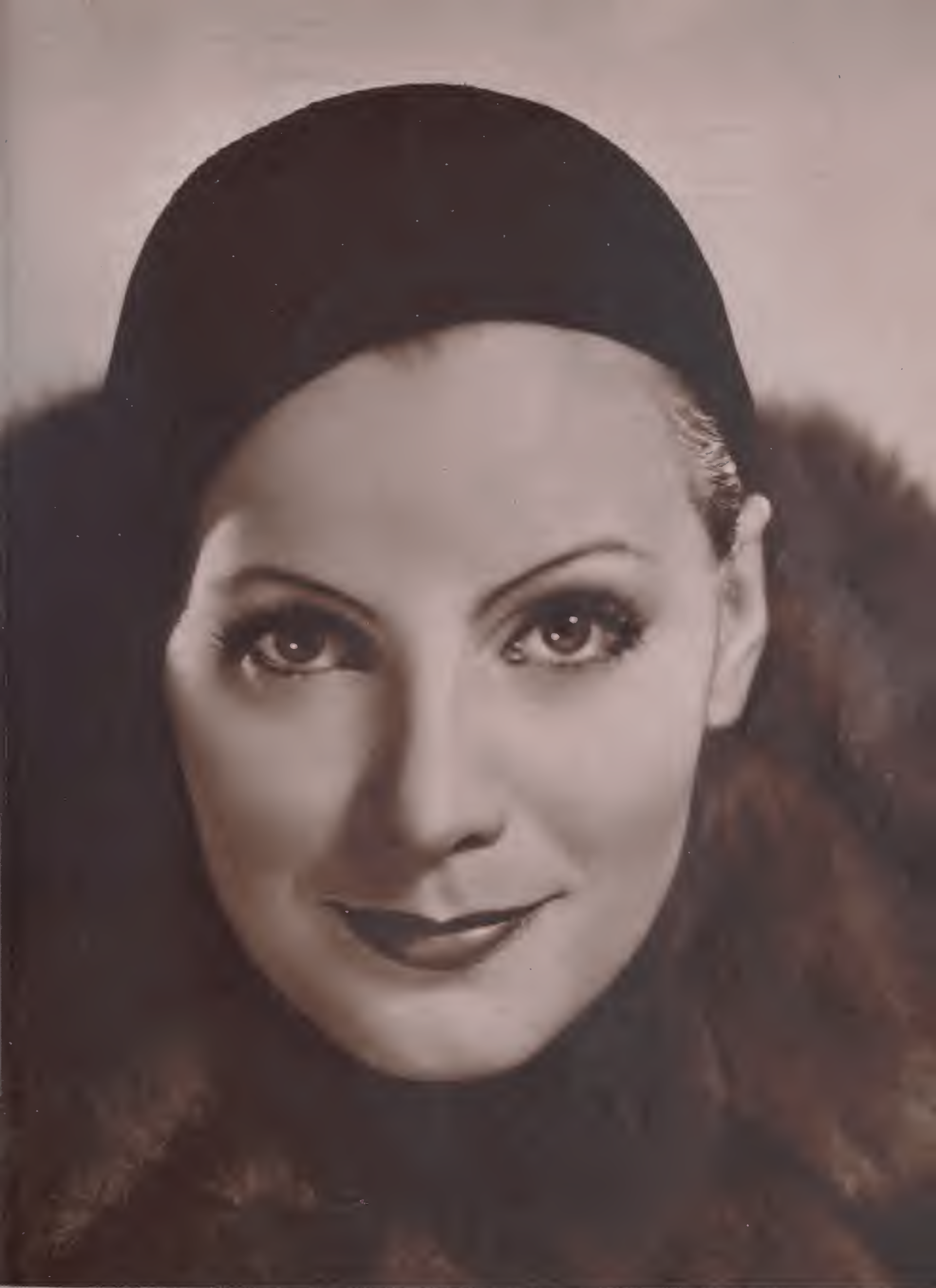
"Self-glorification . . . !!!"

But you'll be wrong!—at least 90 percent wrong. Because there is probably no one in motion pictures who is less vain, less self-concerned, less "the big I am" when it comes to posing for pictures than is Greta Garbo.

There are movie stars whose names spell merely H-E-L-L to a studio portrait photographer when they come in for a sitting. They are harder to handle than a team of runaway horses on a mountainside. They "queen it"; they have a thousand-and-one "you-can't-do-that's" for the poor cameraman; they won't be photographed from what they call their "bad side" or their "bad angle"; they won't co-operate with the photographer; they object to every pose as "silly" or "awkward" or "undignified" or what not—in short, they're terrors. And that doesn't apply to stars alone; it applies to many lesser players.

BUT Greta—what a difference!

There isn't anything Greta won't do, when in the portrait gallery, to effect a good picture. That's axiomatic on the M-G-M lot now. (*Continued on page* 100)



Garbo's favorite portrait of herself. Not that she has ever said so, but Garbo has a print of every photograph taken of her plus every still and numerous snapshots taken by her maid. And of them all she has ordered the most copies of this one. It is beautiful, isn't it?

Here are the MacArthurs, Helen, Baby Mary and Charlie. "I may not make you happy," Charlie promised Helen, "but you'll never be bored"

The Heart of Helen Hayes

Acting Is Only Her Job. The Greatest Thing in Her Life Is Her Husband, and Is Any Woman, Completely in Love, Ever Completely Happy?

By DOROTHY HERZOG

IN Washington, D. C., a scant three decades ago, a Mr. and Mrs. Brown became the proud parents of a baby girl. Unlike other Browns, these named their offspring Helen Hayes. Like the others, perhaps, this Mrs. Brown dreamed her baby growing up to be a great actress. Once, she had had that ambition for herself. It had never been realized. Her child might realize it.

Helen began at eight years when she made her Broadway stage bow with Weber & Fields in "Old Dutch". After this bow she straightened up to find herself a child star. She matured gracefully into a woman star and her mother, who handled all business matters for her, was delighted. With the Barrymores, Helen Hayes is of Broadway's royalty.

Last year she journeyed to Hollywood to prepare for her first motion picture. She made this picture, not with the hauteur of visiting royalty, but with the fear and trepidation of an extra given her first real chance before the camera. That "The Sin of Madelon Claudet" followed by "Arrowsmith" established Helen Hayes among the royalty of the talkies is a miracle that she can scarcely believe even now. Perhaps because she seems to live the unreality of her make-believe profession within herself. Perhaps because her position as an actress is more the realization of her mother's ambitions than her own.

An intriguing person, this Helen Hayes. In appearance, she is average height, slender to the point of being thin, nervous and rather fearful. She is fearful of people, especially large groups of people. Big parties utterly rout her. She seldom touches liquor. She smokes in moderation. She is vaguely interested in clothes. She adores to play backgammon, a game which has succeeded contract bridge in her affections. She is uncomfortable when she talks about herself. To be interviewed is an agony that endures for hours before the interview and subsides on a weary sigh when the interviewer has departed.

HER business and social relations with people of poise and accomplishments and her own success as an actress have not, strangely enough, brought her confidence in herself. There is usually the suggestion of a worried frown between her dark eyes. The sensitive mouth tends to droop rather than to smile. She smiles rarely and when she does it is hurried, as though she is afraid in the midst of it a shadow will engulf her.

There is an old-fashioned quality in Helen Hayes, too, that contrasts oddly with the actress one sees on the stage or in pictures. To her, life is something of a parade of events and demands. Like Garbo, she shrinks from the glamour that is associated with her electric-lighted name. She appears startled by the emotion of admirers and does what she can, without hurting any one's feelings, to elude it and them.

One vital passion dominates her. It isn't acting. Acting is her job. It is her husband, Charlie MacArthur. He is her career. To speak of Helen Hayes and not include Charlie is like reading only half of a mystery story. Charlie is why the sun shines for Helen. He's the exultation of her heartbeat and, as all life is balanced by contrasts, he may sometimes be the sadness, too. This sadness may be among her shadows.

Charlie is an ex-newspaperman, co-playwright of "Lulu Belle" and "Broadway," and a M-G-M scenario writer. He's also a good fellow, a convivial soul, and a bit of a gypsy. He has, to an extraordinary degree, the traits that his wife hasn't. Charlie happened seven years ago at a cocktail tea to which Helen went with tremulous misgivings. She entered the drawing room and sat down on the deserted lounge, clasping cold hands in her lap, a slender, intent little figure who wished she was endless miles away from the din of voices and laughter and people around her.

A YOUNG man stood calmly taking in the hubbub. In one hand, he held a bag of peanuts and with his free hand he cracked shells and ate the prepared goody. Observing the unusual sight of a "wallflower" at a cocktail tea, he strolled over and sat down beside the girl on the lounge.

"Have a peanut?" He was most casual about it.

Helen Hayes regarded him and his bag of peanuts uncertainly. "I—I—" She took a peanut.

He watched her and as she returned his steady regard from eyes harried with confusion, he said, gravely, nodding to the peanuts: "I wish they were emeralds."

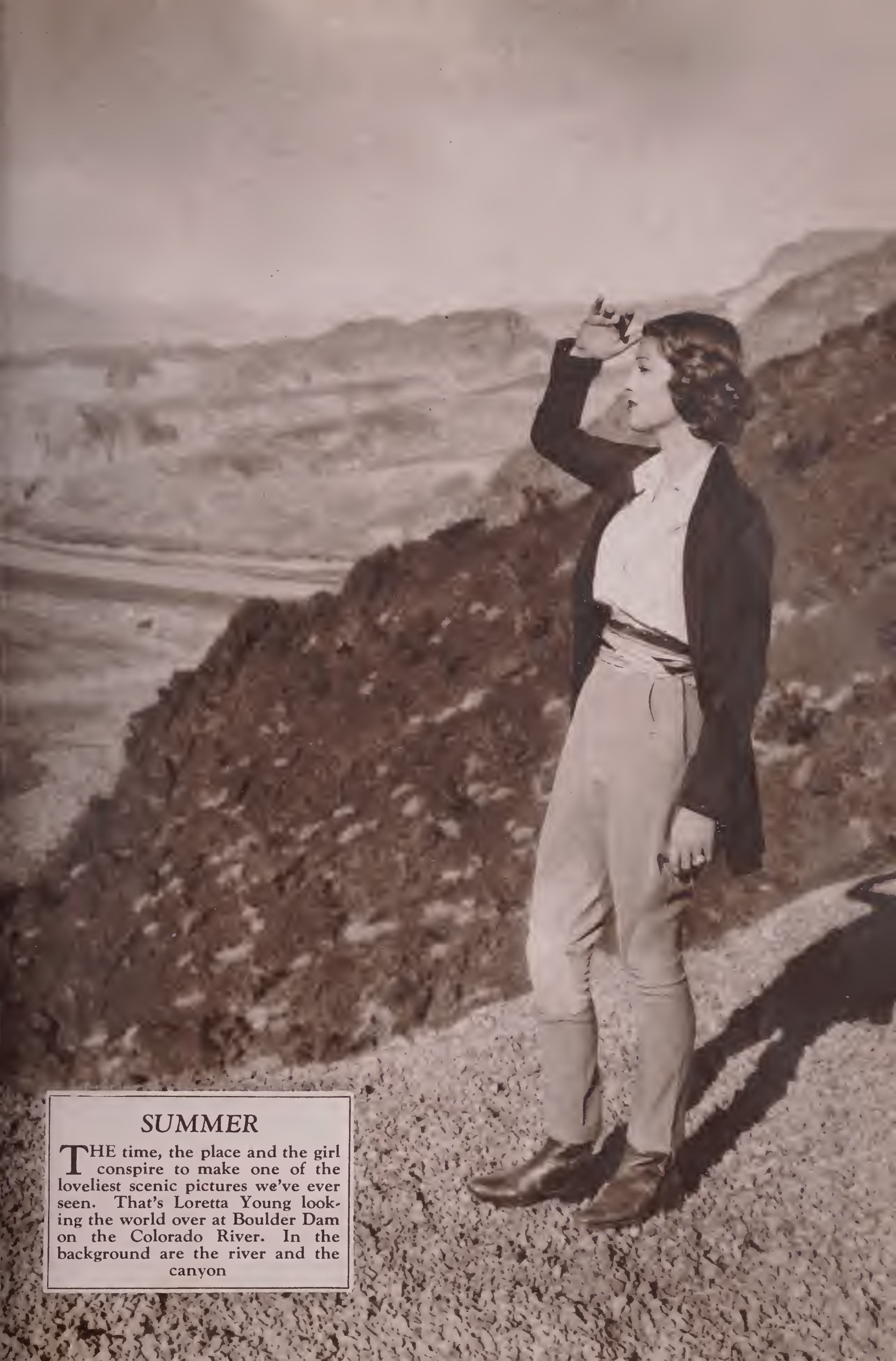
Helen immediately fell headlong in love with her peanut vendor. She had never been in love before and she didn't know the name of the man she was in love with! She learned it before she left, for he told her, promising, in his off-hand way, to call her up sometime.

HE didn't. Charlie knew so many people. He was very much in demand and really grand fun. Helen Hayes may have slipped his mind. But "that young man," as she ecstatically thought of him, didn't slip her mind. She was starring, at the time, in "Antony and Cleopatra." One evening, after the performance, who should amble backstage but "that young man." He was casual and vague and charming and she was enraptured when he complimented her on her performance. (*Cont. on p.* 88)

Now that her Broadway play has closed, Helen Hayes is back in Hollywood. Will she go on to even greater triumphs than "The Sin of Madelon Claudet" and "Arrowsmith"?

SUMMER

SUMMER—a time to be out-of-doors, to be gay and joyous. And do the stars know how to enjoy summer. Do they! Just look at this picture and those on the following pages. That's Bette Davis above watching the surging water beat against the rocks at Del Monte, California

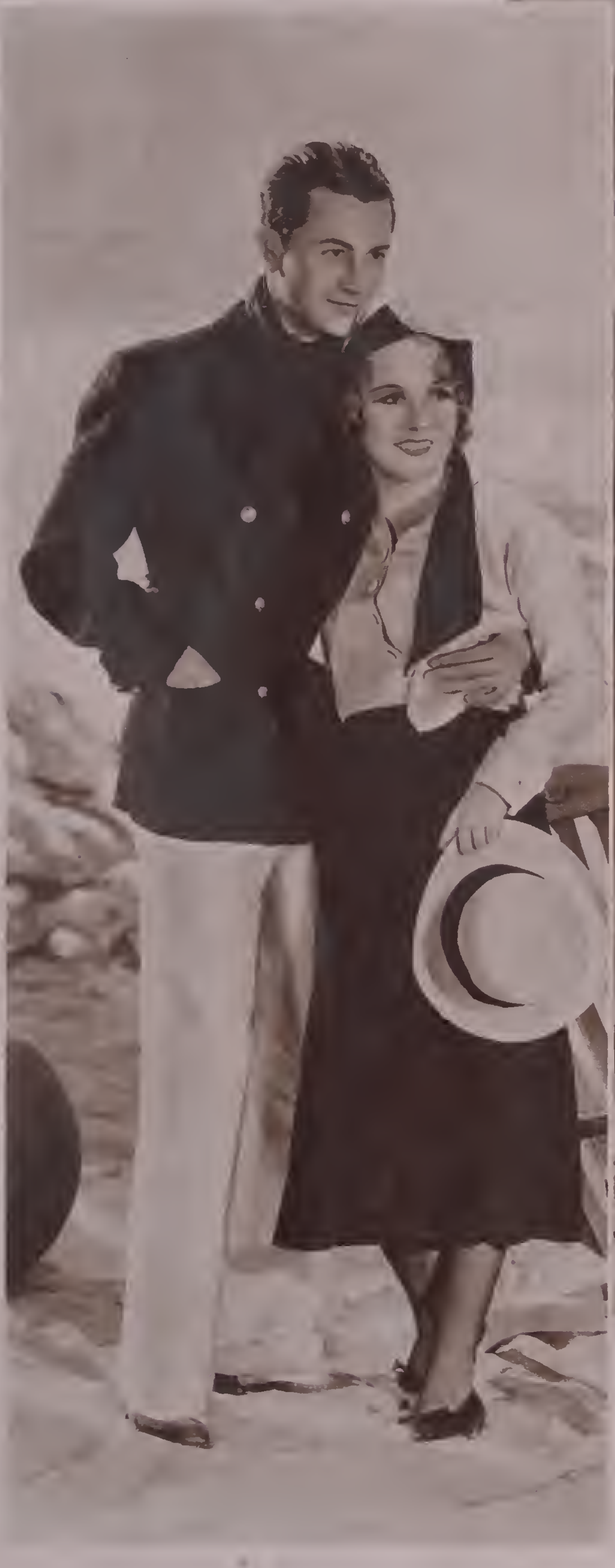


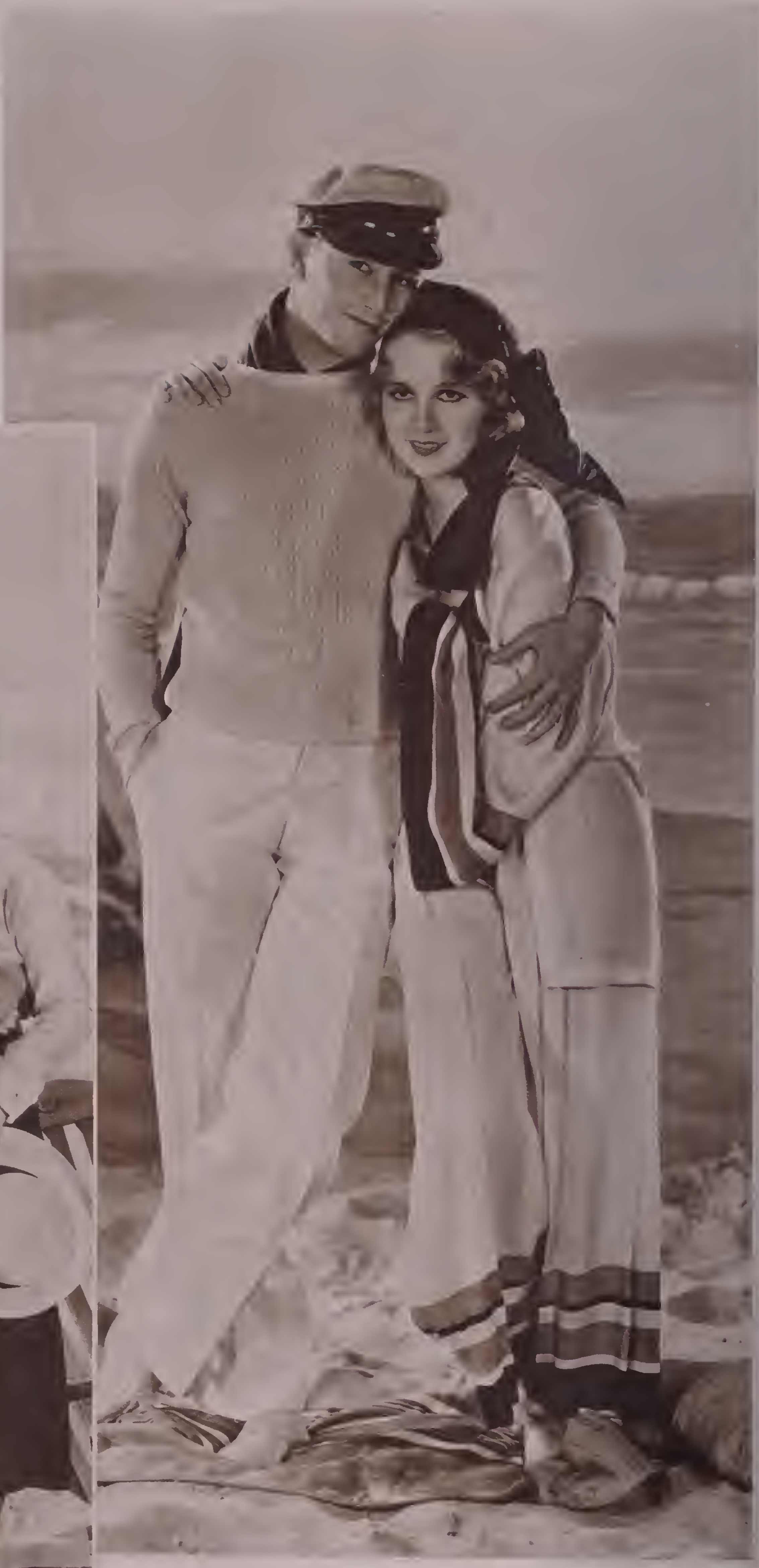
SUMMER

THE time, the place and the girl conspire to make one of the loveliest scenic pictures we've ever seen. That's Loretta Young looking the world over at Boulder Dam on the Colorado River. In the background are the river and the canyon

SUMMER

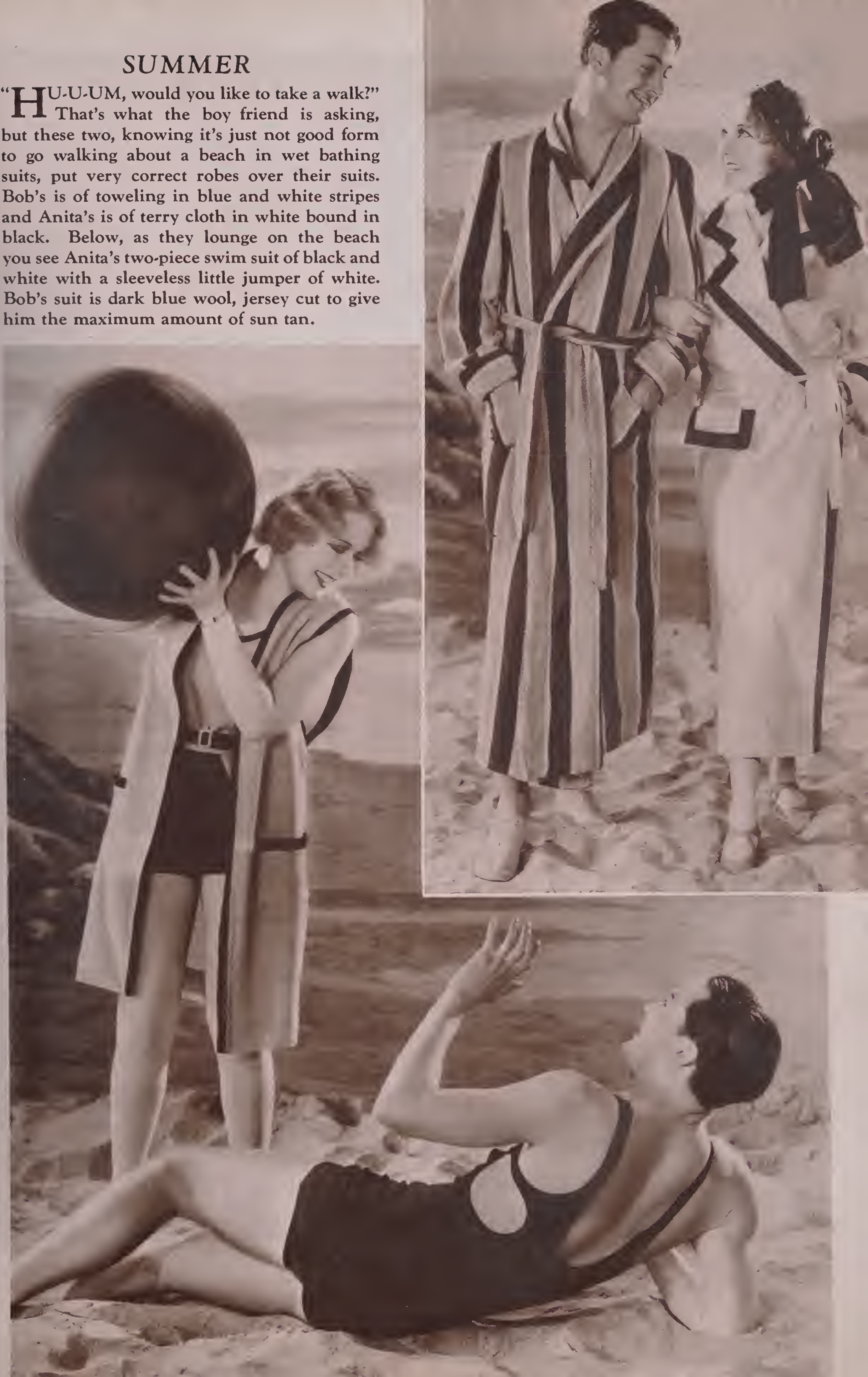
THERE'S nothing like a beach, and a boy and a girl, and a moon in summertime. And for a girl and a boy to be their most attractive, they must be dressed attractively, and beach clothes are more important this summer than ever. They mustn't be fussy but they must be correct. In the picture below, you see Robert Young and Anita Page willingly modeling what a smart young couple should wear down from town to the shore. Nita has a two-piece dress of black and white, a little black and white hat and black oxfords. Bob is very dashing in white flannel slacks, a blue flannel coat and a blue flannel scarf tied high about his neck. As they come out of the locker rooms, Bob changes his coat for a pullover sweater and Anita dons pajamas with a long coat and full pleated pantaloons edged with broad roman stripes.





SUMMER

"HU-U-UM, would you like to take a walk?" That's what the boy friend is asking, but these two, knowing it's just not good form to go walking about a beach in wet bathing suits, put very correct robes over their suits. Bob's is of toweling in blue and white stripes and Anita's is of terry cloth in white bound in black. Below, as they lounge on the beach you see Anita's two-piece swim suit of black and white with a sleeveless little jumper of white. Bob's suit is dark blue wool, jersey cut to give him the maximum amount of sun tan.

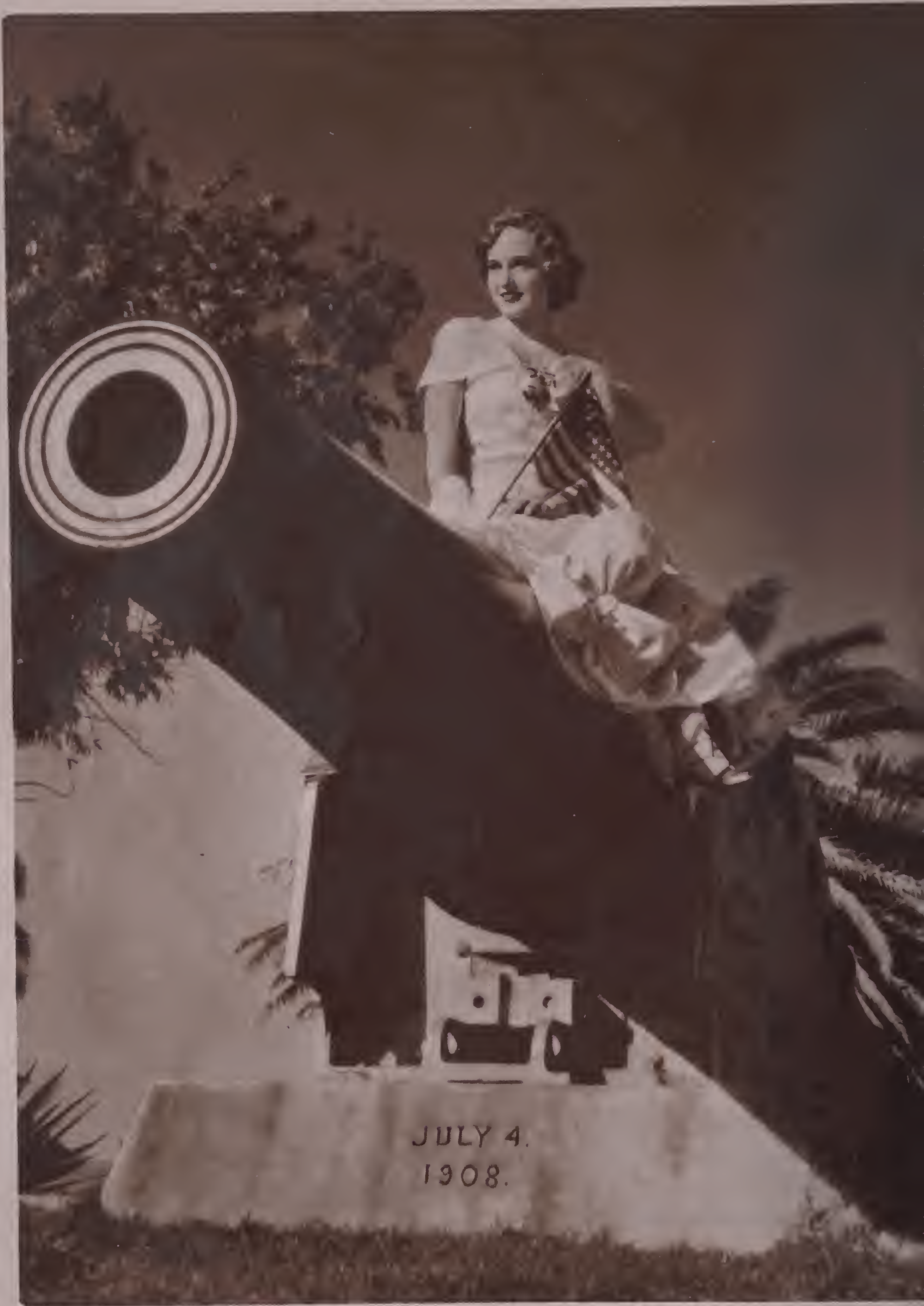


SUMMER

IT'S not only kids who love summer time. Even a big brawny star like George Bancroft responds to the season, gets out the old rod and tackle and the hip boots and goes fishing, forgetting all about such things as "The World and the Flesh"

SUMMER

EVEN an awful hard-boiled guy like this desperado with his gun and his wild, wild horse gets summer in his veins. Dickie Moore may be only six, but he could face all the Warner Brothers in such a mood and shake them down for sodas



SUMMER

The Fourth of July, Madge Evans decided to go out to Hollywood's old Soldier's Home. She perched on a cannon, with peace in her heart and a flag in her hand. Surprise, surprise, there happened to be a camera man around! Cute picture! Cute girl!

SUMMER

This girl, Joan Marsh! Is she in a peck of trouble or just having a barrel of fun? You can see some old meanie stealing her clothes. Maybe the cruel man was merely saying "Precious," Joan's name in "Fancy Free," for which she has been loaned to Fox

Hollywood is a Domestic Town

Says Arline Judge, thereby Upsetting All the Ideas About the Place

By HELEN PADE

IF you want to get married, come to Hollywood. Don't do the old, old stuff of getting into the chorus or show-girl ranks on Broadway.

Arline Judge, one of RKO's fastest rising starlets, beautiful, nineteen, and full of pep and pulchritude, who recently became the bride of Wesley Ruggles, famous film director, gives that advice.

"Believe it or not, baby, the film colony beats all the world for turning love affairs into real, sure-enough marriages, with orange blossoms, the Mendelssohn theme song, and all the other fancy trappings. Wicked Hollywood is mushy, sentimental, and basically domestic. A girl doesn't dare fall in love out here, for before she knows it, she's facing a minister with some wealthy, handsome, and influential suitor at her side. Before she recovers from the shock, she's buying furniture at Barker Brothers, and learning to teach her cook how to cook."

Arline herself didn't become Mrs. Wesley Ruggles for any other reason than that she fell head-over-heels in love with the handsome and talented director. She didn't need diamonds, furs, Rolls-Royces, charge-accounts, or even a pull in pictures. The Bridgeport, Connecticut, Judges are a wealthy family. When Arline left college at New Rochelle to go into a show with her dancing teacher, the late, famous Jack Donahue, she sought a career, and left several diamond-set marriages in the lurch.

Neither had marriage a thing to do with her professional success. In one short year she clicked on Broadway. When she introduced the song hit, "Sing Something Simple," in "The Second Little Show," that inveterate fan and one-time writer of musical comedies, William LeBaron, now movie producer, tossed her a film test and then a talkie contract.

It was LeBaron who urged Ruggles to give Arline the big feminine part in "Are These Our Children?" The producer unwittingly played Cupid, for Wesley and Arline became engaged while making the picture, and wedding bells rang shortly after.

Arline isn't the girl the poet meant when he wrote: "Love is to man's life a thing apart; 'tis woman's whole existence." Marriage surprised her. She's glad she did it. But it is not going to absorb her career. Just like the man in the poem, she is going to keep her career and her love separate.

"I'm going right on in pictures," Arline declares. "I'm going to make Wes proud of me as an actress—but not in pictures he directs. I don't think sentiment and talkies mix. For one reason, I'm too much in love with Wes to take direction from him. I'd feel hurt if he scolded me, and a director should be able to talk to an actress like a football coach talks to his team. Now I ask you, what wife is going to take that, even if the show *must* go on?"

It is for Ruggles' good as well as her own, Arline believes, that she is not to play in any of his pictures.

Arline Judge, witty and wise, out of the chorus via Broadway, is one of Radio's most promising starlets. She has youth, beauty and—well, look for yourself

Arline and the man she married, Wesley Ruggles, the famous director. And was the girl surprised? She hadn't meant to fall in love. "But nobody was ever mushier than I was about marriage when it actually happened to me," she confesses

She doesn't want him to have the handicap of a wife in his film casts. Ruggles gallantly declares that having Arline in the cast isn't a handicap to any director, but she retorts: "It is if he cares for me, baby."

A director may be in danger of marrying his leading woman, according to Arline, but she doesn't think there is such an attraction between romantic leads in pictures.

"Kissing your leading man to order is a kind of inoculation against the wedding bug that seems to be so prevalent out here in Hollywood," she says. "Love scenes as described in the script, and supervised by the director, the cameraman, and the chief electrician aren't nearly so dangerous to the principals as I used to think they'd be when I watched the catch-weight clinches on the screen."

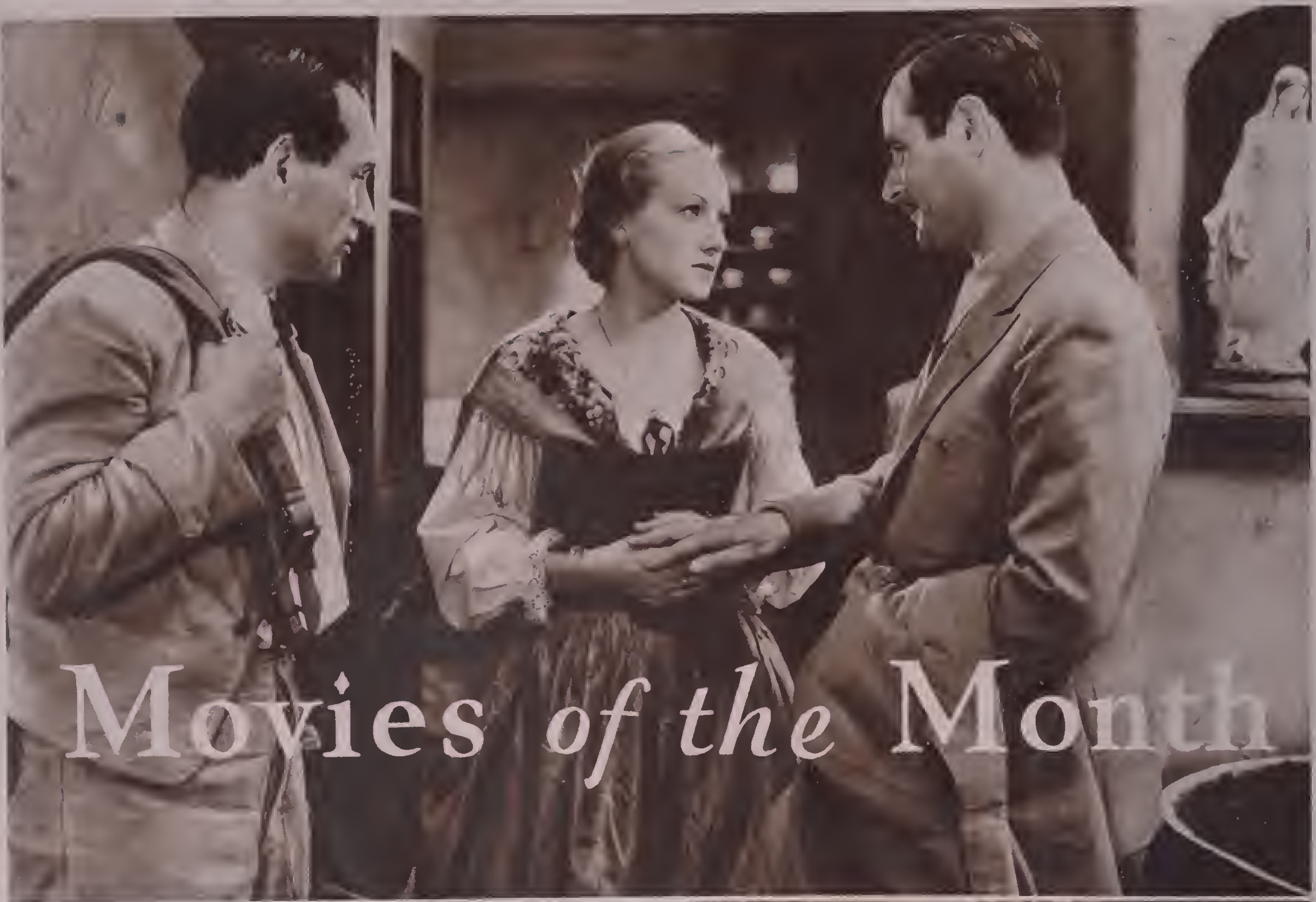
In support of this theory, she points out the fact that very few of the noted romantic teams of the screen have wedded each other.

"I have been out here two years, and during that time it seems to me that every unmarried celebrity in pictures has found some other unmarried person and led him—or her—up to the altar," Arline comments. "The natives tell me that this is unusual, but so is the California weather. What is a poor little girl from the Great White Way to believe?

"My theory about movie marriages is that people in Hollywood have been playing so much sophisticated stuff for their pictures, they rebound toward the domestic and the respectable in their private lives. If they begin to film pure and simple pictures once more, who knows? Hollywood may become as wicked as Chicago, Tampa, or even Kalamazoo!

"Then again, the big shots here can afford to marry; at least to marry each other. If the romance doesn't stay jelled, they can always say goodbye like good clean amateur sportsmen; that is, they don't care who won, don't worry about broken dishes, and don't tinge the affair with professionalism by asking for alimony."

Arline is the sort of young woman whose screen allure will not suffer from marriage and its accompanying publicity. Smiling, witty, vivacious; a petite five-foot-two of definite personality and *(Continued on page 95)*



Movies of the Month

If you're fed up on the usual movie fare, you'll find a picture that's "different" in "The Doomed Battalion," in which Tala Birell makes her début

By HARRY LANG

(Check ✓ for the good pictures. Double check ✓✓ for the extraordinary ones that you shouldn't miss.)

AFTER a complete cycle of gangster pictures, Hollywood turned to mystery and horror plots, and then to stories which concerned physicians. It got so you couldn't go to see a picture without a clinical scene popping somewhere in it. Now the current cycle concerns lawyers. It started off with a bang last month with "The Mouthpiece," which is a whale of a good picture. And it goes on this month with "State's Attorney," which is another humdinger. If they make cycle pictures as good as this, we won't be able to stay away from them.

But just in case you want something different, look at the other outstanding pictures offered you this month. For beautiful scenery and wonderful camera work: "The Doomed Battalion," (Reviewed in "Hot News"). For heart throbs and sophistication: "Letty Lynton." For mystery and thrills: "The Trial of Vivienne Ware."

✓ A Successful Calamity (Warner Bros.)

You'll See: *George Arliss, Mary Astor, Evalyn Knapp, Hardie Albright, Hale Hamilton, Richard Tucker.*

It's About: *A great financier who, to retain his loved home-life, tells his family he's ruined—and what the consequences do to his business success.*

Mister Arliss must have been reading, here and there,

"The Strange Love of Molly Louvain" is the picture that made Ann Dvorak and Leslie Fenton fall in love, but as a film it's not much above the average

There are a few scenes in "When a Feller Needs a Friend" which are really outstanding, but for the rest it isn't up to the standard we've been led to expect from Jackie Cooper's pictures

What a swell show "Letty Lynton" is, and what grand performances Joan Crawford and Nils Asther give in it! If you're not too unsophisticated, you'll like it

that he's a great actor. He must have taken it to heart. Because, in this picture, Mister Arliss does more "acting" than in any other picture this reviewer can recall. On whether or not you prefer Mister Arliss the actor, or Arliss the artist, depends whether or not you'll think so much of this picture.

It runs true to the Arliss formula, in that there's no sex, melodrama, things like that. It has whimsicalities, bright humor spots, amusing dialogue, a gentle story that never gets anywhere near beyond control. The story bears a certain amount of resemblance to Arliss' previous hit, "The Millionaire." A multi-millionaire gets tired of his family's gadding about. He tells them he's broke in order to see how they'll take it. Of course, you know from the beginning what's going to happen. And it does.

Hardie Albright does a nice bit of characterization. Mary Astor, in her first big rôle in quite a while, turns in a lovable characterization herself. As for Arliss—well, the man can act. And does.

Cora Sue Collins, the new kid wonder, steals "The Strange Case of Clara Deane" from Wynne Gibson. The picture's entertaining, but too much of a carbon copy of "The Sin of Madelon Claudet"

The Strange Love of Molly Louvain (Warners)

You'll See: *Ann Dvorak, Leslie Fenton, Lee Tracy, Richard Cromwell, Charles Middleton, Guy Kibbee.*

It's About: *The assorted love-adventures of a small-town maid, who learns about men from men, before she makes up her mind which one's the one.*

Letting you in on a secret: here's what led to the Ann Dvorak-Leslie Fenton marriage. This picture is what did it. They worked together in this as lovers, and liked it so well they decided they'd work at the same thing off screen, too. So if you want to see a marriage in the making, see this

"The Trial of Vivienne Ware," with Joan Bennett, is a swell courtroom picture, because it's got speed and zip

As a picture, it's just another movie, lifted a little above the average by the screen work of Ann and (sorry we can't say her hubby-to-be) Lee Tracy. Not that Fenton isn't good—but he's got one of those parts (you know, the dirty-dog rôle he always plays) that makes it tough to like him.

Ann's the girl who, after a misadventure in love, takes up with Fenton the racketeer, and thereby gets into a jam. Lee Tracy, doing a swell job as a snappy-talking reporter, is the lad who gets her out of it and falls for her while he's doing it.

(P. S.—Theater marquees will probably have to condense the title of this to "S Love of M Louvain.")

✓ The Strange Case of Clara Deane (Paramount)

You'll See: *Wynne Gibson, Frances Dee, Pat O'Brien, Dudley Digges, Russell Gleason, Florence Britton, little Cora Sue Collins.*

It's About: *A mother spends twenty years in prison, comes out to find her daughter happy and unaware of the disgrace—so the mother sacrifices herself to preserve the girl's happiness.*

Probably you'll say, after you've seen this: "Huh, just another 'Sin of Madelon Claudet,' eh?!" And probably you won't be so far wrong. The themes of the two are parallel. But whether Wynne Gibson's acting, splendid as it is, can come up to the magnificent work Helen Hayes did in "Claudet" is something else again. It's inevitable that comparisons will be made. And it's too bad for Wynne that she had to stack up against a star like Hayes.

The story tells of a woman who is torn away from her baby daughter, sent to prison for a crime of which she's innocent. The child is adopted, kept in ignorance of her mother's fate, falls in love. When the mother is freed, the girl is about to be married. There's a gulp for you in the closing scene—the mother fitting a dress on her daughter in a dress shop, the daughter unaware of her identity.

Though you know what's going to happen in "The Information Kid," you'll like the acting of Tom Brown and Maureen O'Sullivan

"The World and the Flesh," with Miriam Hopkins and George Bancroft, is a story of the Russian Revolution

One of the big spots of the whole picture, by the way, is stolen by tiny Cora Sue Collins, in the sequence where the mother is arrested. Odd, isn't it, how many "big scenes" are going to children in recent pictures?

✓✓ Letty Lynton (M-G-M)

You'll See: *Joan Crawford, Robert Montgomery, Nils Asther, May Robson, Louise Closser Hale, Lewis Stone.*

It's About: *What happens in the tangled life of a modern girl when real love suddenly appears and dispossesses the other kind that's been in her life. Sex, melodrama, happy ending.*

"State's Attorney" is one swell picture, and John Barrymore barrymores all over the place in it, to your great delight

Whoopee! Joan Blondell proves that she deserves stardom in "Miss Pinkerton," a grand mystery thriller

Joan and Bob team up in a swell show—and neither Crawford fans nor Montgomery fans will find much of anything to kick about. Oh, yes—it's a sophisticated thing; the sort of thing Joan's been doing a lot of, lately. But as long as you like her in these yarns, M-G-M'll continue giving you that kind of Crawford.

The story, briefly (as in the novel) is about a girl who flees to South America to escape unhappiness at home. There she falls for a Latin-American sheik warmly played by Nils Asther (what a Latin that Scandinavian is!). But it's all sex, and so when the real love (Montgomery) enters her life, there's trouble in the offing—which is neatly remedied by a glass of champagne with some poison in it. And there you are.

You've a right to expect, reading that supporting cast, some swell performances. Seeing that Clarence Brown directed, you've a right to expect much in that line, too. You'll not be disappointed. If you're over childhood, mentally, you'll enjoy "Letty Lynton."

"Two Seconds" has an interesting idea, but except for a confirmed Robinson fan, it has too many close-ups of Edward G. Robinson

When a Feller Needs a Friend (M-G-M)

You'll See: *Jackie Cooper, Chic Sale, Dorothy Peterson.*

It's About: *The bitter trials of a young lame boy, and how he learns to overcome them through the misunderstood help of his doddering old uncle.*

When you see a Jackie Cooper film advertised, you expect a

"The Rider of Death Valley," Tom Mix's second talkie, is more than just another Western, for it packs a great, big wallop, and Tom and Tony are simply grand in it

James Cagney plays a tough mugg of a prize fighter in "Winner Take All," which has some swell high spots but not enough suspense to keep your interest hot

In spite of Elissa Landi's trouping and Neil Hamilton's efforts to make the picture live, "The Woman in Room 13" is just another movie

swell show. You expect it because, heretofore, Jackie Cooper pictures have been swell shows. This time, you're going to go away feeling more or less disappointed—and nobody could hate to say that as much as this reviewer. And if it means anything to you at all, this reviewer will go further and announce that he's more than a little bit peeved at the people who are doing to Jackie Cooper what's being done to him in this overly sentimental picture.

"When a Feller . . . etc." is trite in its story, insincere in its telling of that story. Only once—when Jackie does a smiling-through-the-tears sequence, is the picture fine. For the rest, it's too obvious an attempt to jerk tears out of you, and you'll probably resent it. Jackie's greatest charm, up to now, has been his "naturalness"; in this, he's too much a "kid actor."

Chic Sale, with his chin whiskers and specs, does his usual excellent old-man characterization, and is best when not maudlin. As for the rest of the cast, they do what they can with sappy dialogue and "hokummy" situations.

"When a Feller Needs a Friend" is just another picture. And you'd preserve a much better idea of Jackie Cooper if you happen not to see it.

✓✓ The Trial of Vivienne Ware (Fox)

You'll See: *Joan Bennett, Don Cook, ZaSu Pitts, Skeets Gallagher, Allan Dinehart, Lilian Bond.*

It's About: *A murder mystery that stays a mystery until it's sensationally solved right in the courtroom where the beautiful young suspect is battling for her life.*

Z-z-z-z-zip . . . ! ! !

—that's how this one moves! Speed?—it's got more speed than a campus cutie. And just as many thrills. When they assigned Director Bill Howard to shoot it, they told him to make it move fast. He did! —so fast that when he was done, they had to shoot another reel of added scenes to slow it down enough so you could see what was going on. Honest!

The result is one of the finest, fastest, excitingest mystery-melodramas that's ever flashed on your screen. And if you don't agree with that after you've seen it, sue me!

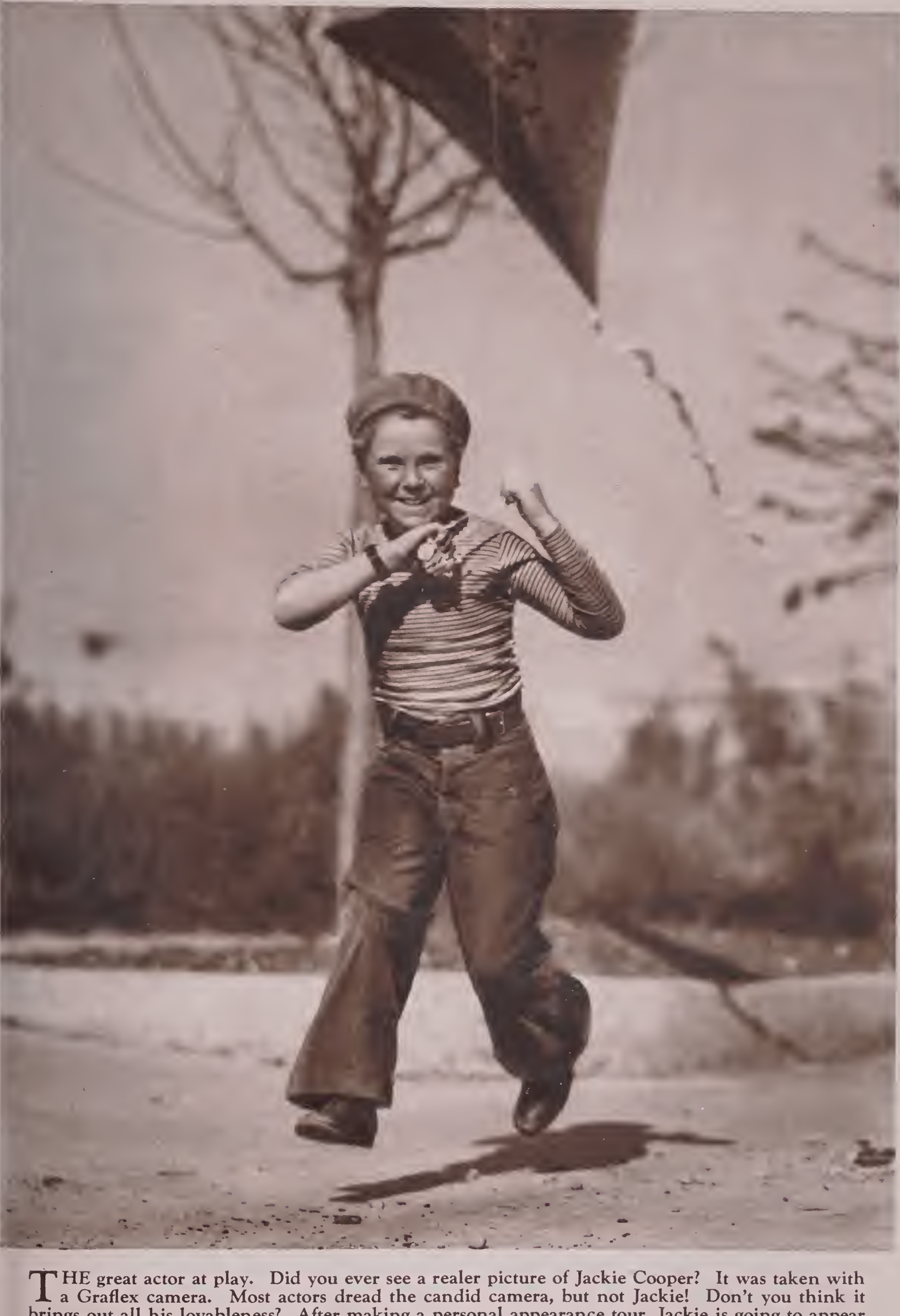
The cast is a knockout—from top to bottom. Joan Bennett's never been lovelier. Don Cook's refreshingly real. Skeets Gallagher, as "Graham McNally" who broadcasts a murder trial à la Winchell, is a wow, and so's ZaSu Pitts. What a howl when she interviews the girl in jail. Wait and see! Swell shot: Lilian Bond on the witness stand, feeling herself being entrapped.

Could rave a lot more—but let it go with this: if any picture rates one of Movie Mirror's double-checks, this does!

The Information Kid (Universal)

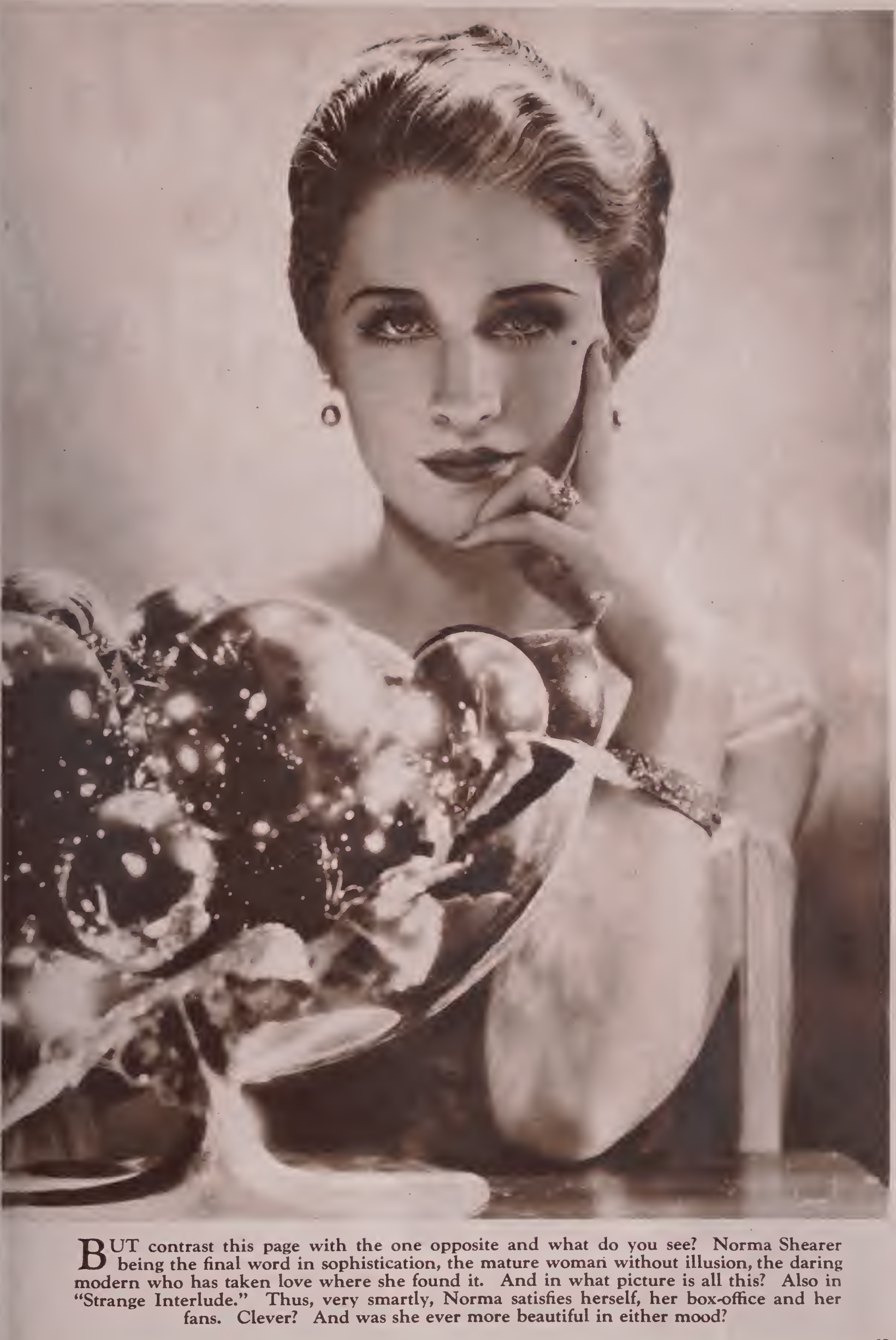
You'll See: *James Gleason, Tom Brown, Maureen O'Sullivan, Andy Devine, Mickey Rooney.*

It's About: *The crooked jockey, who goes straight when Love comes into his life.* (*Continued on page* 102)



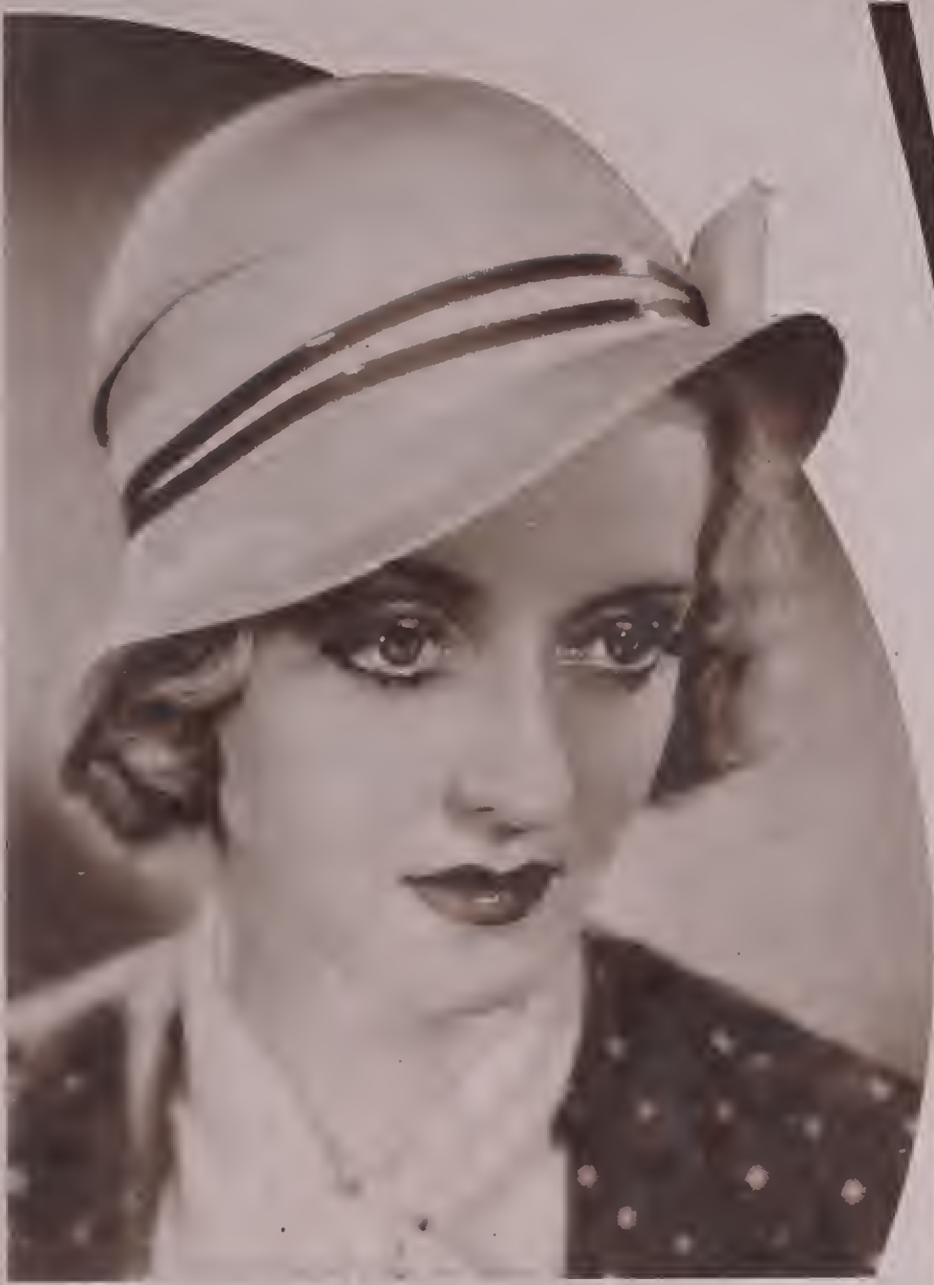
THE great actor at play. Did you ever see a realer picture of Jackie Cooper? It was taken with a Graflex camera. Most actors dread the candid camera, but not Jackie! Don't you think it brings out all his lovableness? After making a personal appearance tour, Jackie is going to appear in another picture with Wallace Beery, with whom he made "The Champ"

LOOK at this Shearer girl! Isn't she marvelous? Fans have been clamoring for Norma to be her old sweet self. Norma prefers being sophisticated on the screen. The box-office has said okay when she appeared in such modern dramas as "Strangers May Kiss" and "A Free Soul." Still people were asking her to act naïve. So up above you see her being her old sweet self in "Strange Interlude"

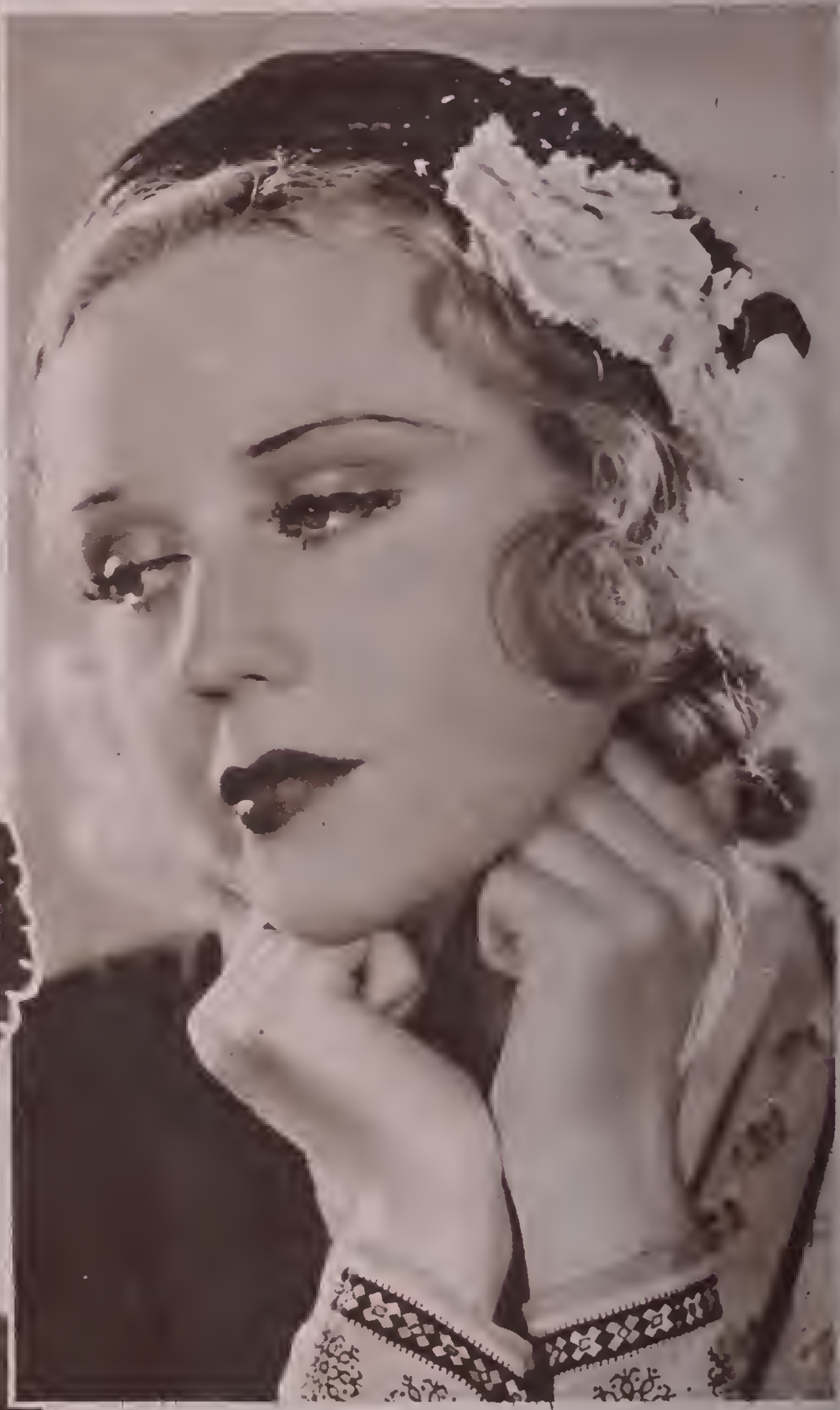


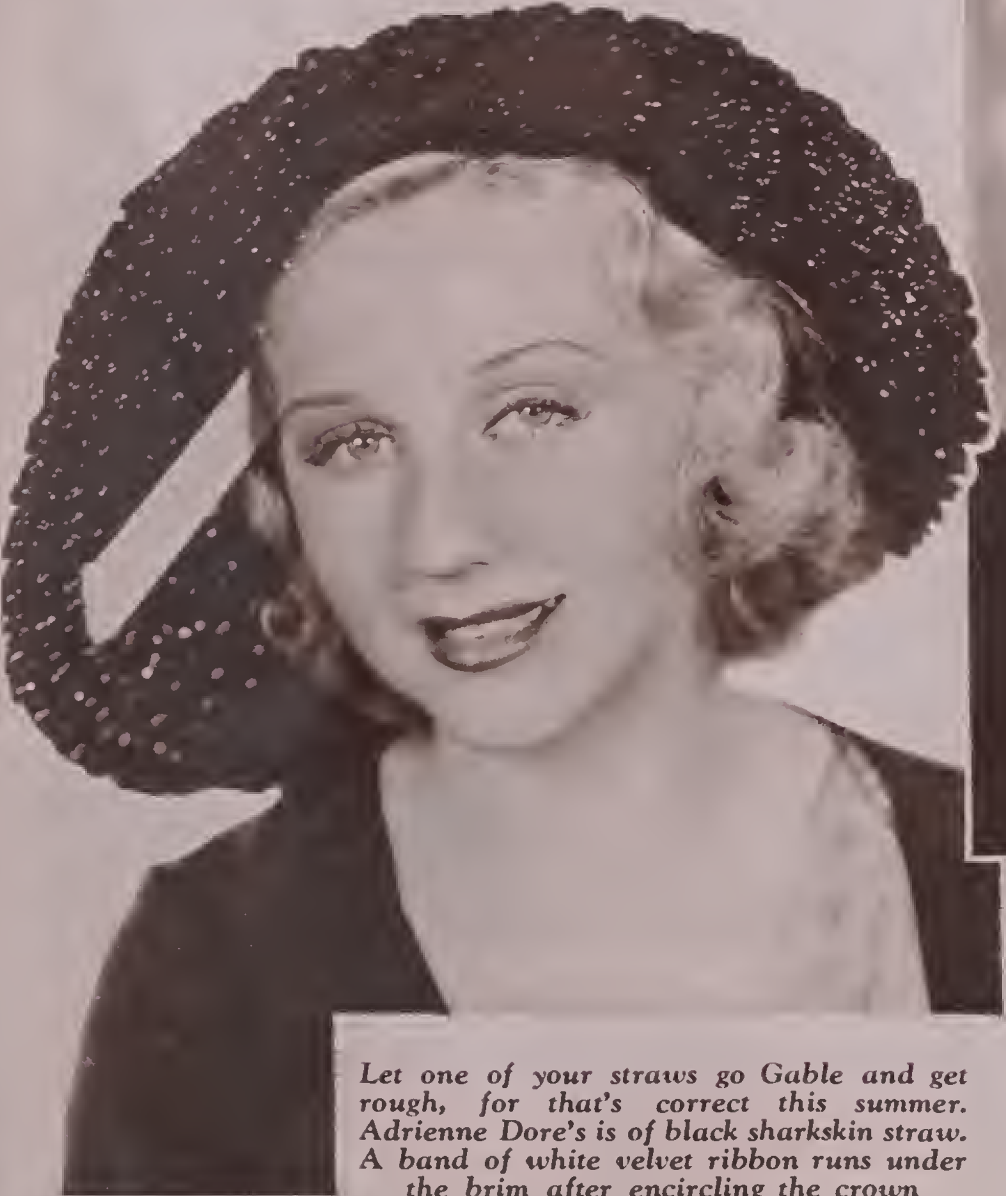
BUT contrast this page with the one opposite and what do you see? Norma Shearer being the final word in sophistication, the mature woman without illusion, the daring modern who has taken love where she found it. And in what picture is all this? Also in "Strange Interlude." Thus, very smartly, Norma satisfies herself, her box-office and her fans. Clever? And was she ever more beautiful in either mood?

High Hats!



Bette Davis wears a tip-tilted brimmed hat of finest white panama banded with blue and white, a pet of a hat for sportswear

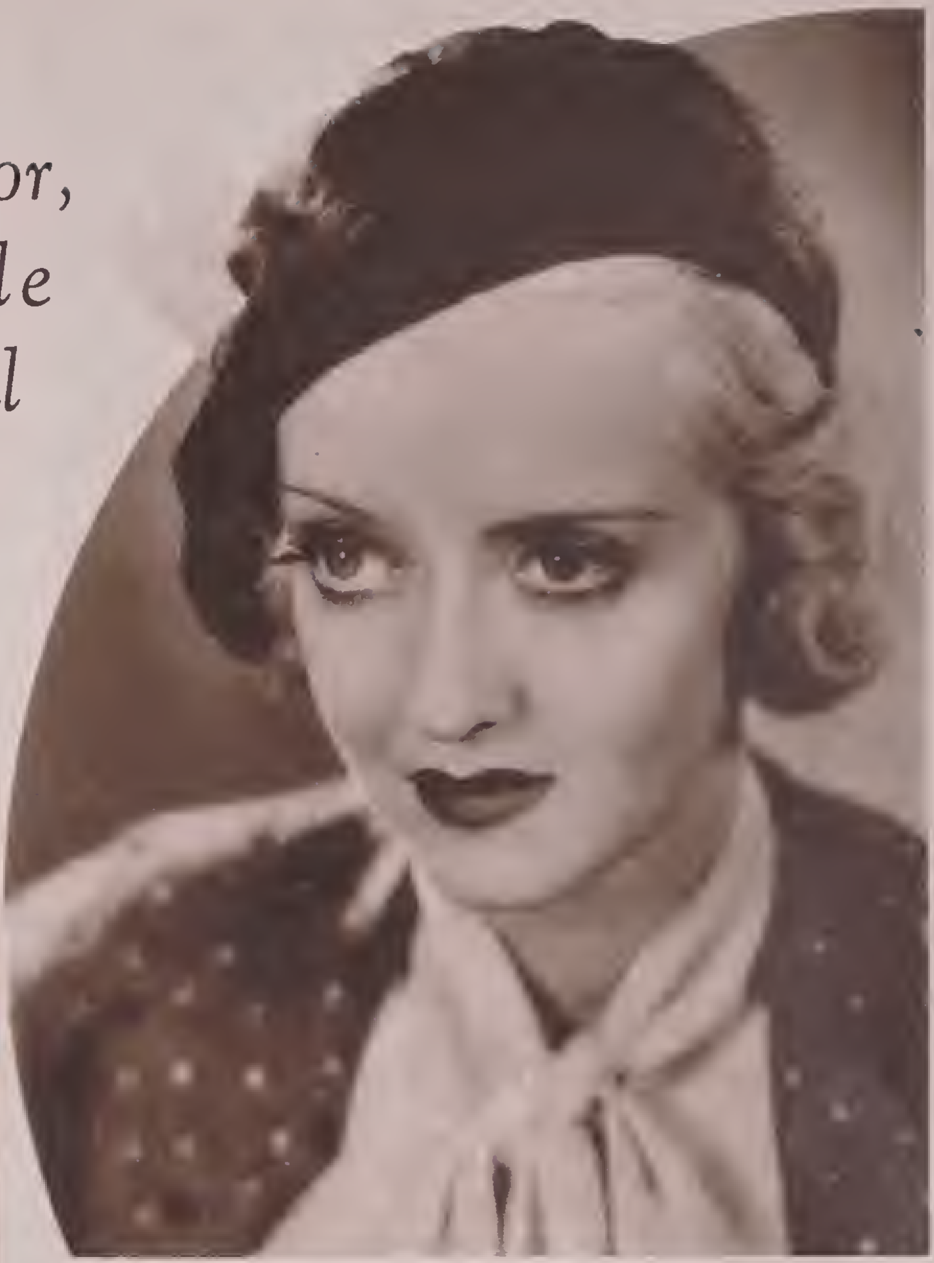




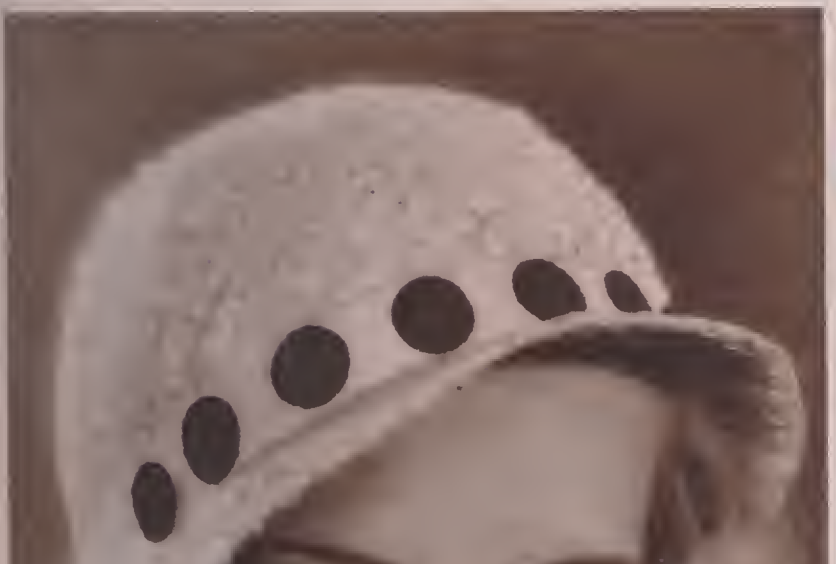
Let one of your straws go Gable and get rough, for that's correct this summer. Adrienne Dore's is of black sharkskin straw. A band of white velvet ribbon runs under the brim after encircling the crown

Somewhere in your hat wardrobe you've got to have a tiny, half off-the-head chapeau trimmed with flowers. And you simply must have your hair as softly dressed as Adrienne Dore has hers in order to wear these little lids correctly. In fact, hair is most important in its relationship to hats this season and if you are really chic there just is no having a hat that you can put on at any time no matter how you look! Every hair has simply got to be in place! Yep, it's a nuisance but that's orders! Anyhow, it means prosperity for the hairdressers

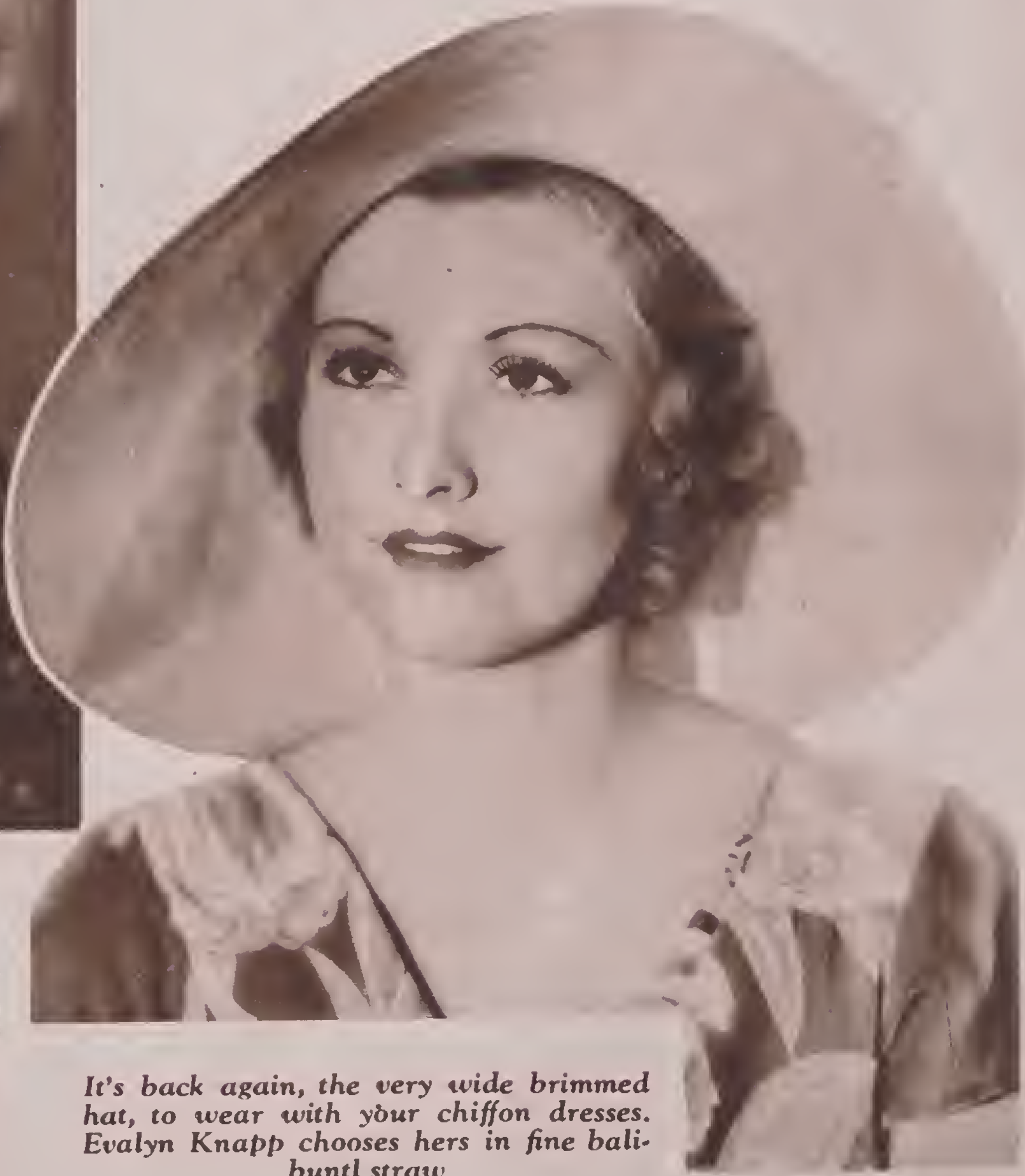
High in Fashion's Favor, We Mean, Six Little Hats Which Make Ideal Headgear for a Smart Summertime Girl



Every season it's the berets in the hat world, for berets never go "out." A smart girl has at least one always. This fine brown Milan straw makes Bette Davis look even lovelier



For sportswear, a white hat of crochet trimmed with a band of white ribbon with big coin dots in scarlet. Very cute and very practical, since the hat can be laundered and never lose its snappy lines. All hats with brims should be pulled down over the left eye this season. Just plain flat brims should be avoided. The feminine note should be carefully stressed. And remember, people notice hats and shoes before they notice dresses. So if your clothes allowance is limited, spend money on your head and your feet



It's back again, the very wide brimmed hat, to wear with your chiffon dresses. Evalyn Knapp chooses hers in fine balibuntl straw

Wally Beery says this pretty girl is "the best wife in Hollywood, bar none." He ought to know. She's Mrs. Wally Beery with little Carol Anne, one of their three adopted children

Me, My Life and I

Concluding Wallace Beery's Life Story as told to Edward Churchill

Is this a corn-fed kid? It's Wally back on the farm and aged fourteen

Wally Beery, youngest son of a Kansas City cop, didn't bother to finish school when he heard adventure and the circus calling him. He played nursemaid to a troupe of elephants, learned the racket of the road, drifted to New York, became a chorus boy and gradually got ahead in musical comedies. The summer of 1913 found him without an engagement or a cent. So he tried pictures at the old Tannhauser Studio, was seen by some scouts for Essanay in Chicago, who offered him $75 a week every week. Wally fell—for the contract—and for a little girl he met at the studio. Her name was Gloria Swanson.

IT was a darned sweet love I felt for Gloria. I'd never cared for any girl when I lived in Kansas City or in Leavenworth, or when I was training elephants with the circus, or when I was on Broadway. Dames were just dames to me.

I was slow, I guess. Love never hit me with a bang—it sort of grew on me.

I guess it was the kind of a love a clerk and a shopgirl would have, with everything sort of hazy and rose-colored.

We were working together at Essanay in the daytime, and I was making a picture every six days—fifty-two a year. There were two sets of comedies, "Swedies," and the George Ade fables.

At this time, Gloria was young and sweet and lovely.

I was young, but not so sweet and lovely.

Of course, you mustn't get the cracked idea that I was loafing on the job, making only one picture a week. When I wasn't busy as the Swede or in the Ade comics, some of which I directed myself, I did character parts, heavies and such feature length stuff with Bushman, Bayne and Washburn, the Essanay big shots.

When work was finally done, Gloria and I would go racing out along the lake front in my car or go bathing at the Wilson avenue beach, or go to shows. We were together most of the time, and I guess there are thousands of Chicagoans who, to this day, remember Gloria and me leaning way back in the bucket seats of that old speedster of mine.

In 1914, my salary was boosted to $100 a week and in 1915, before I came to the coast, it jumped another twenty-five bucks. On the stage, I never had made more than $75 a week, and I was pleased with myself. I never returned to the stage.

In 1915, Essanay sent me out to Niles, California, as a director. Niles is about twenty-five miles out of Oakland, and Essanay figured it was a good country for westerns. Broncho Billy directed the big company and I directed those who were left over, including Vic Potel, now a Swede comic; Lloyd Bacon, the director, Ethel Clayton, who is still in pictures, and Ben Turpin, once the funniest fellow on the screen, whom you see doing bits today.

I had been at Niles three months when everything went haywire, and I came to Los Angeles out of a job. I was lonesome as a pup. Gloria and her mother came west. Then I went to work with Keystone at $125 a week, and soon got Gloria a job as an extra. Later, she got $75 a week. With Keystone at that time were Mack Sennett, Charlie Murray, now at Universal, Mabel Normand, destined for fame and tragedy, Ford Sterling, Marie Prevost, now with Metro, same as I am, Charlie Chaplin and Eddie Foy.

GLORIA and I worked and played together, just as in Chicago, and we fell more and more in love with each other. I had brought the old yellow Mercer along, and we saw Southern California from it.

I can say that at that time I did not see, in Gloria, a potential star—one of the greatest the business ever has known.

Furthermore, a lot of wise guys have insisted, in cracking at Gloria, that she married me because she was sure that I could do her a lot of good in motion pictures. That's bunk! I was just a ham comedian who had enough drag to help her get a small job.

It was understood by this time that we would marry.

The kindly, tolerant, wise Wally Beery of today. Two years ago he could have retired with a million. The market got him and now he's starting all over again. Sore? "I've climbed along and I have a swell time," declares Wally, "and I'm not saying a word"

Shortly before this event, I sent for pa and ma and Willie and they all came out here. Bill went to work. Noah was still knocking 'em dead in the east, making good money. He had married Margaret Lindsay, and had a baby boy. That boy's now nineteen.

Marie Dressler, God bless her, with whom I was to share the fame of today, had just finished "Tillie's Punctured Romance." The only trouble with this picture, as far as she was concerned, was that although she was billed big, there was this young English fellow, Chaplin, opposite her. He stole the show. Maybe you've heard of him.

Gloria and I were married early in 1916. We lived happily together for almost two years. We were divorced late in 1917. The end came abruptly—quickly as a thunderstorm. The thing wasn't planned. Our love didn't cool off slowly. Everything happened all of a sudden.

One day we fought. We separated. We sulked like a couple of kids. We are both naturally stubborn. We wouldn't speak.

THAT'S how it ended. Fast as an airplane crash.

To prove that Gloria didn't have to marry me to make herself a success, as is often contended, remember that she was getting $75 a week before we were married. She already had her chance to make good.

I won't fix the blame for the sudden ending. I'll just say that our row was brought

(*Continued on page 96*)

Speak *for* Yourself

Dolores Del Rio, Radio star, waves a greeting to her fans

Letters from Our Readers

THE $20 LETTER

What the Movies Did for Two Girls

My sister and I are very, very grateful to the Movies.

When she was seventeen and I was fifteen, we lived in a small "hick town," and were popular enough there. But—we moved to a large city. There everything was wrong. We were never invited out anywhere because our dresses were terrible. Our eyebrows were bushy. We did not know how to wear cosmetics. Our hair was stringy and ill kept. Our shoes were impossible. We were awkward and self-conscious.

We went to our first show and continued to go to a show every week, and found our salvation.

From knowledge gained from those movies we fixed our hair to suit our own type. We plucked our eyebrows. We copied dresses as nearly as possible.

We bought movie magazines and studied the make-up problem. We learned to use cosmetics with moderation.

We gained self-confidence and with it—poise.

When the Talkies came into use we modulated our voices and corrected our faulty pronunciation.

And now we are not without invitations and good times.

So now our praise is loud and we give three cheers for the Movies.

Fay Thompson,
Wapato, Wash.

THE $10 LETTER

From the Mother of a Blind Girl

For several years, my seventeen-year-old daughter has been blind, and this sudden plunging into darkness was more than she could patiently endure. But the "talkies" have certainly helped to chase away the gray days. They take her by the hand, and make her feel part and parcel of our active, busy life. She laughed so heartily at the saucy foolery of "Private Lives" I had to permit her to "see" it twice. She *heard* the face-slapping and furniture smashing! She heard, too, the roar of the lions and Doug's witty comments in "Around the World." I believe she felt even war's ghastly futility in "Broken Lullaby." As for golf—well! I honestly think she'd tackle that after hearing Bobby Jones! And then when she goes home, she lives it all over in her imagination (aided by my descriptions), and eagerly awaits "next time."

And the funny part of it is, is that I was once one of the loudest opposers of the "talkies."

H. V. M.,
Seattle, Wash.

This is your department. You can say what you want in it. You can rave or knock all you want. We award seven prizes every month—$20 First Prize; $10 Second; and five prizes of $1 each. Prize letters must be 200 words or less. Prizes will be awarded and letters will be printed not because we agree with the writers, but because their letters are interesting and exciting. No letters can be returned. Please give your full name and address. We will print initials only when requested. Address Movie Mirror, 8 West 40th St.,N.Y.

$1 LETTER

A Plea for Romance

I disagree with Marshall B. Mills (April Movie Mirror). We do not want pictures about everyday life and problems. The majority of us go to the movies to escape the monotonous routine of everyday living and be lifted into another world.

The box-office is, after all, the unfailing barometer of public opinion and it has proven that the public does want different pictures. Witness the success of Tarzan, Frankenstein, Trader Horn, Just Imagine, etc. Give us more pictures that *make us think*— pictures of the future, of life on the other planets, and in other countries.

We want no more pictures glorifying the gangster, the criminal, the lost lady—characters that in real life we find only in our jails and in the lowest dives of the slums. They create false ideas and false ideals. They may appear very glamorous to school kids but to adult intelligence they are only monotonous and revolting.

Many have raised a cry for *realism*. Well, rose-gardens are as real as pig-sties. So give us Beauty instead of Ugliness; Romance instead of Vulgarity; the inspiring instead of the depressing.

Alvhild V. Holmes,
Worcester, Mass.

$1 LETTER

If I Were a Producer

Breathes there a fan with soul so dead, who never to himself has said, "Now if *I* were a producer, I'd do thus and so." I've been muttering that line lately, with the resulting movie pipe dream:

If I were Mr. M-G-M, I'd buy some of P. G. Wodehouse's light novels for Robert Montgomery. "Leave it to Psmith" and "Bill the Conqueror," for instance. The witty dialogue in those stories was simply made for Bob to toss off in that impudent way of his.

If I were Mr. Paramount, I'd hunt high and low, never resting till I found another story as good as "Devil's Holiday" for Nancy Carroll and Phil Holmes, Paramount's most charming young lovers. I'd also co-star Jack Oakie and Stuart Erwin as a comedy team.

While if I were an independent producer, I'd grab Clara Bow and Bing Crosby, and star them (not in the same picture). Then I'd sit back and watch new attendance records being hung up.

R. Palonsky,
San Francisco, Cal.

$1 LETTER

Why Marie Dressler Is Great

I consider Marie Dressler our greatest actress, because she is the most human. She seems so real in the parts she portrays, because she understands life—its tragedies, its heartbreaks and also its humorous side. She has known and lived them all. All these things have gone into the making of a great and lovable personality. The trials and disappointments that she, in common with the rest of us who live to be Marie's age, has and must experience, have not embittered her, but have only made her a more human and understanding person. Therefore, the rôles she portrays on the screen do not make us think that she is just acting; she actually seems to be living the parts she brings to the screen. Another factor which helps her is that she is not studying about whether her looks and appearance are going to please; she is merely interested in her performance. I think the reason so many of the younger stars fade out after a short season of popularity is due to the fact that they happen to possess a certain glamour or some indefinable quality which, after a certain time, fails to please. Their success is not based on real acting.

Lelia Snipes,
High Point, N. C.

$1 LETTER

Hokum

In the pictures that you review in your magazine, some which I enjoy most are "full of hokum," says Mr. Reviewer. I am always pleased when I come to one that has this phrase in it as then I always plan to see it.

I'll tell you why. I attend movies for my entertainment; I don't go to see something that is commonplace and happens every day. I go to see the unreal, the untrue and that which never could happen. It takes your mind off your troubles, gives you new pep by imagining yourself in the best "hokumener's" place.

Take for instance the film "Delicious," one of Janet's and Charlie's latest. Wasn't that "hokum"? Of course it was. But did we like it? Well, I'll say we did, and as a result we're going to see them in some more like it. Look at "Frankenstein," all pure hokum, but look at the furore it started; all we're having lately, it seems, is horror pictures, all of which are unreal and untrue.

Sure, we all want our "hokum" and we all like it, too.

Winifred S. Niles,
Burlington, Vt.

$1 LETTER

Why Producers Grow Grey-Haired

For various reasons, people say, "Pity the Poor Movie Star," but I say, pity the poor producers. Did you ever stop to consider the task they face to please the great Movie Public? Give the fans realism, and the Romanticists set up a howl; give them romance and the realists cry out. The Sophisticates sneer at such pictures as "Delicious" and "Daddy Long Legs." The devotees of the light frothy films walk out on "Tomorrow and Tomorrow." Some want only comedy, and some will have nothing but deep dramatic stuff.

I only hope that in the future, the fans will try to realize that there are other tastes in the world besides their own, and that you can please some of the people all of the time, and all of the people some of the time, but you can't please all of the people all of the time.

Evangeline Elpers,
Logansport, Ind.

Millions of Fans Feel This Way

What has happened to the screen's most colorful he-man, Clark Gable?

In "Polly of the Circus," he is a minister with a heart of gold, and when Polly walks out on him, he

BACK on Page 36 you saw the pictures of her home and here you see the girl herself, Miriam Hopkins. This being the way the gal looks when at work, is it any wonder she steals every production in which she appears? After "The World and The Flesh" with George Bancroft, Paramount promises to star Miriam all by her small self lets her go without a protest. Can this be our rough, tough, brutal Gable?

A few more Salvation Army boy rôles and Gable is through. Come on, Clark, snap out of it. Leave these sugary rôles for boys of the Buddy Rogers type.

E. O'N.,
Belmont, Mass.

"One Hour With You"

It was marvelous, it was perfect, it was grand! He was wonderful, he was darling, he was dear! She was adorable, she was lovely, she was sweet!

Who? What? When? Where? Why? How?

Didn't you know? The reunion of the screen's most perfect trio! Maurice Chevalier, Jeanette MacDonald, and Ernst Lubitsch. What a team! They're inimitable, incomparable, irresistible! Three cheers for "One Hour With You." Three cheers for the prince of personality, the king of fascination — Chevalier! Three cheers for the lingerie lady, the prima donna of the screen — MacDonald! And three cheers for that grand master, that genius of musical romance—Lubitsch!

Pearl A. Katzman,
New York, N. Y.

ALL hail to the new hero, Johnny Weissmuller! You fans are enthusiastic about him already, though he's only appeared in one picture, "Tarzan, The Ape Man "

No two of you seem to feel alike about the Ann Harding-Harry Bannister divorce. Some of you pity Ann with all your hearts; others feel that somehow Ann and Harry should have defied Hollywood and its pettiness and kept their marriage the glorious thing it once was.

Marie Dressler gets more fan mail than Constance Bennett, Norma Shearer or Sylvia Sidney.

Every other letter mentions Gaynor and Farrell. How impatiently you're waiting for their next co-starring picture!

You'll find stories about many of your favorites in this issue. One thing we'd like you to tell us—which article interests you most, and what you think of the different stories in this book.

Address: Movie Mirror, 8 West 40 Street, New York, N. Y.

How People Feel About Gaynor and Farrell

I am a Gaynor-Farrell fanatic. As a result I almost lost my life. Let me explain.

When "Delicious" was released I was traveling with a show troupe and never had the opportunity to see the picture. "Delicious" was never shown the day we played the town. Yet I resolved to see the picture. I got the notion since seeing "Seventh Heaven" and never missed a Gaynor-Farrell picture.

One Sunday we were not working. "Delicious" was shown that day in a town 124 miles away. A bus got me there O. K. "Delicious" was truly *delicious.* I planned to return that night.

In the meantime a blizzard came up. It snowed and blowed. All transport bus and train connections were cut off for two days. Missed a performance Monday. Arrived Tuesday within six miles of my destination. The bus could go no farther because of the heavy snow. I decided to walk. The howling wind made it almost impossible to breathe. B-r-r, it was cold—I thought I'd perish. Finally I arrived, numb with cold, my voice lost, stricken with pneumonia. Couldn't work for five days.

I wasn't sorry. Ah, no. "Delicious" was worth it. To me they are the team incomparable.

Vincent Purnies,
Utica, N. Y.

My boy is four years old and as he frequently goes to movies, he has a favorite, Charles Farrell.

I took him to see Charles Farrell and Marian Nixon in "After Tomorrow," and when it was over he said, "Mother, her am beautiful, but where was Janet Gaynor?"

I believe that is the way all of the Farrell and Gaynor praisers feel.

Mrs. E. C. Bowersox,
Baltimore, Md.

A Rave For Regis

Forget Clark Gable just a minute (if you can) while I put in a word for this Irish lad, Regis Toomey.

I'm not here to knock your favorites, but I do want to remind you that there are others that will bear watching. Toomey is one of them and if he ever gets the break he deserves he will show you why. Not for nothing has he got a strong, square chin and a mischievous twinkle in his eyes, not to mention a shy infectious grin. Everybody is raving about James Dunn's grin, but Regis Toomey's—well, all I ask is that you look for yourself.

Marie Jeffers,
Brazil, Ind.

Welcoming a New Star

Welcome to the front line of stars, Johnny Weissmuller! I have just seen Johnny as Tarzan and take off my hat to him. The part was good for a laugh, if it had been muffed in any way, but Johnny didn't muff it; he played it sincerely, intelligently and, for the most part, convincingly.

He made an unreal character real and sympathetic; he avoided pose and affectation. When I think of what some of our male stars would have done, how they would have posed on the limbs of trees and turned their beautiful profiles into the jungle, while running around nine-tenths naked, I appreciate Weissmuller's unassumed naïveté more and more. Some one had a bright idea in choosing him for the part.

If the part of Jane had only been played as well, by someone like Lois Wilson, there would have been a perfect combination mating in the tree tops. Miss O'Sullivan was the only false note in the entire production—she was too much Hollywood. The feminine honors will have to go to Chita, the monkey, whom the audience cheered at the close of the performance.

Eleanor Greenwood,
Boston, Mass.

We Also Wish Them Happiness

Just a note of appreciation to Sylvia Conrad for writing that splendid article, "Broken Hearts and Wedding Bells," in your May issue. I have always enjoyed seeing those three stars, Colleen Moore, Tom Mix, and Norma Talmadge, and I hope somehow this message will reach them.

(*Continued on page* 106)

Nurse Adams opened the door of Hugo's room. It was dark and empty. She stepped forward and suddenly a hand clutched her throat

Miss Pinkerton

Wherein Mystery, Love and Murder Get All Mixed Up

A Warner Bros. Production starring Joan Blondell
From the novel "Miss Pinkerton" by Mary Roberts Rinehart
Fictionized by Alma Talley

Cast

Miss Adams (Miss Pinkerton)	*Joan Blondell*
Inspector Patten	*George Brent*
Juliet Mitchell	*Elizabeth Patterson*
Herbert Wynne	*Alan Lane*
Hugo	*John Wray*
Mary	*Blanche Frederici*
Miss Gibbons	*Eulalie Jensen*
Paula Brent	*Ruth Hall*
Charles Elliott	*Donald Dilloway*
Florence Lenz	*Mary Doran*
Dr. Stewart	*C. Henry Gordon*
Arthur Glenn	*Holmes Herbert*
Mr. Henderson	*Lucien Littlefield*

ELEVEN o'clock by the big clock in Polyclinic Hospital. Through the corridors echoed an ambulance siren, the groans of patients, the stifled laughter of night nurses changing shifts.

Miss Adams, just off duty, sat on her bed and tugged at her shoes. Two other nurses whooped it up, playing Russian bank.

"Got a date tonight, Adams?"

"No such luck!" Adams massaged her aching feet. "I've got so much chloroform on me only a man with a gas mask could make love to me. Romance! Hah!" With her blond hair and blue eyes, Miss Adams seemed much too pretty to speak of romance with such despair.

Taking off her stiff uniform, she plunged into a soft, silk nightgown. "Ouch. I'm tired. I'm bored. I'm going

The cops covered the cowering butler. "What's behind that door?" demanded Inspector Patten

"And if I join the force," asked Miss Adams, "what's my rank? Disinfected copper or stool pigeon?"

to commit suicide and donate my body to science."

"This place isn't getting in your hair, is it, Adams?"

"It's in my hair, my eyes, my nose, and it itches. I even envy my patients. They live or they die. Something happens to them, anyhow."

In bed, she picked up a magazine. "Why doesn't somebody commit a murder just to break the monotony? I'll even offer to be the victim."

"MISS ADAMS." An orderly knocked. "Report to the superintendent at once." He grinned, watching her dismay. "And snap into it."

"Wouldn't you know it!" She crawled again into her uniform.

In the superintendent's office, Miss Gibbons handed her a slip of paper. "Take a taxi to this address—the old Mitchell place. Something must have happened. Confidentially, you're working for police headquarters. They asked for someone I could trust, so if you don't mind a change from hospital routine—"

"Mind a change!" Adams clutched the address slip. "Oh, lady!"

The old Mitchell place was a blaze of lights. The front door stood open. A red police car lurked ominously among the shrubbery. A girl's figure darted out

Miss Adams came into the hall just in time to see Paula Brent hiding a strange paper behind the baseboard

from the bushes. The brakes whined. The cab stopped.

"Look where you're going, girlie!" the driver of Adams' cab shouted.

Adams jumped out.

"Are you hurt, honey?"

"I'M all right." The girl, slim, dark, lovely, in white sports clothes, looked at Adams' uniform. "Is somebody sick in there?"

"I certainly didn't rent this for a masquerade!"

"Then nobody's dead," the girl gasped, "or they wouldn't send for a nurse, would they? What's the police car for?"

"Come in and find out," Adams suggested, but the girl recoiled terrified. "Oh, no—I—I couldn't. I'll run along."

"Come over oftener," Adams called out, as the girl fled to a coupé among the bushes. "And bring your sewing."

Inside the large, old fashioned hall, a sharp faced man stood talking to a policeman.

"I'm Dr. Stewart." He came forward, carried her bag

Paula stood up, ready to escape, when a form closed in upon her

Miss Adams stole into the library, fearfully watching the sleeping Hugo

upstairs. "Your patient, Miss Juliet Mitchell, has the room adjoining yours. Nervous shock—she's quite old. Her nephew, Herbert Wynne, shot himself tonight. Miss Juliet found the body."

That body, revolver still in hand, lay crumpled against the table in a room on the third floor. On the table were rags, oil, a ramrod—the equipment for cleaning a gun. Reporters, camera-men streamed out of the room.

Inspector Patten shouted at a thin, bald-headed man. "You're Hugo, the butler? And your wife, Mary, is the cook? You were in bed when the shooting occurred, but you heard no shots?"

"No, sir. We were asleep."

AT the window, Patten directed his flashlight toward the roof below. "This window was open? You didn't open it yourself?"

"No, sir," said Hugo.

"A man might jump to the roof from this window, and then to the ground. But he'd leave footprints a yard deep if he did!"

But the cop who had just investigated reported, "No footprints."

"You see, Hugo," said Patten, "your story won't stick."

"I didn't do it!" said Hugo.

Adams' scream brought Hugo, revolver in hand. He found her unconscious

Miss Mitchell was gasping. Death rattled in her throat. "What was in that hyperdermic you gave your patient?" Dr. Stewart demanded

"Patten, I want this nurse held," said Dr. Stewart, "for negligence or complicity to homicide"

"He didn't kill himself, either—not the kind he was. Somebody did it—and got away through that window. It was open when I ran up—when Miss Juliet screamed."

"The nurse is here, Chief," a cop reported.

AND in her room, Adams put her medicines and hyperdermics on a tray on the old Victorian dresser. From the next room, she heard Miss Mitchell's querulous, excited voice. "It was an accident. Tell them, Mary—he was cleaning his gun. Cowards like him,"—the old voice quivered with hatred, "cowards don't kill themselves."

"Ssh," came the cook's soothing voice, "don't fret so."

From upstairs came Inspector Patten. He came into Adams' room, introduced himself, closed the door. "You've had hospital experience, Miss Adams, emergency and police cases? Then tell me—if a bullet passes through a man's head, what's the outstanding result?"

"A hole, I suppose," said Adams.

Patten grinned. "And in the case of suicide?"

"Powder burns. Why?"

"There were no powder marks on this kid's body. He didn't kill himself while cleaning his gun. He didn't kill himself at all!"

"You mean—?"

"I mean murder. You're going to find out who did it. Miss Mitchell and the servants will get used to you, won't notice when you're around. Keep your eyes and ears open and report to me."

"And if I've joined the force," said Adams, "what's my rank? Disinfected copper, or stool pigeon?"

"Miss Mitchell dictated a death-bed statement saying she saw you move the body of Herbert Wynne to make it look like suicide," Patten told Charlie Elliott. "The case is solved. Lock him up, boys"

Patten's grin spread to his hazel eyes. Romantic, Adams thought. "You're Miss Pinkerton," he said, "of Scotland Yard."

"O. K. And now what?"

"FOR the moment, just listen. Young Wynne was killed by somebody he knew. He was unlacing his shoe, looking up at the murderer. The kid was no darned good. Wild. Wasted his aunt's money—no love lost between them, I gather. The servants won't talk. Hugo, the butler, says someone jumped from the third floor window—a little drop of sixty feet."

"Some fun-loving steeplejack, no doubt!" said Adams.

Dr. Stewart interrupted them and summoned Miss Adams to her patient. "She's fainted." Adams dashed in with her hyperdermic. Through the corridor came the tramping of men's feet—the coroner's men carrying the sheet covered stretcher, with the body of the late Herbert Wynne.

"All right now?" Adams, alone with her patient, put a hot water bottle at the cold feet. Miss Mitchell smiled plaintively, her frail face haggard and wrinkled.

Adams, adjusting the pillows, heard a sudden thud outside—as of a body falling. She flew to the window. In the shadows, a man was picking himself up from the ground. A ladder was silhouetted against the house—and rapidly carried away. She dashed to the door.

"Nurse! Nurse!" Miss Juliet stopped her. "I can't breathe . . . the pain . . . it's choking me. Don't leave me. Something might happen . . . something terrible."

Soothingly, Adams stroked the feeble, wrinkled hand. And so, stretched out on a cot beside the bed, she stayed all night by her patient, dozing now and then fitfully. And suddenly heard a loud crash, as of a chair being overturned. A crash—from above—from the room where Herbert Wynne was murdered.

SHE glanced toward her patient's bed. She looked again. The bed was empty! As she reached for her dressing gown, the door knob was quietly, stealthily turned. Adams lay back on her cot. Through half-closed lids she saw Miss Juliet, tiptoeing into the room, stealing back to her bed, transferring something, after a cautious glance at Adams, from the folds of her nightgown to a hiding place under her pillow.

(*Continued on page* 111)

Mary Carlyle believes in fun and she sees to it that she has it wherever she goes. Mary loves backgammon, so to make sure of always having a game, this clever girl wears a backgammon scarf! Any smart girl could copy this. Just applique pyramids of alternating red and black satin on white satin and there you are!

Not-So-Frivolous Sal

(*Continued from page* 33)

Hollywood gossips were chagrined and disappointed—then bored. It was all most uninteresting. But to the close friends of Sally Eilers and Hoot Gibson it was *decidedly* interesting—and decidedly gratifying. With delighted amazement they watched the metamorphosis of frivolous Sal and roving Hoot into the contentedly domestic Mr. and Mrs. Edmund R. Gibson, a charming and devoted couple whose married life ran in smoothly oiled grooves.

OF course it's not as simple and effortless as it sounds. Happy marriages don't just happen—they're made up of an infinitude of small sacrifices, politenesses and decencies. Sally and Hoot have worked hard at their marriage, and the happiness they have achieved they richly deserve.

Sally's friends know how she has adjusted herself to domesticity; how, youngster though she is, she has reacted to an adult situation in an adult manner. And they are proud of her.

Not long ago when Hoot's finances became seriously involved they wondered how Sal would respond to the problem. Hoot has made a good deal of money during his years in pictures, but most of it is tied up in real estate. Some months ago it became apparent that he would have to practice strict economy for a time in order to preserve his investments and get his money out in the end. Sally met the situation by taking a small comfortable bungalow in the less fashionable portion of Beverly Hills and laughingly inviting her friends to come over and visit "on the wrong side of the tracks." She hired a single servant and took on the unaccustomed responsibility of running a household. She insisted that Hoot's small daughter should live with them and set herself to win the child's unqualified love and admiration. (Just ask Lois what she thinks of stepmother "Mimi"!) All this without making any fuss about it or patting herself on the back. And this, mind you, was frivolous Sal who wasn't ready for marriage.

Don't forget either that all this happened during the difficult days when she was making "Dance Team," working hard to keep the spot in the limelight won in "Bad Girl." Under the circumstances she might easily have been impatient or resentful. She might have felt that her new-found success demanded that she live in a more lavish manner. She might have let her marriage suffer at the hands of her career. But she did or felt none of these things. Even her good friends were amazed at the calm and capable manner in which she took hold of the situation. And as for the wise-acres who said Sally was too "dizzy" to settle down—they're hiding in corners these days and not saying much.

You see, what they failed to take into account about frivolous Sal was the fact that she was a good sport. And what they didn't know was that she had a latent capacity for great love and devotion which was only waiting for the right man. And what they failed to guess was that Hoot was that man.

THE splendid thing is that none of the gaiety has gone out of Sally. She has achieved calm and balance without losing any of her sparkle. She has ceased to be giddy and adolescent without ceasing to be vivacious and youthful. She has gone domestic without going smug and placid. She's still super-charged with energy—but it's directed energy now. For Sally knows what she wants her marriage to be and she knows what she wants her career to be. Furthermore, she's willing to work at both.

So congratulate Sal for growing up—not only as an actress but as a woman.

What Does the Future Hold for Helen Twelvetrees?

(*Continued from page* 18)

should have had on the salary she made. That, too, was a concession to Clarke. Helen is frightfully nervous and has never learned to drive. Yet Clarke, with nothing to do, would refuse to drive her to the studio or call for her. "What do you think I am," he would demand, "a chauffeur?" And Helen, surprised and hurt, would call a taxi.

Suddenly he had determined to be a playwright. He wrote and wrote. The stuff he wrote was awful but Helen was in love with him and in her eyes it was wonderful. She wanted him to be happy above everything and, as he couldn't type, she hired a secretary for him.

Everything Clarke wanted, she got for him. She was getting $150 a week and spending about twice that.

When they separated the first time, she bought his ticket back to New York. He couldn't get work there and almost immediately returned to Hollywood. There was a reconciliation. And then another separation and she bought another ticket to New York for him and gave him money to live on until he could find work.

When Fox failed to renew her contract, she couldn't understand. She had tried hard but they hadn't given her a chance. She had been so engrossed in trying to make her marriage a success she hadn't had time to look around and see that making good in a studio is more or less a hit and miss proposition: that there are more and better actors and actresses out of work than there are on the contract lists.

It was after that, when she was preparing to return to New York, that I ran into her. No work here, no prospect of any there, heels over head in debt—a failure. No wonder she had been crying.

THEN she got her Pathé contract and I saw her again. Her eyes were sparkling but there was a hard discontented look about her mouth. Excited and elated? Oh, yes. Happy? I wonder.

"Can you realize what this means to me?" she asked. "They've made great plans for me. I'm to have a chance, at least, to show them what I can do. I mean, it's a chance to be a success and show the sharpshooters who said I couldn't act that I can."

But it was her pride that was struggling for rebirth. I think her heart was lead.

Then one began hearing of Helen here, there, everywhere—all over the place. I used to see her dancing, laughing, chatting—nervously gay, frantically trying to be the life of the party—and to forget. Forget what? The ghosts of the past that lurked in every corner of Hollywood and which rose to confront her at every twist and turn.

"The Grand Parade," "Swing High," "Her Man," "The Cat Creeps," "Millie." Each one sweeping her on to greater triumphs. But, except that Helen had justified herself, made money and paid off her debts, I don't believe all that mattered.

Then she was starred. "I don't want to be a star," she said once, later on. "Look: in 'Her Man' and 'Millie' I was only featured. But in 'Bad Company' and 'A Woman of Experience'—both of them poor pictures—I'm starred and I get the blame."

Lubitsch asked for Helen to play the Nancy Carroll part in "Broken Lullaby." Pathé wouldn't let her go because it wasn't the leading part and because Paramount wouldn't star her in it. Helen was inconsolable.

"What do I care whether it's the leading part or not? Look what I'd learn from a man like that! I'd gladly play a bit with no billing at all if I could work with him."

But she couldn't and the lines about her mouth deepened and the look of disillusionment in her eyes grew.

Last year she met Frank Woody, a fine fellow, and married him.

Here's the newest thing at Warner Bros. in the newest thing in bathing suits. Her name is Sheila Terry and the bathing suit is of white jersey trimmed with black velvet, no less, around the neck and waist. And aren't they both cute?

Not long after I spent an afternoon with her. We sat in the drawing room of her Brentwood mansion. The soft sunlight of late afternoon filtered through the draperies and made spears of gold on the carpet. A butler in a spotless white jacket passed back and forth through the room, with sandwiches, ice and other replenishments for the crowd in the play room. A maid in a black dress with white apron and cap crossed the hall and mounted the stairs to the upper floor. Through a window, the cook could be seen bustling about the kitchen.

It was all very different from the little four room house she had lived in when I first knew her—where a single Chinese boy had served as general *factotum.*

HELEN followed my gaze, divined my thoughts and smiled. "We live and learn. I no longer cry for everlasting love and eternal happiness. That's too much for anyone to expect. I hope Frank and I will always be happy together, but if our marriage should break up tomorrow, we've had a year and a half of happiness together and nothing can spoil that. And whether I'm happy or miserable, I'll always have my work. Sometimes I think that's the only real happiness there is."

But in the last year her work has not been outstanding. She starred in "Young Bride," a silly little film, in which the excessively juvenile Eric Linden played her husband. In "State's Attorney" she is merely one of the three leading women for John Barrymore.

Now she is going to try motherhood. She is very excited about it. She says when you ask her about it, "Perhaps it sounds trite and dull and stupid, but after all, I can't help but repeat that motherhood is every woman's heritage. Well, I'm a normal girl—and ever since I can remember, I've looked forward to motherhood—to having a baby of my own. Doesn't every girl?—from the time they're old enough to play with dolls? I'm no different from any of you girls who look forward to marital happiness—a home with the man you love—and a baby—

"I don't believe that old story about motherhood making a difference in an actress's fan-reaction. I can't believe there's a picture-goer in the world who would ask me, for the sake of a career, to renounce the right to my baby. I certainly hope it won't interfere with my motion picture career, for I love it—and I feel it's possible for me to have both that career and motherhood.

"Certainly, the peace and contentment that will come to me from the love I now enjoy, the happiness of my home life with my husband, and the child that is to come, will be an inspiration to me. I feel I'll be a better trouper after I've gone through the approaching experience."

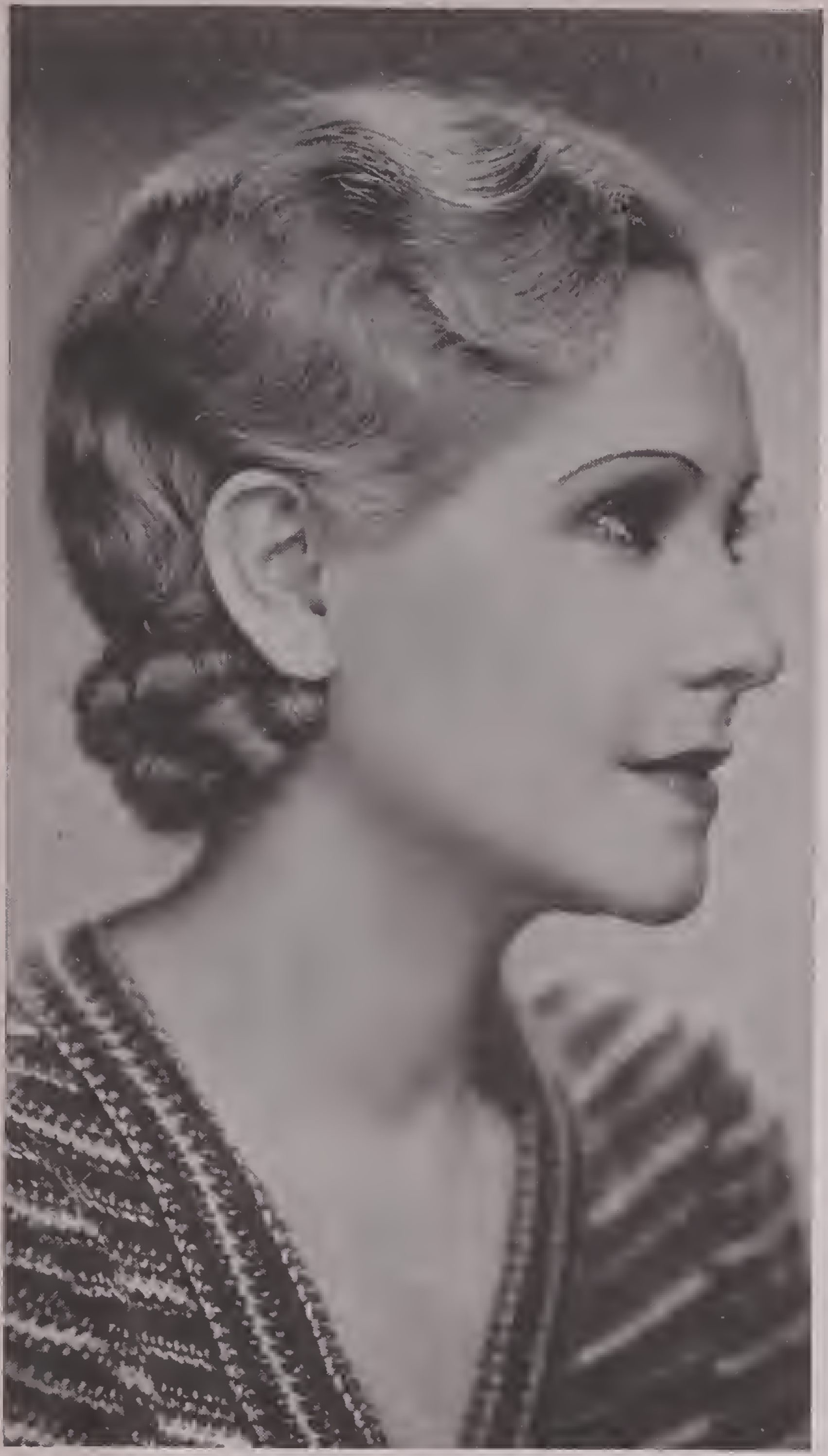
But I persist in thinking of the contrast between Helen today and as she was when she first came to Hollywood. The delicate piquancy that characterized her features when I first knew her has changed to a rounded fullness. That *spirituelle* quality so reminiscent of Gish is gone and people meeting her now for the first time wonder how anyone could ever have detected a resemblance. The unruly golden curls she wore then have given way to a sleek, ash-blond coiffure. And the ingénue has yielded to the woman of the world, skimming what pleasures she can from the surface of life.

WHY DID LILYAN TASHMAN BECOME THE WORLD'S BEST DRESSED WOMAN?
The answer and it's one you'd never expect is in the August Movie Mirror. Watch for it.

The Movies' Beauty Secrets

The Earmarks of Beauty Are Something About Which to Be Very Careful

By JACK PIERCE



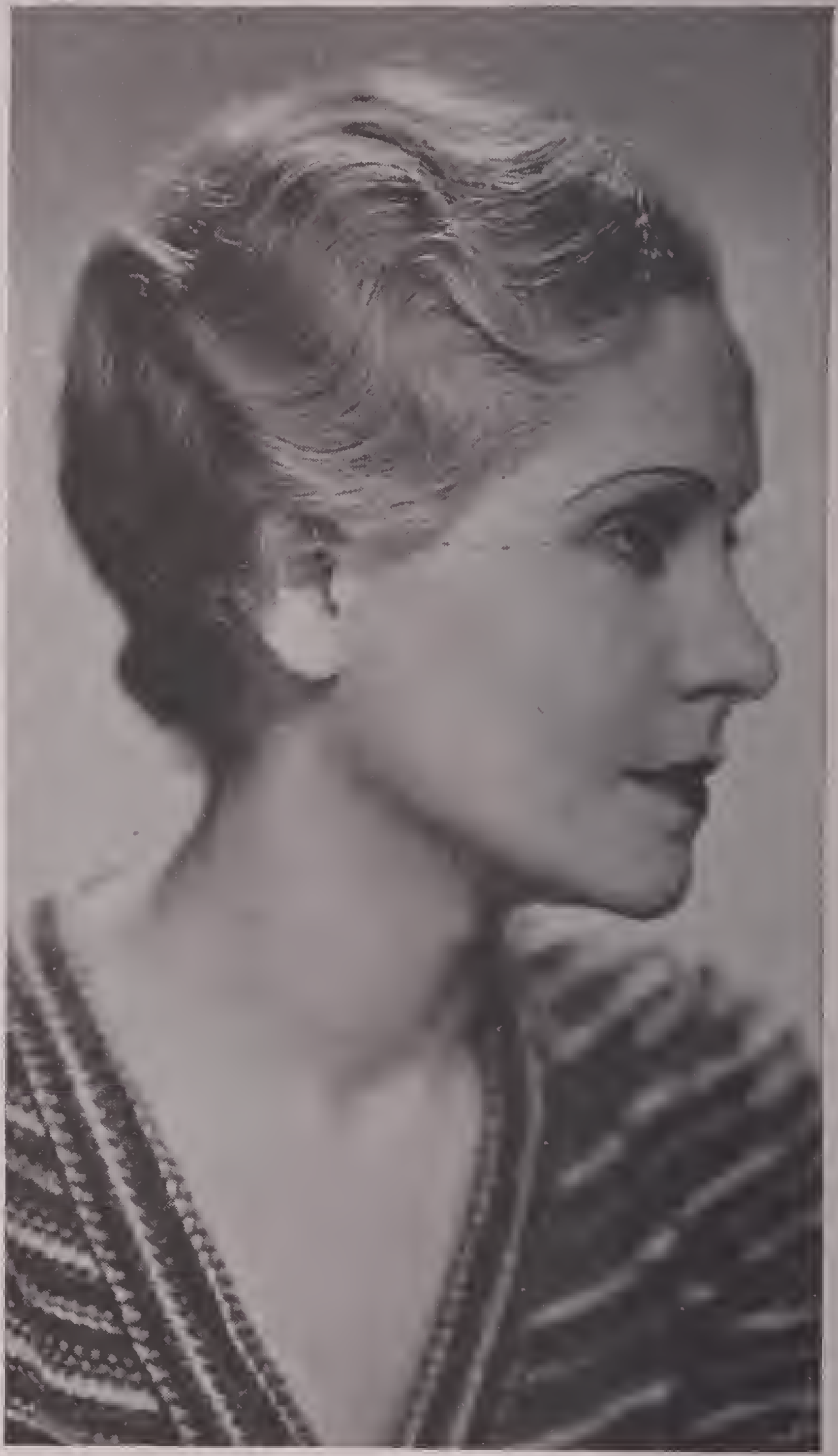
In the above photograph June Clyde wears an off-the-ear coiffure, adaptable to her beauty. But even such a lovely girl can not afford to neglect softening the angle under the ear by use of curls brought forward. At the right you see the wrong style of hairdress. See how it seems to age June!

Ed. Note: Ponce de Leon wasted a lot of time looking for a fountain to jump into and lose some years. A lot of old-time alchemists tried to find mysterious philtres to do the same thing. They were all klunks, which is Hollywoodese for failure. But today, in Hollywood, there are wizards who can take years off a person or add years onto them—with no more magic apparatus than a bit of paint, powder and a comb or two. For instance, Jack Pierce, chief make-up-man at Universal Studios, whose knowledge of what-to-do and what-not-to-do makes the beauties on the Universal lot even more beautiful.

And in this article, Jack Pierce takes time enough to tell you and you the answer to one of the most vexatious problems of today's young women: "Shall I wear my hair off the ears, or over the ears, or what?"

MAYBE you don't find it easy to believe—but there's five to ten years' difference in your looks, according to what you do with your hair, your ears, and that bit of chin-line that marks the end of the jaw, right under the ear.

And because there's that much difference—even more,



in some cases—there simply can be no simple answer to the query: Shall I wear my hair off the ears or not?

Because the answer must be different in each individual case. In this article, I'm going to try to show you, with pictures, how to answer that question for yourself. That is, how I'd answer it for you if you came to me, told me to look you over, and then give you the advice that's based on my study and experience.

In the first place (and this may dash the hopes of a great many of you!) I've got (*Continued on page* 86)

TO THE MILLIONS OF USERS OF

OUTDOOR GIRL

OLIVE OIL FACE POWDER

we take pleasure in presenting

THREE EXQUISITE NEW PERFUMES

to match the mood of the hour

OUTDOOR GIRL
No 5
DAWN

Dawn, No. 5

OUTDOOR GIRL
No 7
NOON

Noon, No. 7

OUTDOOR GIRL
No 11
NIGHT

Night, No. 11

● Millions of women have been captivated by the unique charm of Outdoor Girl Face Powder. Its two distinctive blends . . . *Olive Oil* for the normal skin and *Lightex* for the oily skin . . . are the prevailing favorites of the smart world.

Recently a spirited demand has developed for additional Outdoor Girl preparations . . . *"Please make us an assortment of perfumes as marvelous as the French ones, but oh! not so costly,"* women begged us . . . And Outdoor Girl has responded—not with just a new perfume—but a new perfume idea! An idea so exciting, yet so sensible, it's a wonder someone didn't think of it before.

Every woman knows that trying to select any *single* perfume to express her personality, is as silly as wearing the same costume for all occasions. The temperament changes at different times of the day, and a perfume, to be in perfect harmony, must accent the spirit of the hour.

It is for precisely that reason that Outdoor Girl now presents, for the first time, three distinct and delightful new fragrances, expertly blended to match the three major moods of the day.

The first . . . Dawn, No. 5 . . . is a light, elusive bouquet with the dewy freshness of morning flowers. The second . . . Noon, No. 7 . . . is an animating extract, slightly more pronounced in odor, for hours of afternoon sport. The third . . . Night, No. 11 . . . is an exotic and mysterious scent, attuned to the seductive spirit of evening gaiety.

These three new Outdoor Girl fragrances reach the very pinnacle of the perfumer's art. Made by the same matchless methods that France, herself, uses for her finest and costliest scents, Outdoor Girl gives you the quality you have always yearned for at a price you can afford to pay.

Outdoor Girl Perfumes, in three different-size flacons are now available at leading drug, department and chain stores. The quality of the perfumes is identical in each size . . . A trial, and a trial only, will convince you of their beguiling fragrance. If your dealer cannot supply you with all three odors, mail the coupon below at the right.

Another **OUTDOOR GIRL** Triumph!
Four Enchanting New
NAIL BEAUTIFIERS—10c each

OUTDOOR GIRL *Nail Polish*, in 5 popular tints, flows on in a smooth even sheen and dries almost instantly.

OUTDOOR GIRL *Nail Polish Remover* removes the old polish without leaving the faintest trace of color.

OUTDOOR GIRL *Cuticle Oil* softens the cuticle and keeps it smooth and supple.

OUTDOOR GIRL *Cuticle Oil Remover* helps you get rid of the old, lifeless cuticle.

In Generous Purse-size Bottles
AT ALL CHAIN STORES

VANITY-SIZE BOTTLES
25c *each*

PURSE-SIZE BOTTLES
10c
each

BOUDOIR-SIZE BOTTLES
1^{00} *each*

CRYSTAL LABORATORIES • NEW YORK CITY

FREE TRIAL VIALS!

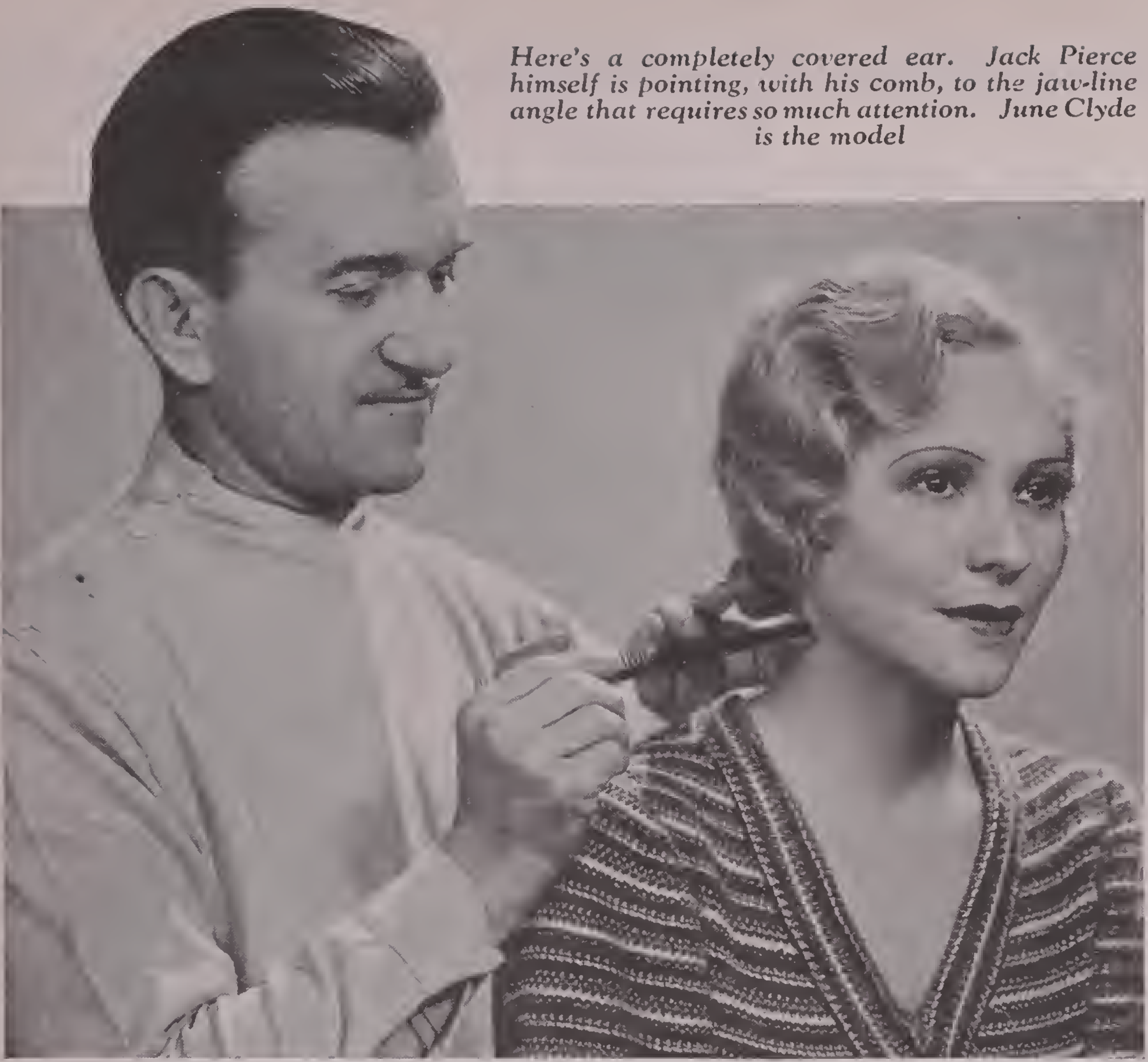
Crystal Laboratories, 136 Willis Ave., N. Y.

Enclosed find 4c to cover postage for which please send me a Trial Vial of each of the 3 new Outdoor Girl Perfumes.

*Name*____________________

*Address*____________________

*City*__________ *State*__________



Here's a completely covered ear. Jack Pierce himself is pointing, with his comb, to the jaw-line angle that requires so much attention. June Clyde is the model

(*Continued from page* 84)

no other course open but to frankly advise virtually every woman over thirty that she shouldn't consider an off-the-ear coiffure. Dressing the hair off the ears is for the girl in her teens and twenties—but not for those in their thirties and beyond. The reason is quite simple and plain:

With the thirties, there comes a characteristic boldness of line and angle to that part of the chin-and-jaw structure that shows just below the ears. There also come other lines, other inescapable indications of maturity which accentuate the effect of this under-the-ear line.

NOW, to dress the hair up over the ears, leaving the ear bare, and revealing without any softening effect that under-the-ear formation will add five to ten years to the age of a woman of thirty or more.

Women under thirty can afford to do it—but even they must be careful to soften the under-the-ear angle of the chin-line.

Look at the two illustrations on page 84.

These pictures were posed by June Clyde—young, soft, beautiful. June's under thirty—she's barely over 20, in fact. Yet the two pictures show, by contrast, what that angle under the ear can do to age-appearance unless properly handled.

In the picture at the top of the page, June wears a complete off-the-ear coiffure. She can afford to; her ear is charmingly pretty—but about that, more later. But in this illustration, you'll also notice that even though her ear is completely uncovered, the hair *is brought forward, under the ear, to cover and soften that jaw-line* I've been discussing.

Now look at the other picture—the one on the right.

In that one, June half-covers her ear. But the hair is not brought forward to hide and soften the angle underneath. And what's the result?—contrast the two pictures yourself, and you'll get a perfect visualization of the idea I've been trying to put across to you in words. In the picture at the right, June looks years older than in the other, doesn't she?—and if you'll just inspect, you'll see that it's no trickery of photography or lighting—nothing more than the way the back hair is used to affect that under-the-ear angle line.

ARE you a bit tired of reading all about that one point? All right, I'll go on to the matter of the ear itself, and whether or not to cover it. But I couldn't do that before taking you into the secret I've just covered—because far more important than whether or not to cover the ear is the question of what to do with that jaw-line. So, now for the ears:

Naturally, the first point to decide whether or not you want to dress your hair off the ears or not is the appearance of the ear itself. That's so obvious, it seems, that I shouldn't have to mention it. Yet you'd be surprised how many women don't seem to realize it!

Unless your ears are as close to the poet's ideal of a woman's ear—that "shell-like" business of translucency, tininess, tight-clinginess—as you'd want them to be, you shouldn't let them go naked as long as you've got hair to cover them with!

If they're pretty, and you're proud to let your best friends see 'em, and you're under thirty—then go ahead and uncover them. Dress your hair up over the ears—and entirely off them. The half-way style is rarely attractive. Either uncover them completely—or cover them entirely, as in the illustration on this page. It's that picture's style that I'd advise for women over 30—because it softens every line of ear, back-of-the-neck, jaw-angle, that requires softening so much at that age.

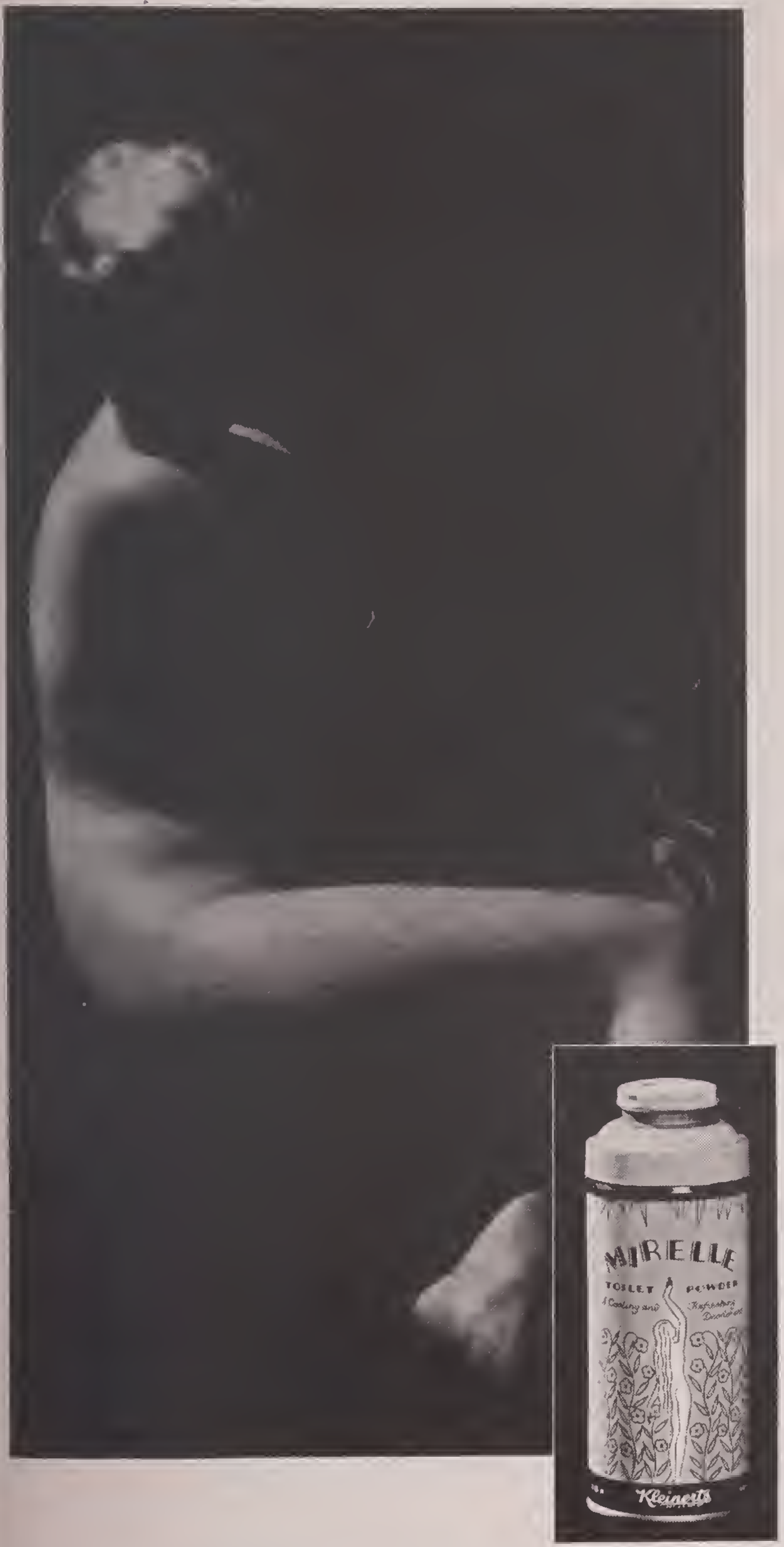
More, don't forget what I started this article with—if you do feel you can uncover the ear, then don't overlook softening that under-the-ear line with a curl brought forward, or a soft fluff of hair from in back of the ear. Maybe I sound too repetitious and emphatic on this point—but it *is* so important!

And of course, there's make-up to be considered if you can wear your ear uncovered. Yes—make-up for the ear! It's permissible—more, it's advisable.

Of course, very little should be used, particularly for daytime wear. It's more advisable for evening wear.

A touch of rouge to emphasize that "pinkness" that poets rave about. Then a fine film of powder, so as to remove any trace of shininess. But be careful with the powder—dust it on very lightly, and use a soft powder-brush afterward, so that the powder does not cake around the ear. Avoid that because it's ugly.

THAT LOVELY BODY OF YOURS
may prove your own worst enemy!



NEW HYGIENIC DISCOVERY BANISHES ALL DREAD OF OFFENDING ODORS . . . GIVES COMPLETE PROTECTION, SAFELY AND SCIENTIFICALLY!

●

A delicate, *natural* body fragrance is every woman's birthright . . . but how can you be sure that other natural, yet *unwanted* odors, do not deprive you of it? It is no secret that perspiration odor offends. In business, as well as society, it is a serious handicap.

Every healthy person must perspire. It's nature's way of ridding the body of waste moisture. Whether you *see* perspiration or not . . . it is always odorous. And it spares no one!

Take no chances! Use MIRELLE . . . the new and efficient hygienic deodorant powder, now recommended by leading physicians and nurses. Unlike old ways, which protect the under-arms only . . . or which check perspiration in spots, causing it to break out somewhere else . . . MIRELLE frees the *entire body* of possible offense. It is absolutely harmless. Does not interfere with natural secretions.

Caressing, soothing, healing . . . MIRELLE deodorizes, protects, ensures your appealing fragrance from head to toe! MIRELLE is *not* a talcum. It does not "cake" or clog the pores. MIRELLE dissolves in perspiration *almost instantly!* And it remains effective for hours at a time.

Get MIRELLE today! In generous-sized packages . . . *for only 10c* . . . at your favorite chain-store toilet goods counter. If your dealer cannot supply you, mail the coupon below. I. B. Kleinert Rubber Co., 485 Fifth Avenue, New York.

Mirelle

A HYGIENIC AND REFRESHING DEODORANT POWDER

●

Ideal for SANITARY NAPKINS
DRESS SHIELDS *and* SANITARY LINGERIE

MIRELLE deodorizes—purifies! Prevents napkin chafe. Offers positive protection. An indispensable aid to comfort and daintiness.

I. B. KLEINERT RUBBER CO.
DEPT. 7—485 FIFTH AVE., N. Y.
Enclosed find 10c for which please send me a generous-sized can of MIRELLE.

*Name*____

*Address*____

*City*_____________________________*State*______________

The Heart of Helen Hayes

He left, then, but promised to come see the play again and drop backstage.

Helen Hayes hugged this new promise to her heart. Every performance, for weeks, she hastened to the theatre in the ardent hope that he would be in the audience that night. She would hurry into make-up and costume and to the curtained stage to peer through the hole in the curtain, searching for faces in the audience, trying to find his. She never did.

The star's unusual interest in the audience attracted the inquisitive attention of a member of the cast, Helen Westley, of Theatre Guild renown.

"Are you looking for someone?" Miss Westley demanded pointblank, one night.

Helen admitted she was. "I'm looking for my young man."

"Has he got a name?" Miss Westley inquired politely.

"Yes. Charlie MacArthur."

"And he hasn't shown up yet?"

Helen said he hadn't.

"Well," stated Miss Westley, "if I were interested in a man and he never showed up, I'd telephone him."

Helen was shocked. "Telephone him!"

"Exactly. I keep after mine until I get them."

But Helen was appalled at such driving tactics. Instead, she resigned herself to waiting. One senses this emotional, pent-up waiting quality in her. Some girls wait in vain for an ideal to come to them in the flesh. Helen didn't. Charlie eventually telephoned, just as casual as though his promise to telephone had been yesterday instead of weeks ago. Did she have a date? She was wretched over it, but she did have a date. Charlie suggested:

"Suppose I come up and take you where you're going?"

That was marvelous. Helen dressed in a flurry of excitement, living centuries until the hall telephone rang and the operator announced Mr. MacArthur in the lobby. Breathless and eager, her usually pale face flushed, she hurried to meet him. He greeted her serenely and escorted her to the curb where awaited an open barouche. Helen gasped at sight of the vehicle and the bony horse that sagged patiently in front of it. Without more ado, Charlie assisted her in and instructed the driver where to go, requesting him to make the trip up Park Avenue.

It is almost an unheard of thing for a horse-pulled conveyance to clatter up this ultra-limousine thoroughfare, lined with exclusive apartment houses. But this one did, and even in recalling that conspicuous ride Helen crimsons hotly.

"I nearly fled the barouche in one leap when the driver halted at a corner," she recalls. Charlie espied a group of workmen working around a manhole and, leaning over, called to the nearest workman:

" 'Say, buddy, did you lose a nickel?' "

Shortly after that, they became informally engaged. It wasn't to be a formal engagement, for Charlie was still married, though separated, and he had to arrange for a divorce. They "went together" for three years and, being decidedly human, there were times when they quarreled with more vigor than kindness. It was Charlie, reminisces Helen, who

(*Continued from page 49*)

saved these quarrels from drastic consequences. Always he talked away their discords and always he promised her:

"I may not make you happy all the time, but you'll never be bored."

Sighfully, she admits Charlie was right. Where he is, there is never boredom. And now, there is baby Mary, two years old. Mary is the famous Act of God baby. Months before she was to arrive, Helen was touring in her play, "Coquette." When the play reached Los Angeles, Helen gave notice that she could no longer continue the tour. Her health was such that she must think of herself and the anticipated event. Jed Harris, the producer, ended the tour of the play immediately.

The last important star in the East goes West—and how she doesn't like it! Claudette Colbert was the last of the Paramount troupers to work in the now abandoned Long Island studios. She really adored New York, but she'll have to earn her coffee and cakes in Hollywood now. Husband Norman Foster is out there, too, however, which ought to help

The cast of "Coquette" sued in an effort to compel him to pay them two weeks' salary in lieu of notice. Harris tried to get out of paying by claiming that the baby was an "act of God," so that he couldn't be held responsible. The case was tried, and the arbitrators said that Jed Harris would have to pay the two weeks' salaries demanded by the cast. That meant they did *not* recognize his plea that the baby was an "act of God," but the label stuck anyway.

The "Act of God baby," little Mary, is Helen's second dearest possession. Mary and her elderly American-French nurse, Jennie, occupy the apartment above Helen's and Charlie's in the smart East End Avenue section of New York along the East River. Mary, recounts her famous mother proudly, is learning to speak and to think in French and English simultaneously.

"I always wanted to be bi-lingual," Helen says, "so we are teaching Mary French and English."

Helen's mother had wanted to be an actress, so she saw to it that Helen had the chance she missed. Helen had wanted to be bi-lingual, so she is seeing to it that her baby has what she missed. The dreams of one generation are realized in the accomplishments of the next.

While Mary is a joy to her mother, Charlie remains supreme. He's a lively puzzle, for Helen is never sure what he will be up to next. She smiles tenderly, though hurriedly, over his latest fad.

"He's become an amateur photographer." Her voice sinks to a dramatic whisper. Verily, new depths have been plumbed! "But look," and she proudly exhibits samples of Charlie's work, particularly an enlarged photograph of baby Mary which rates a stunning glass frame and the position of honor on the piano. "Doesn't he do splendid work?"

Helen's criticism may be justified but, according to her, baby Mary has grown darkly suspicious of her father. When he enters the nursery, she favors him with decided apprehension. Often, her apprehension is well founded, for father is armed with camera and plates!

"But," reiterates Miss Hayes, "I assure you I am never bored."

Very soon now, the MacArthurs depart the congested agitation of New York for the tropical placidity of Hollywood, where Helen will begin a picture immediately on her arrival.

"We'll be in Hollywood six months." Helen smiles uncertainly, her eyes visualizing the six months with little enthusiasm for, despite her triumph in talkies, she is still fearful of them. On the stage, after a few days of rehearsing a new play, everything and everybody becomes a familiar unity. In a studio, each day brings something and someone new. Helen is nervous of change and restlessness. There is a fretful need for familiar routine and seclusion in her. She is relaxed only when she has this. She is happy with baby Mary. She is divinely happy when she is with Charlie.

"For I am never bored," she repeats fitfully.

One tries to follow the unspoken thoughts behind these words, wondering what unhappiness, if any, is the price of never being bored; wondering if Charlie is still more the playboy than Helen is the playgirl; wondering if he sometimes gives his wife acute moments of uneasiness and worry. Intuitively, one suspects this is true and becomes perplexed that Helen Hayes, who ranks with the royalty of Broadway and Hollywood, should find her ultimate reward in an almost Victorian adoration of her husband rather than at least sharing it with the spark of acting genius within herself that has made her foremost on stage and screen. But then, so few of us are fortunate enough to meet Irish peanut vendors . . .

Miriam Hopkins Acquires the Garbo Manor

(Continued from page 39)

Gabby is a slim, straight, rather sedate person with impressive spectacles. Twenty-nine or thirty, perhaps. Intelligent, efficient, devoted. She is companion, housekeeper, secretary and cook. Gabby goes to the studio with Miriam when she is working and accompanies her on trips when she is vacationing. Gabby does the ordering, pays the bills and sees to it that Miriam eats her spinach. They read, go to the theater and take sun baths together. One of the most unusual treasures in Hollywood is Gabby!

Besides this remarkable woman, there is Vernon, who is chauffeur, butler and houseman, all in one. And the gardener. That is all.

"I couldn't bear to have a lot of servants under foot," Miriam will tell you. "I want just enough good ones to make me comfortable."

But she likes to have her friends about her. She makes friends easily and encourages the ones she likes most to drop in "when they are passing". She will call Gabby an hour before meal time and announce that she is bringing a dozen of "the gang" to dinner—and that competent lady will light-heartedly pop another shortcake into the oven.

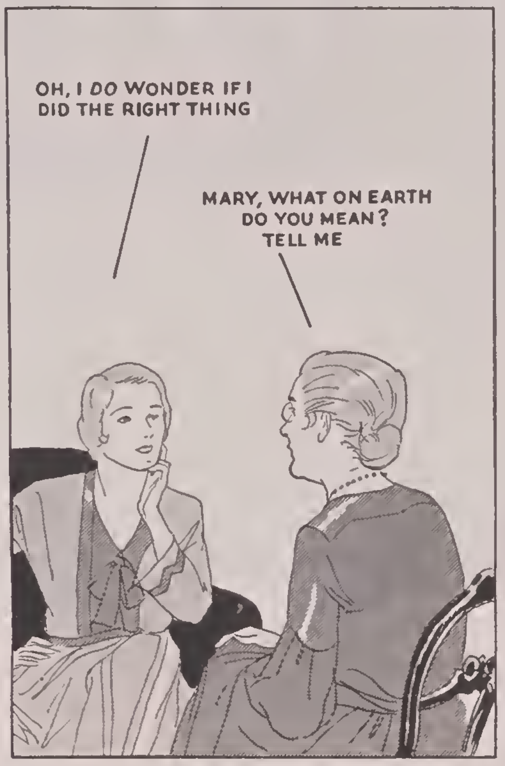
There are nearly always guests in that house now—that house which was so solitary a retreat for the two years when Garbo dwelt in it. Miriam's guests are not the noisy, blatant, self-invited throngs who overrun so many Hollywood homes. These are cheerful, casual people, coming and going because they are fond of Miriam and she of them, because at Miriam's you are almost sure to meet someone interesting, because it is fun to be there. Mostly writing people and directors. A sprinkling, of course, of actors. Conversations become animated and intense and sometimes last far into the night.

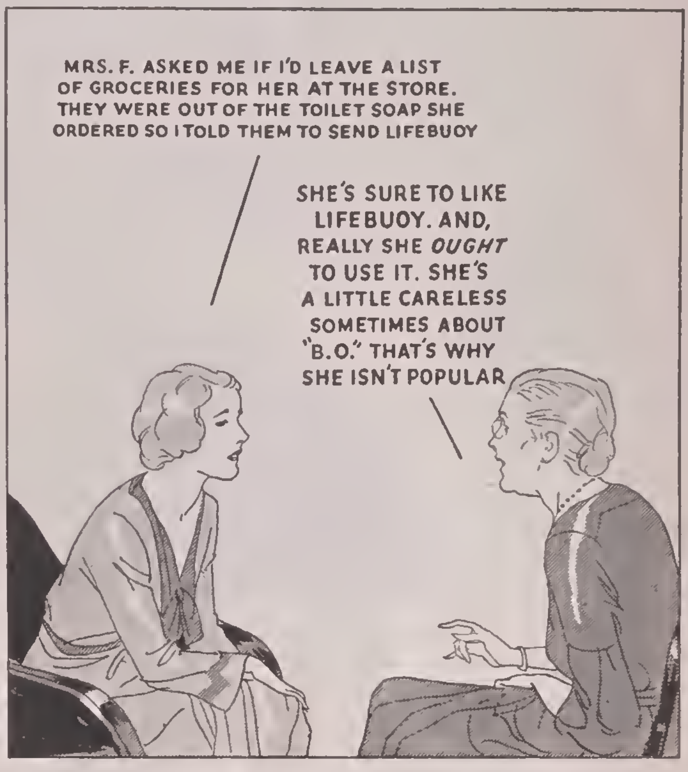
Every month or so she gives a large buffet supper, by way of repaying social indebtedness. Caterers are called in for these affairs to which fifty or sixty people are usually bidden. The guests arrive while it is still light and they are free to wander about the grounds, to play cards, to sit and talk or to enjoy music, as they please. When they are ready to eat, they serve themselves from long tables, laden with home-baked hams, roast chickens, salads and hot biscuits.

Miriam always has pets (she couldn't *bear* a house without pets!) and the present ones—two wire hairs—are always much in evidence upon all occasions. She had a fine one who was killed not long ago (she was inconsolable for days) and she spent a whole week, visiting every kennel between Hollywood and Ventura, searching for another just like him. Then she bought two—one for Gabby—so that neither Gabby nor the new puppy should feel lonely or neglected!

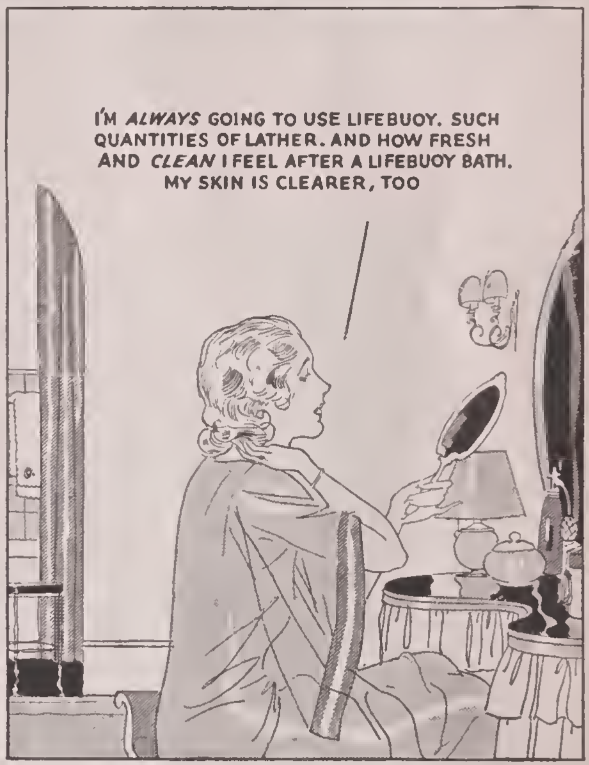
A casual, friendly household, with a certain dignity which harks back to that childhood in the South. A pleasant mode of living for a young, near-divorcée who likes to look at the sky!

A LUCKY CHANGE FOR HER by Timmins


OH, I *DO* WONDER IF I DID THE RIGHT THING
MARY, WHAT ON EARTH DO YOU MEAN? TELL ME


MRS. F. ASKED ME IF I'D LEAVE A LIST OF GROCERIES FOR HER AT THE STORE. THEY WERE OUT OF THE TOILET SOAP SHE ORDERED SO I TOLD THEM TO SEND LIFEBUOY
SHE'S SURE TO LIKE LIFEBUOY. AND, REALLY SHE *OUGHT* TO USE IT. SHE'S A LITTLE CARELESS SOMETIMES ABOUT "B.O." THAT'S WHY SHE ISN'T POPULAR

MRS. F. IS PUZZLED
THAT'S FUNNY—I DIDN'T ORDER LIFEBUOY. HOWEVER, I'M OUT OF TOILET SOAP SO I'LL KEEP IT


I'M *ALWAYS* GOING TO USE LIFEBUOY. SUCH QUANTITIES OF LATHER. AND HOW FRESH AND *CLEAN* I FEEL AFTER A LIFEBUOY BATH. MY SKIN IS CLEARER, TOO

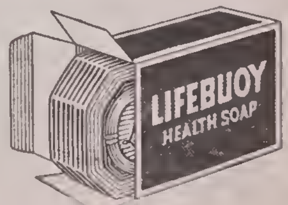
NO MORE "B.O."—MANY FRIENDS
YOU LIKE LIVING IN THIS NEIGHBORHOOD, MRS. F.?
INDEED I DO. SUCH LOVELY PEOPLE—AND VERY SOCIABLE. I WAS A LITTLE SLOW IN GETTING ACQUAINTED AT FIRST. BUT NOW EVERYONE IS SO FRIENDLY

Guard against "B.O." (body odor) these hot days

HEAT... humidity... perspiration... And then, before we know it, "B.O." (*body odor*)! Don't risk this unpardonable fault—bathe regularly with Lifebuoy. Its penetrating lather purifies and *deodorizes* pores—stops "B.O." Guards health by removing germs from hands. Its pleasant, *extra-clean* scent vanishes as you rinse.

Ideal for complexion

Lifebuoy's bland, pore-purifying lather cleanses gently, yet thoroughly—makes dull skins freshen and glow with new, healthy radiance. Adopt Lifebuoy today.


LIFEBUOY
HEALTH SOAP

A PRODUCT OF LEVER BROTHERS CO.

TIPS *on* TALKIES

Here's Jimmy Cagney and Virginia Bruce in "Winner Take All" for Warners'. The word is to watch the Bruce youngster. We hear she's a great find

(Check ✓ for the good pictures. Double check ✓✓ for the extraordinary ones that you shouldn't miss.)

By DORA ALBERT

✓ **AFTER TOMORROW** (Fox) If you can bear to see Charles Farrell playing opposite Marian Nixon instead of Janet Gaynor, you'll find this a nice, human story, cut out of the same material as "Street Scene," though to be honest, it isn't anywhere nearly as great. It's the story of a boy and girl who have to keep on putting off their marriage on account of the boy's "silver cord" comic strip mother. Marian Nixon and Charles Farrell give splendid performances. Josephine Hall's rôle as Farrell's mother calls for a lot of exaggeration, and she gives it.

☆

✓✓ **ALIAS THE DOCTOR** (First National) Barthelmess's best picture since "Dawn Patrol." The story of this is a beautiful one, that of a boy who sacrifices his career as a doctor for the sake of his foster-brother, and when that brother dies, has to conceal his identity in order to save human lives. The final scene of the story is filled with an almost unbearable suspense and reaches a high pitch of emotion. Barthelmess's own work stands out above everything else in the picture, though Marian Marsh is lovely as his leading lady and Lucille LaVerne gives a grand performance as his foster-mother.

☆

AMATEUR DADDY (Fox) Maybe you'll adore this, and then again maybe you won't. It depends on just how much sentiment you like in your movies. If you like it spread on thick, this'll do. It's the story of a bachelor's attempts to mother some little ones. Warner Baxter plays the part nicely. Marian Nixon is excellent as a simple little country gal. And the kids are darn cute. The plot is a bit time-worn.

☆

✓✓ **ARE YOU LISTENING?** (M-G-M) You may not be expecting a story that digs as deep into the emotions as this one, but no matter what you're expecting, you'll admit that this is a swell picture. Madge Evans, Anita Page and Joan Marsh play three girls who work in a radio station, and they're all adorable. William Haines is good, and his dramatic work will surprise you, for he doesn't play his usual wise-cracking self. Karen Morley gives a powerful performance. All in all, grand.

☆

✓✓ **ARROWSMITH** (United Artists) Here's an exceptional talkie. It's the story of a young scientist who for love becomes a country doctor. Ronald Colman gives a splendid performance in this story. Helen Hayes, who really ought to have more to do, is very appealing as his wife. Whether or not "Arrowsmith" is a hit at the box-office, it is a superbly intelligent picture.

☆

✓✓ **ARSENE LUPIN** (M-G-M) This is a thriller—and how! It's not alone that the story is exciting and has lots of suspense, though it is and it has. The main thing is that both Barrymores, John and Lionel, are in the picture, and they do themselves proud. My own pet is Lionel, but I'll have to admit that his brother is swell also. "Arsene Lupin" has romance, thrills and mystery. See it.

☆

✓ **BEAST OF THE CITY, THE** (M-G-M) This glorifies the police, and how! It also glorifies Jean Harlow, and how! It's an answer, really, to all the gang films that have gone before—particularly to those which glorified the crooks. Walter Huston turns in a fine performance as a police big-shot who has sworn to rid his city of the gang chief.

☆

BEAUTY AND THE BOSS (Warners) It's too bad about this. Beautiful as Marian Marsh is, she can't save it. And though Warren William is a sex-appealish lad, neither can he. The story of the ambitious country girl who becomes the millionaire's secretary and then falls in love with him has been done just once too often. This whole picture is exaggerated and untrue to life from start to finish.

☆

BEHIND THE MASK (Columbia) Exciting secret service melodrama with Jack Holt, Boris Karloff and Constance Cummings. The secret service man goes to prison to get the lowdown on the dope gang; the fiendish surgeon murders people on the operating table; the beautiful heroine saves the hero in the nick of time. Jack Holt and Boris Karloff are very well cast indeed as the hero and the villain respectively. You'll find the story thrilling even if not wholly believable.

☆

BIG TIMER, THE (Columbia) This is a fairly snappy picture, and it has a few laughs in it. Ben Lyon is adequate as a palooka prize fighter, but of course, he doesn't equal his performance in "Lady with a Past" and other hits. Constance Cummings does a grand piece of work as the love interest. Fair program entertainment.

Personally Recommended

✓✓ **Grand Hotel**
Obviously

✓✓ **The Crowd Roars**

I hate racing pictures as a rule, they're so obvious. When a picture thrills me as this did, it's got to be exciting. And *is* this exciting!!! It's true, James Cagney hasn't got much of a chance to get under your skin, to make you like him, but that's because the picture's crowded with action. And Joan Blondell's comedy scenes are elegant.

✓✓ **One Hour With You**

Very light, very frothy, very naughty, very gay.

✓ **The Lost Squadron**

The suspense is terrific. This is an aviation film that's "different," for it portrays the hazards undergone by the real stunt-flyers of Hollywood.

—Also—

These Double Check Pictures of the Last Six Months.

✓✓ **Alias the Doctor**
✓✓ **Arrowsmith**
✓✓ **Arsene Lupin**
✓✓ **Dance Team**
✓✓ **Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde**
✓✓ **The Hatchet Man**
✓✓ **Hell Divers**
✓✓ **High Pressure**
✓✓ **Ladies of the Big House**
✓✓ **Mata Hari**
✓✓ **The Miracle Man**
✓✓ **The Passionate Plumber**
✓✓ **Private Lives**
✓✓ **Scarface**
✓✓ **Shanghai Express**
✓✓ **Symphony of Six Million**
✓✓ **Tarzan, the Ape Man**
✓✓ **Union Depot**

☆

✓ **BROKEN LULLABY** (Paramount) Also released as "The Man I Killed." Lubitsch tries his hand at a tragic theme and creates a picture that may be art but isn't box-office—a psychological study of a man who feels that he has committed murder because he killed a man in the war. Chief acting honors go to Lionel Barrymore. Nancy Carroll, miscast as a German fraulein, does nicely anyway. Phil Holmes gives a sensitive, high-strung performance.

☆

BROKEN WING, THE (Paramount) This has romance and it has excitement, but it hasn't enough of either to make it a really outstanding picture. Leo Carrillo is a joy as usual as a Mexican bandit. Lupe Velez makes a grand little spitfire and Melvyn Douglas is all right as the conventional hero. But the plot is just one of those things; you know what to expect and it happens.

BUT THE FLESH IS WEAK (M-G-M) Bob Montgomery is fairly good in this sophisticated story of two paupers who set out to marry wealthy women. Aubrey Smith lends splendid support. Heather Thatcher and Nora Gregor are the two women in the story. They might be interesting, but unfortunately they are miscast, and the story suffers from this miscasting.

☆

✓ **CARELESS LADY** (Fox) The youngest of the Bennett sisters, Joan, shows herein what she can do with a Constance Bennett sort of rôle. For this is just the kind of a plot Constance had in "Lady with a Past." You'll find it fun to compare the two pictures. Joan Bennett is adorable, though it's a question whether it's wise for her to do the sophisticated kind of rôle. You'll like John Boles, too, as the hero.

☆

✓ **CARNIVAL BOAT** (Radio) Here's a tale of adventure in the timberlands. It has a lot of thrills, a lot of action. Bill Boyd, Ginger Rogers and Marie Prevost are in the cast, and you know darn well they're worth seeing.

☆

CHEATERS AT PLAY (Fox) Conventional international crook story in which most of the action takes place on a steamer at sea. Thomas Meighan and Billy Bakewell do all they can with a not-so-hot story. It's Charlotte Greenwood, though, who steals the picture with her comedy work. All in all, it's fairish entertainment.

☆

COHENS AND KELLYS IN HOLLYWOOD (Universal) The latest of the Cohen and Kelly series. This time you see George Sidney and Charles Murray in Hollywood, and you get a load of their adventures there. As a tour of Hollywood, this is fun.

☆

✓✓ **CROWD ROARS, THE** (Warners) When James Cagney appears in a picture, you know that there's going to be plenty of action, and oh boy, oh boy, do you get your money's worth in this! It's a tale of the auto race tracks, and everything in the picture is subordinate to the hair-raising thrills of the auto race scenes. James Cagney and Eric (Are These Our Children?) Linden deliver performances that'll make you want to get up and cheer, and when you add to all this, Joan Blondell and Ann Dvorak, you have a picture that we simply had to give a double check to.

☆

✓ **DANCERS IN THE DARK** (Paramount) If Miriam Hopkins is your pet the way she's my pet, you'll go to this and love it. It's the tale of a taxi dancer who discovers true love. Jack Oakie puts over a swell dramatic performance, Miriam is grand as usual, and Lyda Roberti sings a hot song number the way a hot song number is supposed to be sung.

☆

✓✓ **DANCE TEAM** (Fox) That James Dunn-Sally Eilers team keeps rising in popularity. And no wonder, when they give us pictures like "Bad Girl" and now "Dance Team." They'll tear the heart out of you in this and make you like it, make you laugh and make you love it, make you feel it's real life they're portraying and real people. You'll like the story, too, that of a couple of hoofers whose romance is almost wrecked when one of them gets a case of swelled head.

☆

✓ **DELICIOUS** (Fox) If you like Janet Gaynor, you'll like this, although the story isn't new. It's the love tale of a little immigrant girl. Added to this you have some nice incidental music plus Charles Farrell as the hero plus some lovely photography. And Janet Gaynor is "Delicious" in this!

☆

DESTRY RIDES AGAIN (Universal) Just to see Tom Mix back in his saddle, riding good old Tony again, is enough for thousands of Western fans, young and old. And when you add to this that Tom Mix talks, it's enough to give plenty of fans one of their biggest talkie thrills. The story's not unusual, but the Western fans will eat it up.

☆

✓ **DEVIL'S LOTTERY** (Fox) You don't like melodrama? Wait! The chances are you'll like this. It's so well cast, so nicely produced, that you won't care whether it's believable or not, it's so exciting. And it contains some of Elissa Landi's best work. Hectic but enjoyable.

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But *today* she's added 23 lbs. —cleared her skin, too

SHE'D pretended not to mind—*laughed* when they called her "skinny". But she drew the line at being photographed. For no one can laugh off a scrawny face and shapeless legs, when they are *printed in black and white!*

Today, thanks to 23 pounds gained, she's *no longer camera-shy!* Read her thrilling story:

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"I was sick and rundown from childhood. I weighed only 104 pounds and looked just 'skin and bones'. In fact, such a sight I didn't like friends to take snapshots of me.

"But since taking Ironized Yeast I have put on 23 pounds. It improved my skin, too. I look like a *different* woman!" Mrs. J. E. Rachulles, Red Cliff, Colo.

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If you, too, are a bit self-conscious about your figure—if you, too, worry over your complexion—why not profit by the experience of *thousands?* Gain pounds of healthy flesh, clear complexion — *plus* sound sleep, regular elimination, steady nerves, tireless energy. Get these quickly, *inexpensively*—with Ironized Yeast.

Concentrated 7 times

In perfecting Ironized Yeast, no expense has been spared. It contains a remarkably rich yeast—imported *"beer yeast"*. This specially cultured yeast is *concentrated* by a process so new and so important that the Biological Commission of the League of Nations officially recommended its adoption as a world-wide standard.

Seven pounds of "beer yeast" are required to make just one pound of this yeast concentrate that goes into Ironized Yeast. And three distinct kinds of iron are required to *ironize* this concentrate. Thus Ironized Yeast not only brings you all the body-building benefits of yeast—*many times multiplied*—but it also wonderfully enriches your blood, increases strength and pep as it adds firm flesh.

RESULTS TRIPLE-TESTED: To make sure you get the utmost in weight, strength and health-building qualities, the *genuine* Ironized Yeast is *triple-tested* — by our own chemists, by an eminent physician and by a professor of Bio-Chemistry in a famous college. Beware of imitations which may discolor teeth and upset stomach. Insist on the *genuine* Ironized Yeast.

Special FREE offer!

To start you building up your health *right away,* we make this absolutely FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast at once, cut out the seal on the box and send it to us with a clipping of this offer. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts about Your Body", by an eminent health authority. Results from very first package—*or money refunded.* At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Dept. 17, Atlanta, Ga.

IRONIZED YEAST

New Concentrated Health Builder In Pleasant Tablet Form

This attractive bunch of rail birds are some of the guests at the rodeo Jimmy and Russell Gleason gave at the new twenty-five acre Gleason ranch outside Hollywood. The cute little girl is New Discovery Dorothy Dix. Then come the Hamiltons, Neil and Elsa, and Donald Cook. The cowboy on the ground is Ken Maynard

✓ **DISORDERLY CONDUCT** (Fox) Here's a movie that moves! There's a big time racketeer and his beautiful daughter, a couple of cops, a gambling raid, a murder and more than a dash of romance. It's got action, it's got speed, it's got excitement. In fact, it's got pretty near everything. And even though Sally Eilers hasn't got Jimmy Dunn playing opposite the way she ought to have, she gives a swell performance. And El Brendel, as always, can be depended upon for laughs.

☆

✓ **EMMA** (M-G-M) Though Garbo is glamorous and Shearer has poise, though Joan Crawford is a grand dramatic actress and Janet Gaynor sweetness itself, there are things that old trouper Marie Dressler does to your heart strings that no one else can do. This picture is Marie Dressler, and Marie Dressler and Marie Dressler. And oh, how you love it! If anyone else but Marie played in this, you'd say that the story was hokum. Marie makes you take it and like it. So bring at least two handkerchiefs along. You'll need 'em.

☆

✓ **EXPERT, THE** (Warners) This is a simple, human story that's aimed straight for the heart and gets there. Chic Sale gives one of his wonderful old man portrayals. Little Dickie Moore will touch your heart with his performance as an orphan boy.

☆

FAMOUS FERGUSON CASE, THE (Warners) This isn't at all a bad picture, combining as it does a newspaper yarn with a mystery story. But it is a shame that with Joan Blondell in the cast, the picture doesn't make more use of her abilities. There's a young lad in it, however, named Tom Brown, who, if he keeps up the pace he sets in this, will be headed for the bright lights.

☆

✓ **FIREMAN, SAVE MY CHILD** (Warners) All the more because this is the year of great depression, we must have laughs. Who can furnish them better than Joe E. Brown? This picture was made to order for him. It's about a small town boob who doesn't realize that he has the makings of a great baseball star and sets to work inventing fire extinguishers instead. There are some swell gags in this, and a touch of romance on the side. Evalyn Knapp is the heroine, and you know yourself what a decorative and charming one she makes.

☆

FORBIDDEN (Columbia) Adult drama about a woman who loves hopelessly. The story is utterly tragic, but beautifully played by Barbara Stanwyck, Adolphe Menjou, Ralph Bellamy and Dorothy Peterson.

☆

✓ **GIRL CRAZY** (Radio) Typical Wheeler and Woolsey nonsense, kidding the Wild West b' gosh. The highlight of the picture consists of Mitzi Green's imitations of Edna May Oliver, Rosco Ates, George Arliss and others. Besides that, there are plenty of other funny sequences, particularly the motor cop gag. If you go to see this, you'll get your money's worth in laughs. Dorothy Lee's in the picture, too, but instead of being her usual sprightly self, she's a simple ingénue.

☆

GOOD SPORT (Fox) Conventional story about gold-diggers, which makes only passable entertainment. Linda Watkins, John Boles, Allan Dinehart and Greta Nissen play the leading rôles satisfactorily, though there is nothing in the story to inspire them to any heights.

☆

✓✓ **GRAND HOTEL** (M-G-M) The picture you've been waiting to see. For months you've been reading about its super-super cast—Greta Garbo, Joan Crawford, both Barrymores, Wallace Beery, Jean Hersholt, Lewis Stone and others. With the expectations that such a cast must arouse, and public interest at a fever-pitch, it is to the deep credit of the cast, directors and makers of the film, that the picture lives up to everything one would expect of it. Garbo's performance is extraordinary. She seems to live her rôle. Lionel Barrymore also gives a performance of great depth.

✓✓ **HATCHET MAN, THE** (Warners-First National) Edward G. Robinson gives another of his smash hit performances, this time as a Chinese killer. The picture is powerful, effective, with intriguing make-up work which makes the players look more Chinese than the Chinese themselves! The story is sheer melodrama with more than a touch of horror. Loretta Young and Dudley Digges deserve honorable mention, too, for their performances.

☆

HEART OF NEW YORK (First National) Oh, this is all right enough if you go for those pictures in which dialect is the main reliance, but otherwise you'll find it fair entertainment at best. Smith and Dale, the comedy team you saw in "Manhattan Parade," are the ones who set out to amuse you in this trite little story about an eastside family. It's funny in spots.

☆

✓✓ **HELL DIVERS** (M-G-M) Here's a rip-roaring, exciting, super-special picture of the Navy's fighting airmen. M-G-M, Wallace Beery, the Navy and Clark Gable got together to make this picture, and by Allah, it was worth it. The picture's so big that it towers above any of the actors, even Clark (the maiden's thrill) Gable. The air shots are great, and Wallace Beery's performance magnificent.

☆

HELL'S HEADQUARTERS (Mayfair) Hollywood's idea of what goes on in the African jungles. The wild animal sequences are thrilling. Otherwise, the picture's only fair. Barbara Weeks and Jack Mulhall are in the cast.

☆

✓✓ **HIGH PRESSURE** (Warners) At last, a picture worthy of Bill Powell! And how he crashes through in this! How!!! We're fed up on the long procession of ladies' man pictures in which Powell has been appearing, but this is different. Bill plays a big-shot promoter who gets into trouble and out of it again. Evelyn Brent and Evalyn Knapp as the women in the picture, will delight, too. And don' miss the beginning of the picture, for your firs sight of Bill Powell will make you gasp.

☆

✓ **IMPATIENT MAIDEN, THE** (Universal) You'll go to see Lew Ayres, and you'll go away raving about Mae Clarke, who proves in this, as she did in "Waterloo Bridge," that she' a comer—and how! Not that Lew Ayres' work isn't grand; it is. He plays a young intern in love with a girl who refuses to marry him rather than ruin his career. And yet they'v been all the world to each other! It's very modern, very frank. You'll like it.

☆

✓✓ **IT'S TOUGH TO BE FAMOUS** (Firs National) It's a question whether the public will pay to laugh at a picture which laughs at it. This is satire, and it isn't polite, gentle satire either. It makes fun of us for the way we ballyhoo our heroes. Doug Junior gives a grand performance in the kind of a rôle his dad used to play. Mary Brian does one of her bes pieces of acting. If you have enough of a sense of humor to enjoy being kidded for the kind o a chump you make of yourself over a nationa hero, okay. Otherwise this'll be poison to you

☆

✓✓ **LADIES OF THE BIG HOUSE** (Paramount.) The grim shadows of prison walls, injustice, bitterness. That's "Ladies of the Big House." Yet so powerful is the picture tha even though it's depressing, even though you may not be sure whether you like it or not you'll have to admit it's great. It's the story of a young couple unjustly doomed by the law Sylvia Sidney glows in a drab setting. Watch Gene Raymond! He's got something, that boy

☆

✓ **LADY WITH A PAST** (RKO-Pathé You've seen Connie Bennett as a great emotional actress, haven't you? And no doubt whe you saw the title of this, you said, "Aha, there' that old Bennett plot again." But it isn't Here's a different kind of story for Bennett, an oh, how she makes the most of it! It's ligh and gay and filled with laughter. Oh, there' love in it, of course, but it isn't tragic love Connie shows that she has a swell sense o humor. But Ben Lyon steals the picture.

(*Continued on page* 98)

KEEP IN TUNE WITH LOVE!
BLUE WALTZ
COLD CREAM
FACIAL CREAMS
CLEANSING CREAM
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Have Foreign Women More Sex Appeal than American Girls?

(*Continued from page 23*)

case of Jeanette MacDonald, one of Lubitsch's sex-appeal pawns. Jeanette, an American girl, is all right enough in America. In Europe, Jeanette, the American star of sexy movies, is a riot. In Paris, which disputes with Hollywood the right to the title of the sex-capital of the world, Jeanette MacDonald queens it whenever she's there. They go wild about her—newspapers fill columns about her, rich men and peers throw big parties for her, everyday movie fans mob her as they mob Garbo over here. In Europe, Jeanette MacDonald gains a sex-asset which she does not hold in America; in Europe, she's a foreign woman.

And as for Herr Lubitsch himself, well —Lubitsch, the German, concludes his sex-appeal dissertation with: "American women are quite glamorous and sex-appealish enough for me." And proves it by being still quite that way about American Ona Munson.

WELL, let's see what we've had. We've found two reasons, haven't we, why foreign women seem to have more sex-appeal than our home product:

1—Sex is more closely a part of their lives and training than with American women.

2—They have the advantages of representing something different, new, in the field of sex adventure.

There's a third answer. Sylvia Sidney has it:

"I believe the continental woman is a better actress, in non-professional life, than her American sister. That is, she acts more off screen and off stage, in everyday life. She acts for the benefit of her family, her friends, even strangers. She acts cleverly, so that it is difficult to detect it as acting, but there it is. The American woman, on the other hand, has little patience with 'putting on an act,' which probably accounts for our apparent lack of glamour when compared with the continental variety.

"And then again," she adds with that Sidney impish grin, "maybe it's all done with accents."

And so, if Sylvia's right, that adds answer No. 3: "Putting on the act."

To all of which, here come two very interesting reactions—one from Clark Gable (oh, sure; in an argument like that, you'd have to see what Sex-Appeal Gable thinks about it!) and one from Marie Dressler—and you couldn't hurl any accusations of jealousy or personal interest at Marie, any more.

Both Gable and Marie hold that sex-appeal is "entirely a matter of the individual."

Both insist that it doesn't make any difference whether a girl is from Oshkosh, America, or Paris or Madrid or Helsingfors or even Timbuctoo—if she's got sex-appeal, she's got it, and if she hasn't, she hasn't.

BUT even in this, Marie and Gable differ. Gable holds that individual sex-appeal is a matter of the person exerting it; Marie holds it's a matter of the reaction of the person it's being exerted on . . . ! If you get what I mean. You don't? Well, let them speak for themselves:

Says Marie—"Sex-appeal is one of those Greek puzzles. It seems to me that it's in the eye and mind of the beholder, rather than in the person of the possessor of the alleged—ah—appeal. Different types of femininity have appeal for different kinds of people. The woman who may thrill you from the screen—or in real life—with what you think is the most potent dose of sex-appeal you've ever seen, may be totally uninteresting, unappealing, and a sex-washout to your next-door neighbor. . . . !"

And Gable opines: "—sex-appeal knows no rules, regulations, nationality, or restrictions." And he ought to know! "Sex-appeal is entirely a matter of the individual. It may be accentuated or retarded, but when a woman of the screen has sex-appeal, it doesn't matter whether she's European or American; she's *got* it."

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SCARFS
DRESSES
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Take out spots

Keep costumes dainty in summer by using new economical dry powder

SAVE dry cleaners' bills this summer. Don't pay for cleaning a whole costume because of a few spots. Just shake Annette's Cleanser on the soiled parts. You will be utterly surprised at the way this *dry powder* removes spots and stains, leaving fabrics fresh and clean. And you will certainly appreciate this fact: *Annette's Cleanser leaves no ring.* Works like magic on all kinds of materials—silk, velvet, wool, cotton, chiffon, linen, felt, fur.

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CLEANSER
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Leaves no "ring"
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I enclose 10¢ for Trial Box of Annette's Perfect Cleanser and copy of "Guide for Home Cleaning." FP-G

Name____________________
Street Address____________________
City__________ State__________

Just a Passion Flower from Broadway

(*Continued from page 35*)

the proprietor says, 'Now play another tune.' But this song was the one I played best, so I said, 'Sure,' and I played the same tune all over again. This time I starts from the middle and plays backward. Then when I finished I says 'Now do you want to hear me play "Dixie" first with my right hand and then with my left?'

"'No,' sezze, 'you're hired. How much do you want?'

"Up to that time I'd made $10 a week workin' with me brother. But someone had tipped me off that they paid the piano player before me in that jernt $25 a week. So I ups and asks for $25."

"Well," said the proprietor, "twenty-five dollars is quite a salary. You know, it isn't busy here right now. Suppose you start at $18 and when the season's on you might wind up to $35 or $40."

"No," said Jimmy. "I don't want to wind up to nuttin'. I wants to start out $25 and I wants to finish $25. That's my salary."

And it was. But Jimmy was to learn pretty soon what the proprietor meant when he said that when the season was on Jimmy might make $35 or $40. At first Jimmy started at eight o'clock in the evening and worked till one. But when things got busy, he had to start at eight and finish at six the next morning. So he asked for a raise.

"No," said the boss. "You wanted to start at $25 and wind up at $25. That's your salary."

After the season was over Jimmy played the piano at the Chatham Club in Chinatown. The next year he played again at the island. The singer he accompanied was a chap named Eddie Cantor.

Jimmy went from one joint to another. For eight years he played at the Alamo. Eddie Jackson was an entertainer there, and that was how they first came to know each other.

One of the entertainers was a singer named Jeanne Olson. She came over to Jimmy Durante one day and said, "You're the worst piano player I ever heard." That was the beginning of their romance. They've been married now for over ten years.

After years of playing the piano in night clubs, a waiter suggested to Jimmy that he start his own joint. He refused to open it unless Jackson and a fellow working with him named Harris were in on the proposition, too. The waiter agreed and they all opened a night club together. After it had been open a month Clayton bought out Harris, and Clayton, Jackson and Durante got together for the first time.

They became famous in the night clubs of New York and in vaudeville. They were a great team.

A couple of years ago Paramount made a picture, "Roadhouse Nights," in which the three friends appeared together. Jimmy Durante wowed 'em. Paramount immediately offered Jimmy a contract. But the three friends had sworn "One for all and all for one" and Jimmy refused to sign unless Paramount signed up all three.

I asked Jimmy why he'd signed a contract with M-G-M when he had refused to sign the same sort of contract with Paramount.

Jimmy shrugged his shoulders.

"Times are bad," he said simply.

The three remain staunch friends, though they are separated as a team. When Jimmy needs money he borrows it from Jackson. When Jackson needs money he borrows it from Jimmy. When Clayton needs money it's the same story. They're still "one for all and all for one."

There have been more amusing anecdotes told about Jimmy than about any person in show business. Some of them are true.

For instance, he says it's strictly on the level that he did get the idea that Mr. Mayer of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer was the cashier of the joint.

When Jimmy first came out to Hollywood, he got $500 advance on his salary. After he'd been three or four days on the lot, Mr. Mayer came up to him.

"Hello, Jimmy," he said. "You've been around to see everybody on the lot. Why didn't you come in to see me?"

"Who are you?" asked Jimmy.

"Oh, just the fellow who draws the checks."

"Okay," said Jimmy. "Don't worry. Just as soon as I need some more money, I'll be aroun' to see you."

That night Jimmy Durante was invited to a party at the home of the Thalbergs. Mr. Mayer was there.

"So I asks someone there, 'Son, who is that cashier?' 'Why,' he says, 'that's no cashier. That's Mr. Mayer.' So I ups to Mr. Mayer and says, 'Hah, so you t'ink I didn't know you this afternoon, Mr. Mayer. Sure I did. And I give him the laugh.'"

Another time as a gag a couple of fellows at M-G-M framed it so the cops across the street from the studio would give Jimmy a ticket for speeding. Jimmy protested he'd only been going twenty miles an hour; the cop insisted he'd been going forty. He gave Jimmy a ticket.

Up to the studio clambered Jimmy. Upstairs an important conference was on. Mr. Mayer was there, Governor Rolph, Mr. Rubin and Mr. Schenck, all big shots. Jimmy burst into the room.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I face arrest. I've been given a ticket for speeding. What can you do for me?"

"If you're put in jail, Jimmy," said Governor Rolph, "I'll pardon you."

"Okay," said Jimmy, "I'll face the music. Good day, gentlemen."

At the première of "The Wet Parade" in which Jimmy plays a Prohibition agent ("me, who ran all those jernts," groans Jimmy), Jimmy said, "Garbo has fallen in love with me. She wants to marry me. Can you imagine? Do you think I'm a chump? A fine thing that would be for me. Why, if I were married to Garbo, when I walked down the street, people would say, 'There goes Garbo's husband,' instead of 'There goes Jimmy Durante.' I won't do it. I refuse to lose my identity."

"The next day," says Jimmy Durante, "the newspapers announced, 'Bannister Refuses To Lose His Identity and Is Getting a Divorce.' Someone is always copying me."

Hollywood is a Domestic Town

(*Continued from page* 59)

charm, brown-haired and brown-eyed, she has a look of energy and mischief about her that will keep her from becoming the settled matron in appearance.

"Nobody was ever mushier than I was about marriage, when it actually happened to me," she confesses. "Baby, I cried real tears at my wedding—plenty of them. I was a little bit ashamed of myself, so I blamed it on Hollywood's sentimental atmosphere.

"You know me. *I* was going to be different. No marriage for *me* until I got to be a big shot in my profession. Maybe I had a subconscious notion of marrying a title. I do remember telling a friend of mine, in New York, that all a girl could find in marriage, besides alimony, was the right to call herself Lady This or Princess That.

"Yes, I was hard-boiled. But Hollywood has changed all that. I fell, and fell hard. And seeing what it did to me, I wasn't at all surprised when practically every morning paper I picked up recorded a new film marriage. Think of them! Gloria Swanson, Connie Bennett, Clara Bow, Dorothy Mackaill, Richard Dix, and a host of other big timers.

"Then there are such marriages as June Collyer's to Stuart Erwin, and Lola Lane to Lew Ayres. June and Stuart make the unlikeliest combination imaginable, according to their friends, while the buddies of Lola and Lew say that they married so they could fight more conveniently. Now, gossips tell me, there aren't two duckier couples in Hollywood—unless it's Wes and myself.

"It's all due to the influence of Hollywood. They come in wild and wicked, but they're bound to reform. Some of them hold out a long while, but in the end they march up to the Little Church Around the Corner, or fly to Yuma to be married."

She regards marriage as much more of an adventure than love without marriage. She does not think that the happiest, fondest pair of lovers would necessarily make the happiest, fondest man and wife.

Arline was born in Bridgeport on February 21st, 1912, and was graduated from Ursuline Academy Prep school. She had only attended New Rochelle College for a year when the late Donahue put her into his act. Then she joined the team of Clayton, Jackson and Durante as a featured singer, dancer and wise-cracker.

There followed comedienne parts in New York with the "Silver Slipper Revue," another with Ruth Selwyn's "9:15 Revue," and then three months of experience on the road; finally the Broadway hit that attracted LeBaron's attention.

In more than one way she will make a fitting mate for Wesley Ruggles, who likes sports, outdoor life, flying, and "roughing-it." Far from being the sophisticated, lanquid, orchid-like show-girl of tradition, Arline likes all of those things, and excels in some of them. She has nearly 100 hours of flying to her credit. Her 'Varsity swimming coach regretted the loss of the promising little freshman more than the faculty did. She rides like a cowboy, and plays a strong game of tennis.

Around the studio lot, she is all dash, vigor, and democracy. It abashes her no whit to have the dignity of a famous director to uphold, now that she is his wife; she is altogether too much herself for that. So she calls merrily, "Hi, baby!" with the utmost impartiality, whether it be to LeBaron or to Ruggles' prop boy. She has a way all her own of treating servants, too. From it springs an amazing anecdote:

Not all the eligible ladies of Hollywood approved of Arline's apparently quick and easy conquest of the hitherto elusive Mr. Ruggles. One of them who was known to be a bit catty on the subject, watched Arline treating her servants quite like fellow-humans, and having the *nouveau riche* attitude toward servitors herself, remarked in the presence of many witnesses:

"Arline, don't you think you're a bit chummy with servants? They aren't like the theatre wardrobe women and maids you've been accustomed to, you know. They'll take advantage."

Arline put on a guileless smile that erased the natural look of shrewdness and mischief from her eyes.

"Probably you're right, my dear," she chirped. "But it's such a relief to have servants you can treat that way! You know, my father in Bridgeport had an English butler who was so frigid he froze all the other servants, too. I was raised with them, and every time I tried to get familiar with one of them I got chilblains! Say! If that English butler of ours ever watched you eat, and you happened to look up and catch him at it, you wouldn't recover from the chill for a week!"

The remark itself was all right, but Arline had put just the faintest emphasis on the "you" in the last sentence. Table manners were one of her critic's weak points, so the thrust went home.

Whether Arline is talking on Hollywood marriage problems, or swapping persiflage, friendly or otherwise, with a worthy opponent, or making love to a matinée idol in a film scene, she shows that she is an eminently capable girl. She is the sort about whom it is said, "She knows how to take care of herself anywhere."

In addition to her capability, she has another quality rarely found with it. It is some subtle charm or appeal that always wins the sympathy of the majority in any company in which she finds herself. Perhaps it is because she seems to take it for granted that you, whoever you are, are her friend; that you understand her, and share some secret with her that the rest of the world doesn't know.

You can make a safe wager right now. Arline is going a long, long way up the cinema ladder of success. She's just that kind of girl.

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Me, My Life and I

(Continued from page 71)

about by outside influences and that in 1917 a career was more important than a home to Gloria.

The separation, for me, was a tragic thing. It broke me up. I was dazed. I didn't care whether I worked or not, or whether I was famous or a bum. I lost my job.

There has been a lot of wise rumoring about the country. One story is that in later years Gloria came into the Brown Derby, run by Herb Somborn, her second husband, and saw Herb, Hank Falaise, her third husband, and me. The gossips say she bowed and waved to all of us. If that happened, I wasn't there. I don't believe that she ever was in the Brown Derby in her life.

Herb and I are good pals, however. In fact, we call each other "brother-in-law." Of course, this is all in fun.

The other day, I met the Marquis, Hank Falaise.

"Hello, Hank," I said. "You know, I want to meet all you guys."

Of course, I was referring to himself and Herb and Michael Farmer. I haven't met Mike yet. Maybe that wasn't a very formal greeting, but we now work at the same place, and he is a swell fellow, so he understood.

But this is getting too far ahead.

After the crash with Gloria, it took some time to pick up the pieces. I didn't try to do much, and everything I did do turned out to be a bust. I didn't have any luck at all. It was at about this time that people started to say, "poor old Wally," and shake their heads as if I was all washed up.

After going broke and wandering around for several months like a kid who has lost his dog, I saw there was a chance of me starving to death if I didn't buck up. So I went back to work.

There was a Japanese exhibitor who wanted to make pictures in that country and I got an offer to direct. I took the job at $150 a week. A not well known cast and I went there just when the cherry blossoms were in bloom in the spring of 1918.

We worked for more than four weeks and then came home. I don't even know if the picture was released. I didn't much care, things being the way they were, the divorce having taken place. We had trouble, too. The war was on, and Japan was afraid to have us take pictures for fear we'd give something away to somebody who might be an enemy of theirs.

I continued to mope when I got back until finally I said:

"See here, Wally—you're being a big sap and you'd better get to work again and forget about your troubles."

I went scouting around. Summer was pretty well along when Mickey Neilan offered me a job as a German Lieutenant—a heavy—opposite Blanche Sweet in the propaganda picture, "The Unpardonable Sin."

The picture was completed two or three weeks before the Armistice was signed, and there was some talk of not releasing it because it was a film which was to have helped get Americans sore at the Germans. I clicked heavy in that picture—it was a personal triumph for me.

I am and always will be deeply grateful to Neilan for that part.

You see, he put all personal feelings aside in giving me that chance. I was the former husband of Gloria Swanson, and he was then going with her himself at that time. But he did not let this matter. It was a fine thing for him to do, for there was still strong feeling on both sides, and he was walking on thin ice.

It was the turning point for me. I sobered down, started to work seriously in motion pictures. Pictures began to take on prestige, and I started moving up with them. After producers saw what a swell heavy I was they started rushing me as a new discovery, which proves that Hollywood hasn't changed any in fourteen years. As a different type, I was pushed into "Behind the Door," with great old Hobart Bosworth, and into "The Four Horsemen," with Valentino. In both pictures, according to Hollywood form, I played the German villain.

I worked hard. I still work hard.

In 1919, when I went into "The Virgin of Stamboul" with Priscilla Dean, Irving Thalberg and I signed a contract just one page long, which gave me a salary of $375 a week. In 1922, Irving and I entered another contract, which paid me $1,000 a week, and it was three pages long. Now, I have a contract with Irving Thalberg for several times that much money, and the contract is sixteen pages long.

I don't know what this proves, except that when the industry grew, everything grew with it.

I've climbed along and had a good time.

My present place in Beverly Hills has eleven rooms, large grounds, a swimming pool and a garage, which houses four cars.

We have four servants, a cook, a maid, a chauffeur and a gardener. All this comes from growing up with the motion picture business and being a good boy. I own everything that I own outright. I started that when I bought the old yellow Mercer.

My second marriage occurred quite suddenly.

In 1924, I was making "Robin Hood" with Douglas Fairbanks. There was a swell looking blonde girl on the set, whose name was Rita Gilman, and who had come to Hollywood from Roanoke, Virginia, to gain success in motion pictures. She was an extra. Fairbanks was too busy to discover her, but I wasn't.

I sort of kidded her for a couple of weeks, and she kidded back. Then, one day when she was in a dressing room with four or five other girls, I said:

"I'm going to marry you."

She thought I was still kidding—just another fresh actor. But I fooled her. Six months later we were married, and have been that way ever since.

Recently, when we had a fire at our house, and we had to move into another apartment and Rita had influenza, and we had just adopted the kids, and I was working like the devil in "Grand Hotel," one of those rumor hounds put two and two together and got about seven for an answer. He or she started whispering over the back fence that we were separated and pretty soon everybody was talking about it. But what the heck? I was reported dead once.

She is the best wife in Hollywood, bar none, and do you know why? Because she realizes that her job is running the house and she doesn't try to run the motion picture business. I could tell you that I love her, which is true, and a lot of other soft stuff, but no guy in motion pictures can pay a finer tribute to his wife than to say she minds her own business.

I've owned four airplanes, one of which crashed and killed my pilot and a couple of friends. That just about broke my heart, but it couldn't be helped, and feeling bad doesn't bring those people back.

I've told you that I was crazy for speed. Well, I first saw how fast airplanes went when Raymond Hatton, a very dear friend of mine, and I made "Now We're in the Air," which followed "We're in the Navy Now" and "Behind the Front" in 1926. I checked up with about a hundred pilots and the majority said to buy a certain type of plane, which I bought.

I kept a pilot until I really learned how to fly. In 1929, after three years of hard work, I got my transport license. I'm more proud of it than of anything else I own.

I've had two narrow escapes from death in six years. In 1929 I took out of Medford, Oregon, and flew up to 18,000 feet to get out of bad weather. It began getting dark and I couldn't find a hole in the clouds. I dived into them, through them, and brought myself up about a hundred and fifty feet off the ground.

It was black as ink and raining. My motor quit. I just set her down in the mountains near Red Bluff, California. Next day I learned this was the only level spot within twelve miles.

The second happened when Alan Roscoe, the actor, and I were heading for Amarillo, Texas, on a run from New York City last December. I was flying in a rainstorm and gas was getting low. I was using the beacons to guide me. There was plenty of lightning. I wanted to get down and picked an emergency field bounded by green lights. I was coming in for a landing when lightning knocked the field lights out of commission. I pulled a flare and thought I had set the tail of the Bellanca on fire.

I set her down quickly in mud, and bogged down until the floor of the cabin was in the mud. It took two trucks and three teams of horses to get us out three days later.

My wife doesn't fly much, mainly on account of experiences like these. Now and then, however, I get her to fly with me to a seven-room cabin I have at Silver Lake, Mono, California, high in the Sierras, where I hunt and fish. I spend two and three weeks at a time up there, taking my best friends, such as Lewis Stone, Frank Lloyd, the director, Ray Hatton, Noah and Willie. I also fly up to Wyoming for fishing and hunting. I've had extra gas tanks put in the ship so I can go up there non-stop.

From time to time word has gone around Hollywood that I get temperamental. Well, I'm not hard to handle as long as I'm treated reasonably. I merely stick up for my rights.

I could have retired two years ago with a million dollars, because I had expanded myself along with the motion picture business. At that time, I was mixed up in about twenty companies dealing in airplanes and motors, real estate, dairy products and in banking. Then the market got me.

Now, I've got to start pretty much all over again, but I'm not saying a word. Lots of people have gotten socked a lot harder than I have.

Recently, when my house was gutted by fire I marked off a loss of $20,000. Right now, I'm glad that I've got a job.

My wife and I go out very seldom. We have a motion picture projection machine at home. I have a recording Victrola, a couple of radios, and all that junk, which has to be oiled and cleaned and polished. Sometimes, when I need a lot of exercise, I wash and polish the cars. I play the piano a lot, because I enjoy it. I like all Victor Herbert's work, partly because I knew him so well and played in his shows. My favorite song, however, is "Just a Song at Twilight."

I have three dogs, "Lady," "Brownie" and "Gypsy," which I think are the best bird dogs in Beverly Hills. They are known as English springer spaniels. One was stolen recently, but I'll get her back.

I don't play golf or tennis or bridge. Can you imagine this big fellow out on a tennis court, saying "forty-love"?

My big kick, outside of flying, is hiking and hunting and camping out. Every turn in the trail gives you a new thrill. I like to get away from people and the life we live in the crowded places. I think that camping out in an eight-room bungalow at Malibu Beach is the bunk.

My favorite actor is Lewis Stone and my favorite actress is good old Marie Dressler. "The Champ" is my favorite picture, as far as my own work is concerned. I liked it because it was human.

I've had several ambitions. One has been fulfilled. That was to act with John Barrymore. John's regular. He's a prince. Another ambition is to play with Emil Jannings.

Also, I want to win the award for acting from the Motion Picture Academy.

Looking back over my life, I'm pretty well satisfied with things as they are.

I don't think I'm an actor. I'm natural. If an actor had played the part of "The Champ," he would have spoiled the picture. Actors talk about their art. Well, that's the bunk. Dogs and monkeys and birds and babies do pretty good jobs without a lot of these and those, don't they? I make a lot of actors who act sore when I say this, but it's a fact.

I have only one more ambition. I hope that whoever's in charge of this world of ours will understand it and fulfill it.

I started out telling about adopting three kids, George Priester, 9, William, 4, and Carol Anne, 15 months. At the beginning, I said they were kids of an aunt of mine. Well, if you want to get technical, they're children of an adopted sister of my wife's mother. I don't know what that makes me, but I'm pretty fond of these kids.

I just went out and caught Carol Anne taking a catnap in her swing in the playroom. She was sweet and sort of innocent and pink. I can't tell you how I felt, but if you've got kids of your own, you'll get me.

Now, about that last ambition.

Some day, I want a kid of my very own.

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	Brown..☐	Light☐ Dark☐	Moist.☐
Medium ☐	Black...☐	BROWNETTE	Dry....☐
Ruddy.....☐	LASHES	Light☐ Dark☐	AGE
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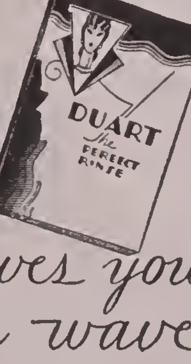

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A million women, from Coast to Coast, have Duart Permanent Waves.

Tips on Talkies

(Continued from page 92)

✓ **LOST SQUADRON, THE** (Radio) This is an exciting, swift-moving picture. You'll certainly get a thrill when Dick Grace, Hollywood's greatest air stunter, dives a plane headlong into the ocean. Richard Dix, Bob Armstrong and Joel McCrea play three ex-war-aces who go to work for a mad director in Hollywood. Dorothy Jordan and Mary Astor add love interest.

☆

✓ **LOVERS COURAGEOUS** (M-G-M) The most charming romance of young love you've seen in a long time, and that's saying puh-lenty. This is quite different from the sophisticated rôles you've been seeing Bob Montgomery play lately. He's utterly delightful in it, and so is Madge Evans. The whole picture is full of romance and charm, and you'll like it.

☆

MAN WANTED (Warners) Kay Francis is much hotter than the picture in which she appears. Kay is alluring and lovely, but the plot just misses fire. It's the tale of a business woman who falls in love with her young, good-looking male secretary, nicely played by Dave Manners. Andy Devine and Una Merkel do a lot for the picture by providing some swell laughs.

☆

✓ **MAN WHO PLAYED GOD, THE** (Warners) This is a distinguished, intelligent picture, and you can thank Warners' and George Arliss for it. It's the story of a great musician who sinks to the depths of despair when he loses his hearing, only to find happiness and faith again in the end. This is a present day story, no costume drama, and it's beautifully played. Besides Arliss' fine work, there is nice playing by Bette Davis, Violet Heming, Ivan Simpson and the rest of the supporting cast.

☆

✓✓ **MATA HARI** (M-G-M) Here is a perfect example of what a grand thing for the movies M-G-M's newest idea is. What—you don't know what it is? It's the idea that one good star deserves another. So Greta Garbo and Ramon Novarro, each a glamorous star, play opposite each other in this, and the result is a picture that is stirring and powerful and stunningly photographed. Garbo does some of her greatest work in this. Her supporting cast is excellent, but her performance is so extraordinary that it towers above every one else's, good as the other players are.

☆

✓✓ **MIRACLE MAN, THE** (Paramount) Here's a picture that gets away down deep inside you. It was made years ago as a silent. It was great then, and in its talkie revival it's still swell. This Sylvia Sidney gal has something that lifts all her performances into a class above the ordinary. She's great as the lovely crook who needs reforming. John Wray as "The Frog," Ned Sparks, Chester Morris, Hobart Bosworth are all good. But the scene that you'll remember longest and that will tug most at your heart is one in which little Bobbie Coogan appears. Watch for it.

☆

✓✓ **MOUTHPIECE, THE** (Warners) This is the story of a great criminal lawyer. It's interesting: it's amusing; it's thrilling. What more do you want? Warren William has his best rôle to date as the lawyer. Little Sidney Fox is the sweet young thing. Aline McMahon contributes a vivid performance as a hard-boiled gal. And the courtroom scenes are positively grand.

☆

✓ **MURDERS IN THE RUE MORGUE** (Universal) This is a pretty entertaining screen shocker, though it certainly isn't the wow that "Frankenstein" and "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" were. It varies between moments of excitement and suspense, and moments where—oh, well—you may even be inclined to giggle a bit. Bela Lugosi gives the best performance as Dr. Mirakle. I like the hero. Leon Waycoff, and Bert Roach for the comedy relief. Sidney Fox is fair as the heroine.

☆

✓✓ **NIGHT COURT** (M-G-M) "Night Court" was meant to be just another program picture; but it has a vividness about it that makes it more than just another picture. It's the story of a crooked judge who railroads an innocent woman to prison and of her husband's efforts to vindicate her. Walter Huston turns in a superb performance as the judge. Phillips Holmes, at last given that different sort of rôle his fans craved for him, makes the most of it. Anita Page overacts, but she is the only really false note in the production. "Night Court" is worth seeing.

☆

NO ONE MAN (Paramount) Well, well, well! So no one man can satisfy the modern woman. And the solution to that problem is that she must marry one man after another, till she finds the one who's her ideal. The plot of this one is certainly pretty weak, and it doesn't deserve such a fine actor as Paul Lukas in the cast or such a luscious eyeful as Carole Lombard playing the heroine. Because of them and because of the swell settings and all that, it's fair entertainment.

☆

✓✓ **ONE HOUR WITH YOU** (Paramount) When Maurice Chevalier grins in that irresistible way of his, what more is there to be said? You know very well that he's at his best when Jeanette MacDonald is his leading lady and Ernst Lubitsch directs. "One Hour With You" in this case means an hour laden with spicy, sophisticated entertainment, with love scenes and lyrics that steal your heart away. Do we need to tell you to see it? If you're over eighteen and count yourself a sophisticate, you will. And among other things, you'll get a hearty chuckle out of Roland Young.

☆

PANAMA FLO (RKO-Pathé) Torrid passion in the tropics and elsewhere, with Helen Twelvetrees starring. Nevertheless and just the same, it's Charles Bickford's picture and he makes the most of it. Never was he more tough and hard-boiled than in this.

☆

✓✓ **PASSIONATE PLUMBER, THE** (M-G-M) Have you seen Jimmy "Schnozzle" Durante? If you have, you won't want to miss this; and if you haven't, you certainly ought to see it and make his acquaintance. He's the bozo who played with William Haines in "New Adventures of Wallingford" and almost stole the pictures from Haines. In "The Passionate Plumber" Jimmy Durante and Buster Keaton are perfect foils for each other. If you want plenty of laughs (and who doesn't?) see this and give yourself a treat.

☆

PLAY GIRL (Warner) Here's the charming love story which was fictionized in the April Movie Mirror as "Love On a Budget." You'll find Loretta Young adorable in the rôle of a salesgirl who's afraid of love. In spite of Winnie Lightner's boisterous antics, Loretta gives such a heart-rending performance that you'll want to bring an extra hanky along. Norman Foster's okay as the lad Loretta falls in love with.

☆

✓ **POLLY OF THE CIRCUS** (M-G-M) It looks as if, one after one, Clark Gable is being teamed with all of M-G-M's sirens. More power to him! This time he plays opposite Marion Davies and together they create nice entertainment. There are splendid thrills against the background of circus scenes. You'll gasp when you see Marion Davies making trapeze leaps and doing other dangerous stunts. But Clark Gable should never have been cast as a minister. He's not the type.

☆

✓✓ **PRIVATE LIVES** (M-G-M) On the stage a brilliant, sophisticated comedy; on the screen this is just as brilliant and just as sophisticated with an added touch of humanness. Bob Montgomery and Norma Shearer were never more likeable than as the ex-husband and ex-wife, who meet again on their honeymoon night with their new mates, and find that they are still in love with each other.

☆

RICH ARE ALWAYS WITH US, THE (Warners) What has happened to Ruth Chatterton? Why has the fire gone out of her work? Her first Warner picture fails to lift her out of the slump into which she has fallen. It's fair enough entertainment, but it doesn't give back to us the

Ruth Chatterton of "Sarah and Son" and other film dramas we remember. The picture has some brilliant dialogue, and yet it misses fire. George Brent plays opposite Ruth, and does it well, too.

☆

SADDLE-BUSTER, THE (Radio) There are just two classes of fans really, those who like Westerns and those who don't. If you like 'em, you'll like Tom Keene in this. It's about a lad who loses his nerve when he falls off his horse, but regains it after a while.

☆

✓ **SCANDAL FOR SALE** (Universal) He-Man Bickford adds to his laurels in this. He plays a hot news editor who prints the kind of news that makes tabloids and movies. Pat O'Brien is ingratiating, but the picture is Charles Bickford's from start to finish.

☆

✓✓ **SCARFACE** (Caddo) Never mind what you think of gang pictures. This so far tops all the others that you simply have to see it. It's brutal, it's cruel, it's horrible with its picture of violence, but so is gangland itself. And there's no sentimentalizing here. This is the picture that brings Paul Muni back to the screen. He's magnificent here. Ann Dvorak and Karen Morley are also grand. If the censors let you, you'll see one of the most powerful pictures ever filmed.

☆

✓✓ **SHANGHAI EXPRESS** (Paramount) This is one of the grandest pieces of direction you've seen in a long time. Credit Josef Von Sternberg with that. And give credit to Marlene Dietrich for a perfectly thrilling piece of acting. If you thought that Marlene was getting by on legs appeal, you won't think so any more after seeing this. You get barely a glimpse of her legs in this, and so you have a better chance to realize that the girl has what it takes! Clive Brook plays splendidly opposite her. Swedish Warner Oland is the perfect Chinaman. This is timely; it's thrilling; it's grand.

☆

SHE WANTED A MILLIONAIRE (Fox) This isn't going to convince any girl that she oughtn't to marry a millionaire if she gets the chance. It's too unbelievable. No girl is going to believe that millionaires necessarily have peepholes in their castles and dote on feeding innocent young wives to ferocious hounds. Una Merkel, however, as a girl reporter who says some things you really shouldn't hear, is so amusing that she almost makes the picture worth seeing. Joan Bennett is beautifully appealing. James Kirkwood outdoes any villain you ever saw, and Spencer Tracy gives a splendid performance as Joan's real sweetheart.

☆

SILENT WITNESS (Fox) Parts of this picture are dull; parts of it are entertaining and the result is that it's fairly diverting, but not much above the average. It's acted mostly by an English cast, headed by Lionel Atwill. Don't get this picture mixed up with "The Secret Witness," in which Una Merkel appeared! The plot of this one concerns a loose lady who is strangled to death in her apartment. Son says he did the deed; father tries to take the blame. You'll like Lionel Atwill as the father.

☆

✓ **SKY DEVILS** (Caddo) When you go to see this, you'll be in for a good heart-warming series of chuckles; you can depend on that. For Spencer Tracy is in it and George Cooper, and what an elegant time they seem to have had! This is an air comedy—thrilling and yet rib-tickling. It contains some of the air spectacle stuff originally shot for "Hell's Angels" and not used. It has a kick like a mule.

☆

✓ **SO BIG** (Warners) Remember when Colleen Moore played in this? Now Barbara Stanwyck adds to her screen laurels with this tremendously emotional story. If you're honest in saying you're sick of the screen's crop of gunmen, murderers, sex-inflamed men and women, see this. It's a great story of mother love. Bette Davis plays a small rôle brilliantly. And here's your chance to see George Brent.

☆

STOWAWAY (Universal) Fay Wray, away from the screen for months, returns in a melodramatic yarn that's fairly amusing if you're not expecting too much. It's the tale of the gal all alone on a freighter manned by rough men. And of course, when this pretty stowaway is discovered. there's danger and drama. Leon Waycoff, whom you saw in "Murders in the Rue Morgue," does nice work.

✓ **STRANGERS IN LOVE** (Paramount) If you ever doubted that Fredric March was a versatile actor, this'll convince you. After his horrible but beautifully performed rôle in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," the last thing you expected from March was comedy. So that's what he gives you in this. "Strangers in Love" is a gay picture about the complications that ensue when a splendid but down-at-the-heels lad takes the place of his twin brother who has just died. Fredric March is grand in the dual rôle. Kay Francis is also excellent. And Stuart Erwin's presence guarantees entertainment.

☆

✓✓ **SYMPHONY OF SIX MILLION** (Radio) The screen doesn't have to go far away from our daily lives to present drama that lifts us out of ourselves. This proves it. "Symphony of Six Million" is one of those simple human dramas that are great because of their very simplicity. It presents the story of a great surgeon raised in the Ghetto who forgets his people after fame comes to him. Ricardo Cortez plays this hard-to-play rôle splendidly. Gregory Ratoff and Anna Appell as the old Jewish couple are magnificent. Irene Dunne hasn't much to do, but does it charmingly. "Symphony of Six Million" is one of those pictures you'll remember.

☆

✓✓ **TARZAN, THE APE MAN** (M-G-M) Here's the "Trader Horn" of 1932, a picture packed with thrills and excitement. It doesn't matter how overused the word is—it's swell, just swell. There's animal-thrill stuff in it that'll root you to your seat, and as for the love scenes!!! Johnny Weissmuller as the superman who lives in the jungles is the hottest thing we've seen since Clark Gable. Maureen O'Sullivan gives a better performance than you thought she had in her. The story's a fairy tale, but if you pass it up for that reason, you don't deserve to see another movie. This is grand for both children and adults.

☆

✓ **THIS IS THE NIGHT** (Paramount) With a title like that and Lily Damita, Charlie Ruggles, Thelma Todd and Roland Young in the cast, what do you expect? Sheer, rib-tickling farce, a trifle risqué, and that's just what you get. You'll love it if you're in the mood for frothy, merry stuff. But, be warned, it's naughty, and not for Little Willie or Mary.

☆

✓ **TOMORROW AND TOMORROW** (Paramount) This is a beautiful story, the best Ruth Chatterton has had in a long time, and yet she doesn't give her best to it. Her acting, somehow, doesn't seem sincere. That's why, though she gets most of the close-ups, Paul Lukas runs away with most of the honors of the picture.

☆

✓ **TWO KINDS OF WOMEN** (Paramount) From the stage play, "This Is New York." It's the tale of a girl who goes to New York, meets up with a young man who undertakes to show her the town—and does! The story's pleasing. So are the leads—Phil Holmes, Miriam Hopkins, Irving Pichel and Wynne Gibson. Wynne Gibson steals the picture from the picture-stealer Miriam Hopkins.

☆

✓✓ **UNION DEPOT** (First National) This picture hits the bell! It's one of the finest things young Doug has done—this story, almost all of whose action takes place in a union depot. The cast is swell. Joan Blondell is grand as a leading lady, but since she's such a swell comedienne, why not give her more wisecracking rôles to do?

☆

✓ **VANITY FAIR** (Allied) For an independent production this is better than average entertainment. Of course, Thackeray might turn over in his grave to see how his story of Becky Sharp has been modernized; but the current version makes good movie entertainment. Myrna Loy is splendid as a governess for whom both father and son fall, and who's just a little gold-digger at heart. Anthony Bushell and Barbara Kent supply the real romance of the story.

☆

✓ **WET PARADE, THE** (M-G-M) "The Wet Parade" is half propaganda, half drama, and as a result it's a good movie rather than a great one. That's true in spite of some fine casting, splendid production, and excellent performances by Lewis Stone, Walter Huston, Dorothy Jordan and Robert Young. Jimmy Durante supplies the humor and how! This gives both sides of the liquor question and the drama is swift and emotionally very moving.

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Photographing Garbo

(*Continued from page* 46)

And Clarence Sinclair Bull, a decent-spoken, calm, smooth-working little fellow who has taken every one of those 2,000 portraits of Greta, unquestionably believes that there isn't anybody in pictures who's easier to work with than Garbo.

It's interesting that Bull is the man who has taken all the Garbo portraits. Because M-G-M has another expert portrait cameraman, George Hurrell, who makes many of those brilliant photographic studies, for instance. But Garbo prefers Bull.

Why?

"Well—because she's used to him," is the answer they'll give you, those who know. And when you ask them what they mean by that, they'll explain that's one of the Garbo characteristics—that she works best with people she's used to, and once used to them, doesn't want to work with others.

"If Garbo went in for a sitting with some other photographer, no matter how good, she'd probably 'freeze up,'" the Metro press boys tell you. "She'd lose all the naturalness, all the ease, all the glamour which is Garbo, and become merely another camera-conscious person."

You yourself have probably experienced that feeling when you sit in a photographer's studio, haven't you? It may strike you as strange to believe that Garbo, whose life is made up of facing cameras, should suffer that—yet she does.

NOW Bull, if he would, could probably tell a great deal of interesting things about what goes on behind the closed doors of his gallery, while Garbo is being photographed. But Bull, knowing Garbo, won't. If Garbo thought that Bull would talk about her, she'd probably never again let him "shoot" her. She's that way, you know. But even though Bull, in wise deference to la Garbo, doesn't tell, there are other ways of finding out such things—and so here's a picture of what happens when Greta has her pictures taken:

Greta has one gallery sitting for every production in which she plays. The sitting is invariably immediately at the close of shooting on the movie.

She makes no secret of the fact that she doesn't like that day in the portrait gallery. But, like everything else in movie-making, it's just another thing to be done, so Garbo does it.

Don't imagine, though, that she does it with ill grace. No; she complains, by an occasional word, or an inference, when she knows she's to have a sitting, but once she's in the gallery, she's the swellest subject a cameraman ever had. Because she throws herself into it with the utter concentration with which she throws herself into movie-making.

In fact, she makes of it just another day on the production schedule. For instance, whereas other stars make their portrait gallery appointments for, say 2 o'clock, or 11 o'clock, or some such hour —with Garbo, it's a day's work.

Just exactly as she does when in production, she shows up at the studio at 8 A. M. on the day of her portrait gallery appointment. Breakfastless. She breakfasts in her dressing room, as she does when making a picture.

She selects her costumes—always costumes from the production. Only once, in the seven years of her M-G-M term, was she photographed in clothes of her own—and that was at studio executives' insistence, and over her objections. And even then, she brought but one nondescript dress, and one "Garbo" overcoat. Other stars *love* to bring their own wardrobes to be pictured in. Not Garbo.

"As a matter of fact," they tell you on the lot, "we doubt if Garbo has ever been photographed as Garbo. She's always in character or mood—but never Garbo." Of course that doesn't apply to those kodak-shots. More about those later, though.

Adrienne Dore models a smart suit for summer swimming. It's of heavy knit green wool, in contrasting stitches with short trunks beneath the closely fitting skirt

Having chosen the costume, she calls a hairdresser, has her hair done up as the character in the film wore it. Garbo herself, despite pictorial representations of "the Garbo coiffure" and all that, has really no style of hairdress of her own. When you see a portrait of her, you see her hair done as she thinks the character in the picture ought to wear it.

Hair done up, a bit of make-up. For portraits, just a light dusting of powder, that's all. Even for the set, she wears less make-up than the great majority of actresses.

And so, she's ready.

A car has been provided to take her from her dressing room on the lot to Bull's portrait gallery—oh, a distance equivalent to a couple of blocks, say. But does Garbo ride? Usually, into the car go her maid, her hairdresser, her costumes. Garbo walks. By the time the hairdresser and maid have piled the costumes and things into the car, taken them out again at the gallery, Garbo is inside, ready, waiting.

She comes in bounding—but with the air of a martyr. A sort of "oh-how-I-hate-to-do-this-but-let's-get-it-going!" air. Not surly, merely resigned.

"Good morning, Mister Bull," she says. And Bull: "Good morning, Miss Garbo." It's always "Mister Bull" and "Miss Garbo"; never "Clarence" or "Greta" or "Garbo." Garbo is always formal—she "Misters" and "Misses" everybody, save her maid, Alma, and her hairdresser, whom she calls "Billie." And sometimes, when she unbends greatly, she may address a person with whom she works much by his last name, alone, without the "Mister". But never by a first name; never! They wonder, on the M-G-M lot, whether when she talks with herself, as people do, she doesn't call herself "Miss Garbo. . . ."

Sometimes, Photographer Bull, knowing how low she feels at the prospect of a day's photographing, will essay something like:

"Well, shall we do big things today, Miss Garbo?"

It doesn't perk Greta up, though. "No, I do not feel like doing this," she may answer. That air of the martyr again. But—when the lights go on, the camera-ing begins, watch Garbo work!!!

The woman becomes transformed. Her reluctance vanishes; her indifference, martyrdom disappear. She becomes a perfect photographic subject. And she's an uncanny one—uncanny in her almost abnormal consciousness of "good picture."

It's a fact—and Bull will tell you this himself—that she can "feel" light! That is, she can actually sense when her face is properly lighted for a shot. Bull hardly has to tell her to tilt her chin this way or that to catch the light, to turn a bit to the right or the left, say—any of those customary picture gallery instructions. Instead, if you were there, you'd see Garbo, without a word of interchange between her and the cameraman, turn her head a bit this way and that, up or down, until she "feels" the light is right. And when she feels it's right, it *is* right! And click goes Bull's shutter—and another picture is made.

How many do they make at a sitting? Oh, it runs anywhere from one to three hundred, in a day's work!

Incidentally, in addition to that strange sense of "feeling" light, Garbo has developed to a high point the trick of watching herself reflected in the big lens of the portrait camera, to see when her pose is good. The lens makes a sort of reducing mirror in which Garbo can see herself. She gauges her poses accordingly.

Moreover, there's nothing too much trouble for Garbo—if she feels a good picture would result. If Bull thought he could get some unusual art by having her lie on the floor, down she goes.

Nor does she object, as most other stars do, to unusual shots, poses. Never does Garbo complain "that's undignified";—if Bull should ever suddenly jump up on the rafters with his camera and point it down Garbo's neck, she'd let him do it without remonstrance, feeling that he must know what he's doing!

Garbo doesn't leave the gallery until the work is done. Not even for lunch. If she gets hungry, tired, she sends to the studio commissary for a glass of orange juice, or maybe a malted milk or an ice cream soda. Sips it between shots.

It's all work. Other stars have their gallery peculiarities—some like to clown, others must wise-crack. All Garbo wants is to get some good pictures made and get it done with.

She, too, though, has her "gallery quirk"—that is, music. The radio is turned on all the time Garbo is in the gallery—with the sole exception being that there's silence when she's being portrayed in a tragic mood.

It doesn't matter much what's coming over the radio. Garbo doesn't seem to pay much attention. Except, perhaps, when some mournful, dirgelike thing should pop out of the loudspeaker.

Then Garbo's eyes twinkle a bit.

"Oh, oh—iss that the way we feel today, Mister Bull?" And so they turn the dial to something lighter.

Too, when some radio announcer goes into one of those endless eruptions of words about anything at all, Garbo suddenly breaks out with:

"Now what on earth is that man talking about—how can anybody talk so much about anything? What can it be that means so many words?"

Garbo's self-control is a matter that's talked about, too. Once, in the studio gallery, while Bull's assistant was hoisting a spotlight to play on Garbo from above, the light toppled, crashed within a few inches of her. A few inches closer—it might have hurt her, seriously, for it was a heavy light. Well, another star might have screamed, collapsed, gone into a temperamental fit, gone home. Not Garbo—Garbo didn't pull her famous ay-tank-ay-go-home line; she merely smiled up at the terrified assistant, and murmured:

"Do I make you nervous, maybe?"

She was utterly unruffled.

You can see, by the fact that as many as 300 pictures have been taken at one sitting—six hours of work, say—that they work fast in the portrait gallery. That means about 50 pictures an hour—nearly one a minute. Nothing, no words, could more perfectly show what a splendid subject she is. It's because, as Bull is aware, Garbo is picturewise. And even more because there's no fussing, no taboos.

Garbo is unusual in picturedom in that she has no "good" side or "bad side." Most other players have—cannot be photographed save from either the left or right profile. Nor does Garbo have any forbidden angles—she can be photographed from full face to full profile, all the way around the half-circle, without getting a "bad angle."

More, she's not merely a "dumb" subject—just a passive one. She takes an alert and intelligent part in posing. Sometimes, even, she'll get up and go back of the camera and under the black cloth, with Bull, to look at the ground-glass and see how the background and lighting looks, so she'll know better how to pose against it.

Of course, Garbo herself passes on all pictures before they are released. She sees proofs of every picture taken during the sitting. So do other stars. It's not unusual for other stars to reject half the shots from a sitting—sometimes even up to 80 per cent of the proofs! But once again, not Garbo.

Why, just a few weeks ago, she sent back the proofs of her most recent sitting, with one print marked for rejection. "Please, I would like it if you do *not* send this out," she said.

The press department was aghast. They checked back, to see when this had happened before. They found out that it was the first time in two years that Garbo had rejected a picture from a sitting! (This time it was not because the picture was unflattering to her; merely because the lighting was bad, the picture wasn't artistically good.)

"Garbo's interest is not in seeing that *she* is pictured well; it's in seeing that good *pictures* are obtained," said a man who knows. "In her sittings, it is the picture and not herself that is important to her."

And she knows good pictures. Photography is her hobby. She owns a little kodak; carries it everywhere. On the studio lot, she'll stop a watchman, or a grip or someone, hand him the camera, ask him to take her picture as she stands against the wall, say. Just like you, or your girl friend, when you're out on a picnic. On location, she's always having her maid, Alma, snap informal kodak shots of her—and some of them are the most ungarboish pictures you can imagine. But try to get one!! They all go into and *stay* in that amazing private collection of hers.

She herself kodaks as she goes, too. She'll shoot away at everything. Once a studio man caught her taking a picture of a turkey. "I want to send the picture home to my mother in Sweden," she explained simply.

But all that's getting away from Greta in Clarence Sinclair Bull's portrait gallery.

Comes the close of the day's work. Bull, limp as a rag, is exhausted. Garbo is radiant. This has been the last bit of work for her on the production she's been working on—you see, she saves the portrait sittings for the last. So, the sitting over, she is done.

Her face is alight as she wraps her coat around her to leave.

"Well, that's that!" she jubilates, invariably, as she departs. She thanks Bull—"Mister Bull"—and shakes hands with him, warmly. "I hope some of them," she says, of the negatives that lie piled on their racks, "will be all right." A smile. And out she whisks, to disappear into that mysterious seclusion that is Garbo's between pictures. And Clarence Sinclair Bull sinks into the nearest chair, half asleep.

Yes, Bull has taken some 2,000 pictures of her. Garbo has a print of every one.

More, every one that has ever been taken and finished up has seen publication somewhere in the world. So great is the demand for photographs of Garbo from the world guess that—and this is a record!—there has never been a portrait taken of her that has not been published. M-G-M's files prove that.

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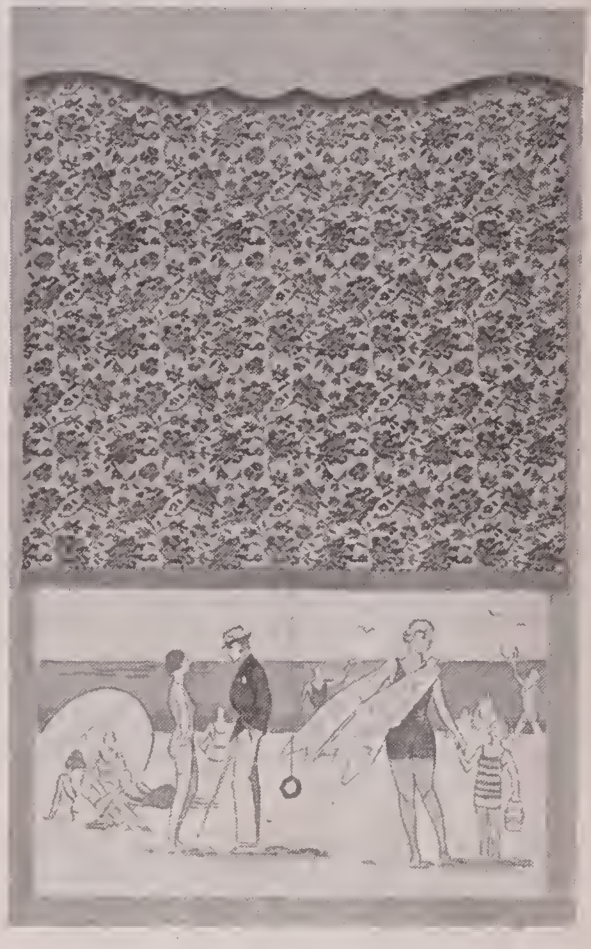

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Movies of the Month

(*Continued from page 64*)

Trouble with racetrack pictures is that there's hardly any variation in the stories. Virtually always, there's dirty work about the big race, and virtually always, in the nick of time, the dirty work gets smeared all over the place, the favorite wins, and all ends happily. It does in this, as per schedule. Let it be said in tribute to nice acting, dialogue, direction, that the story doesn't bore you.

Incidentally, meet a new child scene-stealer—Mickey Rooney. He plays a tough little egg for some swell laughs and an occasional imminent tear.

Tom Brown, one of the screen's newest youngsters, does a nice job as the jockey who goes straight for love of Maureen O'Sullivan, the entrancing li'l charmer! Gleason (oh, of course!) hands out the laughs. So does Andy Devine.

✓ The World and the Flesh (Paramount)

You'll See: *George Bancroft, Miriam Hopkins, Alan Mowbray, George E. Stone, Mitchell Lewis.*

It's About: *The Russian revolution—and what happens when a sailor-giant superman of the masses gets all tangled up in a mad passion for a gorgeous dancer of the aristocrats. (Fictionized in the May issue of Movie Mirror).*

Maybe it was quite unintentional (and maybe not!), but the fact is that this tastes suspiciously like an imitation of a Sternberg-Dietrich picture. Miriam Hopkins is swell when she's Miriam Hopkins; she ought to let Dietrich herself do the marlaynaying. What do *you* think?

Bancroft has had better rôles than this one—a Russian sailor who leads a Red horde. Matter of fact, George didn't like this rôle from the start, objected so much that Paramount nearly cast Bickford in it instead. Oh, well. . . .

The story's one of those complicated, many-angled things that are so hard to follow unless you watch close. Like a magician's trick. But, like the same trick, when you do watch carefully, you get a good measure of entertainment out of it. Paramount certainly spent money on it—the sets, photography and all that are utterly grand.

A good pat on the back for Alan Mowbray and Georgie Stone—cast in two utterly different rôles, yet each portraying a certain type of aristocrat of the old Russian régime, they added two splendid touches to a picture that needs them!

Two Seconds (Warner Bros.)

You'll See: *Edward G. Robinson, Vivienne Osborne, J. Carroll Naish, Preston Foster, Guy Kibbee, Adrienne Dore.*

It's About: *In the two seconds that elapse between the turning on of the "juice" and a man's death in the electric chair, his life and crime flash vividly across his consciousness—and you see it all.*

Rarely (except, maybe, in some of the more chattertony Chatterton films) has a star taken up so much of a picture as Eddie Robinson does in this one. It's Robinson, Robinson, Robinson, all the way through, and so if you're a 100 percent Robinson fan, you'll hail "Two Seconds" as great stuff.

It's interesting enough—at any rate, a novelty, this idea. It opens with a murderer facing the electric chair in a prison death chamber. You hear the whine of the "juice"—and then you step into the man's mind and you see the thing that has led him to where he is. It is a story of a steel worker, lost nerve, red jealousy, flaming tragedy. Thrilling in spots, tedious in others. Much better might have been done with the idea—but even so, it's okay entertainment. Unless you're anti-Robinson. In which case, stay away.

✓ Miss Pinkerton (Warner Bros.)

You'll See: *Joan Blondell, George Brent, Norman Foster, John Wray, C. Henry Gordon, Ruth Hall, Blanche Frederici, many others.*

It's About: *Well, read the fictionization of it in this issue of Movie Mirror.*

Attagirl, Joan!!! That Blondell dame has been heading for the top ranks in pictures ever since she started, a year or so ago, and this one'll help her 'way up. It's a corker.

This time, Joan is a nurse who gets a job taking care of a nervous old woman in one of those spooky, weird houses where this kind of mystery always seems to take place. You know—rambling old mansion with doors that open eerily without anyone to turn the knob, and all that sort of thing. It's spooky, and the sort of stuff that'll send those little ripples up and down the ol' spine.

George Brent is the hero—the detective who has sense enough to fall in love with the nurse and also use her brains to help him uncover the works. Brent is another of those "another gables," but even so you'll like him. The rest of the cast is fine for this sort of thing.

✓✓ State's Attorney (Radio)

You'll See: *John Barrymore, Helen Twelvetrees, William (Stage) Boyd, Mary Duncan, Jill Esmond, Oscar Apfel.*

It's About: *Gutter-born, a colorful fellow becomes a great attorney, cuts loose from the crookedness through which he achieved fame, eventually renounces that fame for happiness.*

When Old John Barrymore (uh-huh, fifty!) sets out to entertain, the man *entertains!* He evidently liked the rôle he has in this, and he gives you as barrymorish a performance as you could ask. Result: one swell show! But, while Barrymore completely dominates the action throughout, it isn't entirely his credit for the good picture—give a fat share of it, too, to Co-

Authors Gene Fowler and Rowland Brown, for some of the swellest dialogue that's ever been spoken from the screen! It's the real, pithy stuff that people actually *would* talk —and *how* Barrymore and Helen Twelvetrees and Bill Boyd talk it . . . !

That all sounds like a rave for "State's Attorney." Well, it is. It's a picture you'll enjoy, and thank us for having told you not to miss it.

Big laugh: John Barrymore inveigling his wife's lover into drinking a toast with him—in citrate of magnesia.

Winner Take All (Warner Bros.)

You'll See: *Jimmy Cagney, Marian Nixon, Guy Kibbee, Virginia Bruce, Clarence Muse, Alan Mowbray.*

It's About: *A cocky prizefighter falls hard for a Park Avenue dame, almost washes up his career, is saved in the nick of time by tuh-rue lo-hove!*

This is far from Jimmy Cagney's best—although it has high spots that'll delight Cagney fans. And one might as well tell this at the beginning and get it out of the way: Jimmy doesn't sock the gal in the jaw in this one—he kicks her, instead. When she's bending over. . . .

The character is typically Cagney—a tough mugg of a prize fighter, who's headed for the championship. In training on the desert, he meets a real girl, falls in love with her, but forgets her when a blonde society gal goes for him when he goes back to the city. He falls for the Park Avenue business in a big way, has a plastic surgeon remodel his nose and cauliflower ear, gets trimmed in the ring while trying to protect the new schnozzle. But at the last minute, the blonde two-times him, so Jimmy gets mad, knocks out her lover, kicks her where we said, and goes back to *the* gal and the championship, ho hum. . . .

Chief trouble with the story is that you know what's going to happen long before it does. Lacking suspense, it doesn't keep your interest white-hot, despite Jimmy's fine work and that of Kibbee and Virginia Bruce as the blonde.

✓ The Rider of Death Valley (Universal)

You'll See: *Tom Mix and Tony, Lois Wilson, Fred Kohler, Mae Busch, Forrest Stanley.*

It's About: *Hero Mix and his hoss rescue two helpless women from all sorts of danger on the desert.*

Here's Mix Talkie No. 2—and it'll disappoint no Tom Mix fans. It's more than just another western—it's good movie, too, with a good cast of actors turning in something more than mere hoss-opera stuff.

Of course, as in all Mix films, both silent and clattery, it's an open question as to which is the star—Tom or that wonderhorse of his, Tony. In this one, Tony does stunts that are super-equine, even beyond the supposed intelligence of movie supervisors. In fact, Tony can even read in this!—and in Hollywood, that's *something.*

Lois Wilson as the heroine whom Mix rescues does an appealing job. Dirty Old Villain Kohler is as mean and nasty as ever. And Death Valley is a background which proves that no Hollywood scene painter has yet bettered Old Lady Nature.

✓ Sky Bride (Paramount)

You'll See: *Jack Oakie, Dick Arlen, Bobbie Coogan, Virginia Bruce, Tom Douglas, Louise Closser Hale, Randolph Scott . . .*

It's About: *Aviation—not wartime aviation—but the story of the everyday routine of a troupe of barnstorming stunt aviators, and how fate and love gums up that routine.*

Yes, this is the picture which cost the life of Stuntflier Leo Nomis, while they were shooting it. When you see some of the stunt flying in it, you'll realize what Hollywood's air circus-men risk for their pay-checks.

The story itself is humanly entertaining. Jack Oakie, as the ballyhoo-man for the county-fair circuit aviators, gives a delightful show, splendidly backed up by a Dick Arlen who comes to life again after some rather not-so-hot performances recently. Arlen is the flier who loses his nerve after his buddy cracks up. The rest of the story concerns Oakie's efforts to help him find himself again—and the part a girl plays in it.

"Sky Bride" is your money's worth from two standpoints—just as good screen entertainment, and also as air-thrill stuff.

✓ Discarded Lovers (Tower)

You'll See: *Natalie Moorhead, Russell Hopton, Barbara Weeks, J. Farrell MacDonald, Roy D'Arcy, Jason Robards, Sharon Lynn.*

It's About: *Murders and mysteries, all mixed up with movie-making.*

This wasn't made by one of the "big" producing companies. It's what's called an "independent production," and time was when these "indies" were pretty bad. But lately, the indies have been showing the big-shots how to make good movies, and this is one of them.

It's pure melodrama—the story of an utterly cold-hearted woman, intent on furthering her own career as an actress at no matter what cost—save that she didn't calculate the final cost, her own death at the hands of a spurned lover. From then on, complications come fast and furious, until the sensational climax.

Love Bound (Peerless)

You'll See: *Natalie Moorhead, Jack Mulhall, Clara Kimball Young, Edmund Breese, Roy D'Arcy.*

It's About: *The wages of sin, as they're paid to a couple of badger-operators.*

If you'll look over the cast of this, you'll observe that they're virtually all from the old days when acting was ACT-ing. So in this, they act and act and act. That, plus a luridly melodramatic theme, produces several thousand feet of celluloid that will be run through various projections machines here and there, and what of it?

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✓ Strangers of the Evening (Tiffany)

You'll See: *ZaSu Pitts, Lucien Littlefield, Tully Marshall, Warner Richmond, Gene Pallette, Theodore von Eltz, Miriam Seeger.*

It's About: *Another murder mystery, but done with broad touches of comedy that make it "something different" in mystery movies.*

ZaSu Pitts is worth an hour of anybody's time, when you want to laugh. In this, they hand her the show and say: help yourself. She does.

But that's not all. Consider the rest of that cast—none of the well-known "big shot" names; no famous stars—but a row of as capable character-artists and scene-stealers as have ever worked together. And what they turn out is one swell ha-ha-mystery. You're not quite sure whether you're being kidded, or whether the police are being kidded, or whether mystery-pictures are being kidded, but nevertheless, you're perfectly willing to have it go on. It's something about an undertaker who doesn't lack for business, because he supplies it himself. At such times as the mystery and comedy gives way to romance, Von Eltz and Miriam Seeger hold hands. But for the most part, Pitts and Littlefield and Gene Pallette'll keep your diaphragm working.

Get That Girl (Talmadge)

You'll See: *Richard Talmadge, Shirley Grey, others.*

It's About: *Typically Talmadge stuff whereby Richard rescues the gal from all sorts of villains through all sorts of highly acrobatic goings-on.*

Hold on!—here comes Talmadge . . . ! And you know (or don't you?) what that means. There's no actor left on the screen today who so thoroughly sticks to the traditions of twenty years ago as does Richard Ath-a-lete Talmadge. He throws into his pictures all the action, all the ten-twent'-thirt' melodrama props that one can think of. The result is one of those things that gives you all sorts of pastime, as long as you don't even think of trying to take it seriously. It's like watching a monkey circus.

In this one, he outwits, out-acrobats, out-devils a gang of crooks who are trying to steal a fat legacy from a poor li'l gal. It's just too bad for the crooks in any Talmadge film.

P. S. Offscreen, Talmadge runs a florist shop!

✓ No Greater Love (Columbia)

You'll See: *Alexander Carr, Richard Bennett, Dickie Moore, Betty Jane Graham, Beryl Mercer, Alec Francis. . . .*

It's About: *Heart-throb stuff, set against a background of New York's east side, telling the tale of the love of an old Jewish pushcart merchant for a little Irish girl—a cripple—and how that love does what not even the great surgeon could do.*

"Hokum" is a piece of theatrical parlance which is tacked onto any bit of story-telling that digs down deep into the fundamental human emotions. Wisecrackers like to sneer at it—but hokum is the stuff that makes you cry at movies, that makes you laugh, that makes you love and hate the characters you see. This picture is full of hokum. And it's swell hokum, too. . . .

Don't go to see this if you want sophisticated stuff, sex-stuff, smirky stuff. But if you want a group of capable artists to play tunes on your heartstrings, go slip the box-office gal two bits or so, step inside where this one's showing, and have a good time.

In line with the heretofore-mentioned current habit screen kids have of stealing shows, it must be mentioned that two children—little Betty Jane Graham and your li'l pal, Dickie Moore—turn in two great performances in this. And that's something, considering that cast of show-stealers they're working with!

The Woman in Room 13 (Fox)

You'll See: *Elissa Landi, Ralph Bellamy, Myrna Loy, Gilbert Roland, Neil Hamilton.*

It's About: *A rather complicated tangle of marital infelicity, a wife's attempt to get away from it and find happiness elsewhere, and a no-good hubby's efforts at revenge.*

When Fox brought Elissa Landi out and turned the spotlight on her, there was reason to hope that she'd be seen in some really great productions. It's too darned bad—for Elissa, for Fox and particularly for us moviegoers—that that hope hasn't ever been truly fulfilled. Certainly "The Woman in Room 13" is no great shakes as screenfare.

The story is one of those things that never gets down to earth, to being real. It's never anything to you but a lot of actors doing and saying things that you can't believe would ever happen. And so, after you've seen it, you'll wonder why in the name of common sense they don't stop making that kind of movie.

The actors—Landi et al—do what they can, but they're too hampered with the story to make much headway. And there are no big-moments in the film to make up for its other lacks. Check it off as "just another movie" and let it go at that.

✓✓ Attorney For the Defense (Columbia)

You'll See: *Eddie Lowe, Evelyn Brent, Dorothy Peterson, Donald Dilloway, Constance Cummings.*

It's About: *Another of this series of courtroom melodramas about the brilliant lawyer whose conscience trips him up.*

The present is the courtroom-picture cycle, it appears. There are a lot of them going the rounds of the theaters—and luckily, most of them are good. This, for example, is.

It gives Eddie Lowe a chance to turn in one of the best performances of his career as the clever prosecutor, who, appalled at having sent innocent prisoners to prison and the gallows by means of his brilliant abilities, turns to defending them instead. Then up pops the girl who was in his past—and what do you think happens? Why, our hero himself is in court, accused of murder. He pleads his own case. Happy ending.

Betty Brent, perfectly cast, does a grand job of acting.

The picture is splendidly produced, moves fast, thrills you with the unexpected more than once. It's good heart-thumping movie stuff, and you shouldn't ask more.

✓ Radio Patrol (Universal)

You'll See: *Robert Armstrong, June Clyde, Russell Hopton, Lila Lee, Andy Devine, Sidney Toler.*

It's About: *The tough jobs of two young cops on the radio-car detail, and how their love-lives get tangled up in their workaday affairs.*

No big-star names in this bell-ringer from Universal, but you can go into your theater door when it plays, quite sure you'll get a good hour or so of thrilling entertainment.

It tells about two young men—Armstrong, Hopton—who learn that police work is as tough as it's cracked up to be. Their lives don't become any simpler when both fall in love with the same girl—and since it's delectable June Clyde who plays the girl, you can understand why not only two young cops should go for her, but the entire rest of the police department as well. Lila Lee, come-back-ing, turns in a sweet performance.

You'll like "Radio Patrol" for being what it sets out to be—good screen entertainment, without any pretensions at being an "epic" of something or other.

✓ Sinners in the Sun (Paramount)

You'll See: *Carole Lombard, Chester Morris, Adrienne Ames, Walter Byron, Alison Skipworth, Rita LaRoy, others.*

It's About: *The love-aims of two girls from different spheres of life—the woiking goil who wants millionaires' love, and the society gal who wants the poor but virile lad—and how those aims go flooey.*

This is "smart" entertainment, of the sex-and sophistication and dress-up type, for the most part. Because it's well produced, well cast, splendidly dialogued, most of you will like it, even though it's nothing different or new.

The central figure is the mannequin who wonders if she oughtn't to forget the young mechanic she's in love with, so she can climb into the social world (or whirl, whichever you choose). She tries it out, but it doesn't click. So does she go back to her poor lover? Yes, she does. Then there's the rich girl who seeks to get away from the shallownesses of her set, and tries to, but is no more successful than her mannequin sister.

Carole Lombard, who frequently outbennetts the Bennetts, gives a swell performance as the mannequin.

Girls: If you're clothes conscious (and who among you isn't?) you oughtn't miss the style show this picture affords.

✓ Thunder Below (Paramount)

You'll See: *Tallulah Bankhead, Paul Lukas, Charles Bickford, Eugene Pallette, Leslie Fenton, others.*

It's About: *Triangle tragedy. A wife and her husband's best friend are in love; the husband goes blind. Tragic solution.*

Enthralling as a story (for grown-ups), this one isn't by any means good "movie." The trouble is, it doesn't move—it falls, like many another filmplay, into that offense against action-drama of telling a stirring story in words, not motion. And so once again, although her individual work as an actress is superb, Tallulah Bankhead has a picture which isn't great.

The triangle which forms the plot is composed of Tallulah, Bickford as her husband, Lukas as the friend and lover. The lovers find courage to tell the husband—only to have fate step in with the latter's announcement he is going blind.

It is tragedy, and heavy tragedy. Many will hail it as fine movie, but it won't be popular. And by all means, let the kiddies stay at home or wherever. . . .

The Town of a Thousand Gables

(*Continued from page 31*)

and attended the University of Virginia. After college he spent two years as an engineer, but Hollywood seemed like an awfully good idea. He broke into pictures via the Pasadena Community Theatre. He towers 'way up to six-foot-two, and has blond hair.

No Virginia gentleman, "suh," would strike a lady, or so I've read in books. They'll have to leave rough-house between the sexes to the Yankee actors.

And, anyway, you can't tell whether Scott will be a Gable rival. His first picture has yet to be released. Paramount, where he is under contract, talks vaguely about a series of westerns. You know it's pretty tough for a fellow to be a great lover and a cowboy at the same time. You can ask any cowboy star

Onslow Stevenson is the only native-born Californian among all of these prospective Gables. He was born right in Los Angeles, but it took Universal studios, or any other studio for that matter, a good many years to stumble on to him. He's another lad to beat the six foot mark by a couple of inches. If he doesn't turn into a second Gable maybe Ronald Colman will worry a bit. There is more than a slight resemblance. He will make his first screen appearance in "Radio Patrol."

What will happen to these new players? Is there room for them all, even in the kaleidoscopic world of Hollywood? There's still room at the top of the ladder for many new faces, but not as second Gables. The studios discovered that Ricardo Cortez was a complete flop as a runner-up for Valentino, but a big hit as Ricardo Cortez.

Come to think of it, you can answer one question with another. Was there ever a second Valentino?

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ColorShine . . . only 10¢ a bottle . . . *what a saving!*

KEEPING white shoes white and new looking is no problem at all with ColorShine. *White Kid* Cleaner cleans, polishes and preserves smooth, white leather shoes. *White Cloth* Cleaner is for all white cloth and buckskin shoes. A few minutes and your shoes are like new again and there's enough left in the generous, 10c bottle for many pairs of shoes.

There are also ColorShine Dressings for all tan, brown, blonde, light-colored and black leathers, and Dye to dye white or colored shoes black.

Sold in 10-cent stores everywhere (15c in Far West and Canada). On your next trip to the 10-cent store, at the hardware counter get several bottles of ColorShine for your different kinds of shoes. The Chieftain Mfg. Co., Baltimore, Maryland.

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10¢ *15¢ in Far West and Canada*

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If you could see these deadly disease carriers how careful you would be about what products you use on your baby! How quickly you would refuse unsterilized baby powder!

But because you cannot see the germs in baby powders, your only safe course is to use Laco—the *sterilized* baby powder.

Laco cannot contain germs. It has been sterilized right in the sealed container for 6 hours. This special process makes it safe for your baby—and it makes a finer, more velvety powder.

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Speak for Yourself

(Continued from page 75)

Now that you three are starting down a new road to happiness, I hope that all your happiness roads will be strewn with many roses and few thorns.

At the end of that happy road there will be a large sign post marked "Happiness, Contentment and Peace" and here's wishing those three grand stars much happiness, lots of contentment, and everlasting peace. May you all reach your goal!

My heartfelt thanks, Colleen, Tom, and Norma for all the joy you have put in my life.

Dolores Wartburg,
Minneapolis, Minn.

Sob Sister

Why is it Ruth Chatterton does so much crying in the different rôles she plays? Is she crying because she is happy, or crying because she is sad? I am sure the rôle does not call for so much sobbing.

When she played in "Tomorrow And Tomorrow" a half dozen handkerchiefs were saturated with her salty tears. Of course, this picture would cause one to let out a few tears, but I think the privilege was sadly abused by Ruth.

If she continues this incessant sobbing with every tick of the clock, the poor girl will have no tears to use when she needs them for a good honest-to-goodness cry.

I think Ruth should be told about this matter, for she may be unaware of her habit, and would like to know about it.

Another noticeable trait of Miss Chatterton is throwing off her clothes wherever she stands.

When entering her apartment, she all but tears her wrap from her body and throws it in any direction she may choose.

The stars evidently never learned to be tidy, or perhaps the rôle calls for this method of disgarbing.

At any rate the public should get a break once in a blue moon and see a picture taken from real life, and not something that will keep them guessing.

Adrian Doherty,
Peekskill, New York.

Did Roulien Steal Farrell's Picture?

Why so much raving about the Farrell-Gaynor team? I'm not knocking Janet Gaynor, but why, oh why, not find her another co-star?

In "Delicious," Raul Roulien, as "Sasha," "Heather's" Russian friend, nearly stole the picture from Charles ("Larry") Farrell. After I'd seen the picture I was thinking of "Sasha," not "Larry" the millionaire. I'd much rather see Charles Farrell playing rôles such as Chico, in "Seventh Heaven." If he must continue playing opposite Janet, please give him different rôles. Maybe there are not many other fans who feel the same as I do about this, but I'm "Speaking for Myself."

Marjorie Cooper,
Columbus, Ga.

Movie Preferences

As a writer of advertising that must appeal to the tastes of small town moviegoers like myself, it falls to my lot to see something over twenty pictures each month. From close observation, I have noticed that fans everywhere are particularly addicted to generous doses of the following:

Marie Dressler, snorting;
Charles Ruggles, intoxicated;
Clark Gable, unshaven;
Kay Francis, in a gown that looks too small;
Wallace Beery, smiling sheepishly;
Cliff Edwards, when he warbles;
Janet Gaynor, gazing far, far away;
Paul Lukas, murdering the King's English; and Mickey Mouse, pounding the piano.

Of such are movie preferences, be it at Gotham's Paramount, Washington's Fox or the Bijou oppery house, back home.

J. Gaskill McDaniel,
New Bern, N. C.

A Mistake in "Hell Divers"

Please explain a mistake in "Hell Divers." Is it the custom of the Navy to keep bodies at sea any length of time? When Wallace Beery, Conrad Nagel and Clark Gable (after four days without food and water) crashed in flames on the deck of the *Saratoga*—and Beery was killed—did it cure the other two? They are both at the burial, although Conrad has been unconscious with concussion of the brain and Clark delirious with blood poisoning. It might help Medical Science to know how they were healed so quickly, although a crash in a burning airplane would be a rather drastic method.

Mrs. J. G. Lee,
Louisville, Ky.

The Plea of All Novarro Fans

While most female hearts are beating Gable—Gable—Gable, I beg to add my name to the list who have been asking for Ramon Novarro.

Here *is* one swell actor and—what a voice!

Please bring him to us soon in a picture which will give us the rare treat of hearing him sing.

P.S. And—*Dorothy Jordan* can certainly help make the picture plenty exciting! ! !

L. A. M.,
Lancaster, Pa.

Can't something be done about Novarro? With a talented singing voice like his and no chance to display it in his three latest pictures—it is heartbreaking!

We fans are more than disappointed, to think that we have been deprived of hearing his glorious voice again. When it's singing we want we crave none other than Novarro! No one else can take his place either as an actor or a singer. So Sing Ramon, Sing!

Roger Kenmore,
Newark, N. J.

(*Continued on page* 108)

Inside Stuff

(*Continued from page* 45)

precautions" she'd had installed in her house to protect her adopted baby from kidnapers, after the Lindy scare, herself startlingly tipped off the nature of the precaution to a whole houseful of guests . . . !

It was a houseparty. One of the women asked to see the baby. So they tiptoed upstairs where the baby was sleeping, and Connie gently turned the knob, opened the door. And forthwith the house reverberated with a most horrendous clangor . . . ! It seems Connie herself had forgotten that a huge gong automatically went off when the baby's room was entered.

Marlene, Too, Gets Tangled In Kidnap Precautions

Connie's embarrassment is paralleled by Marlene Dietrich's. It seems Marlene had a set of heavy iron bars installed in the masonry outside the window of her baby's sleeping-room. It seems a Los Angeles daily found out about it, took pictures of the house showing the barred window. So, from the picture, lots of people discovered where Marlene lived.

All sorts of crowds, sightseers, door-ringers, pests began to flock thither. Marlene had to move!

Marlene's hubby—
  Rudolph Sieber;
Does she call him
  "Ach, du Lieber"?

"Heh, heh," heh-heh-ed the wisecracker, as Frank McHugh rehearsed one of those drunken rôles he always plays: "that's what's called a cinema bun, isn't it?"

Norma's Not Ready To Mama Yet!

Into a film to be made independently in New York goes Belle Bennett—the famous "Stella Dallas" of silent days—in a mother rôle. Her first film rôle in many months. And more interesting is that Norma Talmadge was approached to do the rôle, almost accepted—*until* she found out it was to be a mother-rôle. So Norma changed her mind.

Also in the film (to be called "For Hire") will be another old-timer, Francis X. Bushman.

Conservation Note From Studio-Land:

It was at one of those story conferences. Jack Warner, one of the Warner Brothers, was telling his ideas. As he halted, from the table surrounded by sub-executives and so on, came a chorus of "Yesses"—you know: "Yes, Mister Warner, yes, yes!"

Warner knuckled-rapped on the table, glared at the suddenly silent group of yes-men.

"Gentlemen," he said, "one yes at a time, please."

Then grinned.

—It's just too bad, the kidding Regis Toomey's going to get when he returns to Hollywood. You see, back in Pittsburgh, he played the FEMININE lead in a play staged at his old University!

Actual photograph of Miss Fay Williams after and before using VANKAI Wave Set

Don't be WRECKED by a breeze!

"See yourself as others see you"

for always lovely hair use VANKAI Wave Set

See yourself as others see you. The brisk breeze that wrecks your hair does more than that—it wrecks your charm. You can't look your best if your hair is a ruin!

Keep it always lovely, beautiful and rippling, with the new wave-aid, VANKAI Wave Set. VANKAI makes longer-lasting finger waves; adds weeks to the life of permanents; saves ten minutes in morning make-up time. It makes the hair *naturally* wavy, soft and lustrous—contains no harmful grease or wax; leaves no discoloration or sticky white flakes. Thirty thousand beauty parlors use and praise it.

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The Professional
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"Outstanding"
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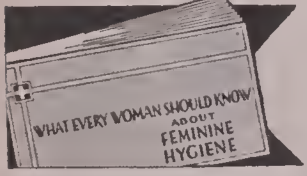

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So many charming girls had failed to attract him, that people thought he'd never marry. Then he met this girl. She had read "Fascinating Womanhood," a remarkable new book which shows how any woman can multiply her attractiveness by using the simple laws of man's psychology and human nature. She could just as easily have fascinated any *other* man. You, too, can have this book; you, too, can enjoy the worship and admiration of men, and be the radiant bride of the man of your choice. We have prepared a 28-page booklet outlining the contents of this wonderful book and in it telling much interesting information you would like to know. If you want it write name and address on margin and mail with 10 cents to
THE PSYCHOLOGY PRESS
585 Kingsland Ave., St Louis, Mo., Dept. 19G.

Bob Montgomery Opinions

What a blessing the Talkies received when Robert Montgomery tossed his hat into the ring! Quaint humor, a striking personality, and an honest-to-goodness, kiddish smile, which has a tendency to make you follow suit every time you see it, are only a few of the traits wrapped up in that character who has captured the hearts of Moviedom.

"Lovers Courageous" was the last picture I saw him in. As usual, it was another triumph. Leaving the theatre that evening, I found myself once more surrounded by that "Montgomery Atmosphere." It is a common feeling, occurring each time I view his pictures. It is, in all probability, caused by the sparkling manner in which he rocks one into the realms of realism. To see him and to hear him is to love him. Yes, it must be that "Montgomery Atmosphere."

Helen Nichols,
Chicago, Ill.

Can't somebody teach Robert Montgomery to make love? When he says, "I love you," he might just as well be saying, "I'll take my egg three minutes, please." He uses exactly the same inflection for every remark he makes.

When first he appeared in pictures, everybody was keen about him. He was good-looking, poised, amusing. Since then he has consistently underacted all his rôles; he uses the same technique always; he is in a rut. He is no longer popular, because his once refreshing type of originality has become threadbare from too much use. He might with proper direction have become as famous as Clark Gable. The talkies need men with ability, and Mr. Montgomery is worth saving. He might try saving himself; obviously the directors will not!

Dorothy G. Potter,
Hartford, Conn.

A Word to Marie

Dressler—Nerts on this Chatterton stuff. Keep Polly Moran company, at least until the screen world gets over its depression blues.

George A. Abbate,
Utica, N. Y.

That Certain Something

Thank heaven and M-G-M for Clark Gable—What a Man! In a modern work-a-day world he carries high the banner of Romance and he is as natural as the sunshine and as warming.

Gable has that something which we fans want and like.

Valentino had it—and squandered it on flighty women and lawsuits—Gilbert threw his away with the empty bottles—may Gable's Fates be kinder—Oh! Clark, of thee we sing.

Helen Rahmer,
Audubon, N. J.

Medals Where Deserved

I would like to give out a few medals to the stars, if I may.

To Clark Gable, for his rapid rise and for being such a darn good actor.

To Fredric March, for his splendid work in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde."

To Ronald Colman, for making "Arrowsmith" a marvelous picture.

To Joan Crawford, for returning to her own dark hair again. She looked gorgeous in "Possessed" and did some fine acting in it, as she always does.

To Sylvia Sidney, for her fine work in "Ladies of the Big House."

Aileen Ohm,
Chicago, Ill.

Briefs

The two worst pictures I have seen in years were *The Guardsman* and *Private Lives*, *The Guardsman* being the very worst. I was never so bored.

Marion Hansen,
Beverly, Mass.

We want old stars in new pictures, not new stars in old pictures!

Vee Sanon,
Los Angeles, Cal.

If there were more like Garbo in the movies, I'm afraid fans would actually be living in theatres.

Rose Cummings,
Fall River, Mass.

Just give James Cagney more pictures like *Taxi* and *The Crowd Roars,* and no one will know Clark Gable existed.

Estelle Lauter,
Irvington, N. J.

For playing in indecent pictures, I believe first prize should go to Norma Shearer; running her a close second is Joan Crawford.

Mary Engler,
Clinton, Iowa.

Janet Gaynor is the only actress on the screen at present; the others are all types.

Florence Silver,
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Jimmie Dunn and Sally Eilers are a better pair than Gaynor and Farrell.

Kathryn McFarlane,
Westfield, N. J.

I wouldn't trade a glimpse of Garbo for an introduction to six of the next biggest stars in the industry.

Nikki Jordan,
Chicago, Ill.

Cagney's Appeal

This James Cagney, who seems to be breaking into everyone's heart with his strutting, chip-on-the-shoulder attitude and little boyish impertinence, is gaining favor in the little old home towns.

Several of his pictures have been shown in the local theatre this year and lately, when his name appears on the billboard, the house is packed.

We like him. He doesn't act his part—he lives it. He is the personification of the average American boy brought up within the vicinity of "the gang around the corner." He is devilish in a way that gets under the skin and we want to see more of him.

Arlinda Riggs,
Mishawaka, Ind.

That Boy, Jimmy Dunn

A word of warning to the present cinema heroes, Clark Gable, Ronald Colman, etc. It would be wise to "stop, look and listen" to this boy, James Dunn. What he hasn't got isn't worth having. He is the answer to a maiden's prayer, also her Mother's. And yet, what is it that makes him so lovable? He is not "cavish," nor mysterious, nor a Barrymore or Valentino. Don't tell us we want them "rough"; give us the gentle, thoughtful lover.

M. C.,
Camden, N. J.

Why Women Like Lukas

Here's to Paul Lukas, the perfect! The lover, the father, the little boy, the master, he is all of these rolled up into the most amazing man ever seen on the screen.

Wado Raquet,
La Porte, Ind.

So That's the Secret

Clark Gable, James Dunn, Fredric March and Maurice Chevalier! Those four actors seem to lead in the popularity race at the moment; at least those four got the most votes at a recent fan gab-fest.

When thinking about these four, it strikes me that they have one thing in common—straight hair! I've heard many people say that if there is one thing they despise in an actor, it is artificially curled hair—and every girl knows at first glance whether or not the wave has been "put in." Four or five rising young actors would do well to take this hint to heart, and leave the marcels to the actresses, or else earn the scorn of the audience.

And don't forget—the greatest idol of all time, Valentino—had straight hair!

Marguerite Kelly,
San Francisco, Cal.

A New Kind of Short

Recently I saw a new kind of picture at a local movie show. It was the talkie version of a short, short story taken from a popular magazine and one of the cleverest and most entertaining short features I have seen for a long time.

I am enthusiastic to the nth degree about this new kind of movie and hope to see more of them in the future.

Genevieve Morrison,
Springfield, Ohio.

But Some Beauties Can Act

What poet was it who said: "A thing of beauty is a joy forever"? He surely was not a theatre-goer. As for me I'll take the actress who is not so beautiful. One tires very easily of seeing a very pretty actress who has nothing to offer the public but her beauty. I prefer the one who can act—act well—who puts herself across to the public in spite of the fact that she has not a perfect nose nor a marvelous mouth. The beautiful ones are soon forgotten but those who can really play the part are the ones whom the public likes and remembers.

Mrs. Charles Rees,
Philadelphia, Pa.

A Movie Fan's Tastes

A few of the things I go for:—

Those steady, steady eyes of that fascinating Phillips Holmes that look right through you as if you weren't there.

The intriguing devilishness of Robert Montgomery.

The little-boy-ness of Richard Barthelmess.

That leave-it-to-me-I-know-what-to-do attitude of Bill Haines.

The voice and the teeth and the hair and the eyes of Ramon Novarro.

Chester Morris' mouth.

Doug Fairbanks Jr.'s grin.

The sweetness of Richard Cromwell that makes you wish you had six like him.

Clark Gable.

Mary Ellen Duncan,
Indianapolis, Ind.

A Complaint from a Southerner

In depicting pictures of the South if the characters representing Southerners were given to actors and actresses that did not roll their R's so much, or did not have a harsh Western twang, the people of the South would enjoy Southern pictures more.

You cannot imagine how our ears have suffered since the talkies came in and the Southern accent has tried to be imitated. We do not talk as though we have a hot potato in our mouth, but the negro imitations are the worst of all, as the Southern negro has a dialect that cannot be imitated except by the true Southerner. I do not refer to the educated negro or those able to read and write but to the good old-fashioned Southern darkey.

And why is a Southern heroine always so sticky sweet?

Mrs. E. D. Collins,
Savannah, Ga.

Yes, Beery Stole "Hell Divers"

Admirers of Gable surely have refrained from discussing "Hell Divers." It is one of the best pictures ever produced, but Gableites won't rave about it simply because the picture was so completely, so effectually, so graciously stolen by Wally Beery that few people ever realized that Gable was in the show.

Chas. A. Engle,
Waynesboro, Pa.

Praise for the Directors

The fans usually go into ecstasies and rhapsodies over the merits of their favorite stars. However, I believe that some of the praise should go to the real geniuses of the screen, the directors.

Of course, I enjoy the stars. I appreciate the charm of a Norma Shearer, the power of an Edward G. Robinson, the variety of a Ruth Chatterton, and the fineness of a George Arliss. But the men at whose shrine I worship are the King Vidors, the Ernst Lubitsches, and W. S. Van Dykes. It is their artistry, their brains, their vision, that are responsible for our screen masterpieces.

Pearl Custer,
Philadelphia, Pa.

(*Continued on page* 110)

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Bristly regrowth delayed

Delatone Cream makes it easier to remove superfluous hair—takes only 2 to 3 minutes. Used on arms, underarms and legs, it leaves skin hair-free, soft and smooth. Delatone is the quality depilatory. Pleasant to use. Economical because you spread it thinner. Avoid substitutes — ask for and insist on having

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August Issue — Love Mirror, Movie Mirror — On Sale July 5th

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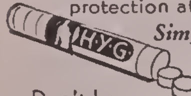

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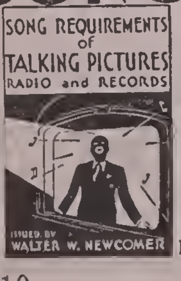
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"Around the World with Douglas Fairbanks"

What a journey! I have just returned from a most instructive and quaint trip. Fleeting, enchanting glimpses of Honolulu, the Philippines, China, India and others with that vibrant and charming man, Doug Fairbanks, Sr. From having tea with the King of Siam to the exciting leopard hunt, I never experienced a more interesting pleasure-jaunt than "Around the World in 80 Minutes."

What a man. We should give three cheers for this interesting human dynamo. Why can't we have more pictures with this "different" actor? We can have our serious dramatics from the Barrymores, Stanwycks, Dresslers and others, but give us this Fairbanks fellow for a jolly good evening of light-hearted, fleet-footed entertainment, and whose very presence invigorates and gives us that peppy and "alive" feeling.

He is a devil, too, with those wisecracks, so look out Mr. Will Rogers or "the goblin (Mr. Fairbanks), will get you if you don't watch out."

Lucille J. Jones,
Little Rock, Ark.

Those Title Changes

I agree with motion picture producers that the title of a picture is important—but why they changed "The Man I Killed" to "Broken Lullaby" is beyond me.

In April Movie Mirror (the issue which has Joan Crawford's beautiful picture as a cover) it is called "The Man I Killed," and given the praise it justly deserves, yet when it ran in Cleveland it was booked as "Broken Lullaby." Why waste money advertising under one title and then change it?

Such good stories as "American Tragedy," "So Big," "The Fall and Rise of Susan Lenox," "Twenty-four Hours," "Arrowsmith" and "Grand Hotel" retained their author's title when picturized, and I hope the producers don't waste their valuable time trying to find a more appropriate one for Pearl Buck's splendid story of Chinese life, "The Good Earth."

Madeline Maroni,
Cleveland, Ohio.

Well, It's an Idea

This is just a whim which I thought might interest other fans.

To me: Constance Bennett resembles a beautiful blue, a turquoise blue.

Norma Shearer—a vivid red, suitable to her vivacious nature.

Joan Crawford—silver, a glittering person, glamorous but very natural under all.

Greta Garbo—gold—a valuable shining gold, topping all the other colors.

Carole Lombard—yellow, a bright yellow as clear as she.

Karen Morley—also yellow but this time almost chartreuse.

Elissa Landi—green, a misty sea green tinged with yellow.

Dorothy Jordan—pink, a light, dainty pink, suiting her appearance perfectly.

You try, too, suiting the colors on the artists' palette to your favorite motion picture stars.

Norma Fryatt,
Somerville, Mass.

The Inside Stories Behind the Recent Big Productions

(*Continued from page* 17)

the same for my wife," he told them. Anxious to get him, the producers reluctantly humored him.

His tests turned out to be poor.

Hers were far better than his, and immediately interest was switched to her. Poor Larry was ignored.

"Tit for tat," she demanded. "If you sign me, you'll have to sign him too." They did.

The tests were excellent forecasts. Both are under contract to Radio. Larry attracted attention in Fox's "The Yellow Ticket," played in "Friends and Lovers," with Menjou and Damita, and is now with Ann Harding in "Westward Passage." Predictions are that the rôle will make him.

Jill has played with Chatterton at Paramount in "Once a Lady" and in "Ladies of the Jury" for Radio. As Ruth Chatterton's daughter she practically stole "Once a Lady" from Chatterton.

Brothers have helped sisters get tests; one member of a vaudeville team has helped another. Jean Morgan, extra, fought for a test for Marian Marsh for "Svengali," and Marian's career was made, while Jean is content to be an extra. Joan Blondell and Jimmy Cagney were working on Broadway in "Penny Arcade" when Jimmy was called for a test. Joan went along to help, and she was signed, too.

Sometimes, it's a matter of opinion among executives. Janet Gaynor was loafing along in mediocre parts at Universal, when Joe Egli, then with Fox, called her over to his studio for a test. He was right. See who she's turned out to be!

After a star has arrived, there are usually no more tests. The testing days are gone and forgotten. The reason for this is that the parts are built around a person who is a star. Parts are tailored to fit him, or her, instead of trying to fit him or her to the part. After one has arrived, the only tests necessary are to find out if that person can add or subtract years from actual age by the use of make-up. This amounts really to make-up tests, as in the case of Gable and Shearer and their fourteen tests for "Strange Interlude." The stars weren't being tested, but the make-up man was.

Featured players and free-lance players are given the most exhaustive tests. They are usually called to support a star. They must fit the star, just as the star's part must fit. And the featured player or free-lance may be too blonde for the star's blonde hair; too tall for the star's short stature; too thin for the star's bulkiness; too fast for the star's slowness.

Too, the featured player's voice may be too low or too high in comparison with the star.

And those who test have tough times, too.

Take, for instance, the man who had the job of getting three sets of twins, all filming well and able to act, for Universal's "Seed"!

But in the end this business of taking tests, with all its heartbreaks, is worth the trouble, because it gives you, the fan, a chance of seeing players in rôles that they can really make live.

Miss Pinkerton

(*Continued from page 81*)

Adams switched on the light. "When you want something call me. That's what I'm here for. Let me straighten your pillows."

"No—no, I hate being fussed over."

In the morning sunlight, the old house seemed less gloomy, less appropriate for a murder. Noises from the kitchen . . . the smell of coffee . . . and Mary, the cook, came in beaming, with Miss Juliet's breakfast. "Yours is laid in the dining room, nurse."

Dressing in her own room, Adams peeped through the keyhole. Miss Mitchell pulled the newspaper from under her pillow. "Hide this, Mary. She's been watching me all night."

Stealthily Adams followed Mary downstairs, saw her go into the library. At breakfast Adams kept her eyes fastened on the hall, waiting for her chance, waiting for Mary to go upstairs. At last!

"What's that, Hugo, the doorbell?" she said.

WHILE he answered the bell, she opened the connecting door from the dining room to the library. Shelf after shelf of musty old books. Not a newspaper in sight. She heard Hugo talking, in the hall, to Inspector Patten. Quickly she ran her hand behind the books, row after row, felt something, reached in behind an encyclopedia . . .

"No one is allowed in here, Miss." Hugo, at her side, was livid.

"I'm descended from a long line of billy goats, Hugo. We always gobble Shakespeare with our corn flakes."

Patten in the hall was summoning her. She followed him to the third floor, to the murder room.

"Look." He held out a tabloid newspaper, folded to a picture of Herbert Wynne's body. "See that white spot? There was a newspaper beside this body."

"Proving what?" said Adams.

"Wynne took out a hundred thousand dollars' worth of life insurance before he died. His lawyer, Glenn, just told me."

"You mean he killed himself to leave . . . ?"

"Exactly. After squandering the Mitchell fortune." On the table, Patten placed a newspaper so that the edge dangled over the old-fashioned fringed table scarf. "Insurance companies don't pay off on quick suicides. It's got to look like an accident. Suppose I'm going to kill myself. I lay out rags and oil—pretend I'm cleaning a gun. Then I kneel down"—he knelt beside the table—"I lift the front page of this newspaper aside, put my head against the middle pages and shoot through them. As I fall, the top page falls back into place. When you pick up the paper it looks all right. The powder marks are on the inside pages—instead of on me!"

He looked around. "But that newspaper? Where is it?"

"That's it!" Adams' blue eyes glowed with excitement. "The old lady went prowling last night and hid something under her pillow. She gave it to Mary this morning to hide. It's in the library."

"If it isn't thrown out by now. Just my luck! The first case that I've ever been put in charge of, and I bungle it."

All day Adams watched for a chance at the library. Always Hugo stood nearby. She even searched, unsuccessfully, in the incinerator in the yard, and, looking up, saw the girl she had seen last night, scraping dirt over marks in the ground.

The girl's big brown eyes looked alarmed, then relieved when she saw who it was. "I must talk to you—you're a nurse. If I don't talk to someone I'll go mad."

"The late Herbert Wynne was a friend of yours, I suppose?"

"Yes, we—we—And I know who killed him."

"He shot himself," Adams said.

"He didn't. He was murdered. And I know who did it."

"Come inside and talk." Cautiously Adams led her into an empty room, slipped out "to see about my patient" and phoned for detectives. "Now then," she returned to the girl, "what's your name?"

"I can't tell you. I can't get into this." She hesitated. "I'll tell you this much, I was engaged to Herbert Wynne. They killed him for his insurance—the bank was going to take away the house."

"Who killed him?" said Adams, watching the window.

"Hugo, I think, for the old lady. He's devoted to her. Herbert was afraid—he'd been shot at before. He wouldn't shoot himself!"

"You ought to tell the police your story," said Adams.

"I can't. My family—I can't have my name dragged into this." Her pretty face was white. "I must go—no one must see me here."

Through the window, Adams saw a police car drive up, waiting to follow this girl.

That night, flashlight in hand, Adams tiptoed downstairs into the library. Reached for the encyclopedia behind which this morning she had felt the newspaper. Gone! And that noise! A snarl, as of an animal. Coming from the unused parlor across the hall.

In the parlor, she swung her flash along the floor. Along the ghostly, dust-sheeted chairs. Along a pair of male legs. To Hugo's bald head, his sleeping face, to the revolver in his hand. Softly, without waking him, she crept upstairs, reached the landing . . . and a huge figure leapt out from the darkness.

Adams screamed. Her flash went out. She rolled, down and down. The lights came on, and Hugo stood over her.

"Something hit you, Miss?"

"No. I tripped. I saw something—" she pointed upstairs. "It got away—through that door."

Hugo glanced at the door on the landing, leading to the servants' sitting room from the front of the house. "That door's locked and bolted, Miss. It's never used. We use the back stairs."

Adams was staring at his revolver. "What are you doing here?"

"I heard someone prowling. I came down to watch."

"Why don't you go outside and look?" said Adams. But Hugo, with suspicious

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Of Movie Mirror, published monthly at New York, for April 1, 1932.

State of New York }
County of New York } ss.

Before me, a notary in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Kenneth D. McAlpin, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the publisher of the Movie Mirror, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Kenneth D. McAlpin, 8 West 40th Street, New York, N. Y. Editor, Ruth Waterbury, 8 West 40th Street, New York, N. Y. Managing Editor, None. Business Managers, None.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) Futura Publications, Inc., 8 West 40th Street, New York, N. Y. Kenneth D. McAlpin, George Engel, Leonard Dreyfuss, Jerome van Wiseman, Berthold Nussbaum, all of New York City.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

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(Signed) KENNETH D. McALPIN, Publisher.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 14th day of March, 1932.

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looks, said he preferred to watch inside.

AT police headquarters next morning, Patten, reading his paper, scowled at the coroner's verdict of suicide. "If that coroner thinks he's closed this case, he's crazy."

Sergeant Carey held out a card. "Here's the report on that girl we trailed from the Mitchell house."

"The kid who was engaged to Wynne?" Patten whistled. "Good Lord! Townsend Brent's daughter, Paula! No wonder she wants her name kept out. Well, it's in *now*, all right, all right!"

But Paula Brent only stuck to her story—that Herbert had been killed for his insurance. No satisfaction from her; Patten looked discouraged when Adams dropped in to report.

"Where'd you get the little red bonnet, Miss Pinkerton? You're a dangerous looking female. And aren't you relieved—we're washed up on this case! The Brent girl—the fiancée—has stuck to her story."

"Poor kid! So she was brought here?" said Adams.

"Poor kid! She's a slick one! Just repeated that same story. We grilled her father too—he proved he was out of town the night of the murder. But your lead about the ladder—someone dragged it there! Someone got down the man who was hiding on the roof after the murder. Frankly I"—he broke off as Sergeant Carey announced a new witness, Mr. Henderson, the Brent's next-door neighbor.

"The night of the murder," said Henderson, "I overheard a quarrel between Paula Brent and her sweetheart."

Patten nodded. "Herbert Wynne, you mean?"

"No—the other one—Charles Elliott. They were quarreling in Miss Brent's car. He was very angry. She begged him not to—to hurt somebody. And he said, 'I don't care. This is going to be a showdown.' They struggled over something. He took it away from her and left her sitting alone in the car."

PATTEN, dismissing the witness, looked gloatingly at Adams. "Your poor kid, Paula, had two sweethearts. Two of them!"

"Then," said Adams, "it was jealousy?"

"Or revenge. Elliott shot Wynne and hid on the roof. Paula dragged a ladder there and got him down. Very simple! . . . Your patient needs you. And Pinkerton, *if* we ever get through with this case, I'd like a date with you—movies or something."

"Or a nice clean murder," said Adams.

In the Mitchell library, the gaunt-faced Dr. Stewart sat chatting with Arthur Glenn, Miss Mitchell's suave, sleek lawyer. Adams, starting upstairs, nodded a greeting. She handed Miss Mitchell her hot milk. "Drink this, Miss Juliet. Doctor's orders."

And then suddenly, a scream—a woman's scream. Loud pounding on the front door. Adams dashed to the stairs, as Dr. Stewart opened the door.

On the dark veranda stood a cop. In his arms a woman, unconscious, hatless, her hair streaming, her stockings stained.

"It's Florence Lenz, my secretary!" gasped Glenn.

Her blue eyes opened in fright. "Something rushed at me—in the driveway."

"She's fainted," said Dr. Stewart. "Ammonia, Miss Adams."

Adams dashed upstairs. Reached the second floor landing. The "bolted, unused door" swung inward . . . the lights went out . . . Adams screamed . . . someone seized her, dragged her . . .

Patten and two cops rushed in through the side door, which stood open. The lights came on. Adams was nowhere in sight. The door on the landing was closed.

"What's behind this, Hugo?" said Patten.

"My room, sir. It's bolted inside. It won't open."

But at a cop's push, it opened instantly. His flashlight flickered along the floor, where Adams lay.

"Are you hurt?" said Patten anxiously.

"No. Just scared stiff." She pointed upstairs. "It went up there. Quick. Catch it. I'm all right."

She lay there, waiting for her dizziness to disappear. She flung her arm out. Touched an upturned corner of carpet. A newspaper. The inside pages were peppered with powder burns!

Upstairs Patten pounded on the door of Herbert's room. It was locked. No answer. He shot through the lock.

Inside was a vast confusion. Rugs turned back. Drawers pulled out. Against the wall a young, blond, good-looking man.

"They don't make doors like that any more," he said calmly.

"You're Charles Elliott, I suppose." Patten began to search him. "Hmm, no gun. How about a bunch of keys?"

But the pockets produced only matches, cigarettes, coins.

"How'd you get into this house?" said Patten. He called out the window. "Riley, see if this bird threw any keys out there." He drew out handcuffs. "I'm arresting you, Elliott."

"For what? Housebreaking?"

"That'll do for now." On the stairs he met Riley, with two keys on a ring he had found outside. The ring was initialed H. W.

"Take this prisoner, Riley," said Patten. "Booked for murder."

Patten stopped beside Adams. "That boy," she said, "he didn't kill Herbert. He killed himself. Look!" she opened a newspaper—to the pages peppered with powder marks.

"That paper! Then why did Elliott break in tonight?"

"Maybe," said Adams, "we should call a detective."

"That paper proves nothing," said Patten loftily. "Maybe Elliott planted it—to look like a suicide. You women—always fooled by good looks. That kid had Herbert Wynne's keys. He used them the night of the murder. What's he doing with those keys?"

"Remind me to hate you, Patten." Adams went back to her patient.

"What was it, Miss Adams?" Miss Juliet was agog.

"They caught a fellow named Elliott in Mr. Herbert's room. They arrested him for murder, the idiots!"

"Charlie Elliott? Light-haired boy?" She was very agitated. "Send Mr. Glenn to me in the morning. I want to make a statement!"

HER statement began, with Florence Lenz, the stenographer, taking it down: "Knowing I have not long to live, I make this statement to prevent a great injustice. What I am about to say must be kept secret except in case of—"

The lawyer broke in suavely. "If this is confidential, Miss Juliet, I'd better take it down myself. Would you mind, Miss Adams? You'd better step out too, Miss Lenz."

In Adams' room, Miss Lenz, humming lightly, dabbed her powder puff in Adams' powder, swabbed her face, spilled powder on the dresser, the medicines, the hyperdermic syringe.

This annoyed Adams, but she said nothing. From the window she saw Paula Brent, among the shrubbery, signalling frantically. She went out.

"You've got to help me," said Paula. "They've arrested Charlie for murder and it's all my fault. I sent him here last night to get something for me from Herbert's room. Those were my keys. Herbert gave them to me. I—I used to go to his room."

"What did you leave there?"

"I can't tell you. I can't. My family mustn't know."

"If you can't tell me, I can't let you in," said Adams.

"Please. Please. Charlie's life may depend on it."

Adams thought of Charlie. *That* was no murderer. "All right," she said. "I can't make more mistakes than the detectives."

Cautiously they stole upstairs. They saw Hugo.

"Quick! In my room." Adams thrust Paula before her.

Florence Lenz jumped quickly away from the dresser. Adams glared at her medicine tray, powder-spattered. "I'd like to wring your neck." Angrily she washed the hyperdermic in alcohol.

"So sorry," said Florence lightly. She saw Paula. "So you're Paula Brent? How just too cute. No accounting for tastes, I suppose."

"Why—why," said Paula astonished.

"Miss Lenz. Miss Adams." Glenn summoned them. "Will you please come here and witness Miss Juliet's signature?"

Scarcely able to hold a pen, Miss Juliet wrote her name.

"YOU'RE witnessing only the signature." Glenn carefully folded the document so that only the signature was visible as the two girls signed. "Do you want to read this over, Juliet?"

"Read what over?" Dr. Stewart came in, scowling. "Arthur! You haven't been letting her make a statement in her condition? It's outrageous. She hasn't the strength." He felt her pulse, flickering feebly. "Hyperdermic, Miss Adams. Amyl nitrate. Run along, Glenn, you've done enough damage."

In her room, Adams took out an amyl nitrate tablet. Filled her freshly cleaned hyperdermic. Gently Dr. Stewart injected the fluid in the frail thin little arm. Adams, back in her own room, washed the needle.

"Miss Adams!" Dr. Stewart called frantically. "What was in that hyperdermic?"

Miss Mitchell was gasping. Death rattled in her throat.

"The regular solution, Doctor," said Adams, terrified.

The rattling stopped. "She's dead. Get me that needle!"

"But, Doctor, I've washed it."

"In alcohol, I see," said Dr. Stewart, following her into her room. "You didn't waste much time."

"I'm not trained to waste time, Doctor!"

He picked up her tube marked Amyl Nitrate. Took out a tablet. Tasted it. Spit it out. "Arsenic. Five grain tablets. One grain would have been enough." He tasted other tablets. "*These* are amyl nitrate."

"Then—then arsenic was substituted?" Adams gasped.

"Clever deduction. I don't need to tell you what this means on your part. Either gross negligence or—"

"Doctor, you can't believe I—?"

"This certainly calls for investigation." He saw Patten entering the room. "Miss Mitchell just died, Patten. Or rather"—he glared at Adams—"she was just killed. Arsenic—substituted for her regular hyperdermic. I've got to go to the hospital now—but I want this nurse held. Negligence—or complicity to homicide!"

Patten closed the door after him. "Did you mix that hyperdermic, Pinkerton?"

"Yes, I—but for heaven's sake you don't—?"

"I'm not suspecting you, am I? Use your head. Somebody switched those tablets. Who's been in this room?"

"Florence Lenz . . . and Paula Brent."

"Brent! How'd she get in?"

"I let her in. She begged so. Said Charlie's life depended on her getting something from Herbert's room."

Patten sighed. "Why did I ever let you in on this case!"

"Let me in? You dragged me in! All I've done is lose my sleep and get scared to death. I'd quit right now!"

"Well, never mind. Where's Brent now?"

"Upstairs in Herbert's room, I guess."

"Go up and hold her there until I come. I want to examine Miss Juliet's room before anything is touched."

Herbert's room was again turned upside down. As Adams came in, Paula stood up, hastily kicked a baseboard back into place.

ADAMS reached behind the board, seized a paper.

"Don't take that!" said Paula. "You mustn't see it."

While they struggled, Patten came in, snatched the document from them. "Let's all take a look. A marriage certificate! Secretly married to Herbert Wynne—in love with Charlie Elliott. There's our motive! That's why Elliott thought Wynne should be killed."

"He didn't!" Paula shrieked. "He didn't kill him."

"You're under arrest, Miss Brent. For the murder of Miss Juliet!"

"Miss Juliet! Murdered!" Horrified, without protest, Paula submitted as Riley led her away.

"Well, Pinkerton," Patten smirked. "This case is solved. We'll link those two murders together by night time."

"Those kids didn't do it, I tell you. I know it. My hunches are seldom but

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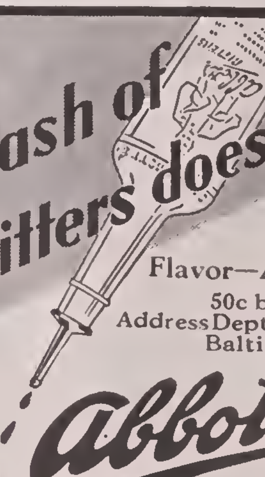

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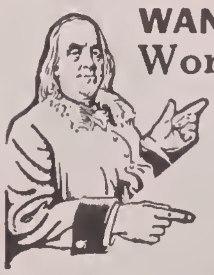

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good." She found herself weeping on his shoulder.

In the murder room they grilled Paula, white-faced, staunchly standing by her story.

"No," she insisted, "Charlie did *not* know. I was Herbert's wife. Not until the night you caught him here when he came to get the marriage certificate. He insisted—to keep my name out of it."

"Bring Elliott in," said Patten in disgust, unable to shake her story.

"Charlie!" Paula flung her arms about him.

"Love me, honey?" He kissed her. "Then it's all right!"

"Do you know why we brought you here, Elliott?" said Patten.

"To re-enact my hideous, cold-blooded crime, I suppose."

"Save your wise-cracks for the cooler. Let's begin at the beginning. You just paid a nice, friendly call on Wynne?"

"I've told you—nothing friendly about it. I went to insist that he stop bothering my girl."

"You mean—that he stop bothering his own wife?"

"I didn't know that then. I only knew she was in some kind of mess with him. So I came here to demand a show-down, not, as you insist, to kill him. I grabbed Paula's keys. Wynne didn't like me; if I rang the doorbell he'd never let me in.'"

"So you unlocked the side door?" said Patten.

"It was open. Someone came out in the darkness."

With apparent honesty, now and then a wise-crack, Elliott answered Patten's questions. He had gone upstairs to Herbert's room, and there he found Herbert—on the floor—dead.

"So what did you do?" said Patten. "Call the police?"

"I heard someone coming upstairs. I knew how it would look if I was caught there—so I got out."

"Jumped to the roof?" said Patten. "How'd you get down?"

"So far as you're concerned I flew down."

Paula interrupted. "I got him down. I followed him, afraid of what he'd do. I dragged the ladder over and got him down."

"NICE story, Elliott," said Patten sarcastically. He motioned two cops to stand aside. A dummy, dressed in Herbert's clothes, was sprawled on the floor against the table.

"Was that how the body lay when you saw it, Elliott?"

"No." Elliott re-arranged the dummy, bending the knees in the position of a man kneeling. The upper torso fell forward.

"Looks like suicide." Patten nodded. "Did you handle it that neatly when you fixed the real corpse?"

"The real corpse?" Elliott gasped.

"Have you got Miss Mitchell's statement, Glenn?" said Patten.

Glenn pushed forward a document.

"This," said Patten, "was dictated by Miss Mitchell on her death bed. You'll hear it in court! Briefly, it says she did not see you actually shoot Wynne—but she *did* see you move the body! To make it look like suicide. Lock him up, boys!"

Patten, when the others had gone, beamed at Adams. "The case is solved, Pinkerton. And Mary has some supper for us."

Adams frowned. "I won't believe Elliott's guilty until you show me a picture of him pulling the trigger!"

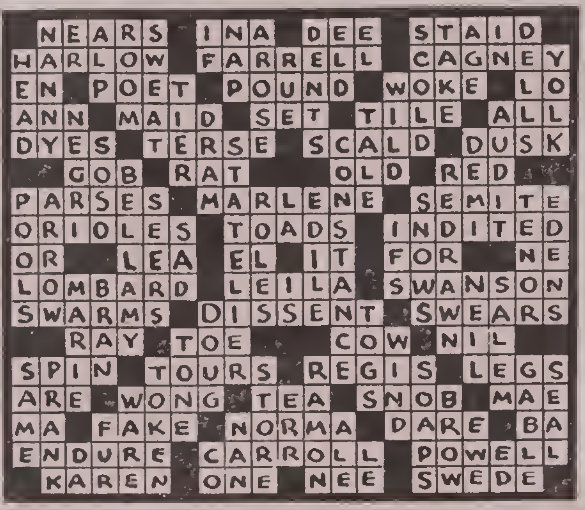
Mary hovered about, pouring coffee. They asked about Hugo.

"In bed, sir. He's sick about Miss Juliet's death."

As Mary retired to the kitchen Patten said, "Hugo *was* devoted—but he knows a lot more than he's telling."

A sharp bark. Hugo's dog dashed from the room. A heavy thud outside the house. Patten ran outdoors. Adams followed the dog.

Upstairs on the landing, the dog stopped. Barked again. Adams opened the door. Hugo's room was dark, except for a patch from the street light which shone on Hugo's body, on the floor. A hand reached out. Adams screamed . . . the hand closed on her throat.



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This is the answer to last month's Crossword Puzzle. This month's puzzle is on Page 6 and there will be a new puzzle in the August Movie Mirror on sale July 5th

In an instant Patten was by her side. A figure leaped from the window. A cop called up, "We've got him, Chief."

Patten switched on the light. Hugo lay there, gagged, unconscious. There was a strong odor of chloroform. As Adams loosened his collar, Hugo opened his eyes.

"Miss Adams just saved your life," Patten said. "It's about time you told us everything you know."

"I'll tell everything all right." Hugo was wrathful. "Get Florence Lenz."

At headquarters, Florence Lenz sobbed that she knew nothing.

"Maybe she'll talk to me alone," Adams told Patten. "Now, Miss Lenz, Hugo has already told us—so if you'll tell your story it will go less hard with you. We know this: Wynne was to fake death and disappear, for his insurance. But then he married Miss Brent and refused to go through with it, so he was murdered. Hugo was getting a split. Your fiancé was behind the scheme."

"It has nothing to do with me," Miss Lenz insisted.

"Only this—it was necessary to get rid of Miss Juliet because she got the insurance money, and your fiancé was mentioned in her will. So you put arsenic tablets in the tube on my tray, as the murderer told you to do!"

"I didn't know it was poison!" Miss Lenz sobbed.

Patten shoved Glenn into the room. "Is this the man, Miss Lenz, who gave you those tablets to put in Miss Adams' tube?"

Terrified, Miss Lenz nodded. "That's the man."

"You rotten little liar!" said Glenn.

"Don't call me names, you murderer! You told me those tablets were sleeping tablets, not arsenic!"

"Miss Lenz," said Patten, "did Glenn powder mark that newspaper for an alibi?"

"YES. But Miss Mitchell hid the paper so she'd get the insurance money. She didn't know it really was a murder."

"You're all crazy!" Glenn shouted, glaring at the girl he had expected to marry.

"*You're* not," said Patten. "You're sane! Trying to kill Hugo because, after Miss Mitchell's death, he was going to talk!"

"That statement you and I witnessed, Miss Lenz?" said Adams.

"A blank sheet of paper folded over. Arthur—Mr. Glenn—wrote the fake statement later, to convict Elliott, stop investigation."

"That's all, boys." Patten turned the prisoners over to the cops. "Take them downtown."

"And that," Adams told him, "wraps that up. But what becomes of Charlie Elliott, languishing in yonder jail house?"

"He'll be out before Paula can decide on her wedding dress."

"How nice for you," Adams purred, "that all these wicked criminals go around catching themselves. You've arrested everybody in the case but me."

"As for you"—Patten put his arms around her.

"The phone!" said Adams. "It would ring just when I'm about to get a break. . . . Don't tell me Elliott has confessed and started the whole thing over again!"

Patten hung up the receiver. "Headquarters. A swell double murder in Cedar Lake. Want to come along, honey?"

"What? Me?" said Adams. "I'm going right back to the hospital where things are peaceful and calm and nothing ever happens!"

"But this," Patten coaxed, "is a big case. I can smell it."

Adams stirred in his arms. "You can smell it for both of us then," she said.

Will Garbo go home and will "As You Desire Me" be the last picture she ever makes? Nobody knows right now but one thing Movie Mirror does know. That is that the fictionization of "As You Desire Me" will be in the August issue, on sale in the store where you bought this issue, about July fifth. It's a gorgeous love story illustrated with pictures of the incomparable Greta. Don't miss it.

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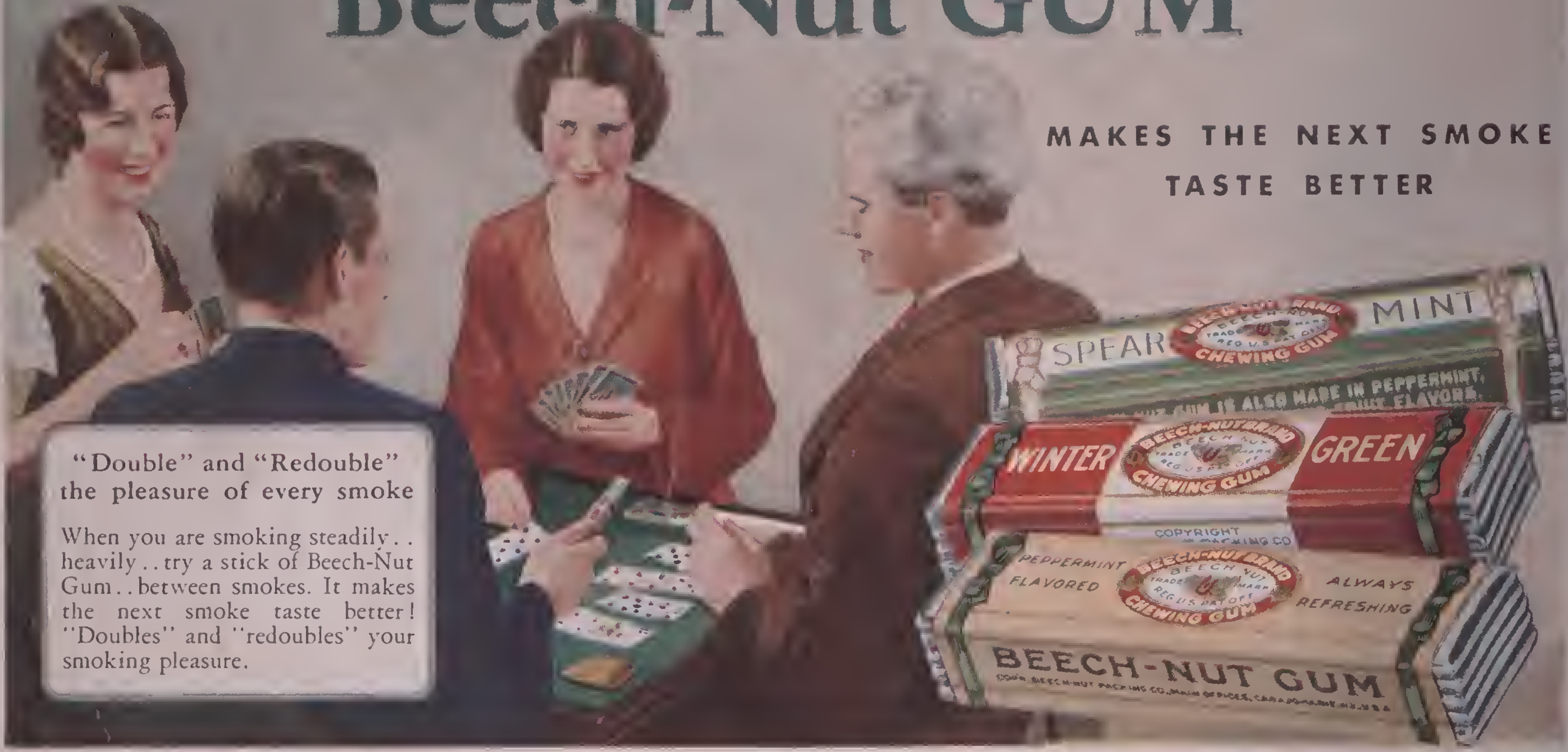
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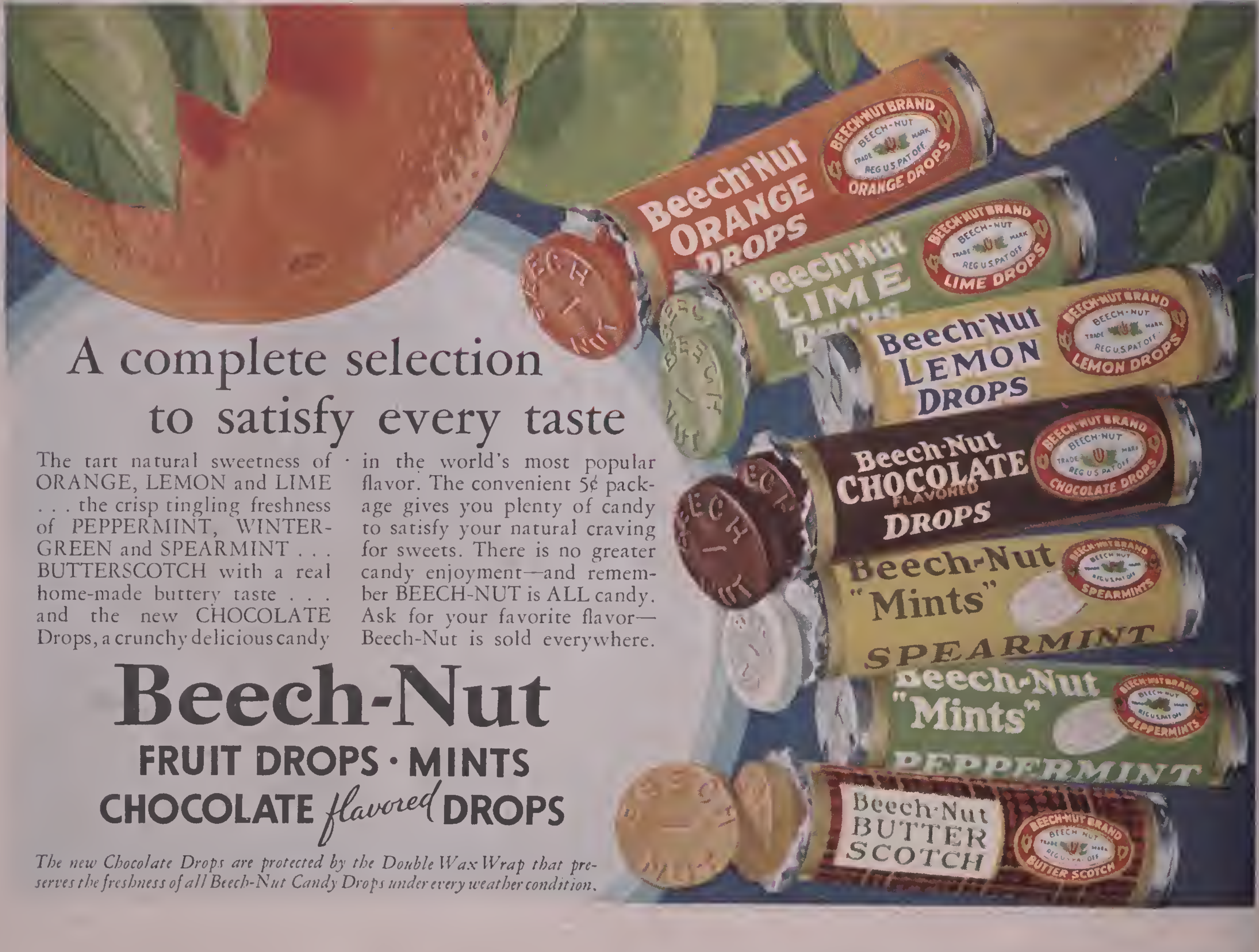
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The tart natural sweetness of ORANGE, LEMON and LIME . . . the crisp tingling freshness of PEPPERMINT, WINTERGREEN and SPEARMINT . . . BUTTERSCOTCH with a real home-made buttery taste . . . and the new CHOCOLATE Drops, a crunchy delicious candy in the world's most popular flavor. The convenient 5¢ package gives you plenty of candy to satisfy your natural craving for sweets. There is no greater candy enjoyment—and remember BEECH-NUT is ALL candy. Ask for your favorite flavor—Beech-Nut is sold everywhere.

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The new Chocolate Drops are protected by the Double Wax Wrap that preserves the freshness of all Beech-Nut Candy Drops under every weather condition.

Movie Mirror

ILMLAND'S MOST BEAUTIFUL MAGAZINE

AUGUST

10¢

KAY
FRANCIS

Honestly...Why do you want $3,500.00 CASH NOW?—

Here, dear, is the nest-egg of our fortune... $3,500.00 all cash!

I WILL PAY $250

For the Winning Answer to this Question

I am going to give $3,500.00 to some deserving man or woman who answers my announcements. *You may be the one to get it!* But, before I give it to anyone I would like to know just *why* you want $3,500.00 cash now. Just answer this question—tell me in a sentence of 20 words or less, and in your own way, why you want $3,500.00 cash now—*nothing more to do toward the $250.00 cash prize!* Sounds easy? It is easy! The first answer that comes to your mind may win the prize. No selling — no soliciting. There are no strings at all to this amazing prize offer of $250.00 cash. ALL persons 16 years of age or older owe it to themselves to enter this contest.

20 SIMPLE WORDS WIN $250.00 FOR SOMEONE, MAYBE YOU!

Nothing More for You to Do!

$250 Prize given just for the winning answer to my question

There is no way you can lose. Simply tell me why you want $3,500.00 cash *now.* The prize for the winning answer is $250.00.

The mere fact of sending in a few words for this big $250 cash prize qualifies you for the greater opportunity to

WIN $3,500 CASH

Or a STUDEBAKER-8 SEDAN and $2,000.00 CASH

This huge prize is ***extra and separate*** from the cash prize offered for the best answer to my question in only 20 words or less. No wonder we say that here's your opportunity to win a fortune. Just imagine! $3,500.00 cash besides . . . all coming to you at once. Think! Why do you want $3,500.00 cash *now?* Do you want it to start a business of your own, pay off a mortgage on your home, buy new furniture or clothes? Maybe you want it to help you get an education. Consider all the things you could do with such a huge sum. Plan now—then write your answer—rush it to me at once. Yours may easily be the winner. All replies become the property of Richard Day, Manager.

BE PROMPT! I Will Send You a $100.00 Cash Certificate AT ONCE!

To make it worth your while to be prompt in sending in your answer to my question, "Honestly . . . why do you want $3,500.00 *cash now?*"—if you will see that your letter is postmarked not more than three days after you read this offer *I will send you a Cash Promptness Certificate entitling you to an extra $100.00 in cash* should your reply, in the opinion of the judges, win the $250.00 cash prize offered above, making a cash prize of $350.00 in all.

HUNDREDS HAVE WON

Throughout the past year we have given financial help to hundreds of deserving people in all parts of the United States . . . we have given away hundreds and thousands of dollars in prizes. Beemer won $4,700. Harriet Robertson won $1,100. Hundreds more made happy with huge prizes and cash awards. Now is YOUR opportunity—ACT TODAY!

RULES

Only one answer accepted from a family. Use your own name. $250.00 given for best answer to my simple question, "Why do you want $3,500.00 **cash** now?" Answers must be postmarked not later than November 1, 1932. Judges will consider answer only for practical value of the idea, construction and spelling. Neatness or ingenuity of submitting answer not considered. Duplicate prizes will be given in cases of duplicate winning answers.

RICHARD DAY, Manager
909 Cheapside, Dept. B 708H, Cincinnati, Ohio

Just Sending Answer Qualifies You for Opportunity to Win $3,500.00

Some say I am wrong. They say that giving money to people will not help to bring back prosperity. They say that the people who get money from me will spend it foolishly. Now I want to find out. I am going to give away $6,000.00. Someone is going to get $3,500.00, all cash. If I gave you the $3,500.00 how much happiness could you buy with it? Tell me in 20 words or less. Just sending an answer qualifies you for the opportunity to win $3,500.00. If you are prompt I'll send you a $100.00 Cash Certificate AT ONCE! Here is an opportunity of a lifetime. Costs you nothing to win. Rush your answer today. Send no money—just tell me how much happiness you could buy with $3,500.00 right now—if I gave you the $3,500.00 that I have promised to give to some yet unknown deserving person.

Richard Day

Use Coupon or Write Letter with Your Answer

$250.00 PRIZE COUPON

RICHARD DAY, Manager
909 Cheapside, Dept. B 708H, Cincinnati, Ohio

Here's why I want $3,500.00 *now*:
(Write your answer plainly here, in 20 words or less):

....

....

....

Name..
Address..
Town.................................... *State*....................
Date I read your offer..

JANET
GAYNOR

CHARLES
FARRELL

PARTNERS IN LOVE AND ROMANCE

The screen's most popular sweethearts in a tender story of youth during THE FIRST YEAR of married life...Janet and Charlie have never been more captivating than in this, their happiest and sweetest romance.

The FIRST YEAR

Adapted from Frank Craven's stage success produced by . . . JOHN GOLDEN

Directed by William K. Howard .... A FOX PICTURE

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Movie Mirror

FILMLAND'S MOST BEAUTIFUL MAGAZINE

VOL. 2, No. 4 AUGUST 1932

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Hollywood Representative

DORA ALBERT
Assistant Editor

K. M. GOODE, *Editorial Director* LEONARD DREYFUSS, *Publisher* G. V. BUCHER, *Art Director*

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Where? Oh, Where

—can you find two magazines as alluring as *Movie Mirror* and *Love Mirror*—as crammed full of thrilling pictures that parade Hollywood and the gripping stories of real life before your very eyes?

—can you buy a full 25-cents worth of magazine for a dime?

—can you pick and choose from among thousands of other startling values in glassware, rare cosmetics, household furnishings, necessities and luxuries at prices that fit the 1932 pocketbook?

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AUGUST 5TH

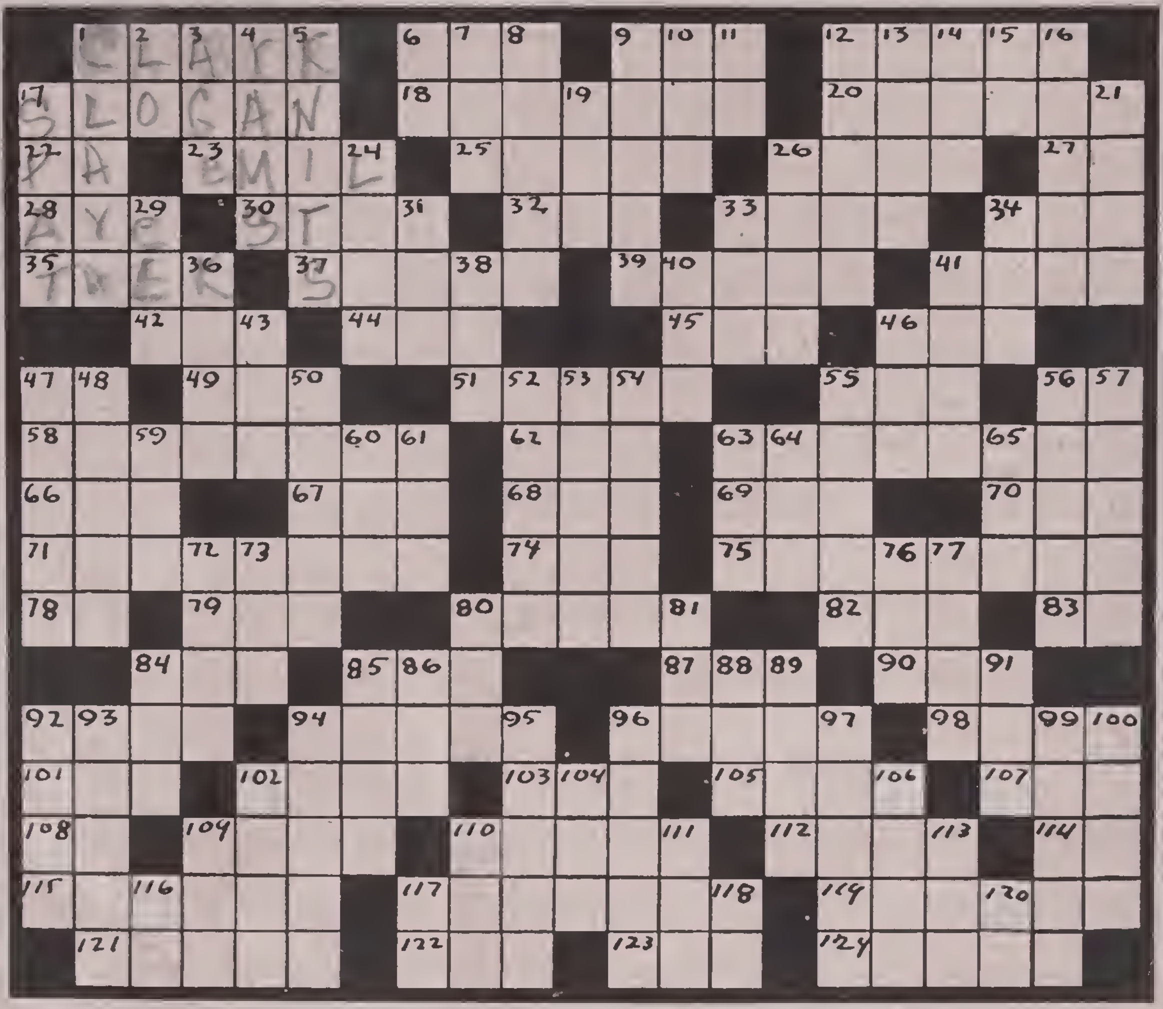
• This is the date the next issues will appear. Make note of it on your calendar. Buy your copies the day they come out to make sure you aren't disappointed.

MOVIE-FAN'S CROSSWORD PUZZLE

By Alma Talley

16 Down

20 Across



63 Across

12 Across

ACROSS

1 M-G-M's biggest male star.
6 Frozen water.
9 The egg of a fish.
12 This star is married to Jobyna Ralston.
17 A catch-word or phrase.
18 Janet Gaynor's co-star.
20 Fox's most popular actress.
22 Ma's husband.
23 Famous German male star now returned to Ufa.
25 Wide.
26 A step.
27 That old sun-god again.
28 Part of to be.
30 Remain.
32 A bird that hoots.
33 Destiny.
34 A mischievous child.
35 What movies have now learned to do.
37 A cow-boy ropes this in a Western.
39 The screen's grand old comedienne.
41 The kind of rôles Mitzi Green plays.
42 Mrs. Edmund Lowe.
44 A toothless old woman.
45 Roam about idly.
46 A small mound used in golf-ing.
47 Like.
49 Meadow.
51 The biggest star in "Grand Hotel."
55 Appropriate.
56 Therefore.
58 Star of "So Big."
62 Enemy.
63 Star of "Emma."
66 A high rock.
67 King, in a French version.
68 A towing vessel.
69 A tune.
70 Historical period.
71 An episode.
74 Compass point.
75 Star of "The World and the Flesh."
78 Note of the scale.
79 "The" in a German version.
80 Our Swedish film favorite.
82 Mrs. Nick Stuart.
83 Compass point.
84 Crafty.
85 Wheeler-Woolsey team's leading lady.
87 John Gilbert's ex-wife.
90 Bebe Daniels likes having him around the house.
92 Part of Chaplin's comic costume.
94 Famous player of slavey rôles.
96 Dirigible.
98 Leading man in "Bad Girl."
101 Stars get this way at the beach.
102 Title rôle player in "Dracula."
103 Born.
105 One of the team in RKO comedies.
107 What a star wears under his collar.
108 Roman numeral four.
109 Lew Ayres' bride.
110 A jungle film of several years ago.
112 A bench or chair.
114 Roman numeral eleven.
115 Leading man in "Letty Lynton."
117 Star of "Prestige."
119 Where you learn to read and write.
121 Grants (as territory).
122 What you see a movie with.
123 Prefix meaning new.
124 The back end of a ship.

DOWN

1 The "It" girl.
2 Behold.
3 An actress sometimes lies about this.
4 Dashes (against something).
5 One does this in making sweaters.
6 Provided that.
7 A taxicab.
8 A mistake.
9 Empire.
10 Aged.
11 A Swedish comic.
12 Semi-precious stone.
13 A contest.
14 Strong caustic.
15 Printer's measure.
16 Actress, one of M-G-M's big three.
17 A tiff.
19 What you do with a pair of oars.
21 Enchanted.
24 A slat.
26 Discharged a debt.
29 A wing of a house.
31 Yes.
33 A monk's title.
34 Anger.
36 Furnace for baking bricks.
38 An old pal of ham.
40 Time since.
41 Wagers.
43 Lola Lane's bridegroom.
46 It is, contraction.
47 Up and about.
48 Featured actor in "Grand Hotel."
50 Star of "The Impatient Maiden."
52 Later.
53 To wake.
54 To procreate (Biblical).
55 Flowerless plants.
56 Slaves.
57 To declaim.
59 Kind of lamp used in film-making.
60 To pore over.
61 First aid equipment, such as Boy Scouts carry.
63 To rub on lightly, as face powder.
64 Narrow inlet.
65 The M-G-M lion.
72 Not working, like so many actors.
73 Part of a week.
76 A mamma bear's child.
77 Coarse grass.
80 To obtain.
81 To be ill.
84 A male child.
85 One of the movie Lee's.
86 Greek letter.
88 Pen point.
89 Leading man who died last year.
91 Hard shelled fruit
92 Commotion.
93 Destruction (also name of old silent war film).
94 Animal skins.
95 A trap.
96 To start.
97 Actor's valets do this.
99 Leading lady in "Amateur Daddy."
100 One of two leading men in "Strangers May Kiss."
102 A dull picture is this.
104 The last word on the screen.
106 Diplomacy.
109 Preceded.
110 A sunbeam.
111 A number.
113 Definite article.
116 Part of to be.
117 The opposite of she.
118 What a green traffic light means.
120 Either.

The answer to last month's puzzle is on page 103.

The answer to this puzzle will appear next month.

These six giant

National Syndicate Organizations

PRESENT MERCHANDISE THAT

even in this day of values

IS A "BUY"

BALANCING the family budget isn't fun. Salaries and incomes may have shrunk, but Junior's appetite is just the same. He needs new underwear and shoes and socks.

This is a situation in which the national chain store organizations listed below are proving to be of real service. They offer for sale—from Maine to California—thousands of articles at prices that usually are found only in the big metropolitan centers.

With the help of these low prices, millions of women are making one dollar do the work of two and even three.

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NEISNER BROS., INC.
J. J. NEWBERRY CO.
GRAND-SILVER STORES, INC.
McLELLAN STORES
J. G. McCRORY COMPANY

● The Movie Mirror and Love Mirror are typical of these values—magazines that would hold their own with any on the newsstands at 25c—sold exclusively by these six chains *at 10c* + + +

Hot News!

By HARRY LANG

HOLLYWOOD—Last-minute news as Movie Mirror goes to press:

. . . M-G-M expects to go even "Grand Hotel" one better when they make the three-Barrymores picture . . . the one wherein Ethel, who arrived in Hollywood just the other day, will be co-featured with Brothers Lionel and John . . . and they're going to put another big-shot cast together to support them stop . . . Bebe (Mamma) Daniels protests against calling her forthcoming film comeback a comeback . . . she says she never went away to come back from if you can figure it all out stop . . .

. . . Ol' Doc Stork dropped in on Carmel Myers, who's now the wife of Lawyer Ralph Blum, and left a 7½ pound baby boy stop . . .Lina Basquette indignantly denied she's been romancing with Jack Dempsey and then hopped into a sanatorium for several weeks' rest stop . . . Hollywood whisperers whispered Lina and Jack had been sanfranciscoing together but Lina said 'twas nothing of the kind . . . that she'd been on a week's auto-camping tour all by her loney lonesome stop . . . that Don Dilloway-Dorothy Jordan romance is frigid stop . . . and the Owen Moores seem to be renoheaded . . . after five years of matrimony stop . . . will William Farnum become a proud hubby any day now or are he and blonde Isabel .Majors just good friends question mark stop . . .

. . . now the Leslie Fentons can honeymoon in peace because Julie Carter dropped that breach of promise suit she filed after Leslie (Globetrotter) Fenton married Ann Dvorak stop . . . others may hie to Reno but the Paul (he-sex-appeal) Lukases celebrated their fifth happy wedding anniversary stop . . . after six years, George Bancroft leaves Paramount when he finishes "The Challenger" . . . and will probably go to Columbia for a Mexican story stop . . . Ann (Happy Bride) Dvorak is the latest battler-over-salary at Warners . . . when Warners bought her contract from Howard Hughes, Ann insisted she be paid $1000 a week instead of the $250 she'd been getting stop . . .

. . . Sylvia (Twinkleeyes) Sidney and Playwright Romney Brent are reported torrid stop . . . Cecil B. DeMille is a grandpappy now . . . his daughter Cecilia (Mrs. Francis E. Calvin) is the mother of a boy stop . . . after having been changed from "Merton of the Talkies" to "Gates of Hollywood," Stu (soon to be papa) Erwin's starring picture at Paramount is now being called "Half a Hero" stop . . . incidentally, the stork'll be SO busy at Stu's home exclamation point . . . because at about the same time he's going to deliver that baby to Wifie June Collyer, the Erwin kitty is due to present a litter of Persian kittens to the household too . . . and Stu's looking suspiciously at their Scottie . . . it's a she stop . . . threatened by gangsters who demanded $2,000 from each of them, Victor McLaglen and Edmund Lowe had to hire bodyguards while personal-appearancing in New York with Fifi D'Orsay . . . as for Fifi, she just didn't bother stop . . . the Fairbankses, senior and junior, and their wives, Mary and Joan, may be the subject of a screen play to be called "The Royal Family of the Screen" . . . M-G-M's thinking about making it stop . . .

. . . funny, isn't it? about changing the name of Gary Cooper's pet chimpanzee . . . when he arrived from Africa with it, he named it "Tallulah" . . . but not even Hollywood's sense of humor'd go for that, so he's changed the name now and calls it "Toluca" stop . . . very proud is Mitzi Green over the card she received when personal appearancing in St. Louis . . . it read: "This lady tells you that she has never missed one of your pictures. You are the greatest of young actresses" . . . and it was signed by Madame Schumann-Heink stop . . . Clarence (Director) Brown and Dorothy (Exotic) Burgess aren't that way any more stop . . . but are Don Cook and Evalyn Knapp question mark . . . ARE they exclamation point stop . . . and what about this Jimmy Dunn-June Knight business anyway question mark . . . June says it's off and Jimmy says it's nothing of the kind and if they can't agree who can question mark stop . . .

. . . Paramount and M-G-M swapped big shots . . . Freddie March was loaned to M-G-M to play the lead opposite Norma Shearer in "Smilin' Through," and M-G-M turned around and loaned Clark Gable to Paramount to play opposite Miriam Hopkins in her next and it's to be called "No Bed of Her Own" and was, strangely enough, written by a member of the Eastern press department of M-G-M stop . . . in London, Joseph Schildkraut married again . . . bride's name, Mary Mackey, which leaves one New York editress with a broken heart, she having been Joe's main interest stop . . . when Connie Bennett and her Marquis celebrated their first semi-anniversary—six months of matrimony—Director George Cukor dubbed it their "cellophane wedding" stop . . . picture-making hurts:

Joan Crawford, making "Rain", suffered a badly wrenched ankle; Barbara Stanwyck, making wheatfield fire scenes for "The Night Flower," was no little burned about the legs stop . . . from Berlin, comes news that Norma Talmadge, who's still talking about divorcing Joseph (Big Producer) Schenck, and Georgie Jessel, film comicker, are being seen everywhere together stop . . . and in Hollywood, Gilbert (ex-flame) Roland is consoling himself most adequately with Billie (beautiful) Dove . . . that is, when Billie's not with Jack Dempsey stop . . . just to prove they're not all busted up, Hoot Gibson and Sally Eilers have just moved into their new home stop . . . Conway Tearle organized a bucket brigade and saved his house from burning down when the roof caught fire from grass-blaze sparks not long ago stop . . . SOME cast for Doug Junior's next picture, "Revolt" . . . with Nancy Carroll opposite him, the next chief rôle will be played by Lilyan Tashman stop . . . don't be surprised if Kay Francis goes back to Paramount to play the lead in Ernst Lubitsch's next picture stop . . .

. . . Connie Bennett is being sued for $15,000 by a firm of agents who say she only paid them half of a $30,000 commission for getting her that famous $300,000 contract at Warners stop . . . and Betty Compson's being sued too . . . by the legal advisor who says he helped her out of her English income tax tangle and wants $10,000 for it stop . . . she might just as well have paid the tax stop . . . Joel (Knocksemdead) McCrea (and the latest is supposed to be Margaret Perry, New York gal imported for one picture, "New Morals for Old," by Metro and let right out again after that) is going to play the lead opposite Connie Bennett *again* in her next at Radio . . . they do say Joel didn't feel that way about Miss Perry and could this Bennett picture be the reason question mark stop . . . film chorines are getting a break again . . . after months of no-work when "musicals" went out of fashion, they're in demand again . . . there'll be 120 of them in the next Eddie Cantor picture and another half hundred in Buster Keaton's stop . . . Ivan Lebedeff is *that* mortified exclamation point . . . for the first time in years, he dropped his monocle while kissing a lady's hand the other day stop . . . personal appearances abroad are the new fad . . . Jimmy Cagney is headed for England and the continent to work on the stage unless he makes up with Warner Bros., which seems very possible . . . and so are Laurel and Hardy going to Europe, I mean stop . . Norman Taurog, who directed those swell kid comedies for Paramount, is going to be a daddy himself before many months are past stop . . . Renee Adoree, on the last lap of her convalescence at Prescott, Arizona, gets packages of caviar and other delicacies from her old fellow-actors on the M-G-M lot regularly now. . . . The stork is hovering over the Spencer Tracy household once again. . . .

. . . Alice White is back in Hollywood ready to resume her film career . . . and still ablaze with Cy Bartlett . . . what a longtime romance *that's* been exclamation point stop . . . Jackie Cooper had to cut short his personal appearance tour to come back for "O'Shaughnessy's Boy," his next M-G-M film stop . . . you'll see Olga Baclanova in a rôle in John Gilbert's film "Downstairs" stop . . . Irving Big-Shot Thalberg gave Greta Garbo a fitted suitcase as her going-away present stop . . .

. . . never mind that line up ahead about the title of Stu Erwin's picture . . . it's been changed again since that was written . . . and now it's "Make Me a Star" ho hum stop . . . having produced a play starring her husband Ralph Forbes and titled, "Let Us Divorce," Ruth Chatterton is off to Europe . . . where divorces can be had in Paris without a lot of fol-de-rol . . . and nobody'd be surprised stop . . . latest report on Ronnie Colman's next film is that it'll be a story based on U-Boat warfare stop . . . Ronnie isn't going to make "The Brothers Karamazov" or "The Way of the Lancer" after all . . . Producer Samuel Goldwyn decided that the Russian masterpiece wouldn't do for the kiddies' Saturday nights and that "The Way of the Lancer" didn't have enough plot . . . Marlene Dietrich is being closely guarded because she received threatening letters saying if she didn't pay $20,000, she or her daughter would be in danger . . . only the letters were sent to the wrong person and Marlene received a letter intended for another victim . . . the police are looking into both cases stop . . .

. . . Christie Comedies are bankrupt . . . stop . . . this wouldn't be news if it were about any other actress but Joan Crawford, but Joan is Joan . . . Joan, grieving over the death of her beloved Scotch terrier, Woggles, has sent

Last Minute Review

Bring 'Em Back Alive

(Radio)

It's About: A photographic record of the adventures of the Van Beuren Malayan jungle expedition.

If you like travel pictures, you'll probably rate this as a pretty keen one. It's purely a personal record of what goes on in the Malayan jungles, with no attempt to give the footage any story thread. RKO claims that every foot of this picture was actually photographed in the Malayan jungle country, and the picture looks authentic enough.

There are thrilling jungle fights galore in it, notably the fight between a python and a tiger. The scenes which contain the most human interest, however, are those which show the natives first bathing, and then celebrating their escape from a leopard.

The picture was suggested by the book, "Bring 'Em Back Alive," and deals with Frank Buck's attempts to do exactly that. It shows his capture of a honey bear, a baby elephant, and finally a tiger.

As in most travel pictures, there is a running commentary on the events shown, and in this case, the running commentary tends to slow up the picture a bit.

The picture is nicely photographed, and has a quiet, rather charming humor. It lacks the vividness of previous animal films such as "Rango," which captured the feeling of the jungle more powerfully. Possibly "Rango" and other jungle films were more synthetic, and for that very reason had more color. "Bring 'Em Back Alive" may be a more accurate reportorial record. It was directed by Clyde E. Elliott and photographed by Carl Berger and Nick Cavaliere.

For those who don't like travel pictures, "Bring 'Em Back Alive" has very little to offer. For those who do like them, it is better than the average and quite thrilling. Whether or not the screen should be educational is a matter of opinion; this picture definitely is. For that reason it's on the recommended list of most of the women's societies, boards of review, etc.

for a successor from an Ohio kennel to try and take its place stop . . . George Brent will try to live down the "another Gable" tag in "20,000 Years in Sing Sing," which is an un-Gableish story by Warden Lawes of Sing Sing stop . . . the foreign version of "Huddle" will be all about a soccer game instead of football so what stop . . . Gary Cooper shopping for baby clothes stop . . . for his pet chimp of course stop . . .

. . . The stork won't have a leg left to stand on if this keeps up . . . Sue Carol and Nick Stuart are expecting him *so* soon . . . maybe he'll have arrived by the time you read this . . . Because the Walter Winchell-Universal deal went sour, Universal is looking about for someone else to play the columnist rôle . . . and Lew Ayres may be the lad chosen stop . . . Vilma Banky's leaving for Budapest to visit her parents . . . husband Rod La Rocque will join her there stop . . .

. . . Rebel Nancy Carroll has made up her troubles with Paramount and is being promised some real stories . . . her salary's been cut to one thousand dollars a week and no bonus, but Nancy says she doesn't mind if only she gets the right stories . . . after being with Doug, Jr., in "Revolt," she'll play opposite George (new discovery) Raft in Bromfield's swell story about the events that happen in a speakeasy in a single night . . . it'll probably be called "Single Night" stop . . .

. . . Are you up on the latest title changes question mark . . . The picture with Alison Skipworth, George Raft and Richard Bennett, which used to be "The Countess of Auburn" and then was changed to "The Sporting Widow," is now "Madame Racketeer" stop . . . Edna May Oliver will have a feature rôle in "Little Orphan Annie," starring Mitzi (swell imitations) Green . . . Irene Dunne was all set to pay her doctor husband another visit, but fat picture parts prevented stop . . . Mae Clarke's recovering from a nervous breakdown brought on by overwork . . . Madge Evans' contract at M-G-M hasn't been renewed because Madge wanted an increase in salary stop . . .

. . . On the stork's waiting list are the Paul Whitemans (Margaret Livingston), expecting a call in December . . . In her latest picture Constance (glittering) Bennett wears the most daring gown you've ever seen . . . which they say comes direct from Egypt . . . Helen (great actress) Hayes is being sued by Charlie MacArthur's first wife, who was divorced from him six years ago, and who has just now decided that Helen alienated his affections when she married him in 1928 . . . Carol Frink, the ex-wife, was never satisfied with the amount of alimony she received, and when MacArthur's royalties began to pour in on his successful plays, "Lulu Belle," and "The Front Page," she claimed that their divorce was entered against her will . . . ho hum stop . . .

. . . Sunburn time is here again and Irene Dunne is grieving because she's the latest star to have fallen asleep on the beach and gotten too thoroughly sunburned . . . it looks as if Ann Harding won't be able to make "The Animal Kingdom" with Leslie Howard after all . . . she's been cast for "The Conquerors" with Richard Dix . . . and both pictures will be made at the same time, with Howard going Coastward to appear in "The Animal Kingdom" . . . Irene Dunne may get the big break this time stop . . . and did you know that Leslie Howard will also make a picture for M-G-M? . . . It's in the air stop . . .

. . . The new Barrymore-Dolores Costello baby has been born . . . it's a boy.

Last Minute Review

Westward Passage (Radio)

You'll See: *Ann Harding, Laurence Olivier, Irving Pichel, ZaSu Pitts, Juliette Compton, Irene Purcell, Joyce Compton, Florence Roberts.*

It's About: *A husband and wife who get a divorce because they quarrel continually, but who find in the end that they love each other.*

Ann Harding is rapidly being poured into the Hollywood mould. This was hinted at in "Devotion," proved in "Prestige," and it is now confirmed in "Westward Passage."

To be fair, it is a much better picture than "Prestige," even though Ann Harding doesn't attain any great heights in it.

"Westward Passage" is the picture which introduces "the new Ann Harding." Ann wears a permanent wave in this. The wave is superficially becoming, but doesn't seem right for Ann's personality. Ann also wears gowns calculated to give her sex appeal, but they only seem to detract from her real personality.

Laurence Olivier as Ann's ex-husband, and ZaSu Pitts in a comedy rôle, do much to make the picture better. It isn't another triumph for Ann Harding, but it's fair entertainment.

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Movie Mirror
FILMLAND'S MOST BEAUTIFUL MAGAZINE

An Open Letter to Paramount from the Editor of Movie Mirror

DEAR PARAMOUNT PICTURES:

I don't know just whom to address at your place, what with all the changes of personnel you've been having lately, but I do want to ask you to do something about George Raft.

You and I both agree on one thing. We both think George is going to be a star. (There's a little pet of a story on George in next month's Movie Mirror, in case you're interested). We both know, certainly, that George is a discovery and that he's very different. But what I want to know is how are you going to keep him different? Are you going to give him the works or are you going to sort of kick him around as you have Dick Arlen and Jack Oakie and a couple of others I could mention?

You see, I feel I'm speaking for a lot of fans when I say that we, the public, are getting a bit fed up on glamour. We're bored to tears with sophistication. We're sick of tales of society darlings whose lives are just empty, empty, so much tinsel and gin. We'd like some raw meat with our entertainment. We'd like some real drama. There's plenty of it in life right now. We've all got troubles today. The only way we can forget them is to see people with so much greater troubles ours seem lighter by comparison, or to witness people so courageous, so thrilling we can make-believe for a little while that we are equally great. I never have been one to go along with the theory that entertainment should make people "think". I think it should make us feel—and when it comes to feeling there's only one way we all like to feel and that is better.

Your George Raft is dark and sinister. He doesn't look charming. He doesn't look sweet. He, very plainly, isn't a nice boy. Neither is Gable a nice boy, nor Jimmy Cagney, nor even Johnny Weissmuller, though Johnny comes nearer to it than the others. Warren William, another newcomer who looks good for a place in the bright lights, is forgetting his Barrymore profile and playing—and playing dandy—shady gents in pieces like "The Mouthpiece" and "The Dark Horse".

I'm grouping all these personalities together because they seem to me like the biggest bets on the horizon. Those of us who go to pictures have made them stars. We chose them because they represented something new, something real, something far away from the handsome, polite, unimportant lads we have become so tired of.

Warner's have handled Jimmy Cagney something grand, whether or not Jimmy wants to admit it. "The Public Enemy", "Taxi", "The Crowd Roars"—those were pictures! They moved. They acted. They were about believable people in believable situations. They gave Jimmy enough to do that he did well, and they were constructed so that when Jimmy was off screen other people were doing things that were dramatic also. Warner's also used brains in handling Warren William. They tried him out in the great lover stuff, since he did look the type. The public said uh-huh until he was transferred into pictures that were as up-to-the-minute and as true of today as the morning newspaper. And now we're raving over him. But Metro has hurt Gable, I think, by putting him into dress clothes and society rôles. He's no lad to be balancing tea cups! The dumbest girl who ever failed to pass the high school examinations would know that a man like that wouldn't be worrying about love twenty-four hours a day!

So, please don't you do that with George Raft. Give the man the spotlight. Give him the stardom. But give him stories, real stories, true stories, stories not of the diplomat, the gigolo, the prince, but stories of the butcher, the baker, the hard liquor maker, laid in our towns and our cities today, with love and conflict and melodrama.

Maybe you'll reply that that's a lot to ask, that good stories are hard to find.

I know all that. I know it's a lot to ask. But I promise you this. If you'll try to do that for us, we'll do this for you. We'll line up beside the box-office in long queues, with our quarters in our hands, so that theatre managers all over the country will be able to go out into their lobbies once again and find something in them besides carpets.

Ruth Waterbury.
Editor

I Want to Make a Million Dollars

"When I saw myself in my first big picture," says Loretta, "I made up my mind to be a rich actress. It meant I could wipe out all my mother's worries, give the other kids what they wanted and find happiness"

Says Loretta Young, Who was a Worker at Three, a Leading Woman at Fourteen, a Divorcee at Seventeen

Told in Loretta's Own Words to Mary Sharon

I SUPPOSE the real beginning of a life story is the date of one's birth, so I'll get that over with right away. I was born on Little Christmas Day, January 13, 1913, in a little, white frame house in Salt Lake City, Utah. I was christened under the name of Margaret, but my family and friends have always called me Gretchen.

I don't remember very much about the first three or four years of my life. In fact, I scarcely remember anything at all. We are not a reminiscent family, either. We never get into those kind of talks about what happened when my sisters Polly Ann or Betty Jane, whom you know as Sally Blane, or myself did when we were little. There are so many things happening all the time in the present that we don't have the time to go back into our yesterdays. Oh, I know mother has said I was a cute, fat, little bald-headed baby with dimples in my cheeks. And when I got to running around, I had short gold curls all over my head and waddled slightly when I walked. And there were a couple of old maids who lived across the street who despised children, but who took a fancy to me and kept me most of the time. Whenever I turned up missing at home, mother would always find me with my two worshipping old maids. I remember little incidents like falling into the lake when I reached for a leaf, and being rescued almost before I hit the water. And of sliding down the sloping front lawn on my little sled when it snowed in winter. That is the thing that stands out plainest in my memories of Salt Lake City.

My snow fun. Snow-balling, sledding and building snow-men with Sally and Polly. Of course, I only thought I was helping, because I was too little to do more than pat, but I loved the snow.

I remember too an incident that concerned Sally. She started for school without her gloves. It was snowing and the school bell was ringing. Mother, noticing that her hands were chapped, called her back and made her put some lotion on her little cracked knuckles and Sally cried as if her heart would break because she was made late for school. I remember this, because it was one of those rare incidents when mother "made" us do something. Usually, she took the trouble to tell us why and how a thing should be done. Mother has always been mama to us, if you know what I mean. She has treated us with respect always and talked to us as if we were grown. I never remember her saying, "Oh, run along, you're too little to understand this or that." If anything puzzled us she took the time right then to set us right. We were always little women to her. I think we have been closer than most mothers and daughters for this very reason. Perhaps she worked hard at being a mother in order to make up the loss of father to us. I don't remember much about him except that he was big and dark and handsome. Mother never talked about him after they separated and we girls never mentioned him to her for fear we would hurt her. Gradually he became only a memory to us. He had something to do with the railway company, because I remember we always rode on passes. I know he failed to make a living for us and there were a lot of quarrels before they finally separated. He went away one evening.

"Don't wait up for me," he said. "I'm not coming back."

Loretta, the schoolgirl at Hollywood High, all curls, smiles, and drama. She broke her heart over her best boy friend just because she wanted to create a good scene

And nobody did. And he never came back. It was the best thing that could have happened to us and to him. He was never any good to himself or anyone else until he got out on his own. I think mother realized that his salvation depended upon being made to look out for himself.

We had several hard years after father went away, years in which mother proved herself a good business woman. My uncle was business manager for George Melford, and this gave mother an "In" at the studios. We came to Los Angeles and mother got work for Polly Ann, Sally and baby Jack. At first Jack made more money than we girls.

The baby, Loretta, and her mother, Mrs. Young, when they lived in Salt Lake City. Isn't today's Loretta the image of her mother then?

We lived in a big, ten-room house on Selma near Vine and Hollywood Boulevard. Mother rented rooms and managed always to have food and clothing for us, but from the beginning we knew the value of money. We had a big back yard in which to play and we were like a little clan—Polly and Sally and I.

IT was while we were living here, that I got my first work in pictures. Little Peaches Jackson was playing a fairy queen in a Mae Murray picture and she got temperamental and refused to do the scene. Mr. Melford, the director, told her, all right, if she didn't do it, he knew a little girl that would be glad to. When she continued to sulk, he ran over to our house, picked me up out of the sand-pile, told me that he was going to let me act. And of course, I was thrilled to death over it. I loved the lights and pretty dresses and people and I loved Mae Murray the moment I first saw her. It was apparently mutual. On the set next day, mother mentioned to Mae that she was going to Catalina for the week-end and would have to get a woman to come with me. Mae begged mother to let her keep me for a few days. She was living in a big white stucco mansion on Franklin Avenue then. She was at the height of her fame. Mother let me go home with her and Mae give me the run of the place. And what a dream palace it was, with its lovely old mahogany furniture, priceless draperies and bric-a-brac. And did I have fun? Mae took me for lots of week-ends after that. And finally coaxed Mother into letting me

The whole Young family, except the father who "was no good to himself or us," says Loretta. The four are Sally Blane, Mrs. Young, Loretta and Polly Ann Young

stay away with her all summer. It lengthened into six months. Mae wanted to take me with her when she went to Europe that fall, but I got homesick for Sally and Polly Ann and decided I wanted to go back home.

I'LL always love Mae. She taught me to love dancing and gave me my first lessons, herself. And even had me appear in a dance skit with her at the Kinema Theatre in downtown Los Angeles. I don't see much of her any more, but I get a thrill out of meeting her when I do. My hairdresser often does Mae's hair and she tells me that Mae follows all of my pictures religiously. Never misses any of them. And naturally, I never miss anything that she is in.

The winter Mae went to Europe, mother put us girls in the Ramona Convent in Alhambra. Looking back on my childhood, the convent is my happiest memory. It is the only time I would like to go back and live through again. There was such an atmosphere of quiet and security. I can't explain it, but as stern as was the discipline, I liked it.

I was about ten years old when we moved to a large house on Green Street and mother enrolled us in the parochial school. We had never been in classes where there were boys enrolled. I was embarrassed to death and the little boys bothered me continually. There was one little boy, Val somebody, whom I had a great crush upon. I'm not sure that he ever knew how great. He used to carry my books home from school and bring me flowers. Called me his girl and everything. I remember I got over my crush for no good reason whatever. I began to wonder what he would do if I quit seeing him. So, one morning, I ignored him when we met. After a few mornings of ignoring him he quit bothering me. I was much disappointed. I think I expected or hoped he would be tragic about it, and I was picturing myself as the heroine of a heavy drama. But nothing happened.

Loretta's first leading rôle came when she was fourteen. It was with the beloved Lon Chaney in "Laugh, Clown, Laugh." She was only a child and she had to portray the emotions of a woman

I ALMOST developed a dual personality at this time. I felt as if I were carrying the weight of the world on my shoulders because I understood the burden mother was carrying and I couldn't do anything to help her. Mother was trying to get along without having Jack work in pictures at this time. Jack had been the real bread-winner of the family up until then, but mother felt that she did not want him to become an actor when he grew up and she was afraid if he continued working around the studios he would get the lure of it in his blood. I think she was wise. I tried my very best to succeed in everything that I was told to do. I didn't want to be a great actress, but I did want to make a lot of money in order to help mother make ends meet. There was never enough money to go round. I was tragi-serious about our financial condition and worried quite as much as mother did. On the other hand, I got into more scrapes about this

(*Continued on page* 103)

Cupid vs. John Gilbert: Round Four

Is Jack the Greatest Lover of Them All—Off Screen? He's Trying to Rediscover Romance with Pretty Virginia Bruce in the Rôle of the Fourth Mrs. Gilbert

John Gilbert, a failure in talkies at a half million a year. He is still a great actor, but the public doesn't seem to care. But at the left is the girl who does care, Virginia Bruce, who promises to wed him when his divorce from Ina Claire becomes final

By HARRY LANG

ABOUT mid-August (unless current plans go awry), John Gilbert will plunge into matrimony again—for the fourth time in his still comparatively young life.

And so begins still another highly interesting chapter in the love-life story of this man who, while he has certainly tumbled far from the heights he once held as THE Great Lover of the screen, nonetheless still seems to hold no small place as a Great Lover in his more-or-less private life.

Mrs. John Gilbert, the Fourth, as you must know by now, if you read the papers at all, will be pretty, blonde, film-newcomer Virginia Bruce. They'll marry no sooner than mid-August, as you probably also know, because it won't be until then that the final divorce papers will be issued dissolving John Gilbert's third marriage—the one to Ina Claire. But in the meantime, the Gilbert-Bruce romance is torrid—incandescent enough to warrant the assertion that although the talkie microphone may have robbed Jack of the heart-thumping charm he exerted on the women who raved over his silent-screen performances, he must still retain in his off-screen hours whatever measure of "it" made him THE Great Lover.

"I met him—he simply swept me off my feet," is the way Virginia Bruce explained it to interviewers who clustered about her after they'd admitted their betrothal. She herself didn't add, although all Hollywood knows it,

The third Mrs. Gilbert, Ina Claire, the most sparkling star the speaking stage had at the time she and Jack wed. Her career in pictures wasn't much more of a success than her career in matrimony with Jack

that before John Gilbert's entry into the picture, she and Robert Young, that clever young juvenile, were very much "that way."

The details of their romance—of Jack and Virginia's—must remain quite a bit hidden behind that veil of silence which Jack Gilbert has drawn about himself and his doings ever since he was hurt by the mass of unfavorable comment and publicity that followed his not-so-happy bout with the talking screen's requirements. Jack won't talk about himself or his affairs; he still refuses to see interviewers.

BUT from other sources, the story of the Gilbert-Bruce romance can be gathered.

Virginia, you may know, is a Fargo, North Dakota, girl, who crashed Hollywood's gates by her beauty, her charm, her ability. "She's headed for great things," say the cinemaland wiseacres. Best manifestation to date of her screen ability is her work in Paramount's "Sky Bride," wherein she played the feminine lead.

At any rate, Virginia was just one of many prospective leading women who went to the M-G-M studios when the call went out for a girl to play opposite Gilbert in his now-shooting film, "Downstairs." This is the story Gilbert himself wrote, years ago, and which he has always been so anxious to have filmed. After letting it lie dormant for years, M-G-M's moguls, hopeful that the chance to star in his own pet story might do for Jack Gilbert what everything else so far has failed to do, decided to produce it. Monta Bell, who knows Gilbert well, who directed Garbo's first picture, has been chosen to direct.

And so, as we were saying, Virginia was one of the girls who was film-tested for the leading rôle opposite Gilbert. Jack himself was not present at the tests—it was only after many of them had been made that Gilbert and Director Bell went into a projection room to watch them flashed on the screen, to try to pick the girl who'd have the rôle.

WELL, when Virginia's test began to unwind, Jack Gilbert sat up, showed attention. There was a "something" about the girl's screen presence that challenged him. Without any delay, he chose her as one of the three likely candidates, for a personal interview.

Well, that personal interview settled it. Director Monta Bell himself introduced her to Jack. At the moment of their introduction, something just went click, and that's all there is to it. All the words in the world, all the explanations, surmises, reasonings, don't matter—when two people fall in love at first sight, that's all there is to it. And that's what apparently happened to Jack Gilbert, veteran of three marriages that failed, and Virginia Bruce, who's never been married yet.

The girl who wouldn't become Mrs. Gilbert, Greta Garbo. Many of Jack's closest friends believe he has never recovered from his love of her

Virginia had been going places in Hollywood with

The first Mrs. Gilbert, Olivia Burwell, an extra girl. It was a war marriage, full of battles and soon over

The second Mrs. Gilbert, Leatrice Joy. Leatrice was a famous star when married to Jack. Jack wasn't important

The girl who really should love Jack but who hardly knows him, his and Leatrice Joy's little daughter, who lives with her mother

various young actors. Notably Bob Young. Movie columnists had chronicled, particularly, her goings-about with Young; surmised that here was a romance. But that all ended, on the day she met Gilbert. From that day on, when Virginia Bruce went out, she went with Jack.

OH, they didn't go to dancing places, night clubs. Jack, quite the hermit these days, doesn't frequent such places much. But they were to be seen autoing together, or at the fights, where Jack loves to go. Pretty soon, Hollywood tongues were whispering. And pretty soon, they were asked point-blank whether or not their being together so much meant anything beyond that inescapable Hollywood "we're-just-good-friends" stuff.

And it was to Film Columnist Louella Parsons that Jack and Virginia finally admitted, late in May, that they were engaged to be married—and that the wedding bells would ring just as soon as Jack's divorce from Ina Claire becomes final.

Virginia is quite undaunted by Jack's record of matrimonial failure. Young love is like that. And Jack, once again in love, is in love with his customary whole-heartedness, convinced that "this time" it'll be the real thing—and that he and Virginia will live happily ever after. Of course, Hollywood, skeptical as Hollywood is, points to Jack's past record of great conquests and fizzle-out consequences, and lifts a questioning eyebrow.

They hark 'way back, for instance, to Jack's first matrimonial venture, before he had become THE Great Lover. That was in the days when the United States was heading for war. In the boarding house where Jack lived, for he was just another obscure film actor with a none-too-big and none-too-secure income then, also lived a little southern girl from Ebenezer, Mississippi. Her name was Olivia Burwell, and she was dark and pretty and 20. And she encouraged Jack. When Hollywood was cruel to the aspirant, she cheered him; when he got a break, she exulted and celebrated with him. Jack didn't know it, but he was in love with her. And then he was drafted, and got the notice to report to Kelly Field, for military service, within ten days.

That's when he married the first time. He married Olivia Burwell, the little southern girl, and went to war.

WELL, you've seen and read the story of more war-marriages than that one, haven't you? Jack's was no exception. It didn't take. Late in 1922, there was a divorce decree entered on the court books of Los Angeles. On the grounds of desertion. Jack Gilbert was divorced from Olivia Burwell.

By now, Jack's star had risen. He was becoming THE Great Lover. He was meeting, instead of little southern girls in obscure boarding houses, the big shots of the screen. His charm was no less

(*Continued on page* 109)

The Stepchild Comes into Her Own

Joan Crawford, who took what was left around M-G-M, Has Become the Greatest Box-Office Star of Them All

By MARQUIS BUSBY

RECENTLY it has not required the deductive faculties of a Philo Vance to know that something portentous was in the air at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Suddenly, strangely, on her own lot, there has been coming a change in feeling about Garbo. Weeks before rumors became widespread that the great Swedish star would not re-sign, Joan Crawford began to receive a lot of word of mouth advertising on the lot. No one spoke with any particular disrespect of Garbo, but that hushed, awed tone of voice from other players, directors, writers and publicity people was missing.

Three steps of the stepchild, first the homely little girl, born Lucille Le Sueur at San Antonio, Texas. Even her doting mother little dreamed she was to become a great beauty and a great personage

"Joan Crawford is going to be the greatest star on the screen within a year," said one M-G-M-ite.

And another—

"Garbo, really, never held a candle to Crawford."

Now far be it from me to argue the respective abilities of these two stars. I know, for instance, that Garbo has been practically the only figure on the screen to command an almost idolatrous worship. Her fans rise in holy wrath to smite down anyone who dares to impugn the deity. But *if* Garbo retires from the screen, Joan Crawford stands on the threshold of one of the greatest careers that mad, frantic Hollywood has seen. Even if that "if" does not come about, Garbo will have a hard time stemming the terrific tide of new Crawford popularity.

Joan was splendid in "Grand Hotel," a picture she never wished to make, and a picture in which she was supremely unhappy all during the filming. She attended the première only under pressure. She comes into her own in "Letty Lynton." No one who sees that can deny Joan her brilliant future. And her next picture will be "Rain." Every actress in *(Continued on page 102)*

Second step of the stepchild, in 1925 when she got her first leading rôle on the Metro lot and everybody regarded her as just a dizzy kid

THE greatest step of the stepchild of movies, today's Joan Crawford, who replaced prettiness with beauty and individuality, who taught herself to be a lady and a great dramatic actress, who learned acting through heartbreak and happiness. This is the very first shot of Joan in "Rain"

Sex lies in the voice, says Garbo, or where one is silent, the body says what the mind is thinking

How Sex Appeal is Manufactured in Hollywood

You Can Learn How to Be Cleopatra in Six Lessons—but The Lessons Won't Be Easy. Every Little Starlet Has a Secret All Her Own

By FAITH SERVICE

EGYPT had one Cleopatra. Olympus had one Venus. Troy had one Helen. Paris had one Mata Hari. There was one Guinevere in the heart of Launcelot. But *Hollywood*—Hollywood has hundreds of 'em. Hollywood turns 'em out by the yard. Hollywood is a wholesaler when it comes to Venuses and Loreleis and Cleopatras.

HOW?

Is this Hollywood a factory where sex appeal is made? For Loreleis cannot *always* be born. There must be some of 'em who would be plain, homely white bread unless certain ingredients were put in, condiments and herbs and spices so that presto, the highly flavored sweet of sex appeal is served to whet the public appetite!

When you pause to consider the Garbos, the Dietrichs, the Shearers, the Hopkinses, the Sidneys, the Lombards that pour out of Hollywood to devastate the Tired Business Man, you are forced to the realization that Hollywood *is* a factory where sex appeal is made. You have only to think of them before the manufacturing process was complete to know what we mean.

I saw Garbo the day she arrived in America. She looked a stolid girl who wore bad clothes and was too heavy. You must remember Norma Shearer in "Old Heidelberg", a young thing of gingham and organdie and April. Miriam Hopkins was a wholesome lass with fuzzy blonde hair and a hearty laugh before the Lubitsch touch transformed her into what she is today. Marlene Dietrich admits to being "a German housefrau at heart"—no one would ever suspect it after the Von Sternberging process. We could go on and on . . . There can be no doubt about it that Hollywood is a factory where sex appeal is added to good, staple gals as dye is added to homespun fabric, as perfume is injected into the commodity of soap.

There are chefs in Hollywood who know just when and where to add a soupcon of this, a trifle of that . . .

THERE are, of course, different recipes. Ernst Lubitsch, for instance, who made the whole world That Way about Miriam Hopkins, says that only two things are necessary for the making of sex appeal—*a situation and a certain ability to act*. Neither looks, clothes nor age have anything to do with it.

"Sex appeal," he said, "was manufactured for Miriam Hopkins in just this way. When you saw her in the first half of 'The Smiling Lieutenant' you laughed at her. The situations were absurd, you see. She most decidedly did *not* arouse the Beast in Man. In the last sequences of the picture—well, the situations were different, you see. She had the ability to put them over. She dallied about with perfume atomizers and lingerie. She changed the expression of her eyes, the tilt of her shoulders, the swing of her whole body to *fit the situations*. The very things she said in the first part of the picture, the things that got laughs, she said again the last half of the picture and, given the different situations, they got very different reactions. She had sex appeal. She had it because we, the script and I, gave her the situations. Take a milk-maid away from her cow, put her in a boudoir with the proper implications and if she has any sense of the dramatic whatever she will have sex appeal."

The hair makes sex appeal, says the recently blonde Genevieve Tobin. And are all you readers looking at Miss Tobin's locks in this picture?

Here's that perfectly nice girl, Madge Evans, revealing calculated sex appeal. In Madgie's case it's done with clothes, alternately close and not so close fitting

Very good at figures are Josef von Sternberg and his discovery, Marlene Dietrich. Marlene also specializes in a voice that promises much but says little

Gloria Swanson once said to me: "In order to manufacture sex appeal you must first manufacture—*mystery*. Take *any* woman and surround her with mystery and aloofness, make her appear to be remote and inaccessible and you have given her sex appeal. For you have created the illusion of the Hunt, the Chase, the Call, the Come-on. You are daring man to find her out, to make discoveries about her."

Which must be true. For in the days when Swanson was a Sennett bathing girl, romping about by the sad sea waves, she may have aroused the warmth of a drug store clerk or a travelling salesman or two but that was about all. Not until de Mille put her into a bathtub, took her out again and gowned her in velvets and lace did she acquire what is known as sex appeal à la Swanson. Not until she became increasingly aloof, a Marquise, a Personage did her present-day glamour reach its feverish height.

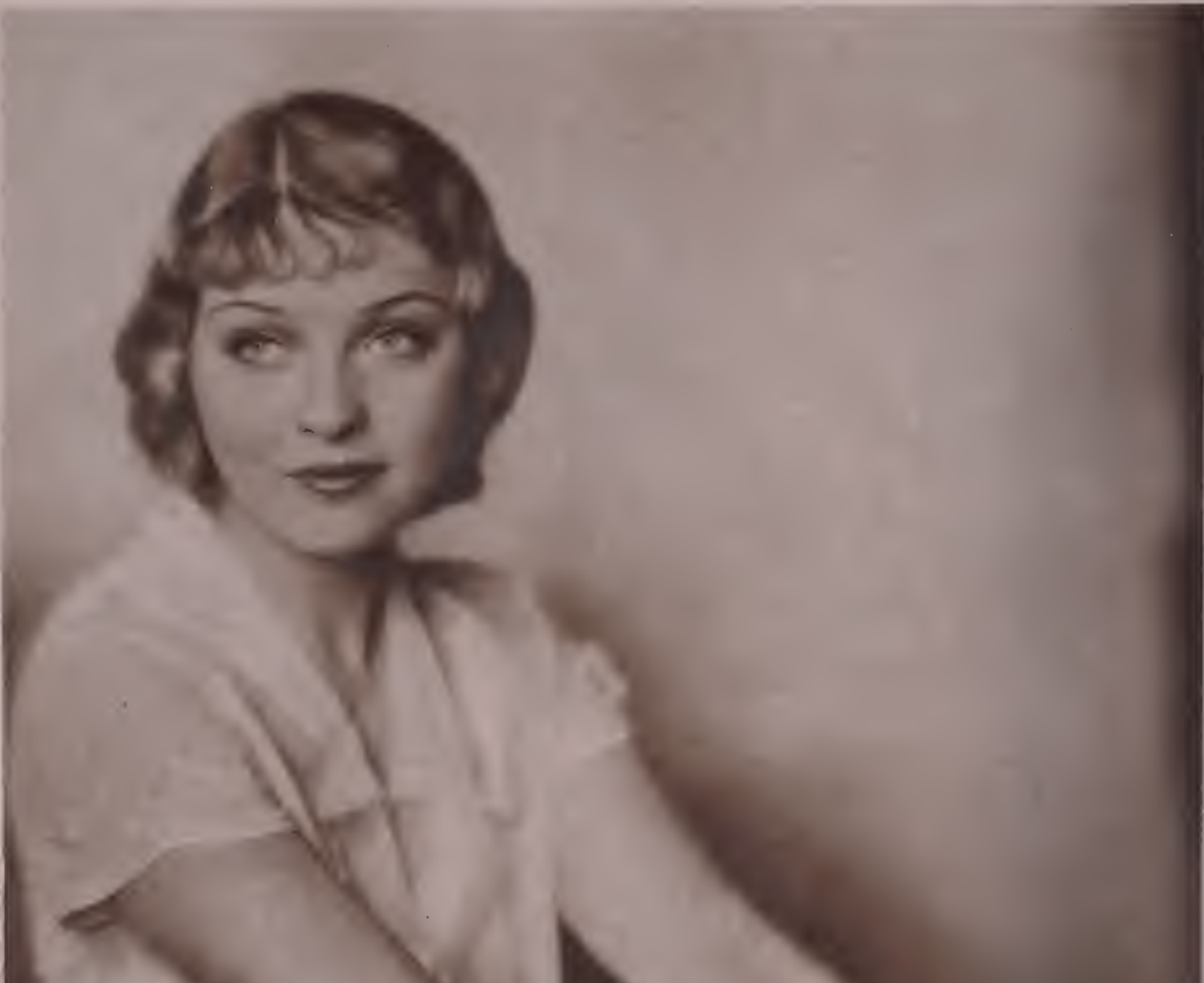
THE Great Garbo told me once that sex appeal is, essentially, *in the voice*. A woman may look, she said, like a composite of all the sirens who have ever wrecked kingdoms and kings, but if she speaks in a thin, platitudinous voice the sex appeal is nil. The voice, Garbo declared, is the most powerful ingredient in the making of sex appeal. The voice promises everything—or nothing. When you are unable to use your voice as in the days of the silent pictures, then *the motions of the body are the voice of the body*. They must be slow motions, Garbo explained, they must be slightly heavy. They must be languorous and luxurious. They must be fiery and subdued. They must always convey a hint of tragedy. No comedienne, no player of pranks, no Life of the Party is ever famed for her sex appeal.

Carole Lombard has a

(*Continued on page* 99)

Old Master Ernst Lubitsch taught Miriam Hopkins a sex appeal technique. It depends, he says, upon a sense of the dramatic and the right situation

Sex appeal is make-up, according to Carole Lombard. Make your mouth more luscious with lipstick and your eyes more shadowed



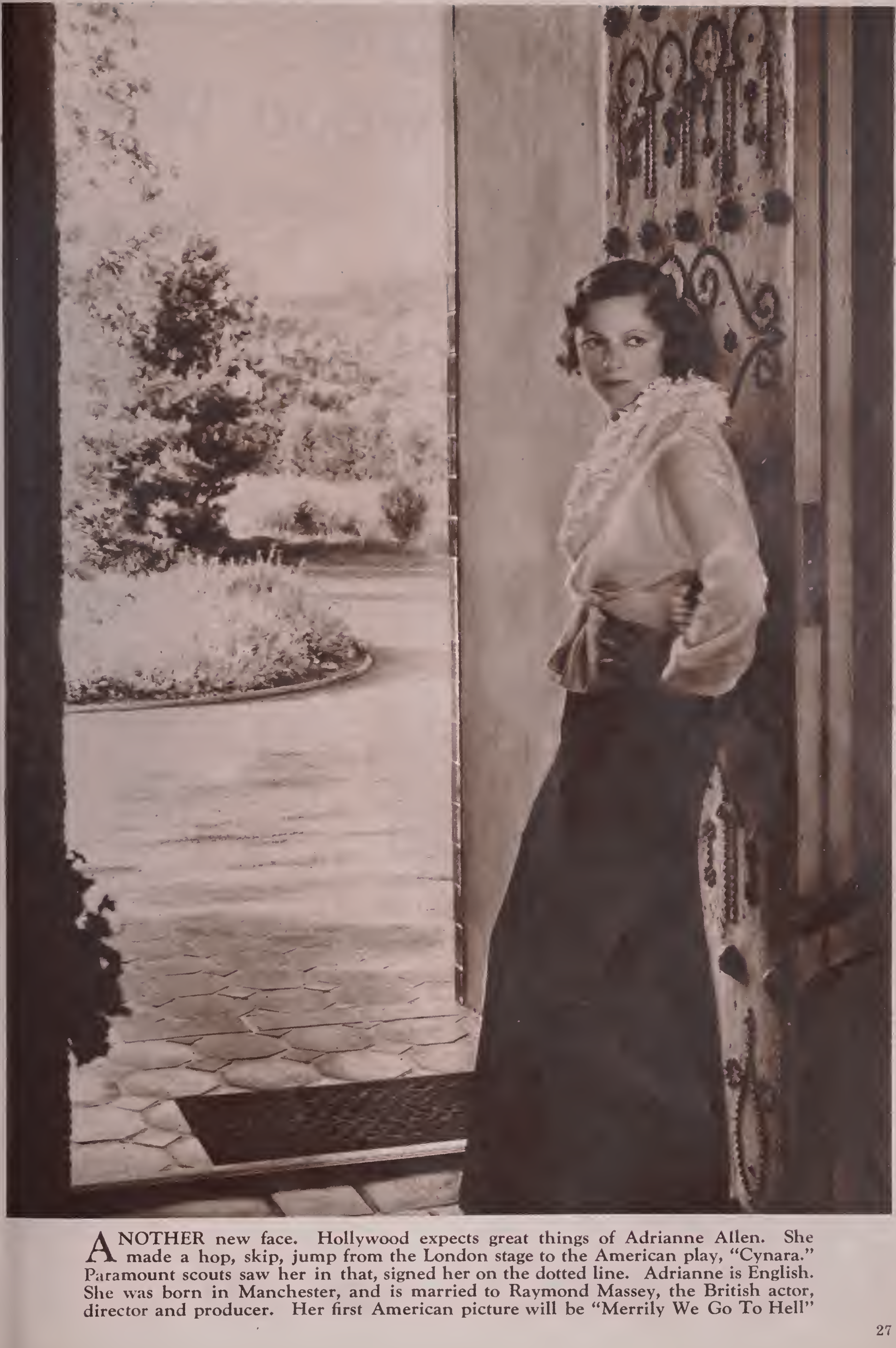
ANNA STEN

HOLLYWOOD'S newest foreign charmer, and is United Artists excited about her! She's Anna Sten, the daughter of a Russian ballet master. Samuel Goldwyn saw her emoting in foreign pictures. He offered her a contract if she'd promise to learn English quickly. She said she'd try to learn in two weeks. Though Russian, she's appeared in French and German movies. She's married to Dr. Eugen Franke, a German. Quite an international mix-up, for her first picture will probably be opposite Ronald Colman, an Englishman

WITH every performance this Fredric March keeps marching right ahead. He's always quiet and he's never sensational, but he goes on being a hit. He likes books, writers, conversation and his actress-wife, Florence Eldridge. His ambition is not to be "typed" and Paramount has given him a vivid variety of rôles. After showing what a swell comedian he can be in "Strangers in Love," he's back to drama again with Sylvia Sidney in "Merrily We Go To Hell," which will be called something else again when it reaches the screen

FREDRIC
MARCH

DICK BARTHELMESS has lasted longer as a star than any other person in pictures. The reason is that he uses his head. He's a good business man as well as an actor. Dick's pictures have almost all been box-office successes, but when the depression came along, Dick voluntarily took a cut. He's regular—that's what he is. Just back from Europe, he's started work on "The Cabin in the Cotton"



ANOTHER new face. Hollywood expects great things of Adrianne Allen. She made a hop, skip, jump from the London stage to the American play, "Cynara." Paramount scouts saw her in that, signed her on the dotted line. Adrianne is English. She was born in Manchester, and is married to Raymond Massey, the British actor, director and producer. Her first American picture will be "Merrily We Go To Hell"

Vacation in the Hollywood Way

You'll Get Ideas for Your Own Amusement from the Way The Stars Play

By JERRY LANE

SO, you've had a vacation, have you, two weeks away from the grind?

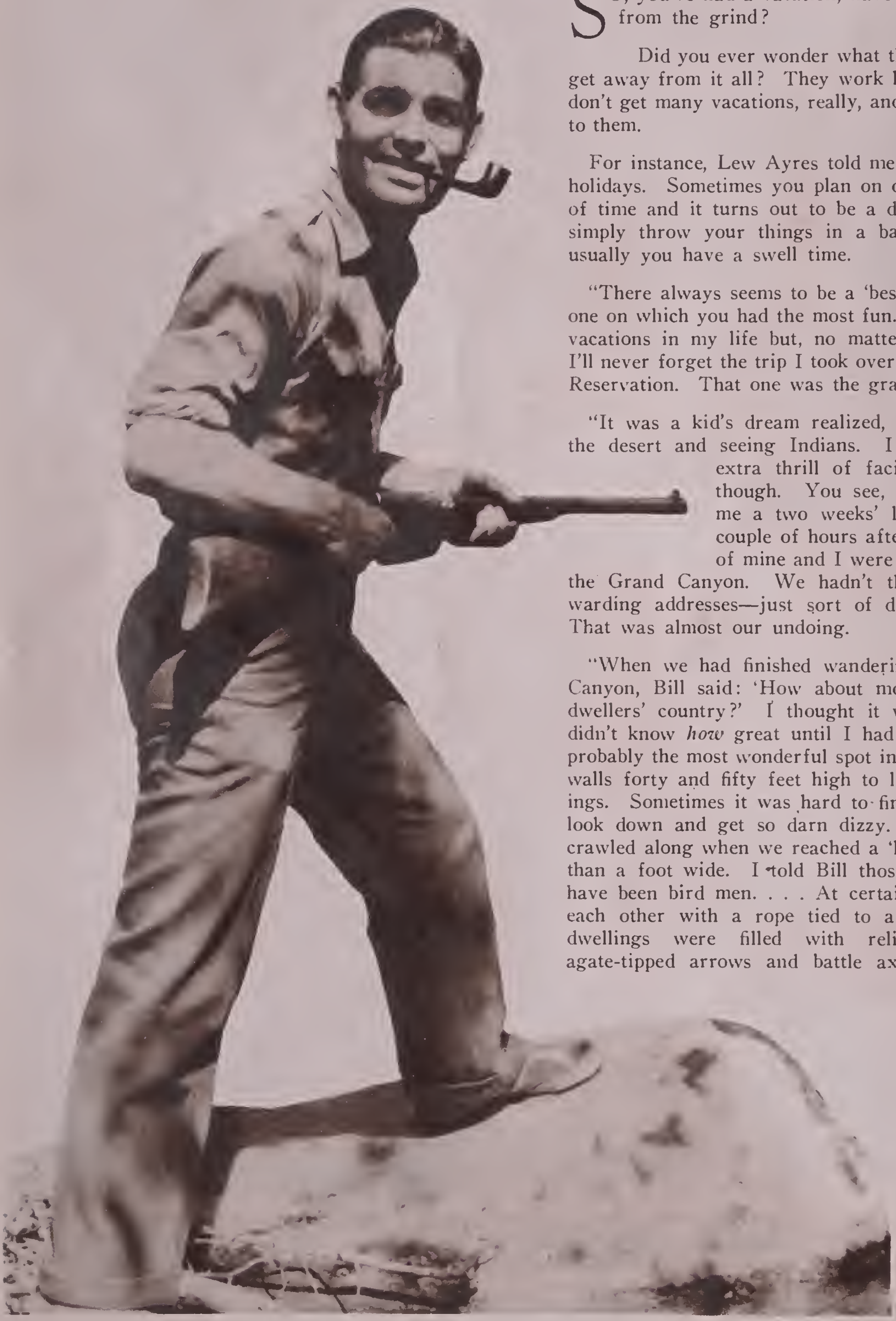
Did you ever wonder what the stars do when they get away from it all? They work hard, you know. They don't get many vacations, really, and they are all precious to them.

For instance, Lew Ayres told me: "Funny thing about holidays. Sometimes you plan on one for months ahead of time and it turns out to be a dud. Then again you simply throw your things in a bag and start out and usually you have a swell time.

"There always seems to be a 'best' vacation, too. The one on which you had the most fun. I haven't had many vacations in my life but, no matter how many I have, I'll never forget the trip I took over to the Navajo Indian Reservation. That one was the grandest I've had.

"It was a kid's dream realized, I suppose. Crossing the desert and seeing Indians. I hadn't expected the extra thrill of facing Death out there, though. You see, the studio had given me a two weeks' leave of absence. A couple of hours after they did that, a pal of mine and I were in my car headed for the Grand Canyon. We hadn't thought to leave forwarding addresses—just sort of dropped out of sight. That was almost our undoing.

"When we had finished wandering up and down the Canyon, Bill said: 'How about moving on to the cliff dwellers' country?' I thought it was a great idea. I didn't know *how* great until I had seen the place. It's probably the most wonderful spot in America. We scaled walls forty and fifty feet high to look inside the dwellings. Sometimes it was hard to find a toe hold and I'd look down and get so darn dizzy. . . . The ledges we crawled along when we reached a 'house' were not more than a foot wide. I told Bill those early Indians must have been bird men. . . . At certain places we lowered each other with a rope tied to a tree or rock. The dwellings were filled with relics—ancient pottery, agate-tipped arrows and battle axes. Maybe I didn't



A gun, a trout stream, and a place where he doesn't have to shave —that's Clark Gable's idea of Heaven feel like an explorer! The spirit of adventure must have been in the air, because when we discovered there were miles and miles of unchartered roads around there, we decided to form a hunting expedition of two. We drove all day through that fantastic never-never land without seeing another car or individual. Fortunately we had a canteen of water. Otherwise it would have been 'curtain' for us. Because when we turned back we lost our bearings and it wasn't long before we were hub deep in fine, powdered dust—volcanic ashes. The car seemed rooted.

"Seventh Heaven" was laid in Paris. So Janet Gaynor, the first chance she got, visited that setting

Wally Beery goes up in the air, away from wild new Hollywood into wilder, forgotten countries

"I've read about it but that is the only time I want to experience the terrible sensation that comes when you realize you're a hundred miles away from the nearest habitation, stranded in the broiling sun of the desert. Now I can look back on it as the highlight of the trip—then it was a kind of nightmare from which you couldn't wake up. There was no food. Our water supply was getting low and we knew it might be days before anyone passed by. No one had the faintest idea of where we were so they could send help.

" 'BILL,' I asked after we'd done everything we knew how to get the car going, 'are there any rocks around here?' Bill offered his head. He's a good guy. We both laughed and that cleared things up. We found out how far it was to hard ground and then we started carrying stones and anything we could find to build ourselves a track. Altogether we must have paved about three blocks of desert. And the sun kept getting hot and hotter. Finally it was finished—it took all day and half the night. We let the air out of our tires, down to about five pounds, so they would cling better to our wobbly road. I've never been so excited in my life as I was when that car moved. . . .

Vacation to Irene Dunne is the promise of another honeymoon. She goes back to the arms of love—and her husband

"What? You *bet* it was a grand vacation! That's the time for thrills, isn't it? And we certainly had one."

Two days later I was chortling over a chocolate sundae with Clark Gable. There were two words I had promised not to mention; "love" and "women." That was all right with me because I knew when Clark takes a holiday he leaves the ladies behind. "See here, youngster, if you've never cast for trout in a quiet mountain stream you won't be able to appreciate my vacation joys," he grinned between bites of a ham sandwich.

"LET me use my imagination," I begged—which was useless, for I couldn't have stopped him anyhow. Is there a man alive who doesn't love to tell a fish story? Especially a good one? Clark was off, a faraway look in his eyes. It seems he and an old friend—a friend who dates back to the days when Clark was plain "Bill" and glad to get extra work in "The Merry Widow" and such—drove up into the High Sierras and packed in to the fisherman's paradise they'd heard about.

"We had just enough camping equipment to see us through. No fancy tents or anything like that. For ten days I didn't even bother to shave. We picked up a guide and he proved to be one of these old time westerners. Over the camp fire he'd tell us tales that would make the hair stand straight on your head. And say, have you ever roasted a nice, thick, juicy steak with strips of bacon and made coffee on a mountain side ten thousand feet high? Up where the air is fragrant with the odor of pine and fir trees and clean the way you'd forgotten it could be? Youngster, you've never really eaten until you've done that! And then in the morning you roll out of your sleeping bag and watch a sunrise that's like nothing you've ever seen before. Pretty soon you're on the trail again, crossing a ridge and dipping down into ravines. You've lost all thought of tomorrow and yesterday doesn't matter. It's just today that counts, and the brook ahead and the fishing pole strapped to the burro's back. . . . Twenty minutes after I had waded in the water I had a three-pound trout and two mountain bass *that* size." It was Clark's story so I let him stick to it. You might doubt the size of the fishes but you couldn't the expression on his face. Those ten days were "Bill" Gable's idea of Heaven.

And speaking of Heaven, what would you expect Janet Gaynor to do directly she had enough money and sufficient time on her hands? Exactly. So would I. And she did it! She went to Paris and immediately sought out the Montmartre district where the scenes of "Seventh Heaven" were laid. I remember her telling me when she was working in that picture which won her stardom: "Some day I'm going to see the actual setting of this play. It's become a part of me as if I'd really suffered and struggled on these twisted streets. . . ." And now she has seen them. Once she had landed in Paris she couldn't wait. It was foggy and sprinkling a little, but that didn't stop her. They rode out at night to Montmartre, she and her husband. They drove through the Boulevard du Montparnasse into the heart of the Latin quarter . . . and ordered *brioche et café* at the Café du Dome where an artist sketched a picture of Janet on a napkin . . . and they watched the trivial sidewalk incidents that make for little human dramas. As she watched, the poised, affluent Mrs. Lydell Peck slipped back into the wistful Janet Gaynor of five years ago. The Janet who brought a sweet sympathy with all mankind to the screen. She went back three times after that first visit. On one occasion she bought violets from a flower girl who short-changed her. And Janet, remembering her character in that first success, laughed and gave her a five franc note. . . .

HAVE you ever heard of Mazatlan? Neither had I until I bumped into Wallace Beery. He had just landed from there—still had his flying helmet on because he had come to the studio from the aviation field. In less than sixty seconds I knew it was the most exciting wilderness left on this part of the globe; that it abounded in the most tender and succulent wild game to be found anywhere. The diamond on Wally's hand flashed as he described the wonder of it. "A trackless waste you might think it from the air. But listen, sister, it's the most beautiful country in Mexico. We followed the coast line down and then shot inland. I had mapped out the territory before I left—kind of a fool hobby of mine, fussing with maps—and we didn't have a bit of trouble. No rain. Not a cloud in sight all the time we were gone.

Bob Armstrong with Eugene Pallette larks about in a bungalow car

"Al Roscoe was with me and we'd select a clearing and land. Sometimes it was dam' bumpy and the dogs would get all jostled together. Sure, I had the setters along. They've been used to the 'plane since they were pups. We'd make camp and then start out. Never tasted such wild duck as we got down there. A lot of deer there, too. Boy, that's the life! We plan to go down again in the fall."

Getting lost in the desert was one way of spending a vacation for Lew Ayres. It wasn't his idea of fun but it was a thrill—when he was rescued

Ordinarily it would take something like ten days to get to Wally's happy hunting ground, for they don't know what a train looks like in that section. In high eight passenger Travelair you're there in no time at all.

If you had been aboard the little yacht with Kay Francis and her husband, Kenneth McKenna, when they discovered Mazatlan you would have lost track of time. It ceases to exist for them when they push off for unknown destinations. They revel in lazy, sun-drenched hours on deck while their boat skirts the shore line in an exploration trip all its own. On this occasion it was all a lovely hallucination. There was Magdalena Bay, for instance. Blue as the sky and crystal clear. They put out for the beach in their skiff and found fantastic shells near the water's edge. In all her life, Kay says, she has never experienced so wonderful a feeling of utter freedom and peace. They went ashore at Enzenada to spend the night in the quaint little town. A Feast Day was being celebrated. There was dancing in the square . . . gay Spanish music . . . soft Spanish laughter. That evening, as they walked along the narrow, cobblestone streets, they saw boys strumming guitars in the shadow of balconies and singing plaintive love songs. It was like something out of a novel. . . . The next morning they came to the coast of Mazatlan with its bewildering beauty. "If we had remained longer than two days we wouldn't have been (*Continued on page* 104)

The past year has been a hard one for Bob Montgomery. A less strong person might have been overcome by it but not this debonair young man! For he has brains and a sense of humor that really work

Bob Montgomery Licks the Stardom Jinx

Faced with the Possibility of the Worst of Hollywood Fates—That of Being a Flash in the Pan—Bob Montgomery Has Fought His Way Through to Safety and Triumph

By MARQUIS BUSBY

NOW you may feel you know something about skies. People may talk about desert skies, the star-streaked heavens in the tropics, or the cold, metallic gleam of the snow countries. Very pretty. Oh, ver-ry pretty. There is one sky, however, that you will never see and it must beat them all. If you travel from India's coral sands to Greenland's icy mountains (something of a Cook's tour) you'll never see it. You'll never see it because it is just a figment of speech. The Hollywood sky must be *something*. People are always talking about the movie sky, stars, star-dust, meteor-like ascents, horrible descents, sky-rockets, and what do you offer?

Of course your conception of the blamed thing is probably as good as mine. However, I picture it as a skyful of nice, steady stars going quietly about their star business. To liven things up there will be just a few whopping big comets, zooming upward, and for pathos (golly, we gotta have pathos) there must be some falling stars, hurtling downward to dark oblivion.

This may all be a pretty fancy idea, but, after all, I'm leading (I do hope gracefully) up to something which may have been puzzling a lot of you this past year.

What's been happening to Robert Montgomery?

Robert Montgomery started his career in pictures as one of those glittering, sky-rocketing comets. He soared right up to stardom in "Strangers May Kiss," and everyone expected him to go right on soaring. Then something seemed to happen, and Bob's career was at a standstill.

IT may not be quite the thing to say about a great, big studio like Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, usually so wise in the handling of its players, that Bob's story material might have had something to do with it. On the other hand, it is just possible that Bob was never destined to be one of those sky-rockets, like Clark Gable. In all events there was a dull stretch after "Shipmates," his first starring picture. Until he appeared in "Private Lives," as Norma Shearer's co-star this time, it seemed that this soaring comet might develop into the dreadful tragedy of screenland, the flash in the pan. There is no danger of that now. Bob has settled down as the steady flame—the steady star.

Perhaps he had hoped for something else. After all, every one would prefer being the brilliant sky-rocket. Now I believe he is content. I'm quite sure that M-G-M is thoroughly satisfied. It's a lot of trouble having even two sky-rockets around, meaning Greta (I tank I go home) Garbo and Clark (hot-cha-cha) Gable.

Our hero, Robert Montgomery, and our writer of this yarn, Marquis Busby. That's Bob in the riding togs and that's Busby walking, he says, in the best approved interviewer manner—that is, three steps behind the star

The year 1931 was a crowded one for Robert Montgomery. It brought him stardom, the fulfillment of his wish, and more money. It also brought him tragedy in his private life and disappointments in his professional career. Any young man as spirited as Bob could not be happy with a succession of only fair pictures. He was a star, with a star's salary, who was ceasing to exist as a star. Only in "Private Lives" did he find a really happy assignment. "Lovers Courageous" was a mild, unimportant bit of moonlight and honey-suckle. He was in one of the less successful of the Garbo pictures, and it was rather obvious that he was miscast.

When he was assigned to "Letty Lynton" a short time ago, his rôle was practically third in importance, although, technically, he was Joan Crawford's co-star. Nils Asther, as far as the script was concerned, really had the major male acting rôle.

Bob saw in that assignment another opportunity. When you see it you will view again the vivid Montgomery of "Strangers May Kiss." It is perhaps Joan Crawford's most successful picture, but Bob's acting stands out brilliantly. He is charming in his comedy, and there is the ring of sincerity to his drama. No young man is slipping down the cinematic ladder while he can do work like that.

In 1932 Robert Montgomery is settling down to what his studio believes will be a long and successful career. His fans have remained loyal. His option has just been taken up for another year, and it calls for the specified increase in salary. There was never any question, as far as I can discover, whether that option would be renewed. A Metro executive told me not long ago that Montgomery was regarded as one of the most useful acting properties on the lot. He isn't exactly easy to cast, but then neither is Garbo, Joan Crawford, Norma Shearer, or Clark Gable. They are most successful when stories are written somewhat to pattern. Gable does not fit in just any old rôle that comes along. His studio has discovered that, somewhat to its own embarrassment.

It is true that Montgomery cannot play Gable rôles, but it is equally true that Gable cannot play Montgomery rôles. For versatility, there are people who will tell you Montgomery has the edge.

GABLE, because he is Gable, and because he possesses that electric "something," will continue to be the sky-rocket. And Bob Montgomery, because he is Montgomery, will be the steady flame, a dependable star with an assured career.

There must have been times during the past year when Bob was bitterly unhappy. The best rôles seemed to go to other players. There are few actors in Hollywood who realize so thoroughly what they can and cannot do. Bob reads constantly. Often he suggests stories that he believes will be best for him. He can toss off airy nonsensicalities in speech as charmingly as anyone, but there is a decidedly keen brain for use in serious matters, too.

Not long ago he told me that he hoped to return to the stage within two years. Pictures have provided him with an opportunity to build a fortune which will protect the later years. He saw his father's fortune swept away when it was too late to build a new one. He wants financial security when youth (*Continued on page* 88)

Why Lilyan Tashman Became the Screen's Best Dressed Woman

The Reason, Which You'd Never Suspect, Goes Back to Lilyan's Tragic Girlhood

By JACK JAMISON

Were you ever a kid who had to wear hand-me-downs? Lilyan Tashman was—and it decided her future

NO one would need three guesses to answer the question, "Who is the best dressed woman on the screen?" The name Lilyan Tashman is almost a synonym for "well dressed" in our language. Jaeckel, New York's smartest furrier, says no one can wear furs as she can. Greer, Hollywood's leading *couturier,* says no one can carry a gown better. And all the rest of us, the public, we who are not experts in such matters, agree most heartily.

And yet no one has ever stopped to ask *why* Lilyan is the screen's best dressed woman, and Lil herself has never told. There are those in Hollywood, plenty of them, who are quite sure they know why. "She's just smart, that's all," they say. "That's how she puts herself across." Of course Lilyan knows perfectly well that her gorgeous gowns have certainly done her no harm in pictures. And any advertising man or psychologist will agree that the best way to "put yourself across," whether you're an actress or a manufacturer of chicken-pox remedies, is to get a slogan or an idea of one special thing tacked on to your name, so that whenever people think of it they will think of you. Talkie producers have minds just like the rest of us, and it's very handy indeed for Lilyan's pocket-book that when someone says, "We want

Tashman has made style into news. Even by doing her beach house in very chic white and red, she got into the headlines

Here's the gal who was brought up so demurely and whose parents intended her to be a school teacher—and made her dress accordingly

a stunningly dressed woman for that part," somebody else is always likely to say, "Get Tashman." Oh, yes, she knows that.

But she also knows that she was the seventh sister of seven sisters.

THE seventh son of a seventh son, so the old Arabic proverbs tell us, is fortunate beyond all men. Wealth and happiness and all the good things of life are sure to come to him. But with the seventh sister it is different. "All that comes to her," says Lilyan, "are hand-me-downs." Maurice and Rose Tashman, Lilyan's father and mother, had ten children; three sons and seven daughters. Lil, the last child in the row, was born in New York, and shortly afterwards the family moved to Brooklyn. The place they took there was on old-fashioned brownstone house with an English basement, which meant that it had a high front stoop with a door underneath leading straight into the kitchen and dining-room, which were on the ground floor. It was a roomy home, and even so the Tashmans filled it to capacity. Mr. Tashman was in business with his brother George, and the business—bring on your psychologists!—was the clothing business!

"Everybody else in the family but father, it seems to me, was a school teacher," Lilyan remembers. "That was what they expected me to be. 'An education is one thing that can never be taken away from you,' my mother used to tell us. They had it all planned out for me. I was to go to grammar school, high school, and then be trained for a teacher. Teachers are dignified, conservative people who don't go in for frills and furbelows. At least, those in my family were. Every one of them had the idea that little girls ought to dress quietly and inconspicuously. That's a good idea except that little girls don't agree with it at all; they don't *like* to dress quietly and inconspicuously. I didn't, believe me! Every morning when I got up, my sister Jenny, the one that slept with me and took care of me, would help me into my socks and my middy-blouse and my big straw sailor-hat. I didn't doubt that clothes like that were in the best of taste, as my mother said they were, but every morning I hated them just the same. I wanted to wear fluffy little dresses, the kind other girls had whose families weren't school teachers.

"BUT that wasn't the worst of it. No one can understand my agonies who hasn't been the youngest in a large family of girls. All my clothes, everything I ever owned, were hand-me-downs. I couldn't have been more than four or five years old —this was even before I started to go to school—but I can't remember a single time in my life when I didn't long for beautiful new dresses of my own. We weren't rich, and even if we had been my parents would have permitted no waste, no extravagance; those were conservative times, much like our own today now that we're in the depression, and to throw away a piece of clothing while there was (*Continued on page* 105)

Here's the charming home at Malibu Beach which Norma Shearer had built, because she thought a beach a wonderful place to bring up a baby son. There's a swimming pool right in the front yard

How Norma Shearer Runs Her Home

By HELEN LOUISE WALKER

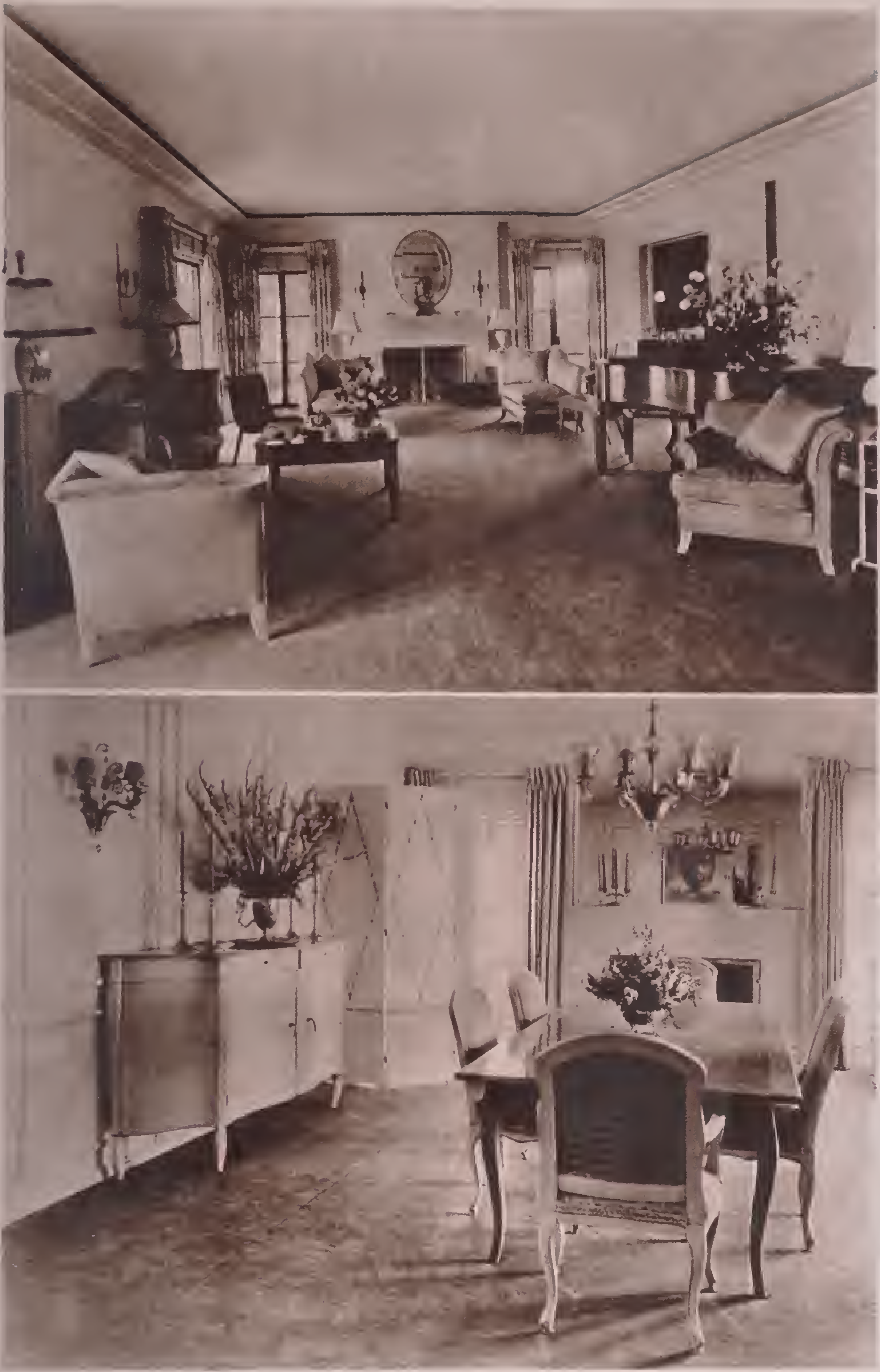
If You Were a Modern Young Woman Married to an Important Executive and Had a Career of Your Own and a Baby, Could You Run Your Home As Smoothly as Norma Runs Hers?

NORMA SHEARER is one of the best known and highest paid actresses on the screen. She is also the wife of one of the most important executives in the motion picture industry—and the mother of his son. And Norma is a living refutation of the theory that a woman cannot do justice to two careers.

Maybe the ordinary woman cannot do it. But Norma is not—oh, not at all!—an ordinary woman. Whatever she undertakes to do, she *does*. And does it extraordinarily well.

Consider Norma's home. It must be adjusted to the needs of the baby, of the busy and somewhat preoccupied young executive, Irving Thalberg, and to the needs of Norma Shearer, motion picture star. The social responsibilities of the general manager of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer—and of the prominent actress—must be taken into account. The life of the three, as a family, a unit, must be guarded. The delicate balance between domesticity and professionalism must be maintained. Organizing, planning, running such a home is a man-sized job!

Norma has the advantage of possessing a tremendous flair for such organization. She never does things on impulse. She plans, she analyzes, she thinks ahead, she



At the top of the page you see Norma's drawing room, arranged for livableness and comfort—but with no curlicues! Curlicues would never do for Irving Thalberg! Below that you see their dining room, with its Louis XVI furniture, and the lights arranged just the way Irving likes them

knows what she is about—*always.* Norma is the modern, intelligent young woman, plus. Any woman with a husband, a child, a home and a job may study Norma Shearer's methods, to her own profit.

IN the first place, after the advent of Irving Thalberg, Junior, that young man's father and mother gave considerable thought to the location of their home. And the result of this thought was a site on the beach—near enough to the studio so that the trips back and forth should not be too exhausting, far enough away to give them a comforting sense of remoteness, a restful withdrawal from the confusion of pictures. A house on the beach, facing the Pacific. Sun. Wind. Waves. What better place to bring up a sturdy son? A swimming pool immediately in front for days when the surf is too rough. Walls for privacy when sun-bathing for health and tan. Beach chairs for lounging at one's ease, awninged terraces, cushions, potted shrubs, a view of tawny hills, curving to the sea.

The house they chose to build is a modest one, after all, when you consider the combined magnitude of their two reputations. A two-and-a-half story, white stucco and brown timber, French Provincial home. A brick terrace and steps lead down to the sand. Striped canvas and bright cretonnes add color to the foreground—and the swimming pool is tiled in blue.

THEY built the place and then turned it over to Harold Grieve for the interior decorating. Harold is one of Hollywood's best known decorators (as well as Jetta Goudal's husband) and he has an especial knack for cheerful and original beach houses. Mr. and Mrs. Thalberg approved his plans and then went to Europe while he executed them. Jetta explained some of their plans to me.

"You see, Irving is a young business man—an important young business man. He must, from time to time, entertain in a dignified and formal fashion. Therefore, the downstairs must suggest a certain stateliness, in keeping with Irving's position and that of his guests. We have done that in a modified Empire mood—but he is a *modern* young business man, so we have omitted the curlicues!"

You can see that it would never do for a man in Irving's position to be seen in the company of curlicues!

"But," she continued, "Irving and Norma are also a young and gay and intelligent married couple. So—we have done the upstairs, especially their own apartments, in the modernistic fashion. Modified slightly. Nothing bizarre or fantastic. But belonging essentially to this particular vivid, energetic, busy generation!"

So there you are. All the phases of their life are expressed. And neatly, too!

The nursery. Such a nursery! One to delight the heart

Here are two corners of Norma's bedroom. It's a cheerful room opening onto a balcony. There are padded head boards on the beds in Norma's room, because sh-h-h-h, Norma likes to read in bed

of any child-welfare expert. A spacious room, in cream and ivory, with pale blue and pink hangings. One side of it is almost entirely of glass, with Venetian blinds to control the breezes and the glare. A crib, the nurse's bed, a high chair. Child's size furniture, a miniature Victrola (the love of music must be encouraged in the very young), equipment for directed, brain-developing play. Padded carpets to prevent bruises during the learning-to-walk period. All the modern, sanitary gadgets.

THE baby has his own schedule, which brooks no interference from the convenience or plans of anyone else in the house. If his father and mother are on hand when he is awake and "receiving," they may see him. Otherwise they must wait until tomorrow to commune with their son. A trained nurse devotes her entire time to directing young Thalberg's existence. Her word is law. (She does allow Norma the inestimable privilege of bathing him sometimes, however!)

For the rest, the house is conducted upon an extremely elastic basis.

Norma says, "If a man is a regulation business man—with regular hours, so that he opens his desk at nine-thirty in the morning and closes it at five in the afternoon, then he may adjust himself to a regular schedule. It is better for him if he does. But a man in Irving's position, who may have conferences lasting far into the night or beginning at some strange hour of the morning, must be allowed latitude of hours for meals and so on. My staff understands that and meals are planned so that if dinner is delayed for two or three hours, it will still be hot and appetizing—not suggestive of a warmed-over or kept-hot meal. If we have guests and one of us is delayed in getting home, dinner is served at the scheduled hour and the late-comer finds *his* dinner ready when he arrives.

"IT is understood that the house is run for our comfort. It is a rather unusual household, you see, and its oddities must be considered. . . ."

Despite this elasticity, Norma's house runs, as you would expect it to do, smoothly and without hitch or friction. Ursula, a well-educated and intelligent colored girl who has been with her for seven years, is a sort of personal-maid-secretary-housekeeper, all in one. She accompanies Norma to the studio, looks after her and Irving's clothes, attends to appointments and disposes of a hundred domestic details. The rest of the staff are white people—cook, butler, second maid, house man, gardener and small Irving's nurse.

If Norma is working at the studio, she rises earlier than Irving does and confers with the cook about the day's arrangements while she is breakfasting. She often leaves the house on these days without seeing her husband.

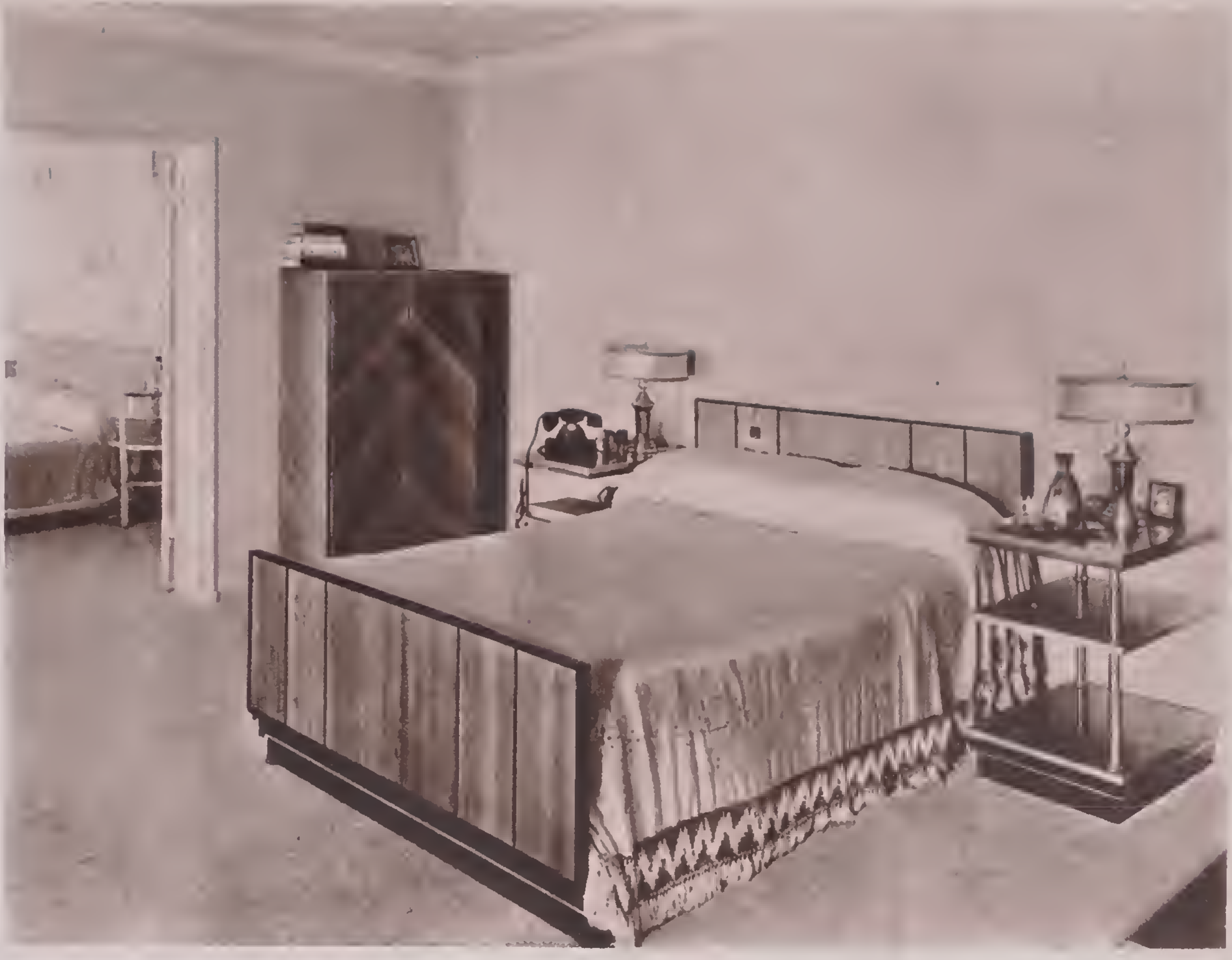
Her expenses are neatly budgeted and Irving's secretary, Vivian Newcomb, at the studio, writes the checks to pay the bills.

Norma says that, career or no career, the house is the *woman's job*. The entire routine is planned specifically for Irving's convenience.

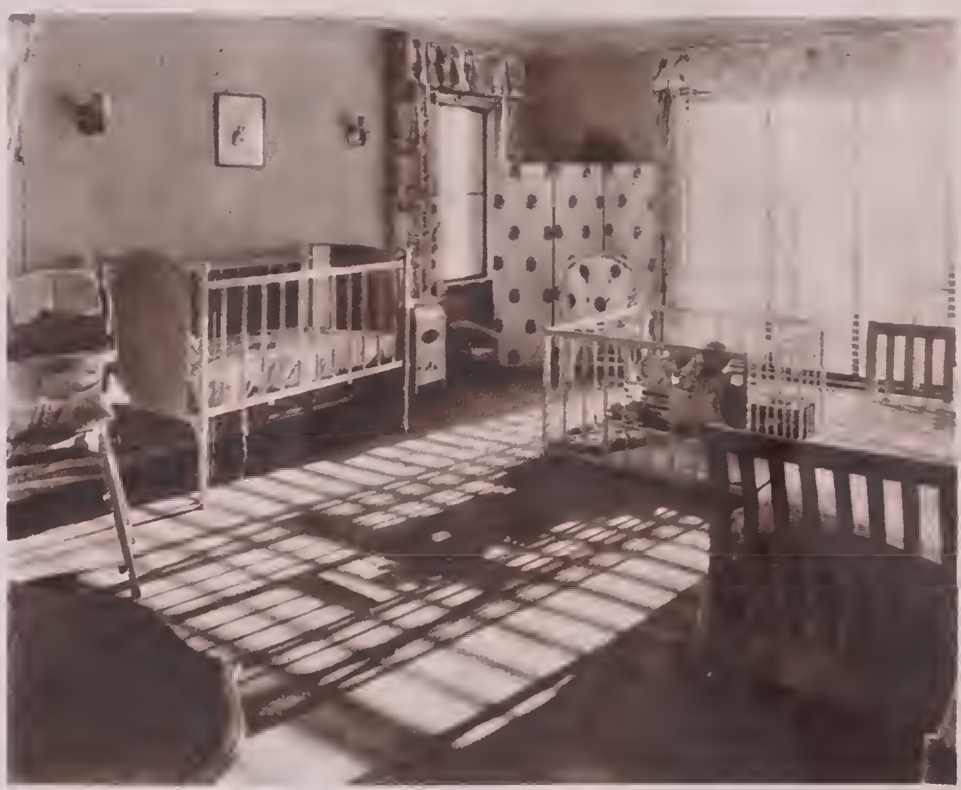
"I try to make him comfortable—in all the small ways as well as the large ones. I see to it that the rooms are at the proper temperature, that there are no draughts, that the lights are arranged the way he likes them. I keep fresh flowers in his room and put in his studs for him. He may not realize that all these details are my doing—but he knows that he is more comfortable when I am there to see to things. That is mere feminine precaution!

"It is up to the woman to make the house run smoothly, to make life as livable as possible for her family. But she should keep quiet about it. It is my job to keep the servants in order. I never bother Irving with domestic complaints or difficulties. I never try to take credit for doing these things well. Household details bore any man—and they make drab conversation, besides. It is unfortunate for you if your husband connects you with anything drab. . . ."

Norma makes as thoughtful and efficient a job of domesticity as she does of her screen career.



Above, Irving Thalberg's room, very modern and dynamic, which is most correct for this exceedingly brilliant young executive. Below, the nursery, where Irving Thalberg, Jr., is being brought up in the modern manner. You can copy that nursery for your child, because it's scientifically just right



THE Thalbergs never give large or gaudy parties. They do not make a practice of entertaining visiting celebrities. Their friends and guests are mostly Powers in the industry. Their entertaining usually takes the form of small and dignified semi-formal dinner parties, smoothly planned, exquisitely served.

The house, designed primarily for intimate family life, lends itself readily to this form of entertaining. The long living room has a suggestion of stateliness, with its cream walls, soft green carpet and green-yellow-and-cream chintz draperies. The sofa is upholstered in striped blue-and-yellow satin and the other pieces, designed and made especially for this room, are honey-colored. There is a curious coffee table of zebra wood, and two large lamps, with cream silk shades glowing a-top heavy, carved standards. Chairs and divans group themselves easily for conversation. The long windows offer glimpses of the sea.

There is a card room adjoining, panelled in walnut, with warm terra cotta drapes and squashy, upholstered furniture in the same shade. Bridge tables and chairs are in interesting combinations of walnut and white patent leather—with handy little shelves for ash trays and score pads. Just outside, on the terrace, are ping-pong tables and equipment for other desultory, out-of-door pastimes.

The dining room walls are ivory-white and the Louis XVI furniture (without curlicues) is enameled the same shade. Blue and white silk upholstery, a dull green rug and drapes of natural linen. An unusual chandelier, suggesting old-fashioned gas lights, hangs from the center of the ceiling.

Norma's and Irving's bedrooms open into the balcony which stretches across the front of the house on the second floor. Blue and yellow predominate in these cheerful rooms—the shades being a few tones more somber in Irving's sanctum than in that of his wife. Padded head boards on the beds in Norma's room—and capacious small tables with books and lamps—betray a luxurious habit of reading in bed. The telephone at Irving's bed side bespeaks the executive. A wide fire-place and windows opening toward the sea. . . . Nice!

The guest bedroom in Norma's beach home is inviting and comfortable. The room is French Provincial in its furnishings, with walnut furniture, glazed chintz draperies and bedspreads of honey-toned taffeta.

THE house is extremely characteristic of Norma. Exquisitely arranged in the smallest details for comfort and convenience—Irving's first and then her own. For efficient, *smooth* living. For moving capably and neatly toward those various goals—successful wifehood, motherhood and a satisfying professional career. Without frills, unnecessary adornment or cluttering luxuries. Modern, thoughtful, carefully planned and constructed. . . .

Norma Shearer is an amazing woman!

All Kinds of Luck

Dick Cromwell Has Known Good and Bad Luck—More Bad Than Good—Since He Was Discovered. But He's Fighting Through

By HELEN ANDREWS

Hollywood isn't a bed of roses even after Fate has been kind and singled you out for the spotlight. Dick Cromwell's story proves that

IF you believe most of the stories that have been written about him, Dick Cromwell should not interest you as a movie actor, much less a flesh-and-blood human being. If you place any bit of credence in them, I don't understand how you could stomach him even in so impersonal a way as a theatre-goer views an up-and-coming juvenile.

Dick's the boy who, we read, cried when anyone batted a menacing eyelash in his general direction. He's the fellow, some writers would have us believe, who for the duration of an entire night sat on the curbstone in the pouring rain in front of a movie star's house because that star had promised him a small part in her next picture (which she never made). He was crying on this occasion, too, I believe.

One interviewer's conception of Dick just after he had signed his contract with Columbia studio was something to the effect that ". . . blushes mount to Dick's *pink* cheeks . . . tears flood his blue eyes . . . he is bewildered with the wonder of his rise to sudden fame . . ." He bawled when he was clumsy on the set—and he cried when the studio moguls were kind to him.

They didn't dub him "Crybaby Cromwell," but they might as well have. (It's even alliterative.)

But no one—for some strange reason—has written about his courage in the past year when he fought so valiantly against being conquered by the oblivion that threatens so many "discoveries" after their first success.

To me the most amusing part of all this is that at the time publicity men, interviewers and newspapermen were telling the world how easily and unnecessarily big tears dropped from the Cromwell "blue eyes and cascaded down his blushing pink cheeks"—Dick could not find one single blemish in the whole scheme of life inasfar as it concerned him, and consequently no reason for such a wanton display of tear drops.

He had just signed a long-term contract which meant he would get a steady salary. His very first picture was to be a starring vehicle. And that to a boy who had had neither picture nor legitimate stage experience, is unusual in itself. A few months before this colossal good fortune Dick's unpretentious art shop wasn't even bringing enough money for its own upkeep. Taxes were due on his mother's Long Beach bungalow. His only suit of clothes was frayed and almost beyond wearing. The family needed money badly, and although Dick was willing to work hard, even forsake his much-loved but little-

Under contract to Columbia, Dick was consistently miscast by his own studio. Farmed out for "Emma" and "The Strange Love of Molly Louvain," the picture in which he appears here, he has done work more true to his real talents

paying career of modeling clay masks, designing modernistic furniture, painting lampshades, and confine his efforts to a job of any sort, a job wasn't forthcoming.

If in the privacy of his tiny two-room apartment above the failing art shop he had given way to a few lonely sobs of despair when absolute defeat for himself and the family dependent upon him stared him full in the face, he would have had every reason to. He hadn't quite reached his twentieth birthday. The Radabaugh family consisting of Dick, two younger sisters, an older brother and the mother, were hard pressed for finances, to put it mildly. Dick and the brother obtained part-time jobs after school hours, and their meager earnings combined with a small pension granted Mrs. Radabaugh meant enough plain food and sufficient clothing to keep warm, but little else.

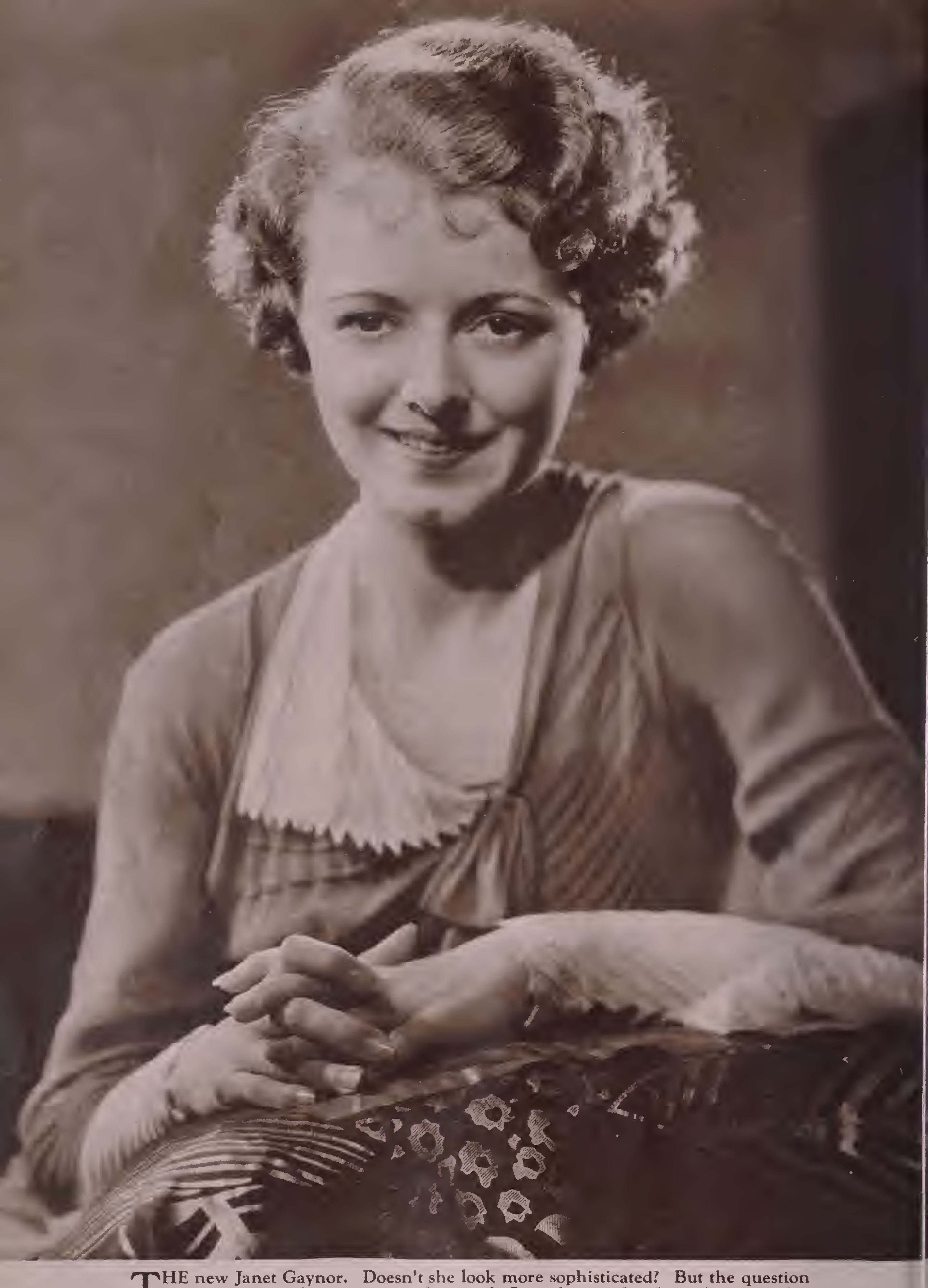
High school days over, Dick might have followed the course of least resistance and procured a job as a department store delivery boy or the like with a possible salary of $18.00 a week. But he had always felt that he possesed certain talents in the artistic direction. He wanted to attend art school, but this would cost money. Besides, he couldn't forget he must contribute to the family coffers each week. What should he do? Give up these seemingly impractical dreams of modeling in clay and sketching when faced with the realities? You know he didn't.

He argued the proprietor of a drug store into giving him the job of jerking sodas and working from noon (when he finished at art school) until ten and sometimes eleven o'clock at night, he paid his tuition, took care of his own room-rent and sent ten dollars a week down to Long Beach. This took real courage, because Dick wasn't sure that he would ever be able to realize monetarily on the training he was working so industriously to acquire.

When the closing of the drug store brought his studies to an abrupt termination, still Dick wouldn't give up. Rather, he scraped enough dollars to pay the first month's rent on a midget shop room and started the business of an art shop with the sole asset of his own ingenuity and determination to succeed. Not long afterward when all his dreams came crashing to the bottom as business in the little establishment went from bad to worse, when Dick must have realized that he had failed horribly, and his own conscience must have sneered: "You *would* have an artistic career. Better if you had got a regular job. Maybe then you'd have some money to send home to your family now that they need it so badly"—*then* would have been the time for Dick to let loose and bawl.

Came the silver lining and the chance at "Tol'able David". Paid taxes. New clothes for his mother and sister. He could even afford a comfortable Hollywood bungalow where they all lived together. Breath-taking triumph on the trans-continental tour following the New York release of his first picture. A suite in the exclusive and costly St. Moritz apartment-hotel in New York. Personal appearances and radio broadcasts. A quick trip to Washington, D. C., to meet Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Hoover. "DICK CROMWELL THE NEW STAR" flashed in electric lights. Enthusiastic spectators pushing and shoving to get a glimpse of the new-risen star.

This deluge of public attention and acclaim may have frightened Dick, but more than a little nervous, he took it smiling. Naturally he thought he was sitting on top of the world, but he found out he wasn't. (*Continued on page* 100)



THE new Janet Gaynor. Doesn't she look more sophisticated? But the question is—do you want her to remain that way? Janet has cut her hair shorter and is going to play a sophisticated rôle in her next picture, "The First Year," a story of the first year of married life. Janet, Janet, we love you whatever you do, but don't you know that we love you best in those "sweet" rôles that you turned down?

Inside Stuff

Joe and 'Lene Go Back to Work

As anticlimactic as the pft! of a pin-pricked balloon was the calm return-to-work of Josef von Sternberg and Marlene Dietrich, after they'd thumbed their noses at Paramount for a while.

It all began, you remember, because neither Marlene nor Joe liked the script of "Blonde Venus." "I won't direct it," frothed Joe, and "I won't act it," echoed Marlene. Statements flew thick and fast. Then Paramount calmly said they'd sue Joe for $100,000.

Shortly afterward, came the formal announcement that all the bellyaching was over, and Joe and Marlene were proceeding to make "Blonde Venus."

Quotes: Joe—"I still believe I was right." Paramount—"Always had deep respect for Von Sternberg." Marlene—"——".

Last line: On the day they went back to work, they entered the Paramount studio lunchroom together, did Joe and 'Lene, with that air of vast boredom and unconcern which they affect. Said one studio wisecracker to another: "My, my! Imagine seeing THEM here . . . !"

George M. Cohan, after years of holding out against movies, has finally capitulated, and signed with Paramount, and ten-to-one it's a Technicolor stunt because how else will they screen red, white and blue?

Comedian Will Rogers Knows Sorrow Too

No one was more hurt, crushed, at the news of the Lindy tragedy than Will Rogers. Rogers knew the Lindys; had visited them. When the ghastly news of what happened came to him, there were tears in his eyes.

"There's nothing one can say that means anything at a time like this," he said. "I knew the little fellow, held him in my arms a few weeks before he was killed. . . ."

About This Hoot Gibson-Sally Eilers Matter:

The papers blazoned that they were splitting up, Hoot Gibson and Sally Eilers, the day after she had four front teeth knocked out—in an auto wreck. But in retrospect, it's all very funny—particularly inasmuch as they're not splitting up, after all. As this is written, it's all smooth and calm and happy again in the Gibson menage.

It all began at the Mayfair, where filmdom goes and makes merry and whoopee and hey hey. Sally and Hoot did. As people do, at such times, they tiffed. Sally got mad, started home without Hoot in the car of Eddie Cline, the director. She and Eddie's wife rode in the back seat. And on the way, Eddie popped a telegraph pole and wrecked his car.

He forgot all about the two girls in the back seat, in his excitement! Was sitting drinking a cup of coffee, leaving the wrecked car standing in the street, when along drove Ben Lyon and Bebe Daniels—and beheld Eddie's ex-machine. Investigating, they found Eddie's wife and Hoot's, unconscious in the back seat.

They took them to a hospital, and then to their home. And the newspapers wrote of a split-up. BUT—just a week to the day afterward, Sally's parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. Eilers, were hurt in another auto accident. And to the hospital rushed both Sally and Hoot, arm-in-arm, cooing as happily as any bride and groom.

Sally's parents weren't seriously hurt, either.

. . . WHOO . . . ! ! now even GARBO has gone Gable. She's the latest in filmland to go in for the turtle-necked sweater craze which Clark started. Now if Marie Dressler and the Four Marxes follow, it'll be a hundred percent. Incidentally, Garbo likes to wear corduroy trousers, too. . . . My, my, won't the home folks in Sweden be astounded?

He Doesn't Give a Whoop About Depression, Either

Know what Harold Lloyd's going to do with the summer? He's going to take wifie and the kiddies abroad, take a Riviera villa, leave the youngsters there with nursie, and then he and Mildred are going to satisfy a wish they've had for a long time—loaf through Europe, going where and as they please. They've never been abroad.

"The Truth About Hollywood" won't be the truth about Hollywood, apparently. RKO has renamed it: "What Price Hollywood?" Well, it's been quoted anywhere from two cents up—and down.

Jean Harlow's mother still calls her "Baby." And if you don't think a lot of other people'd like to, you're crazy!

Here's the Typographical Error of the Month:

A certain very well-known Hollywood leading man has been touring the country in personal appearances, with a company of supporting players.

And in one town, when the paper wished to announce that "So-and-So and his troupe" are in town, they dropped a letter, and it came out:

"So-and-So and his toupe are in town."

And the funny part of it is, it's true!

Inside Stuff

An artist and his model. Oooh, the stories you've heard about such people. But what about when they are husband and wife and the wife like beautiful Helene Barclay, above, has been signed for pictures (with M-G-M), and the husband isn't jealous at all but simply delighted?

Groucho Marx's answer to What's-Wrong-With-Movies—:

". . . when I went into pictures three years ago, we made fifty pictures with one executive. Now we make fifty executives with one picture."

Not Even Del Rio's Voice Squared Her With Mexico

Over a long-distance hook-up, Dolores Del Rio in Hollywood spoke through loudspeakers to the audience at the Mexico City opening of "Girl of the Rio."

But even then, Mexico condemned the picture as showing Mexicans in a bad light. And Dolores even got an official letter telling her that as a daughter of Mexico, she should never have played in such a film.

So Maybe Hollywood'll Have a Reading Club

Amused were Hollywood's folks-about-town the other week when the Lowell Sherman-Helene Costello divorce suit was being aired in the courts. Cause of amusement: Lowell Sherman's plaintive charge, among the grounds whereon he sought divorce, that Wifie Helene was a collector of erotic books. By erotic, he told the court, he meant the kind little tots shouldn't read.

He named twelve such books which he said Helene kept about the house. That gave Hollywood more whereat to titter. Truth is that few are the movie big-shots' libraries which don't contain a dozen or more such reading.

Holding off from taking sides in the divorce controversy were most of Hollywood's folks-about-town. They were waiting, before declaring themselves, to ascertain whether Helene or Lowell would get custody of those twelve books. Eventually, Helene (not Lowell) got the divorce and the books. Helene'll probably have a lot of literary-minded visitors.

Said Lowell Sherman
  Of Helene Costello:
Her taste in books
  Was very mellow!

Probably the funniest development of the century is Will Rogers' turn-down of the script of "If I Were President," which he refused to play because, he said, he didn't want to poke fun at our highest official. What's he *been* doing all these years ? ? ? ? ?

So This Is That Famous "Sunny California"

Some sequences of "The Bird of Paradise" were not taken in Hawaii, but in Hollywood—and on some coolish spring nights.

And was it funny to see all the extras, wearing only grass skirts and leis, shivering between "takes" or wearing overcoats or Indian blankets or what. Dolores Del Rio, wearing nothing but a grass skirt, a lei and two pieces of adhesive tape for Hays' sake, shivered with the rest.

"They call me 'hot',"
  Said Dolores Del Rio,
"But take it from me,
  Yo tengo frio . . . !"

Because a lot of peers and things like that will visit the Olympic Games in Los Angeles, Mary Pickford and Doug Fairbanks have built an addition to Pickfair. It has 18 rooms. Just imagine the hotel money visiting royalty saves on the Fairbankses!

And Didn't Monsieur Chevalier Laugh!

Maurice Chevalier turned suddenly at the entrance to a Hollywood café to buy a paper. He bumped into a group of sightseers, humbly begged pardon.

They paid no attention to him at all. They were looking for movie celebrities. And not one of them recognized him!

Wally Beery, one of the foremost aviation enthusiasts in filmdom, carries his hobby to practicality. He is a lieutenant in the Los Angeles police department's air force reserve.

Inside Stuff

Some This About That and That About This...

. . . did you know that Billie Dove has grey hair? . . . Gilda Gray, the quaking aspen of the stage, comes back to Hollywood to star in "Minnie the Moocher" . . . Lubitsch may again direct "Kiss Me Again," this time in sound . . . Connie Bennett's going to Europe again this fall . . . Bob Montgomery wears a blue beret—a *bright* blue beret . . . although Paul Lukas swore he'd never fly again, on the day he witnessed the fatal crash of Stunt Flier Leo Nomis while shooting "Sky Bride," he has just bought a new airplane . . . Ancient History note: Agnes Ayres and Herbert Rawlinson are doing a vaudeville act together . . . Betty Compson, touring the country in personal appearances, was laid up with the flu in Chicago . . . "for the good of the industry," George Arliss has taken a cut of salary from $80,000 to $60,000 per picture . . .

One of the Penalties of Being a Star

On the same day in Hollywood, two examples of what picture stars sometimes face: Joan Crawford had to call in the authorities to dispose of a lad who'd come from Texas, demanded a job and hinted he'd "tell something on her" if he didn't get it; from Seattle came a fellow who said he knew Marie Dressler, broke into the home where she used to live, stole some things.

Highly Important Note to McCrea-Conscious Ones:

There's at least one way, at any rate, in which Joel McCrea outgables Clark Gable. You see, although Clark has the credit for having started the turtle-neck sweater fad in Hollywood, McCrea has more of them than Clark.

In all, McCrea owns 33 sweaters.

Must be hot.

Greta Garbo dived headfirst into an auto the other day, and lay prone in the back seat until there was plenty of distance between her and the would-be picture takers who caused the act. And she wasn't sunbathing, either.

If you think Edmund Goulding must have had a tough time directing a bunch of stars in "Grand Hotel," then feel sorry for George Archainbaud, who's going to direct thirteen prominent women actresses in the picture called "13 Women."

But It'll Take More Than Just the Mystery Stuff!

Over at Radio Pictures, they're giving Gwili Andre the Garbo treatment. I.E.—She's been ordered not to be seen out places, she doesn't eat at the studio restaurant, and she is *not* being allowed to give interviews.

Garbo got away with that, but Garbo is Garbo. And anyway, the studio says it isn't a garbo trick; it's because they don't know yet just how good this Andre girl is, and they don't want to ballyhoo her and handicap her. So they say.

A beautiful gal who's got more than a good time on her mind. She's Adrianne Allen, Paramount's new discovery, and her bright little idea is to wear her watch, in the form of a clip, on her hat band. Right up to the second, sez we!

They've ordered Gwili
To be offish and chilly,
Which seems quite sili;
Rili!

. . . one of Hollywood's favorite guessing games is: Who Rates No. 1 with Billie Dove? Currently, Jack Dempsey and Gilbert Roland seem to be neck and neck. And neck?

Movie Mirror's Prize for the Rave of the Month—

—goes to Hollywood Columnist Eddie Martin for this, plucked intact out of his daily column: ". . . a piquant creation of mirth and pleasure, ageless, a happy representation of poise and grace—the very soul of lyrical movement perpetuated in one blonde—Mae Murray."

Why, Eddie!

Norma Shearer is at last going to go sweet. After sexing it through her recent vermilion sequence of films, what do you suppose her next will be?—"Smilin' Through"—saccharine and light. . . .

Inside Stuff

Another new Paramount discovery is Charles Laughton, long the rave of London and Broadway. He'll make his début in Tallulah Bankhead's next picture. He's one of the new group of character actors

Maybe Soon They'll Get This International Complication Smooth

Nils Asther is going to become an American citizen. Uncle Sam says he may. Nils, whose wife is the American Vivian Duncan, and whose baby was born in Germany, is a Swede. And because his immigration permit recently ran out, Nils had to run out too, and hide out in Mexico until Uncle Sammy could make up his mind whether or not to let him come back to wifie, baby and United Statesie.

Now the immigration authorities say it's okay—but Nils has to file application for citizen papers.

My, My, Won't He Get a Tremolo Into That "Maaaaaammy"?

Believe it or not, but when Al Jolson makes his next picture for United Artists, he won't draw a cent of salary!

The catch is this: when Jolson contracted for the picture, some two years ago, he drew his salary in advance. So now that they're going to make it, he's all paid up and won't collect a cent.

And the funny part of it (not to Jolson) is that he lost most of that advance salary in the stock market!

Wheeler and Woolsey are divorced at last. After much and many rumors for at least a year that each successive picture would be their last together, the Two W's have finally split. Bert goes east to vaudeville with Dorothy Lee; Woolsey stays in Hollywood—planning to team up with Harry Langdon for a film comedy.

Ever Hear of It Raining Salt Water?

Over on Catalina Island, where they're shooting "Rain," they've rigged up a rain-making device which uses water pumped out of the ocean.

So there'll be a lot of brine-pickled movie players.

Here's the Height of Something-or-Other:

Buck Jones turned his ankle the other day.

And how did this hard-ridin', broncho bustin', saddle-sticker of the wild, wild west turn his ankle? you ask.

Why, he fell off'n a hoss . . . . ! ! ! !

Genevieve Tobin wears a score of ultra-thin bracelets on each arm.

Laemmle's Faemmle of Movie-Makers Travels

From Universal City, where they make karloff-shockers and things, technicians and cameramen and so on are scattering like the four winds, to bring back the far places in movies.

Greenland-bound is one crew to shoot scenes in the frozen north for "Iceberg." Headed for the Tyrol for an Alpine adventure film are other Universalites. And to Madrid and Seville, Spain, have gone others to bring back bull-fight pictures for a picture to star Lew Ayres as a toreador.

Sidney Fox proved the advantage of being the tiniest star in Hollywood. Her car, with Sidney in it, somersaulted over an embankment and was smashed. Out of the wreckage crawled tiny Sidney, unhurt. But she had to go to bed for her nerves.

Do you know, or don't you care, that out of a census taken of 3,761 well-known Hollywood movie players, including stars, more than one-quarter (1,031 to be exact) are able to speak fluently at least one other language than English.

All He's Gotta Do Is Be Himself

When Harry Leon Wilson wrote the story on which "Merton of the Movies" is based, he included a character which was frankly based on Ben Turpin, then a big star of silent comedy films.

Now Paramount is shooting a talkie version of the story, with the title "Make Me a Star." And who do you think they cast in the rôle? Of course—Ben Turpin, now a Hollywood "bit" player.

Jackie Cooper Notes

Jackie Cooper, sent to New York for a single week which included a personal appearance at the Capitol Theatre where "When A Feller Needs a Friend" was playing, completely captured the town. Two husky bodyguards and a crowd of fans tagged him wherever he went.

M-G-M arranged for him to appear at a press agents' luncheon and sing for the guests. Jackie sang one number and an encore. The p. a.'s wanted more. Jackie was pretty well bored by then but agreeable. He sang a third song, but in order to keep himself interested to the end, he whittled the piano with his Boy Scout knife.

Later Jackie came calling on Movie Mirror. He and the editor decided to have a drink together—two drinks, rather, two chocolate sodas. Jackie finished his first.

"I guess I got through before you," said Jackie, "because it was such a little soda, mostly all foam."

The editor took the hint. Jackie got a second soda. After that, he was perfectly willing to talk about things that interest him most. They are Boy Scouting and Johnnie Weissmuller's muscles. He thinks both are keen. He also confessed he hates being called Jackie. Thinks it's sort of sissyfied. But Jack—well, that's a regular name.

Is this news? You bet it is, for never before in his long picture career has Richard Dix been photographed in a love scene. This is all for "Roar of the Dragon." The fair enchantress is Gwili Andre

That Old College Feeling

In one of the scenes of "Huddle", Ramon Novarro's newest picture, a bunch of extras were supposed to be singing the Yale theme song, "Boola Boola". Yale meant nothing to the extras, however, and in the midst of the "take", the director's blood froze as he heard the voice of an extra in the rear, rising loud above the rest of the mob, singing, "Hula, Hula".

Joan Crawford and Doug Fairbanks, Jr., have new nicknames for each other. "Jodo" and "Dodo" have been discarded. Joan is now called "Boy" by young Doug and he is called "Skippy" by Joan.

Spencer Tracy, meeting Will Rogers on the Fox lot for the first time since his return from abroad, asked if he noticed many changes around the studio. "Changes?" echoed Rogers, "why I knew more people in Shanghai than I do here."

Fortunes of War

One of the vagaries of the picture business: Donald Dillaway, Dorothy Jordan's most persistent suitor, who has been pining for a real "break", at last got it in the new George Arliss picture. He was signed for the part on an agreement calling for two weeks of rehearsals, two weeks lay-off and then two weeks shooting on the picture. His agent held out for a straight six weeks, claiming that Don would not be able to work in another picture during those two weeks when they needed him for actual shooting. The studio agreed, provided he would work in another of their pictures during those two weeks, which was okay with Don. He rehearsed for a week and then the studio put him into "Miss Pinkerton", Joan Blondell's first starring vehicle. Mr. Arliss, upset because Donald was not there for rehearsals the last few days of the rehearsal period, demanded that he be taken out of his picture and someone else put in—so now Don gets the minor part in "Miss Pinkerton" and loses, through no fault of his own, that long awaited break in the Arliss picture.

Father & Son

At the time Chester Morris was playing in "Fast Life" on the stage in Chicago, he sent his father a wire informing him that there was a part in the play for him, but that the only drawback was instead of Chester supporting the elder Morris, the latter would be supporting Chester. Morris' *père* sent back the following answer: "I have been supporting you for the past twenty-five years. I don't know why I should become squeamish about it at this late date. I'll take the part."

Numerology Note:

A numerologist told Hugh Herbert that his lucky number is 5.

A few days later, Hugh went to the Agua Caliente races. In the fifth race, the fifth horse on the program was a five-to-one shot. "Aha," crowed Hugh, "that's a hunch!" So, to make it fives all around he bet five-dollar bills on the horse.

The horse made good—

It came in FIFTH!

This'n That

. . . Lew Ayres can't have his dog around when he plays ping-pong, because the darned fool tries to eat the balls . . . Mickey Daniels, that freckle-faced kid you see in movies, regularly loses his freckles three months out of the year . . . the average day's work in the studios on a picture results in about four minutes' screen footage.

THE LAST AND GREATEST GARBO PICTURE

“As You Desire Me”

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Production Starring Greta Garbo

From the play by Luigi Pirandello
Adapted to the Screen by Gene Markey
Fictionized by Adele Whitely Fletcher

ZARA'S singing was a love call. It had the quality birds' songs have when it is spring. Night after night she sang in a gay and crowded Budapest café with gypsy musicians playing her soft accompaniment. And those who heard her once never forgot her, for in her rich contralto voice there was the poignancy of unshed tears.

Zara did not wear spangles or the brilliant silks usual with café performers. It was her charm that never before had there been anyone just like her. Curtains of platinum satin parted and Zara's audience would discover her on the intimate little platform. She wore a strange black velvet habit from the cowl neck of which her platinum head on its slender column of white throat rose like an exotic flower.

Cast

Zara (Maria)	*Greta Garbo*
Carl Salter	*Erich Von Stroheim*
Tony	*Owen Moore*
Bruno	*Melvyn Douglas*
Madame Mantari	*Hedda Hopper*
Pietro	*William Ricciardi*
Lena	*Rafaela Ottiano*

Always Zara's last number was a haunting waltz song. She finished it with her lovely arms outstretched, as if poised for an embrace. And there never was a man in that café, no matter what a faithful husband he might

"You know you are not the woman this Italian is searching for," Salter said. Master and mistress they faced each other. "You can not frighten me," said Zara. "My chance to escape has come and I am leaving"

be, who did not lean forward with predatory eagerness. And, by the same token, there never was a woman in that café, however secure she might feel at other times, who did not pluck possessively at her husband's sleeve and know a vague uneasiness because there was such a one in the world.

Often in spite of the greatest enthusiasm Zara would not reappear. And on this score the management realized the futility of insistence. Then, too, as the manager once said to Romanoff, the orchestra leader:

"SHE is a great showman; this Zara. Never does she give them too much. Always she keeps them coming back for more. When she first came here I told her always she must acknowledge the applause and sometimes she must sing an encore. But she would not. Even in the beginning before she became famous I could not make her.

"She well knows they cry for what is given sparingly; that they tire of what they always can have. Ah, she is cold and hard, this Zara!"

But Romanoff did not entirely agree. Standing directly beneath Zara as she sang, he had seen her painted mouth tremble like a child's. And more than once in a moment of great acclaim when he had expected her eyes to light with a sense of power, he had been surprised to find them fearful and sad instead. Romanoff thought that Zara was by far the most unhappy woman he had ever known.

Of course he had heard the rumors which linked her name with that of Carl Salter, the novelist. As who in all Budapest had not! But gypsies with their heritage of wandering and tragedy instinctively understand many things. They understand how life can trap people and twist them into what they were not born to be.

Salter personally was even more decadent than his novels. You had but to look at the man to know that.

Before the shrine of St. John, patron saint of lovers, Zara greeted Bruno Varelli, and those who had known her in Budapest would never have recognized her as the same woman

His cold eyes rested on you to make you aware of whatever evil there was within you. That undoubtedly was what he saw; all that even mildly interested him. And you caught his thoughts.

Salter's wife had died of a broken heart soon after their child, Mop, was born. He had never troubled to marry again. But the first mistress who succeeded her was rumored to be in an asylum.

There were those who insisted it was Salter's cruelty seeping into his writing that accounted for his popularity. On the premise perhaps that "One half of the world enjoys suffering itself; the other half in watching others suffer."

Zara, however, miraculously enough, although she lived in Carl Salter's house, remained her own mistress. She even brought admirers home from the café when it suited her fancy. It didn't worry her in the least that Salter rarely proved an agreeable host. Often enough by the time he had insulted these gentlemen Zara was glad to be rid of them anyway.

He was more unpleasant than usual the early morning when Zara arrived with a baron, a captain, and a fatuous youth whose name she did not even know. She discovered him on the balcony glaring down on them. And held her glass for his butler to pour more of his best champagne.

"Why not come down and join us, Carl?" she called. "You look so very glum standing there that a little gaiety would do you no harm."

HER lovely shoulders shrugged ever so slightly. "This wine isn't as fine as that the baron ordered for us at the café but it is golden . . . It sparkles . . . There's gaiety in it . . . What more?"

Not to have joined them would have placed Salter at a disadvantage, and even the possibility of such a thing was unthinkable to him.

Zara made vague introductions with even vaguer waves of her arm.

"The Nobility," she said. "The Army. And the Nursery. Gentlemen, allow me, Carl Salter. You know him by reputation at least, I'm sure."

Even the nobility looked slightly disconcerted. When Zara had insisted they come home with her, not one of them had believed she would bring them to Salter's house. Now they began to note the lateness of the hour. Now they began to remember the busy day they had before them. The less Carl Salter discovered about them the better. He had put others in his novels without troubling very much about any disguise. The baron and the captain had wives; the young gentleman a domineering father who held the purse strings.

ZARA was greatly amused at their discomfiture.

"When life is funny like this," she said, "then I cannot bear to think one day I must die.

"Dear Baron, it doesn't seem quite fair to send you off this way. You were so very generous with the wine . . ."

Salter saw them to the door. He bowed them out with cold formality. Then he returned to Zara.

"You have had much too much champagne," he told her.

"I know," she agreed. "I couldn't have endured any one of them without it. When I'm with such fools, Carl, I almost subscribe to your theory that to bore people is the one unforgivable sin."

Seeing him measure the space left beside her on the sofa, Zara stood up. He caught her in his arms. His mouth, cruel and sensual, dropped to her mouth. He held her close. In spite of her white hands beating against his shoulders.

"You're really vile," she told him when at last he released her.

He drew off. "Is that why you remain?" he asked with an insidious softness in his voice.

Mop, just eighteen, came running downstairs. "Father," she protested, "why are you so horrid?"

"Why do you stay here, Mop?" Zara asked. "You're young. Even if he is your father you have a chance to find happiness. Why, in Heaven's name, don't you take it? *Now*, Mop! *Now*, while there's still time!"

"Why don't you leave yourself?" It was Youth speaking.

"I really don't wonder you and your father ask me

In the salon Zara awaited Tony and Bruno. She wore a dress exactly like the one Maria had worn ten years before. "Surely you cannot doubt that this girl is Maria?" Tony asked

that," Zara said with a broken little laugh. "I'm not sure I know the answer myself. I suppose I stay because I lack the courage to go. I'm not eighteen. But you can't tell! Every morning I wake up hoping I'll find my heart young for the moment. When it is, I'll leave. You may be very sure of that!"

Salter gripped her by the wrist. "You'll go when I'm ready to say good-bye," he told her. "And not before."

From the hall came loud protestations.

"You cannot come in," they heard the butler insisting. "Everyone has retired for the night."

THEN a casual, confident voice. "I don't mind waiting. I really don't mind waiting at all."

A nonchalant young man stood in the doorway. He was smiling. His eyes sought Zara.

"Maria!" he called.

Zara laughed. "It's the crazy man I told you about," she told Salter, "the same one who came to my dressing-room and called me by that same strange name."

"Who are you?" Salter asked.

"Maria there *could* tell you," the stranger replied. "But since she will not, I will. Tony Boffi is my name. I'm an artist. A rather good artist, by the way. Maria there could also tell you that years ago I painted her portrait. It is, incidentally, about the

Weeks passed and still Zara had stayed without the circle of Bruno's arms. Bruno grew increasingly eager, but Zara begged, "Give me time, Bruno, give me time"

"If you have come for me," Zara told Salter, "you may as well go now"

Bruno stood looking down at the demented woman. "There is your real wife," declared Salter. "I found her in a sanitarium in Bucharest"

finest thing I ever did. In it she wears a soft white dress with a knot of wild flowers at her waist. The blue waters of Lake Garda are in the background."

"Lake Garda's in Italy," interposed Mop, fresh from the school-room.

Tony nodded. "So is Maria's husband," he went on. "I've come to take her to him."

"MAY I ask the gentleman's name?" Zara asked. She found all of this very amusing.

"Count Bruno Varelli," said Tony. "He is my best friend."

"I think I'll go make some coffee," announced the practical Mop. "We all seem to need it."

"Whatever your game, I don't relish it," Salter told Tony Boffi. "You're certainly misinformed about Zara here. She's not your countess. She's told me everything about her past."

"Not *everything!*" Zara corrected. Always when Salter attempted to take the upper hand she was quick to resent it, to call him to time.

"The events I'm talking about happened all of ten years ago," Tony explained.

"During the war . . ." It was as if Zara spoke to herself. You could not tell by her eyes whether she was looking backwards or forwards. Perhaps she realized that when she had least expected it her chance for escape had come

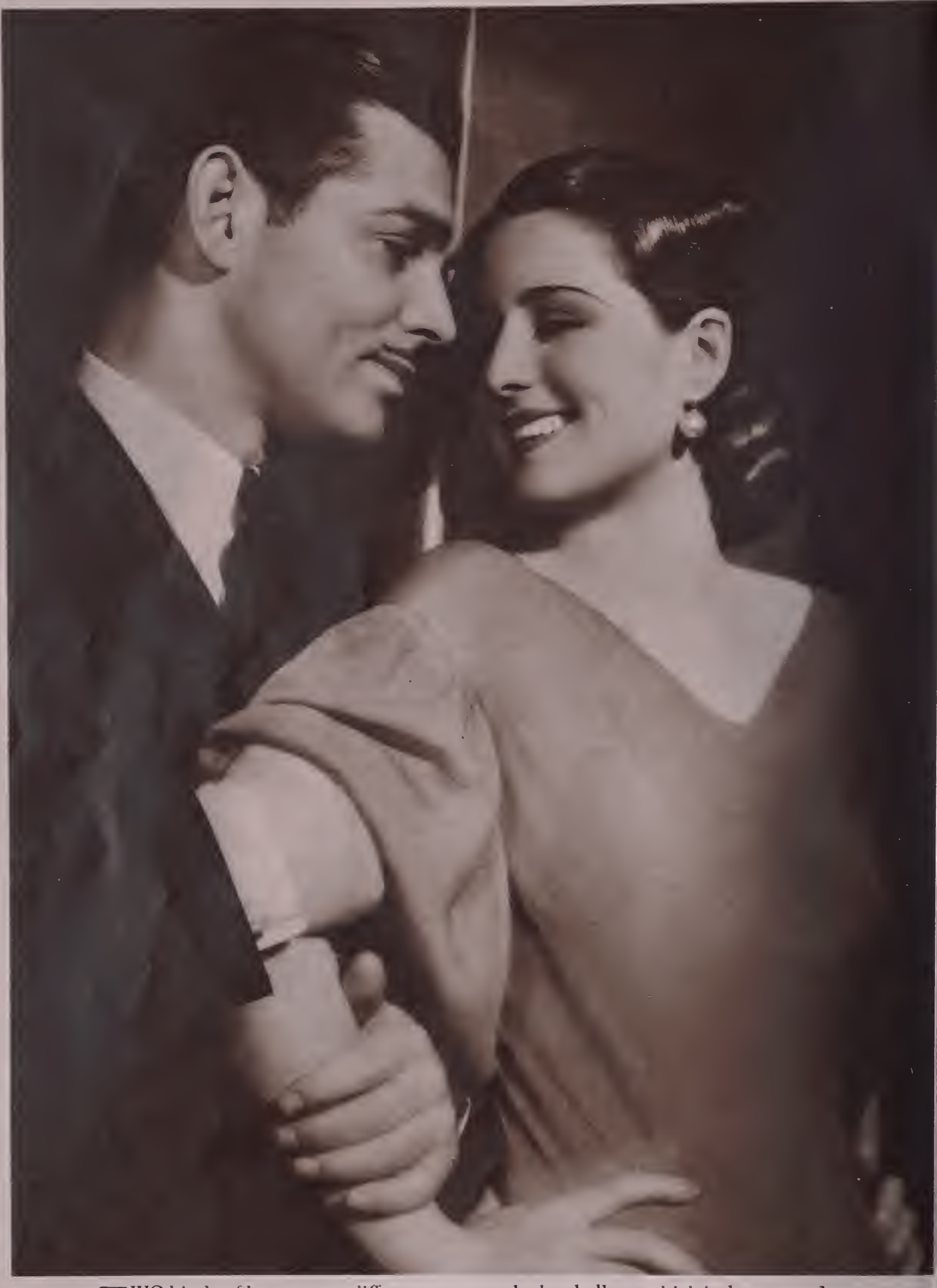
"You do not know who I am," whispered Zara. "You are my love," Bruno answered, "I know that and nothing else matters"

"Yes," said Tony, "it was during the war. Bruno Varelli came home to find his beautiful villa burned to the ground. His wife gone. Perhaps, Maria, knowing how he loved you, you'll understand what he suffered.

"At first, of course, we tried to keep the truth from him. But eventually he learned everything."

"*And the truth was?*" prompted Salter.

"The truth was," Tony was (*Continued on page* 108)



TWO kinds of love on two different pages, and who shall say which is the greatest? On this page, Norma Shearer and Clark Gable portray the love of the mature man and woman, sophisticated, disillusioned love. In "Strange Interlude" Norma (Nina Leeds) and Clark (Dr. Darrell) know what they want out of life and take it. They are sophisticated, daring moderns, so wise, so very wise

BUT are Nina Leeds and her lover wiser than these two crazy kids, who abandon themselves headlong to love, who don't know what they are doing because they are too much in love to know? Here is young love, passionate love, love that doesn't count the consequences. Constance Bennett and Neil Hamilton are the glorious young lovers in "What Price Hollywood"

FIVE foot six inches of Irish loveliness, Maureen O'Sullivan is always being squired about by some important young-man-about-Hollywood. The current crush is Jimmy Dunn. Finished with her Fox contract, Maureen was about to go back home when Metro signed her for "Tarzan." Her work in that thriller won her a contract

Maureen O'Sullivan doesn't look like a vamp. She doesn't act like one. But all men just naturally do things for her and fall in love with her

Men Love Her... Women Hate Her

And the Reasons Why That Happens to Any Girl are told in this Story on that Irish Starlet, Maureen O'Sullivan

By GLADYS HALL

IF you can believe it, this Hollywood girl whom men love and women hate is—Maureen O'Sullivan.

This five foot six inches, 116 pounds, brown-haired and Irish blue-eyed broth of a baby is the red heart of every man's desire—and the mote in every woman's eye.

It is surprising. Somehow, you expect a woman of the more smouldering, sultry and "dangerous" type to be loved by all men and feared and hated by all women. Some Dietrich, or an Estelle Taylor or even Lupe Velez or the enigmatic Jetta Goudal.

Yet every man on the Metro lot (I've heard 'em) says, sighing a little too gustily, "Gosh, she's sweet . . . !" And every woman all over the lot, showing a pearly fang or two says, "Oh, yes, *such* a *nice* girl—yessss!" I've heard *them*, too, dozens of times.

And I've looked at Maureen, usually clad in some trim little navy blue suit, with a white scarf about her neck, a blue beret on her naturally curly (that's enough to make any feminine woman hate her!) hair and low-heeled shoes on her small feet (*Continued on page* 96)

Movies of the Month

"Society Girl," with James Dunn and Peggy Shannon, isn't a great picture, but it has some nice human touches

By HARRY LANG

(Check ✓ for the good pictures. . Double check ✓✓ for the extraordinary ones that you shouldn't miss.)

THE big picture of the month is Garbo's "As You Desire Me." Movie Mirror is proud to present the fictionization of it in this issue. It is Garbo's last picture on her present M-G-M contract, and it is a fitting and beautiful farewell. As for what she will do next, her plans are still shrouded in mystery.

There are few really outstanding pictures this month, but a lot that represent okay entertainment.

The laugh seekers (and we must have laughs in the depression) will be delighted with "The Dark Horse" and Joe E. Brown's "Tenderfoot." Warren William, whose interesting performance in "The Mouthpiece" started a cycle of lawyer pictures, is also the leader in what looks like a coming cycle of political pictures.

Ramon Novarro gives a good performance in "Huddle," but it isn't the kind of picture Novarro fans have been asking for. He sings one Italian song in it and sings it delightfully, but Novarro fans won't be satisfied with anything less than a musical romance for Novarro, and this certainly isn't it.

In their eagerness to do something "different," Buck Jones plays a racing driver instead of a Western hero and Doug Junior a gossip monger. And soon, after "Strange Interlude," Shearer will go simple and sweet in "Smilin' Through" and Gaynor will go sophisticated in "The First Year."

✓✓ As You Desire Me (M-G-M)

You'll See: *Greta Garbo, Melvyn Douglas, Erich von Stroheim, Hedda Hopper, Owen Moore, Albert Conti.*

It's About: *A great love, and its testing. . . . (Fictionized in this issue.)*

Two brilliant performances by Kay Francis and William Powell save "The Jewel Robbery" from being just another picture

If it's true that Garbo is leaving (and as this is written, it seems to be), then at least this can be said: in this, her last picture, she is even more glamorous, more glorious, more fascinating than ever. Pirandello's novel of a woman of great moods, ably screen-adapted by Gene Markey, makes a nearly perfect vehicle for Garbo. And strangely fitting it is that the picture ends on a note of uncertainty, mystery—even as Garbo's future.

In "As You Desire Me," her farewell picture, Greta Garbo is more dazzling and glamorous than ever

"Love Is a Racket" is one of Doug Junior's weakest pictures, even though he and Ann Dvorak do their best

Warner Baxter's newest picture, "Man About Town," is a total waste of his talents, because it's outdated melodrama

It is in this picture that Garbo wears, for a while, a platinum wig, short haired. Then she's dazzling—and looks in her 'teens. Not a Garbo fan will cavil at this final picture.

The picture is splendidly mounted, directed, played by the supporting cast—and what a cast! Melvyn Douglas, the romantic lead, and Erich von Stroheim, in what might be called the "heavy" rôle, are outstanding. Also fine are Hedda Hopper, Owen Moore. Splendid is the photography, and the beauty of the love scenes invests the picture with an air of romance and glamour.

✓✓ The Dark Horse (Warner Bros.)

You'll See: *Warren William, Guy Kibbee, Bette Davis, Frank McHugh, Vivienne Osborne, others.*

It's About: *Politics—and what goes on behind the scenes of election campaigns, filmed for laughs.*

This rotund, jovial Mr. Guy Kibbee is very definitely taking rank as one of this reviewer's favorite actors, if that means anything to you. And if you don't feel the same way after seeing "The Dark Horse," then there's something wrong with one of us.

Although Warren William and Bette Davis get top billing in the cast, it's really Guy Kibbee's picture. He plays the rôle of a stupid compromise candidate, who commits almost every blunder a candidate could—even to being nearly caught in a badger game! Warren William, as the shrewd political trickster who handles the campaign and eventually saves the day, turns in a nice job. So does Bette Davis, as the stenographer he's in love with.

There's some swell dialogue in this, some keen situations, and a great dose of satire that's particularly timely. It's a picture you'll certainly enjoy.

✓✓ American Madness (Columbia)

You'll See: *Walter Huston, Constance Cummings, Pat O'Brien, Kay Johnson, Gavin Gordon, Edwin Maxwell.*

It's About: *How a man's faith in his fellows saves a big bank from crashing.*

The original title of this was "Faith." That's the title that ought to stay on it—because the entire picture is about faith. Walter Huston does a magnificent job as the bank president who isn't liked by his board of directors, but whose faith in his depositors is the only thing that saves the bank when a big run starts. Yes, that sounds as though it were a dull sort of story—but it's nothing of the kind. It's a living, humanly-told yarn, played by a brilliant cast of actors. And there's enough love-interest worked in with the main story to add all

Joe E. Brown's fans will be delighted with his newest comedy, "The Tenderfoot," with peppy little Ginger Rogers

the romance you'd want.

To Pat O'Brien go acting honors second only to Huston's.

✓ The Phantom Express (Franklin-Stoner)

You'll See: *Buster Collier, J. Farrell McDonald, Sally Blane, Hobart Bosworth, Lina Basquette, others.*

It's About: *Dirty work on the railroad, with a happy ending.*

In the silent days, Emory Johnson (who wrote and directed this one) was quite famous for his railroad melodramas. Now, with sound, he's repeating. This is sheer action stuff, packed with thrills and excitement. It makes no pretenses at being Art, or anything else but movie entertainment, and as such, it's worth an hour of your time.

The cast is excellent, with J. Farrell McDonald and Buster Collier working hard to take top honors from such a veteran trouper as Hobart Bosworth—and is Sally Blane sweet? *Is* she!

Can you imagine Ramon Novarro as a football player? He does his best in "Huddle," but he does seem miscast

✓ High Speed (Columbia)

You'll See: *Buck Jones, Loretta Sayers, Mickey McGuire, Pat O'Malley, Wallace MacDonald.*

It's About: *A speed-burning auto racer, suspended when framed in a race, gets a job driving a police radio car and turns the tables on the villains.*

Of course you're used to seeing Buck Jones ride horses, instead of racing automobiles. But after you see him in this, you'll admit that no matter what he rides, he *rides.*

It's melodrama, to the tune of roaring motors and crashes and dirty work; thrills aplenty. You meet Buck as a mechanic, who takes his pal's place in a race after a fatal crash, only to be the victim of some first-class double-crossing, which costs him the right to drive on the speedway. So, just lovin' autos as he does, he gets on the police force as a radio-car driver, and traps the villains who framed him in a crooked gambling deal. Not satisfied, he speeds back to the track, wins the race and the gal, and isn't it all swell?

✓ Week End Marriage (Warner Bros.)

You'll See: *Loretta Young, Norman Foster, George Brent, Aline McMahon, Grant Mitchell, others.*

It's About: *Two youngsters marry, find their jobs interfering with happiness, find their way to happiness at last.*

Here's a homey sort of tale about the kind of people you know and work with,

Guy Kibbee steals "The Dark Horse" from Warren William and Bette Davis. It's a merry comedy about election campaigns and their problems. It's not a great picture, but it's a nice one, and you probably will be glad you saw it.

Loretta Young has a rôle that's made to order for her, and she invests it with a sincerity and earnestness that does much to make the picture better. Opposite her, Norman Foster does a neat bit of work, too. But the swellest bit in the whole show goes to Aline McMahon, a mighty clever actress, in the sequence where she tells Loretta how to make the boy friend propose.

Loretta Young gives a sincere and earnest performance in "Week End Marriage," which is a nice picture

✓ Marked Men (Universal)

You'll See: *Tom Mix, Fred Kohler, Lucille Powers, Willard Robertson.*

It's About: *A ranger does some detective work, nails the boss of the outlaw gang.*

You either like westerns or you don't. And you either like Tom Mix or you don't. This is a Tom Mix western, and as such, there's nothing more need be said. Tom and Tony have a huge legion of fans, and they're going to cheer when he cuts loose with his six-shooters in this one, just as they always do.

The plot has to do with Tom posing as a famous bandit, thereby getting the confidence of the crooked gang he's been sent to get. His aim, though, is to find the mysterious "chief" of the gang—and he does, of course. Whee. . . . ! ! ! ! And incidentally, Tom Mix is one western star who knows the value of plenty of laughs in his films. This has 'em galore.

If you like Westerns and Tom Mix, you'll like "Marked Men"

"Forgotten Commandments," the talkie remake of "The Ten Commandments," lacks punch, but it serves to introduce sex-appealish Sari Maritza

✓The Jewel Robbery (Warner Bros.)

You'll See: *Kay Francis, William Powell, Alan Mowbray, Hardie Albright, Helen Vinson.*

It's About: *A super-super jewel thief and his love life.*

This is very fictiony stuff, laid in Vienna, and played against a lot of gorgeous sets. It's not the answer to "we-want-films-about-everyday-people-like-we-know," but it is a lot of exciting, sometimes blush-y entertainment.

You see, it's about one of these suave rafflesy sort of crook, and what happens when a gorgeous woman falls in love with him right while he's engineering a big jewel robbery. He escapes, and where do you suppose the police find him? Why, in the lady's apartment. But he escapes again. And she follows.

William Powell and Kay Francis turn in two excellent performances. Without their artistry, the picture would probably have been a bit boring. But Powell, the suave, and Kay, more beautiful than ever, make it for the most part enjoyable. So if you're a Powell fan or a Kay Francis fan, see this.

Buck Jones' newest picture, "High Speed," isn't a Western but an auto-racing picture, and it's a good one, too

Walter Huston delivers a grand performance in "American Madness," a story about a bank president's faith

"New Morals for Old" is very ordinary screen entertainment, even though promising newcomer Robert Young is in the cast

✓Society Girl (Fox)

You'll See: *Jimmy Dunn, Peggy Shannon, Spencer Tracy, Walter Byron, Bert Hanlon, others.*

It's About: *How a young prize fighter goes haywire about a society girl who just kids him along for a new thrill—until, uh huh, love comes. . . .*

Nothing great about this, but it's human and entertaining and heart-touching in places. Jimmy Dunn has a strange sort of wistfulness about him that makes him likeable; it goes a great way to make the film enjoyable.

The story is comparatively simple. A championship-bound fighter meets a society girl, falls for her. She kids him along, and all the anger of the pug's manager (splendidly played by Spencer Tracy) can't snap the kid out of it—until she tells him it's all off. Then he loses the big fight, but comes back when the gal comes back and tells him she loves him anyway.

Unusual in pictures, the fight scenes were really swell. They don't look "faked" like the great majority of fight scenes.

You may cavil a bit at the superfluity of talk, talk, talk in some sequences. But even despite that, you'll probably check "Society Girl" once as okay.

✓ The Tenderfoot (Warner Bros.)

You'll See: *Joe E. Brown, Ginger Rogers, Peanuts Byron, Vivienne Oakland, Lew Cody.*

It's About: *How a happy-go-lucky boob from a Texas ranch turns the tables on the big-town slickers who try to "take" him.*

Joe E. Brown's fans have had things to cheer about, in his recent row of talkies. This one's another—for those who like Ol' Mammoth Cave, here's another scream; for those who are just lukewarm about Joe E., they'll like it anyway. Because it's good down-to-earth comedy, broad and thick, and well laid on!

Joe is a sombrero-wearing, gun-totin' cowboy from the wide open spaces, who comes to town with a lot of money. Some theatrical promoters get him to back a show, which flops. But is Joe discouraged? Ah, don't be silly. Joe goes right ahead, and of course, all ends happily.

The film is 99.94 percent Joe E. Brown. What's left is capably handled by such peppy babies as Ginger Rogers, Peanuts Byron, et al. Lew Cody is the slicker whose intentions toward Joe's $20,000 aren't at all honorable.

Huddle (M-G-M)

You'll See: *Ramon Novarro, Una Merkel, Madge Evans, Henry Armetta, Ralph Graves, John Arledge, others.*

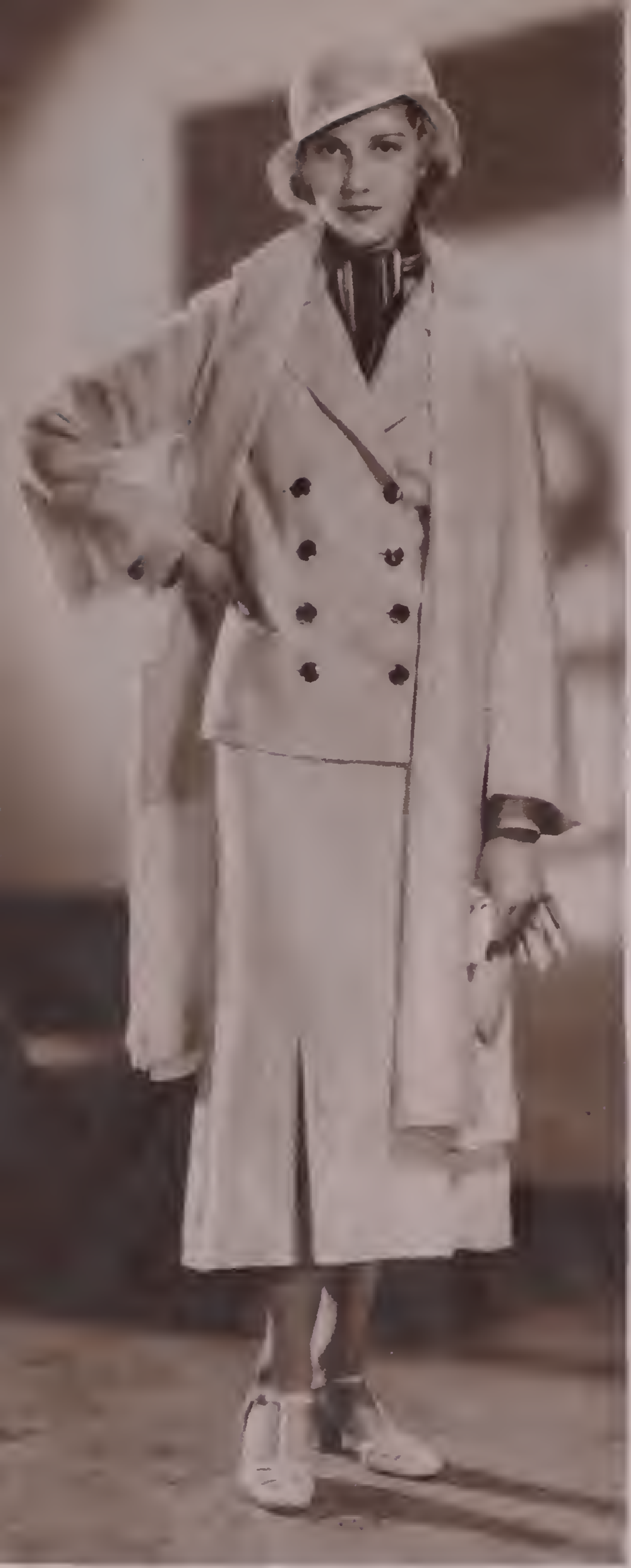
It's About: *The college, campus, gridiron adventures of a poor "wop's" son who wins a scholarship and makes good in every way.*

So you couldn't imagine (*Continued on page* 106)

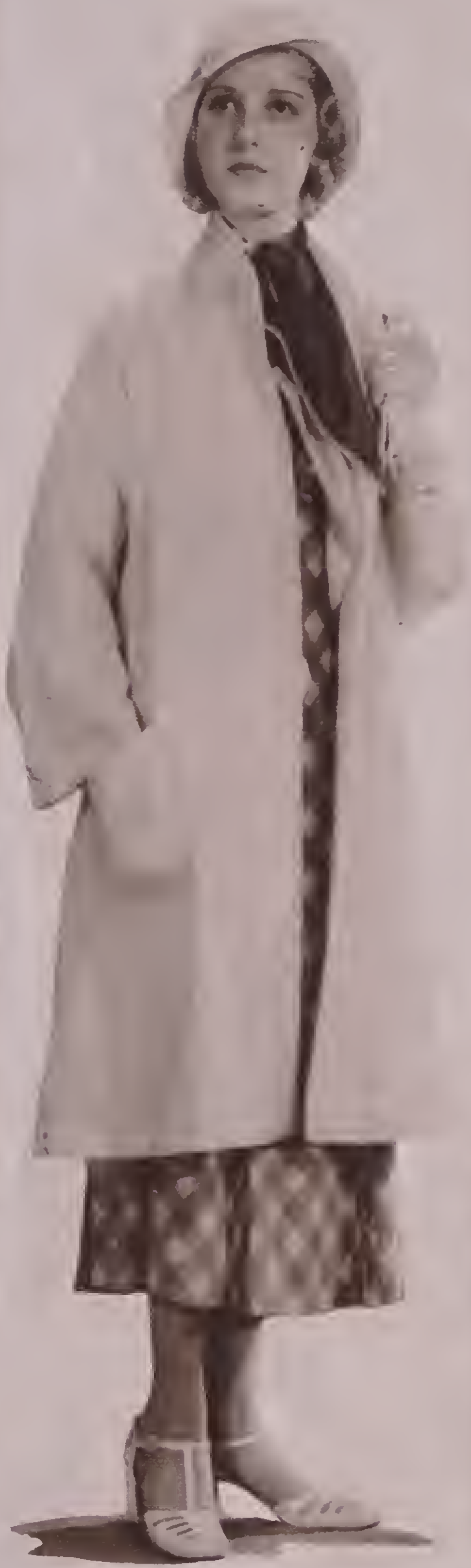
JOAN MARSH registering What Every Young Man Would Like to Have in His Home. We herewith award Joan the undisputed crown as the prettiest girl in pictures. Consider that hair, that smile, that youth and those knees. Ain't all that sompin? Joan's next picture is for Fox

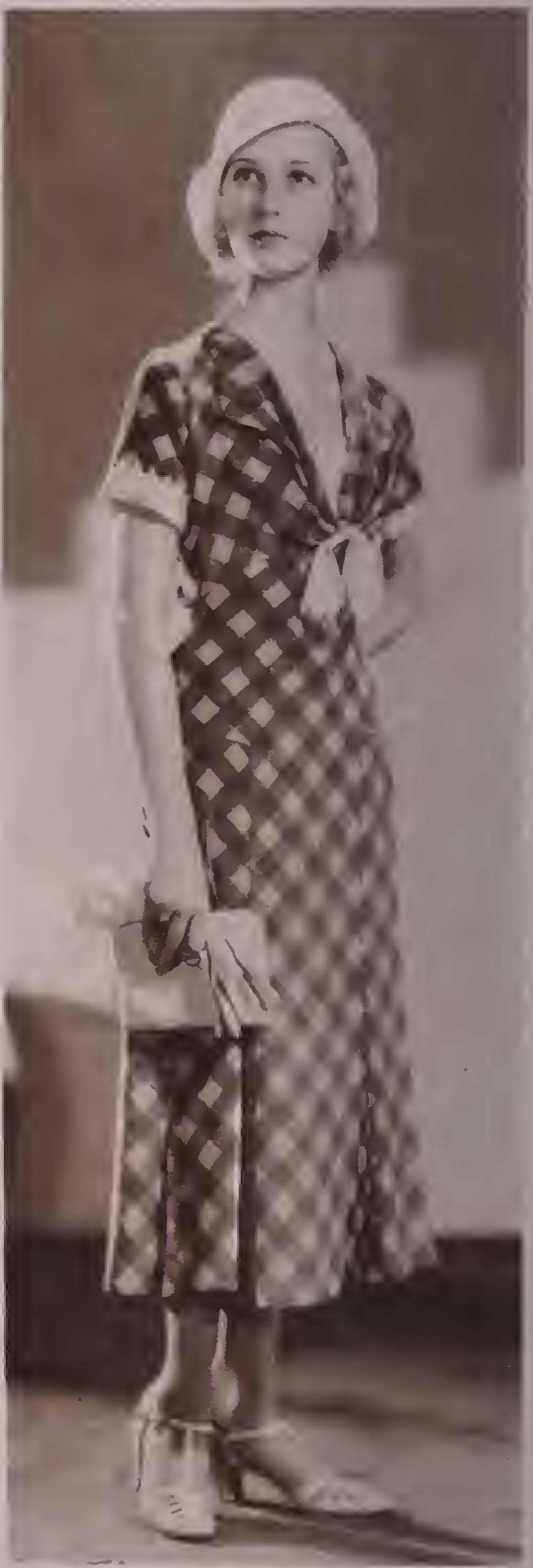
Dressing on One Hundred

By MARGARET



A suit (with simple lines so that it can be easily pressed at home) is the first necessity of a smart wardrobe where the number of models you can have is limited. This little number costs $19.50





A coat in a neutral tone with a plain neckline is next in importance. It can be worn with the suit or dresses. A print dress is proper attire for afternoon affairs

EDITOR'S NOTE: *One summer a New York society girl named Margaret McCoy gave up her annual trip to Europe. She still calls the day blessed. She remained at home to become Mrs. Brock Pemberton, wife of a then dramatic critic, who is now a noted theatrical producer.*

As an outgrowth of her marriage, plus an instinctive flair for clothes, Margaret Pemberton has become one of the foremost fashion authorities in America.

When her husband attempted to produce his own plays, Mrs. Pemberton offered to help with the costumes. They were the talk of New York. Other producers came to solicit her aid. Her fame grew.

For the past four years Mrs. Pemberton functioned as head of the theatrical department of Saks-Fifth Avenue, New York.

The Woman Who Dresses Constance Stars Proves that Any Girl Can Be

Now she is devoting her time and talent to the screen. As style consultant of the RKO Studio, she is responsible for the costumes worn by such favorites as Constance Bennett, one of the best dressed women in Hollywood, Dolores Del Rio, Ann Harding,

Perfectly and Fifty Dollars

PEMBERTON

A separate flannel jacket can be combined with the skirt of the suit for sports wear, or if you want to be even more informal, a pair of slacks can be donned

The "limited" girl's evening frock should be simple in line, simple in material. A plain little evening jacket and an evening bag in tones that match one's slippers complete the ensemble

Bennett, Ann Harding and Other Smart, Despite A Limited Income

Helen Twelvetrees, Irene Dunne and the new discovery, Gwili Andre.

Beyond the stage and screen, Mrs. Pemberton's knowledge of clothes extends to every phase of the subject. In this article she gives the benefit of her wide experience and close contacts with fashion sources to the girl whose problem is that of dressing on a moderate income.

A WARDROBE is like a problem in arithmetic. Before you can work it out you have to have all your factors before you.

The formula is a simple one:

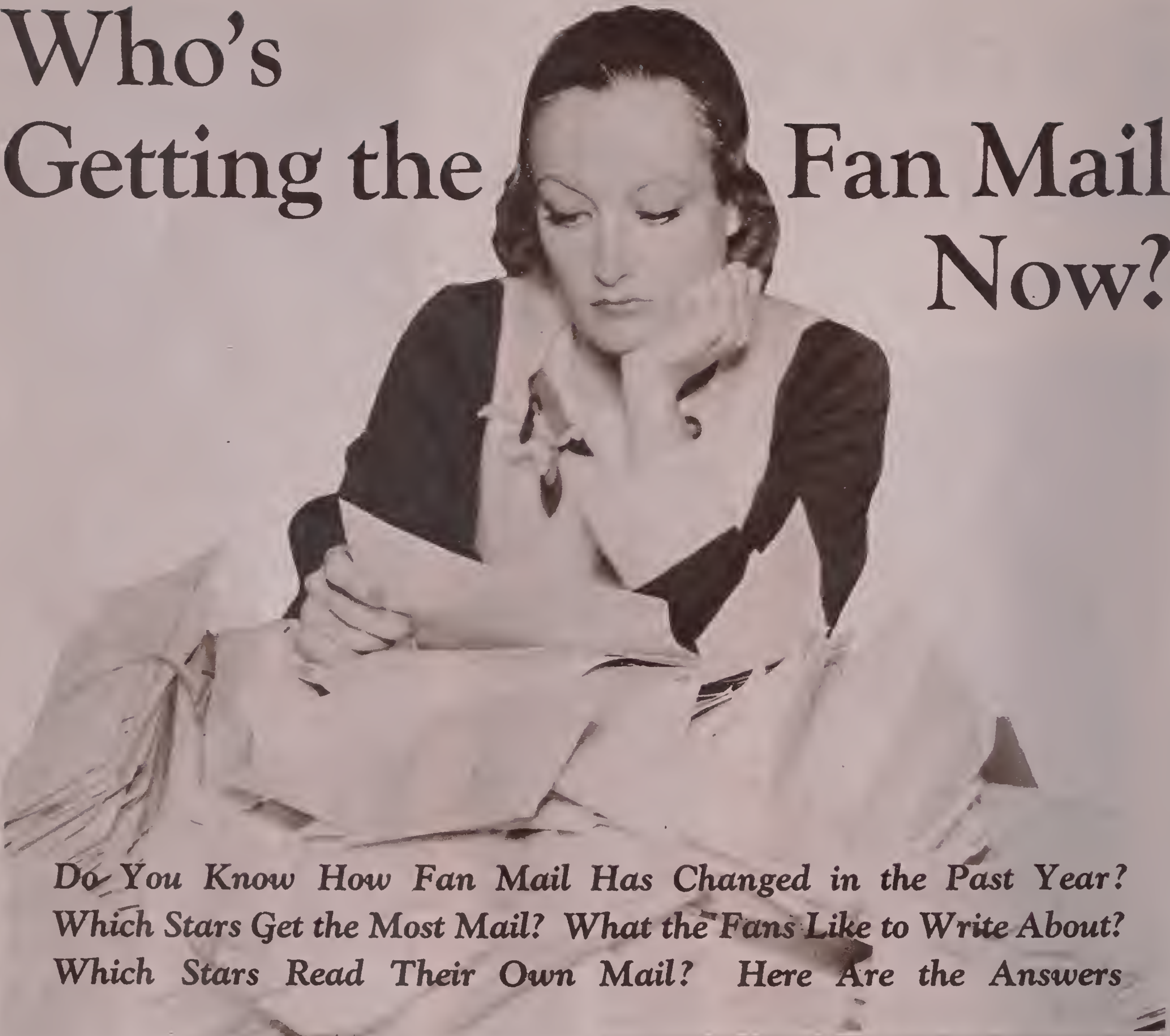
A: How much have I to spend?

B: What do I have to buy?

Divide A by B—and there's the answer.

Of course it isn't *quite* as simple as all that, but it's the basic plan to solve the problem. (*Cont. on page* 110)

Who's Getting the Fan Mail Now?



Do You Know How Fan Mail Has Changed in the Past Year? Which Stars Get the Most Mail? What the Fans Like to Write About? Which Stars Read Their Own Mail? Here Are the Answers

By GORDON R. SILVER

ALL the world seems to have something to say to screen stars, and what's more, they say it—in letters! Nothing bashful to fans when it comes to writing their favorites. It's still their pet mania—and, regardless of what you might think, the stars do like it. As Marie Dressler not long ago remarked:

"It's a bit expensive taking care of fan mail, yes, but what if fans DIDN'T write us?" Good-hearted, human Marie—yet wise enough to know it's good policy to have the public like her.

However, there are some changes that the past year has brought to the fan mail situation. Did you know, for instance:

That fan mail has fallen down? The incoming Hollywood postal tide still brings thousands of letters, but a slight decrease has been noted at the studios. This may be a result of the depression (it's been blamed for everything else!).

That, while on the whole, fan mail has fallen off a bit, foreign mail has increased? Evidently, the voices of our stars (or the foreign voices used in their place), have made an impression on foreigners!

Joan Crawford's mail (at top) is practically all about clothes. She's the style idol of Hollywood. James Cagney is one of the five leading mail men in Hollywood

That Clara Bow, Billie Dove, Nancy Carroll and Charles Rogers, who a couple of years ago practically dominated the Hollywood letter-bag, now receive but mere handfuls in comparison? Likewise, Charlie Chaplin's mail has dropped to about thirty per cent of normal and Mary's and Doug's is down to even less.

THAT, not Garbo or Gable or Crawford or Shearer receive the most mail at the present time, but Janet Gaynor, Warner Baxter, Sylvia Sidney, James Cagney and Ramon Novarro?

Charles Bickford got the nicest fan letter—a rare old bit of Mexican pottery acting as a sort of envelope to a long letter

Women ask Connie Bennett about beauty, charm and clothes. Men tell her how much they admire her

Such are the latest revelations. And, despite the fact that you wouldn't know it from glancing at some burning epistles, fan letters are far more intelligent and interesting than in the silent days. The studios brag that even college professors, lawyers, doctors, bankers, school teachers and prominent business men now regularly pen profundities to favorites about their portrayals, the subtleties of story and so on.

Other surprises in present reckonings are that Greta Garbo gets much less mail than formerly from her native Sweden, while Dolores Del Rio gets bushels and bushels of it from that country! On the other hand, El Brendel, who looks, acts, and talks like a Swede but isn't, is a real idol with all the Scandinavians.

Fan mail doesn't always stop when a player ceases to be a top-notcher in pictures. In fact, in some cases it increases! For example, Alice White is getting enormous mail right now. She is, by the way, the darling of the Atlantic and Pacific fleets. About every other letter to her is from a gob—some of them having been faithful writers for years. Nick Stuart and Rex Bell still get enough mail to worry their mailmen. And they haven't lately been doing so much on the screen.

CONSTANCE BENNETT and Joan Crawford are the two style idols of "Glitter-town." Joan's mail is practically all about clothes, in fact. Connie's mail is divided into three classes—from women who crave advice on beauty, charm or clothes, from the usual admiring males, and from folks asking for this or for that. She receives possibly the highest percentage of begging letters of any of the stars. Recently, she has had "requests" for evening gowns, fur coats, lounging pajamas, radio sets, Persian rugs, sets of books and old magazines! And one woman even wrote for some money so she could buy a new set of false teeth!

Clark Gable is the present man-of-the-hour as far as the "mash" note is concerned. Outside of the fact that he says he takes care of his mail, he is very secretive about it. Lest some fan pips up "maybe his wife won't let him read it!", I hasten to add that Ria Gable's a good scout and gets as great a "kick" as her husband out of the letters.

Warner Baxter types his own replies to fan mail. He gets more of it more steadily than any other star on the Fox lot

Sylvia Sidney, according to the Paramount statisticians, leads all others of that studio in bulk of fan mail. The expert number workers give her the throne once held by Clara Bow. Maybe it was Sylvia's infectious little grin or maybe the great sympathy endowed upon her recent rôles in "Ladies of the Big House" and "Street Scene" that did the trick. Anyway, in the short space of little more than a year, she's become one of the most popular actresses on the screen and she takes a tremendous interest in her huge mail. Sylvia also gets more letters from South America than any other player.

COLLEGE students, both boys and girls, have taken to writing letters with frightful efficiency. After "Are These Our Children?" was released, Rochelle Hudson and Eric Linden received literally tons of letters from the 18- to 25-year-old-class telling them that the picture had been a real inspiration. One boy wrote that he wasn't going to drink or pet promiscuously any longer because of the lessons of the picture, but save himself and his love for a real girl! The sophisticated college youth of the country approve most strongly of Ronald Colman and write him regularly. The co-eds adore Norma Shearer, William Bakewell, Charles Farrell, David Manners, and Joel McCrea.

Joel, together with Eric Linden and Sidney Fox, make up the "deluged with proposals" Hollywood trio. Joel and Eric, since the beginning of 1932, have had hundreds of proposals. In one letter three chums proposed to Eric, asking that he accept any one of them, assuring him that the other two would be glad of the friend's good fortune and not jealous! Sidney Fox gets an offer of marriage every few days. And she says they aren't at all frivolous but very serious.

All the stars, of course, receive a certain quota of marriage-offers. There's an Austrian countess who has proposed to poor Gary Cooper so many times that he now has a form letter printed for answering her! Russell Gleason got his first leap year proposal from a girl in Ohio. She wrote him that she was tired of working and wanted to marry him!

In a little over a year, Sylvia Sidney became the fan mail champion of Paramount

In spite of these things and in spite of salary cuts, one-per-cent "holdups" for the studio's unemployed and other existing conditions, many players continue to be most meticulous about caring for their mail, sending personal replies to letters that catch their fancy, etc. Ivan Lebedeff is particularly enthusiastic in this respect. Due largely to his letter-writing and photograph-sending, he has built up a fan club that reaches around the world. Ivan replies personally to many fans and always sends out his autographed photo when it's asked for, although he admits it's costing him a pretty penny to do this.

LEW AYRES, likewise, has established a great fan following by the interest he takes in his mail. He gets over 2,000 letters a week. Since "All Quiet On the Western Front," about every feminine fan in the nation has written to him. His getting married to Lola Lane didn't cause his admirers to retire shyly at all—instead, his mail increased. The same applies to the marriages of Charles Farrell-Virginia Valli and Ben Lyon-Bebe Daniels. Richard Dix used to be the champion fan mail receiver of the RKO lot. A great portion of it was from women, but this, in his case, has fallen off since his marriage. On the other hand, his masculine letters have increased. One girl wrote him every week for four years. She would go on mountain trips and write him lengthy but beautiful descriptions, feeling that he, too, loved the out-doors. Since he was married she has ceased to write. Incidentally, right after his marriage, four women wrote that they were going to commit suicide! Dix, by the way, is the admired of the admired by the American Indians.

The studio hides most of Marie Dressler's fan mail where she can't see it, because Marie tries to answer every letter

Ever since Jimmy Dunn appeared in "Bad Girl" he has received letters from young couples asking how to raise babies

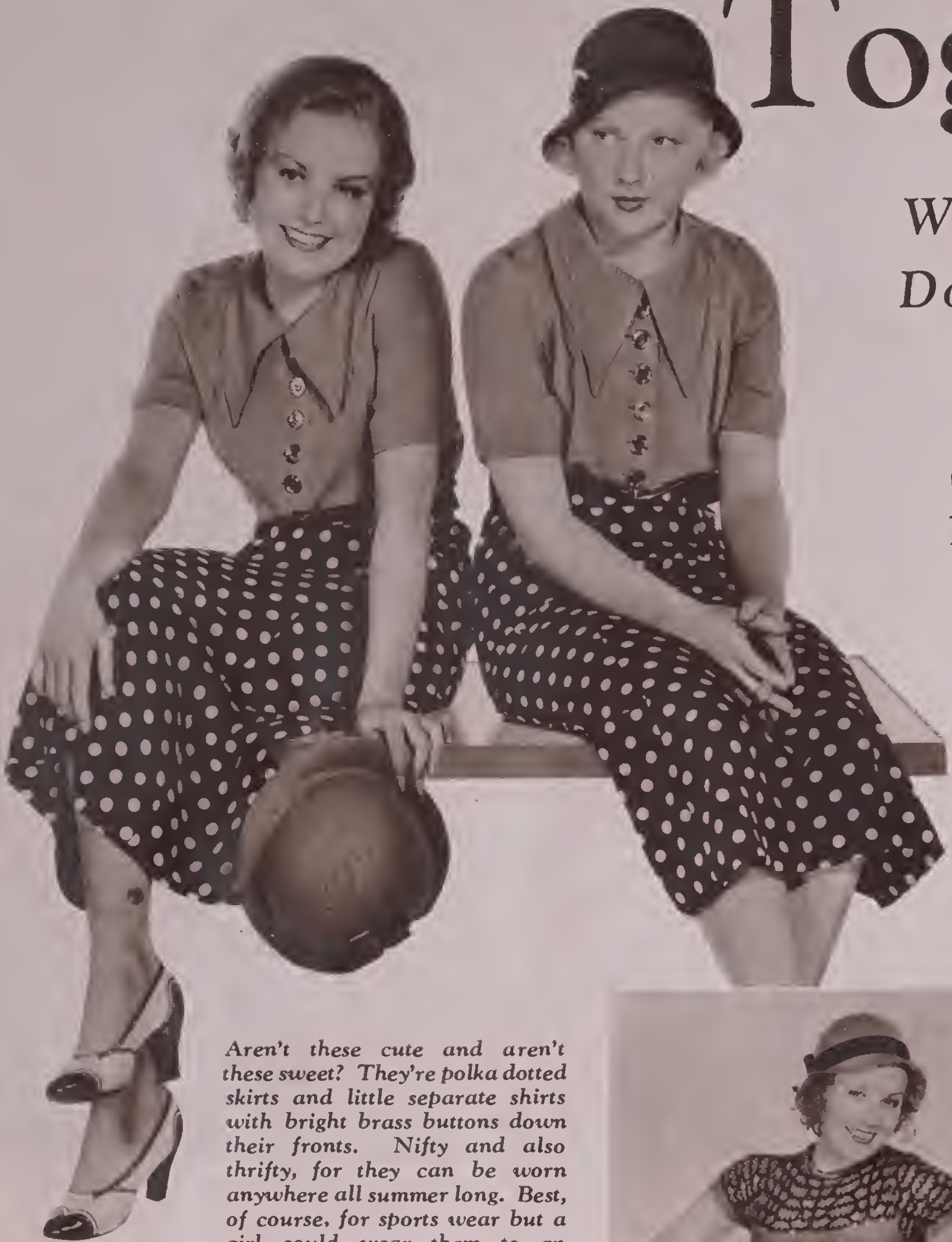
Possibly the two who enjoy their fan mail the most are Irene Dunne and Marie Dressler. Irene receives a huge volume of mail from both men and women and all is of an exceptionally intelligent order. Pioneer women simply rave over her, as do women in the country and small towns. She reads all her mail herself and writes scores of personal notes in her spare moments.

MARIE'S mail has always held her interest and many are the fans who can point with pride to long letters with her dashing signature at the end. Just recently a man wrote her and casually mentioned the fact that he attended his local theater to see her in "Emma" and liked it so well he stayed to see it over, forgetting about his parked car out front! When he went home he carried a traffic ticket with him that cost him two dollars. He thought this a good joke on him, he told Marie. But sympathetic (*Continued on page 98*)

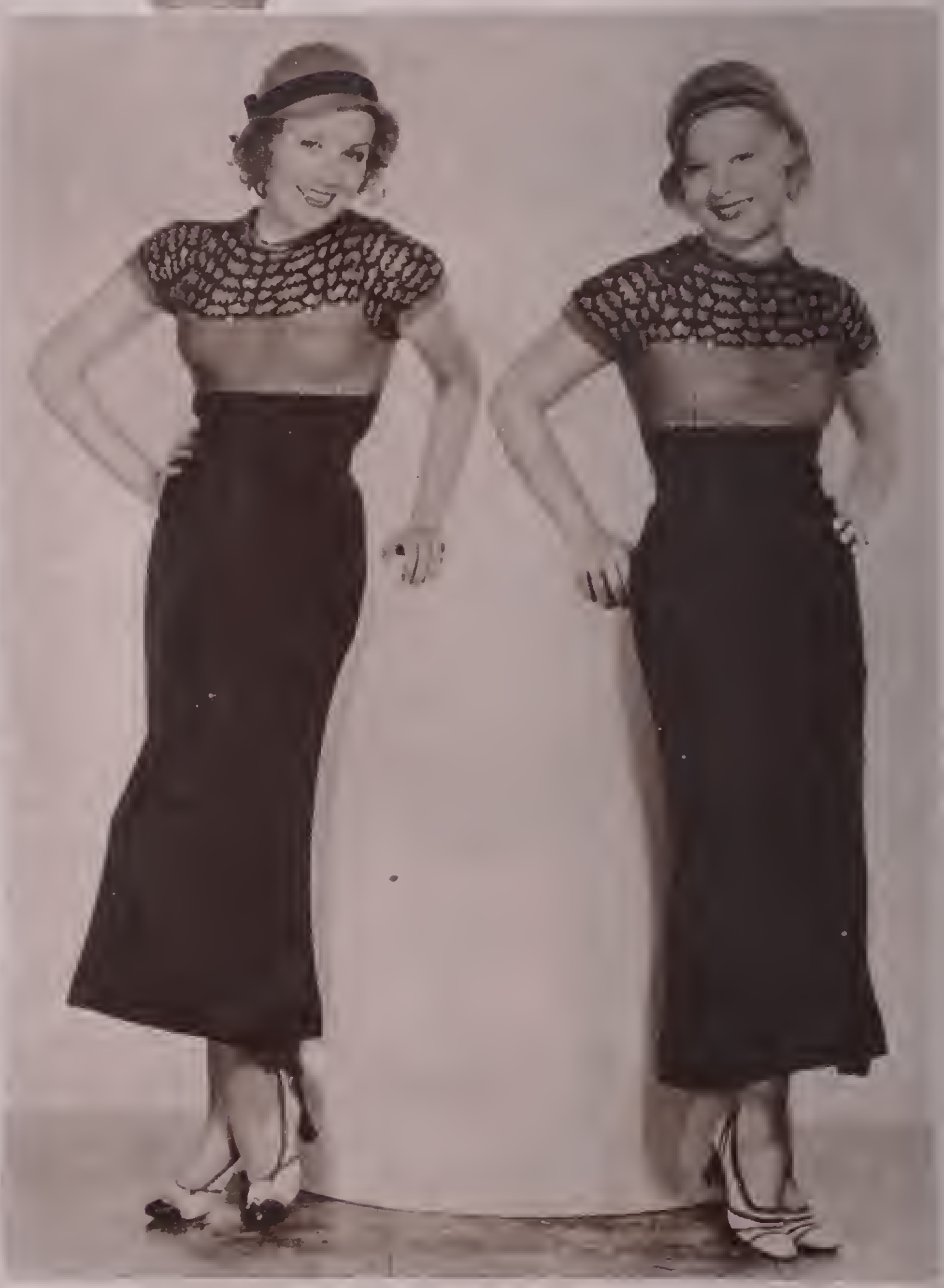
Togs for

When Sisters Want Double and Feel is Duplicate

(Clothes Modeled
Mirror by Joan Marsh



Aren't these cute and aren't these sweet? They're polka dotted skirts and little separate shirts with bright brass buttons down their fronts. Nifty and also thrifty, for they can be worn anywhere all summer long. Best, of course, for sports wear but a girl could wear them to an office if she just had to. The hats are soft little felt pull-ons in dark brown to match the brown and white dotted skirts. The blouses are very light beige

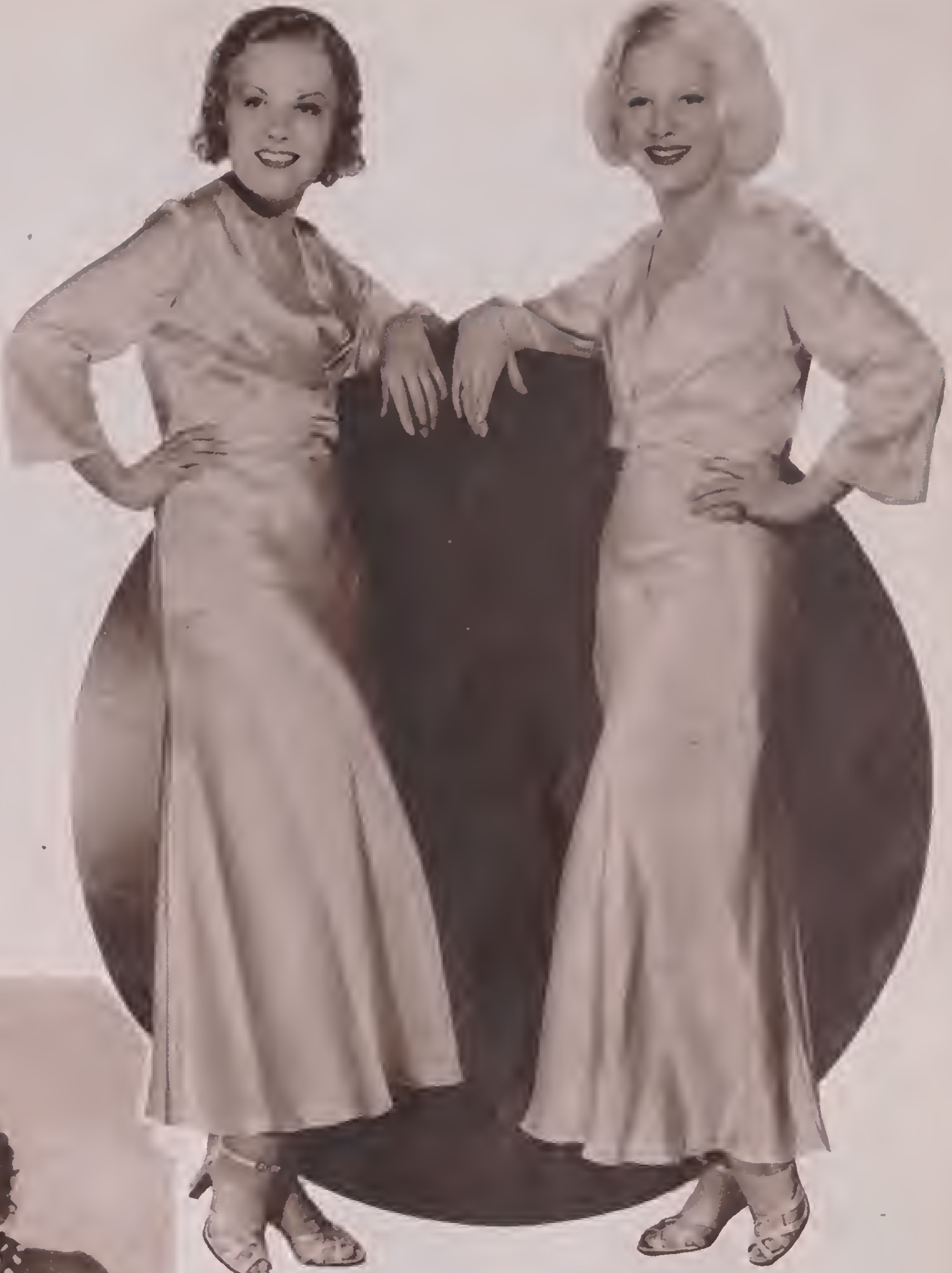


Here the twins go in for knitted dresses, much smarter this season, we warn you, than sweaters and separate skirts. To prove they are dated this year and not last, the dresses are knitted with particularly high waistlines (not for fat girls) and have little round necks that give that oh, so, necessary young-innocence look. These little pets, being blondes, have the dresses in dark blue with the bodice in white and lighter blue about the shoulder-line. Their sport shoes are white buckskin with blue trim

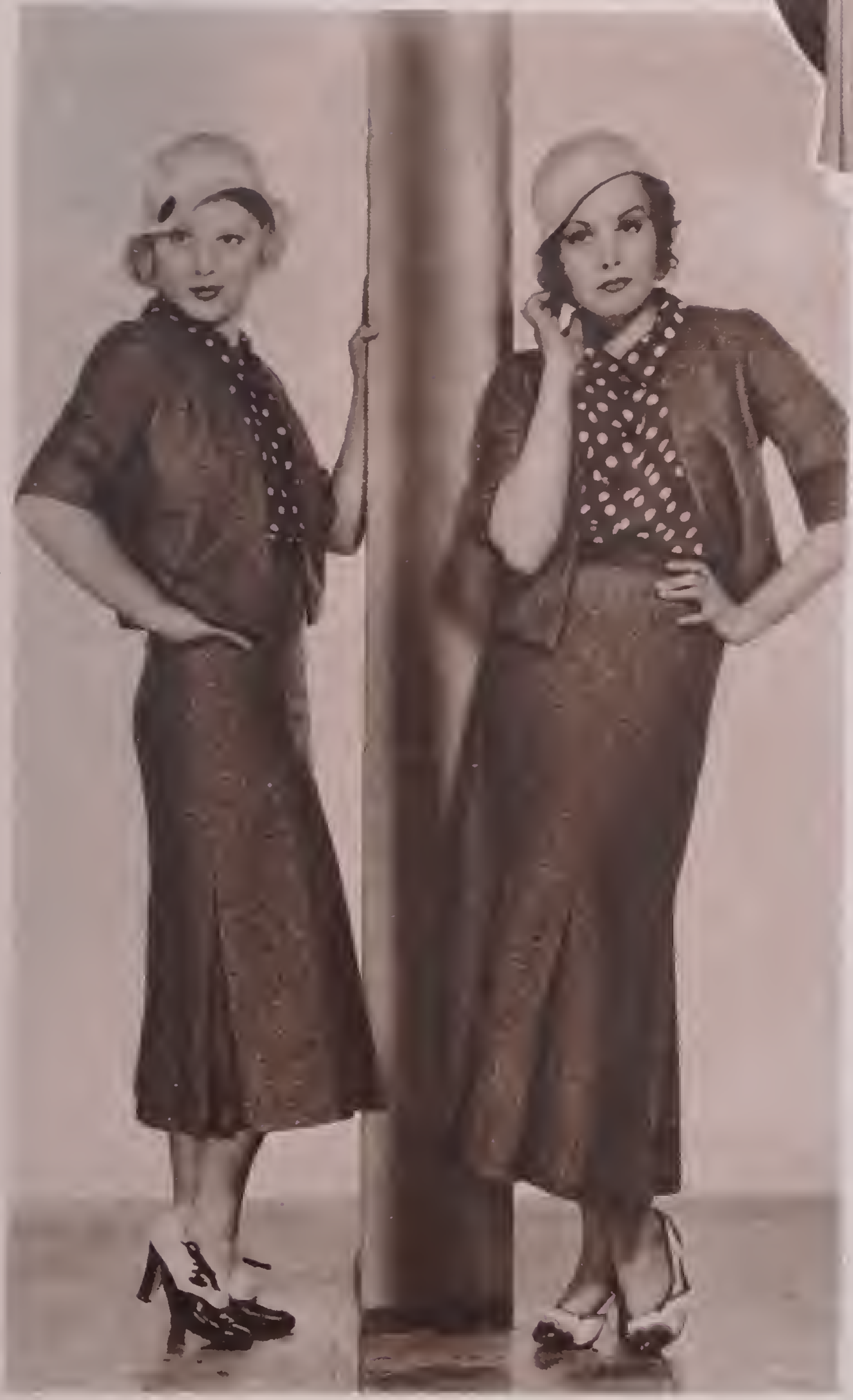
Twins

to Make All Men See Single, the Best Trick Dresses

Exclusively for Movie
and Mary Carlisle
of M-G-M)

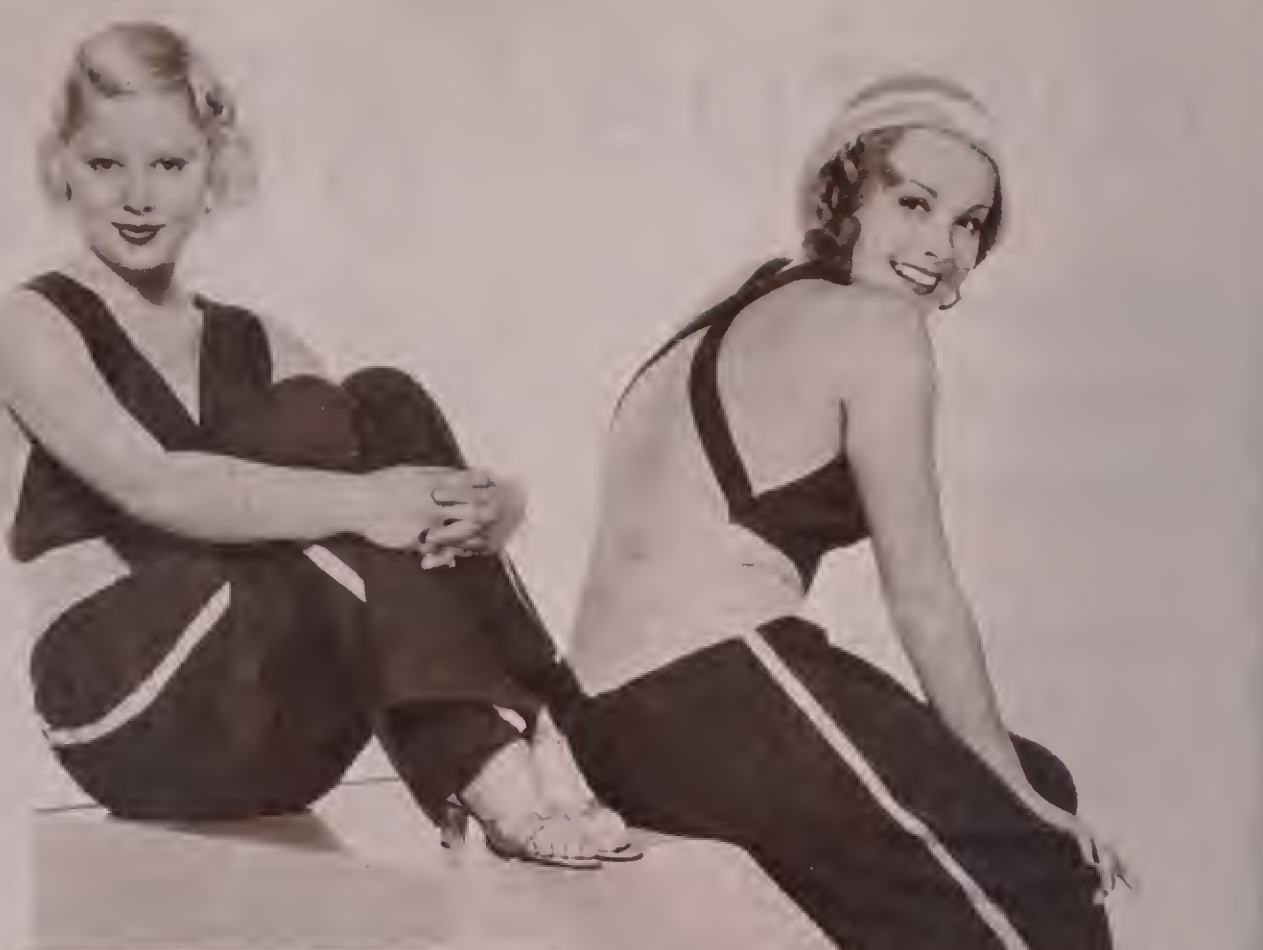


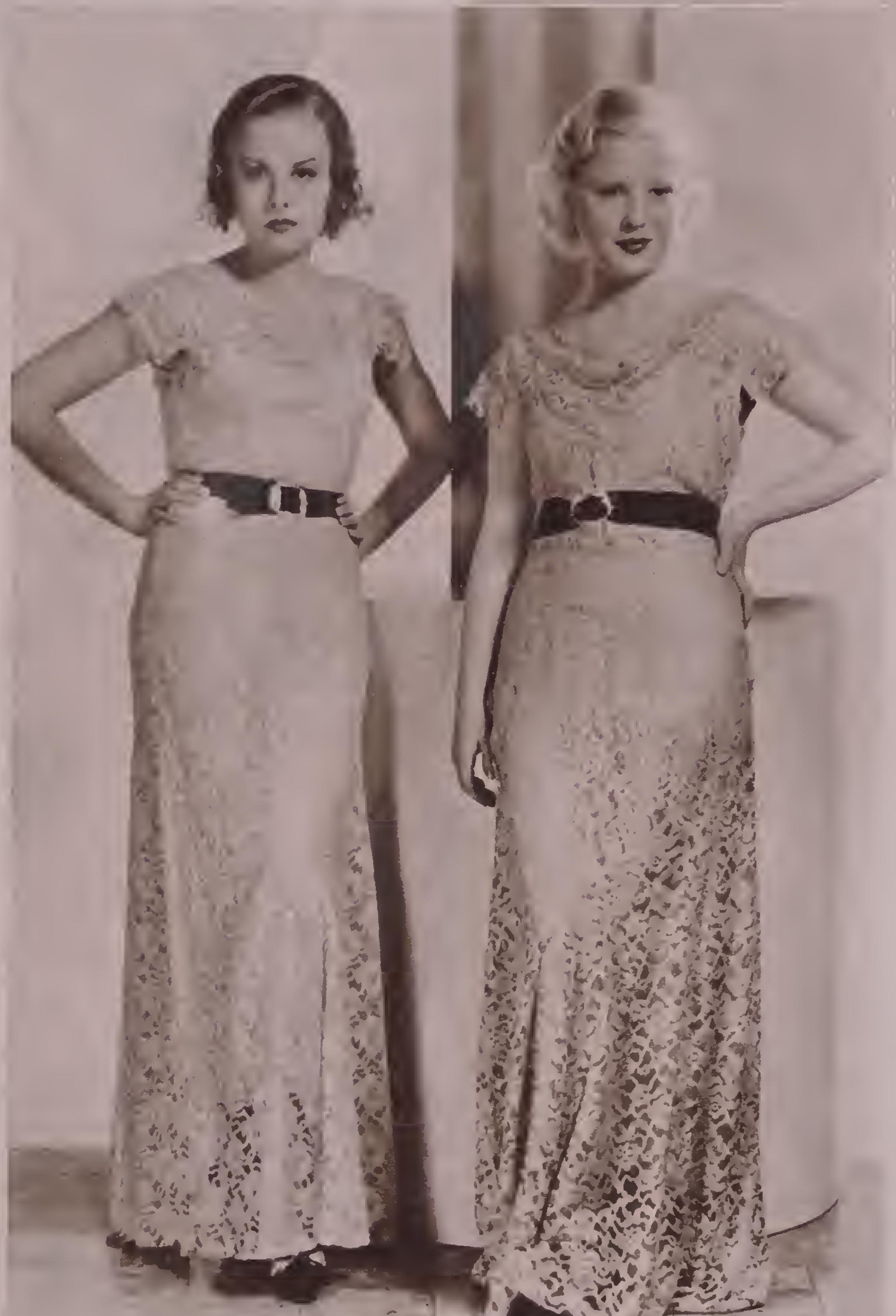
Do these look like evening dresses? Well, they are. But they are also sport dresses. The trick is achieved by taking off the little three-quarter sleeved jackets. Under them are the low-cut bodices of the dresses, with sun tan backs. The jackets make the dresses correct for dancing and dining. The dress without the jacket is correct for the beach. The whole comes in pastel satins and with it the twins wear cut-out sandals and nary a stocking



No summer wardrobe can possibly be complete unless there's a suit in it somewhere, for a girl is just off one train and on another all season long, unless she's always motoring, or is an awful flat tire. The twins, accordingly, choose these jaunty models of lightest weight wool, because that doesn't wrinkle and is so very chic, with polka dotted blouses. The short sleeves are très good right now

Pajamas used to be something you wore to bed. Then they became something you wore on the beach, or at tea at home. Now they are an absolute necessity in the wardrobe of a well-dressed girl. You should, if you are keeping up with things, have them in various models and materials. These are jersey, green with white stripes and such backs as they have are a pair of suspenders, criss-crossing





But even in summer a girl must get dressed up dressy every once in a while. And what could be sweeter than lace? It's charming, it doesn't wrinkle easily, it's cool and it's werry werry feminine. Our blonde babies choose egg-shell lace with black velvet belt and a big rhinestone buckle. Their slippers are black velvet, too

SPEAK for YOURSELF

Letters from Our Readers

THE $20.00 LETTER

A Cure for the Blues

Downhearted and discouraged from lack of employment these many months past, I stood back from the curb out of a dreary, drizzling rain yesterday. Suddenly I decided to go inside a movie house nearby and pass the time away, despite my lack of spare money.

"Arsene Lupin" was the feature for the day, followed by a comedy with Thelma Todd and ZaSu Pitts in some sort of Turkish bath cure for colds. For half an hour I sneezed with Thelma and shrieked at ZaSu's "Oh dear's" until I forgot entirely to be worried or blue. I came home whistling, got out the old lawn mower and surprised the neighbors by shaving the neglected lawn, trimmed the hedges and dug up a little plot of ground for mother's roses. Before we retired we drew up plans and found we could transplant a number of bulbs, sow some seeds and make a goodly sized garden bed. It is our aim to make a comfortable living with flowers this summer, besides raising our own vegetables.

And this discovery all made from a cheerful state of mind after seeing a picture show. And there wasn't a flower bed or "cabbage seed" in either picture.

Clifton Ray,
Miami, Fla.

This is your department. You can say what you want in it. You can rave or knock all you want. We award seven prizes every month—$20 First Prize; $10 Second; and five prizes of $1 each. Prize letters must be 200 words or less. Address Movie Mirror, 8 West 40 St., N. Y.

THE $10.00 LETTER

From A Little Girl With a Lot of Responsibility

I am faced with the big problem of rearing and training six small children, of whom I am the oldest. (I am eighteen years of age.) However, I was fortunate enough to find the movies a valuable ally in helping me to rear and train these tots properly.

They are at the impressionable age when everything they see or hear makes an indelible effect upon them. By carefully selecting the motion pictures they see, I am trying to develop in them standards of conduct, judgment and appreciation.

Imagine how I feel, ushering six small children into a trolley car and to the theater. The conductor and the ticket clerk in the theater always start counting—1-2-3-4-5-6-7. But I don't mind it any more. As long as I know I am doing right. Doing it for their welfare.

They are quick to notice the personalities among the screen stars, and each have their favorites. All greatly admire Janet Gaynor; "Skippy" (as they call Jackie Cooper); "Emma" (Marie Dressler, of course); and "The Champ" (Wallace Beery).

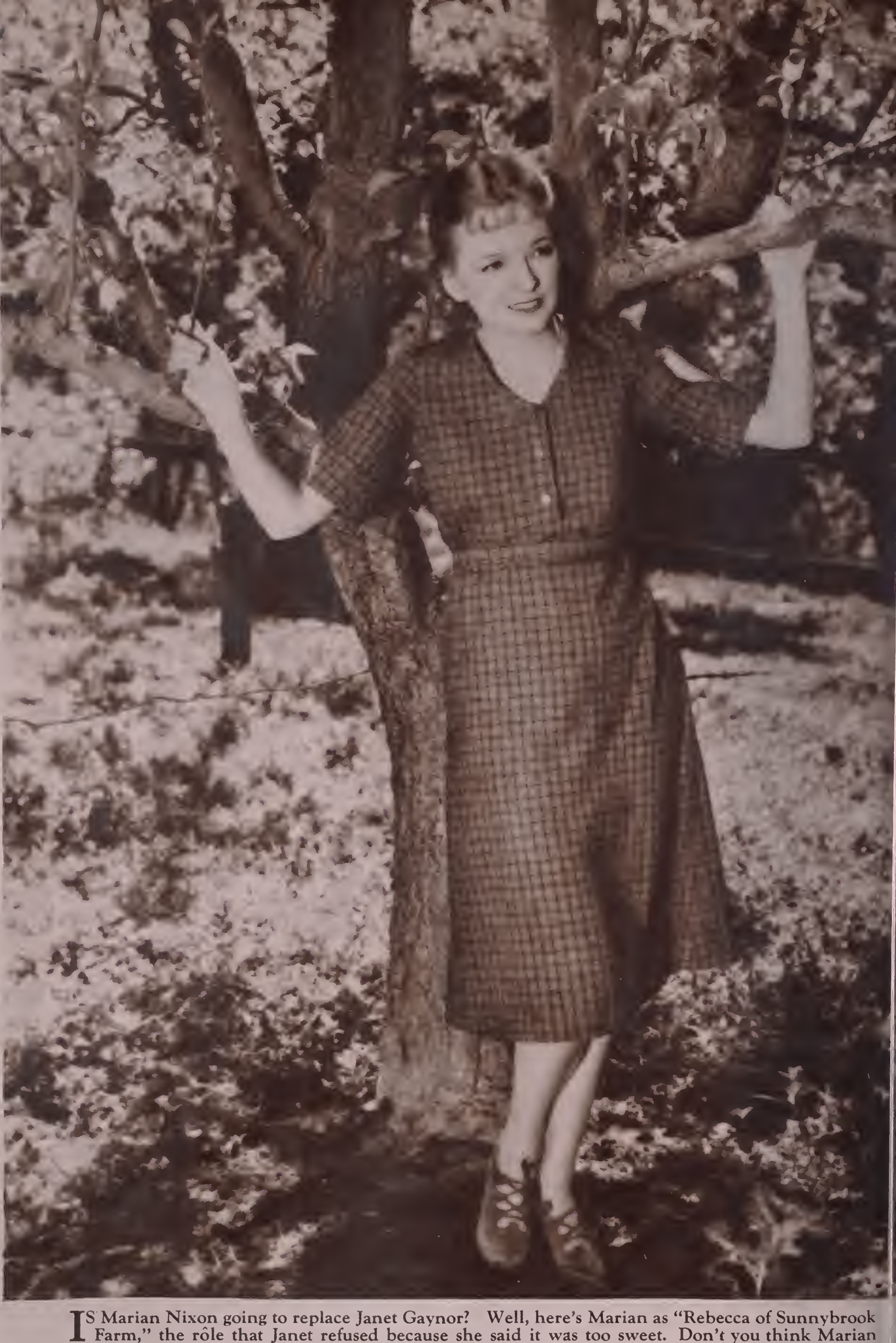
Yes, to the movies I owe a debt of gratitude.

Catherine L. Pilsits,
Steelton, Pa.

$1.00 LETTER

How One Girl Feels About Joan

I worship Joan Crawford not only as a star but as a sort of friend. Why, I idolize her. She could say that—for I've written to her many times, sent birthday greetings, photos—humble ones of course—but my heart went, too.



IS Marian Nixon going to replace Janet Gaynor? Well, here's Marian as "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," the rôle that Janet refused because she said it was too sweet. Don't you think Marian looks positively enchanting in this characterization, and isn't her newly blonde hair becoming?

Being an orphan, I seemed to picture her in daydreams as a friend, one who cared for lonely me. She did care enough to send me a letter in appreciation of her birthday greeting which I myself made—I have her dear letter framed. If I should ever meet her perhaps I'd be tongue-tied, but I'd try to say: "Joan, you are *everything* to me—you inspire me to higher things."

Nellie Florence Hutton,
Covington, Va.

$1.00 LETTER

A Plea For Mother and Dad

I enjoyed the letter in the May Movie Mirror entitled "Bringing Up Daughter." But what about Mother and Dad? Education isn't finished at any stated age. Nor are we ever quite immune from the necessity of social graces.

Every middle-aged person who is discouraged and dubs herself a failure, should take heart from Marie Dressler's cheery philosophy and success, the latter won at an age when most of us would be self-shelved. And age bars none from imitating the polished manners of George Arliss. Nor can any youthful star rise to the emotional artistry of Pauline Frederick.

So while youth profits by the movies, let mother and dad tag along and see if they can't absorb a little "culture" too.

Florence Palmer,
Fort Wayne, Ind.

$1.00 LETTER

A Message To Garbo

At first, Garbo was placed on a studio pay-roll merely to accommodate a director, a man who saw in her deep-set eyes untold dramatic depths. Ignored, unhappy, misquoted by the press . . . she gallantly and doggedly fought her way to the top. Now she stands, the supreme emotional actress of today. Her contract draws near its close, her thoughts turn, no doubt, to memories of home and friends and rest. Perhaps she will leave the screen forever. If so, I would say to her:

"I shall miss you, Garbo, you have been a source of dreams, of romance and beauty to me. . . . But I am glad, glad because I shall never see you torn ruthlessly from your pedestal and trampled upon. For beneath adulation lies jealousy and envy, and the people who praise a star today may be the most cruel when that star has dimmed. Nor shall I see you pitifully grasping at fading popularity, or desperately trying to keep stride with youth! Instead, I will recall your face lit by ambitions gratified, of work well done. . . . And you will leave a memory that is beautiful in its perfection, and made unforgettable by its touch of sadness!"

Mrs. D. R. Blair,
Chicago, Ill.

$1.00 LETTER

On $18 A Week

A girl who was seated near me in a large cafeteria one noon hour recently, remarked to her companion that a business woman earning a salary of only $20 a week could hardly be expected to dress like a "movie queen." From her appearance, she was obviously referring to herself.

I turned my head to laugh up my fashionable sleeve.

My salary is only $18 a week and besides doing my bit toward helping maintain our comfortable home and support my widowed mother, I not only clothe myself attractively in the latest style, but permit myself the luxury of a weekly finger wave with an occasional manicure thrown in for good measure.

My secret, with a thousand apologies to Greta Garbo, Joan Crawford, Norma Shearer and several other stars whose gowns I have admired on the screen and secretly copied with the aid of inexpensive yet good materials and my faithful sewing machine, has helped to pave the way for more and gayer times for me.

Incidentally, these same stars with their lovely poise and charming manners have helped me, since an awkward kid of fourteen, to bring out all my best points.

Inez Johnson,
Houston, Tex.

$1.00 LETTER

Sunday Movies

I live in a "Blue Law" city—and this naturally eliminates Sunday movies. The "powers that be" do not seem to realize what a great benefit could be derived from opening the movies on Sunday.

The truest saying in the world is "The Devil finds work for idle hands." There would be less gambling, less drinking and fewer parties because the younger people particularly would have some place to go.

Sunday movies would not take people out of the churches because those so inclined would go to church anyway.

The nearest town which has open Sunday movies is a distance of one hundred miles from my home, but we frequently drive there on Sunday just to see a movie.

Opening movies on Sunday in my city would be both profitable to the theaters and a diversion to those who are idle on the off day.

Genevieve D. Jennings,
Richmond, Va.

Slamming the Girl Who Slammed Joan

I don't know whether this letter will ever be printed in your magazine or not but I've got something on my chest that's got to come off or I'm going to blow up and bust! I've just got my copy of June Movie Mirror and I have it open to the page where the letter is that slams Joan Crawford, written by Betty Noclita. How dare anyone say such a thing as she did about the best actress on the screen? Just because Joan has more emotion in one of her beautiful eyes than Garbo has in her whole body is no reason for anyone saying such a thing. Joan is really human.

June Kelley,
Grand Rapids, Mich.

Lucky for you, Betty Noclita, that you don't live in So. St. Paul, or you would have an addition of a couple of black eyes, and be minus a few hairs.

What right have you to use such acrimonious phrases of Joan Crawford, or in fact, of any other star? They try their best to please us and the producers see fit to have them in their productions, so why should people like you, who don't understand the meaning of rare artistry, squawk? Oh! What's the use of talking to an ignoramus like you!

May "Glorious Joan", "Joan the Beautiful", or what have you, be with us for a long time to come!

Martie Lencoski,
S. St. Paul, Minn.

Oh, brethren!—are we going to let these femmes call Joan Crawford dumb and preposterous just because of rash and fully displayed jealousy. Come on men, SPEAK UP! You and I know that there is no one who impresses us more than Joan Crawford, yet these foolish women just write in their silly jealousy and groan on about her.

Now I ask you men, let's get together—express our opinions too—hey what?

"One of the Backward Million",
Peekskill, N. Y.

"Grand Hotel" Opinions

Last week I saw "Grand Hotel" and was quite impressed by its magnificence. M-G-M's advance publicity had led me to expect something very rare, but I little expected the treat that really greeted me. In that one picture I gazed upon the glamour of Garbo; the charm of Crawford, the dash of the Barrymores and the bluntness of Beery.

I came away from "Grand Hotel" with the thought uppermost in my mind that from now on motion picture producers should give us more super-productions starring more than one or two stars. What matter if the cost is high? Audiences the world over will want them and demand more, and it behooves Hollywood to cater to their wishes. I know they will support any big productions such as another "Grand Hotel." Give them something good and they'll like it.

John Zabady,
Scranton, Pa.

This "Grand Hotel" idea, now. It will undoubtedly be one of the box-office smashes of the age, but for all that, I hope other producers won't copy the idea of all-star casts. Why?

Because, when we go to see our favorites, we like to follow them through their adventures, and not be sidetracked with the stories of other characters. Already, I've heard Garbo fans admit that they would prefer seeing their favorite in a story wherein she is the sole star; and probably the Joan Crawford fans feel the same of their favorite.

Yes, "Grand Hotel" is a novelty—a grand experiment, and a colossal success. But one "Grand Hotel" will be plenty. No imitations are wanted.

H. B. Stappenbeck,
San Francisco, Cal.

THIS is Joan Crawford month. We're snowed down with letters about her, requests that we run pictures of her, letters singing her praises sky-high. In June one of our readers slammed Joan, saying that Webster must have had Joan in mind when he defined ridiculous, preposterous, etc. Did our readers come back at her? Did they!!! Just read their letters and see for yourself.

Janet Gaynor is scolded ever so gently because she wants to play sophisticated rôles when you'd all been hoping to see her in "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm." You'll see her in "The First Year" instead.

Warren William gets a pat on the back for his magnificent performance in "The Mouthpiece." Lots of readers have discovered George Brent already, and think he's one of the most likeable leading men Ruth Chatterton has ever had. George Raft is another new person you've fallen for, after seeing him in "Dancers in the Dark" and "Scarface."

The picture of the month is "Grand Hotel." The question of the month is who stole "Grand Hotel." The Garbo fans say nobody stole it from Garbo. Others vote for Lionel Barrymore, Joan Crawford, and other members of the cast.

For some reason, the Novarro fans and the Gable fans insist on fighting about which is the greater actor. The two actors are totally different, and yet everybody seems to want to compare them this month.

The next time you see Clark Gable you want to see him opposite Joan Crawford. She wins over all the other famous stars who have played with him.

Harry Lang says in the June Movie Mirror that Lionel Barrymore and Joan Crawford win first and second honors in "Grand Hotel". I vote for Greta Garbo. She is supreme; next comes John Barrymore—those two will always linger in my mind. Several other persons I know who have seen the picture agree with me. The Garbo is incomparable.

Mrs. H. Flice,
Port Chester, N. Y.

"Tarzan" Questions

Questions I'm asking after seeing "Tarzan, the Ape Man":

Where did the knife come from? It looked very new.

Who trimmed Tarzan's hair in the back to such a neat line?

Where were the lion's teeth marks on his shoulder, after battling with lions, three of them?

And why the trapeze bars when he was supposed to be swinging by a vine?

Mrs. Irene Magyar Almstedt,
Torrington, Conn.

What Are You So Mad About?

"You ask "what do we want"?

Well, does it matter what we want? We get what the producers want us to have! We asked for Clark Gable in "The Sheik" and we got Johnny Weissmuller in a bath towel! And by the way, since I feel vitriolic, they should have changed the name of "Grand Hotel" to "Old Men's Home"—why not Novarro in the Barrymore rôle? Also why not give Clark Gable McFee's "Harbourmaster" or Norris' "McTeague" or *Rinny* in "Whiteoaks of Jalna"? Why wish one of John Gilbert's cast off rôles on the poor chap? Hasn't he been abused enough after "Polly"—? Doesn't M-G-M know he isn't the kind to tag around after women? He's the kind women *follow around.*

I've seen twenty years of movies so I'm

"An Old Time Fan,"
Pontiac, Michigan.

Briefs

"The Wet Parade" is more than a picture; it is life, pulsating with vital actuality, transferred boldly and courageously to the talking screen!

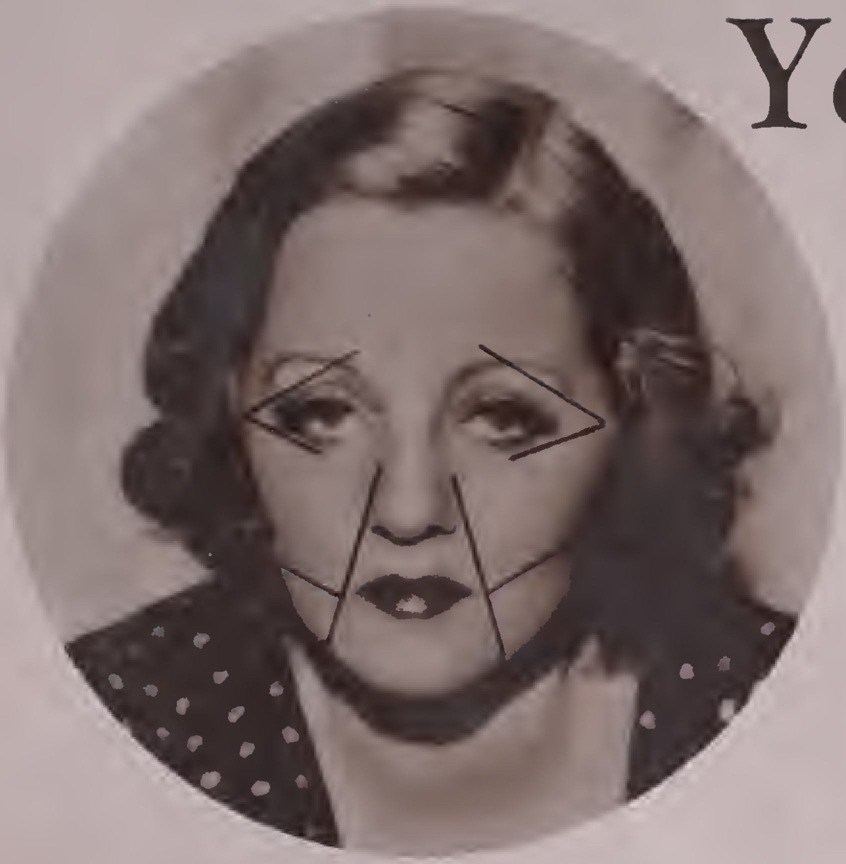
Charles B. Davis,
El Paso, Texas.

(*Continued on page* 89)

WARNERS' is being very good to Warren William these days. He's their newest new hope, their brandest new star. His real name is Warren William Krech. He likes out-door life, loves music but hates jazz. He is six feet tall, has blue eyes and brown hair. He did such grand work in "The Mouthpiece" and "The Dark Horse" that Warners' is giving him three leading ladies—no less!—in "Three on a Match"

Your Face Tells Your Future

The Kind of Person You Are Depends Upon the Kind of Face You Have. If You Want To Analyze Yourself, Read This Startling Interview



Tallulah Bankhead is an example of the multiple angle type. This type, says Doctor Crum, has something greater than beauty—variety

By
ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER

YOUR face tells your future! Upon it many things are written very clearly. It tells among other things where age will leave the first marks . . . in what degree you are likely to be successful, and why . . . and quite aside from the extent of your beauty, the attraction you will have for men as well as your chances for domestic happiness.

Temperament and individuality have been discovered to be integrally associated with the actual bony structure of the face. And bony structures are divided into the following easily recognizable groups:

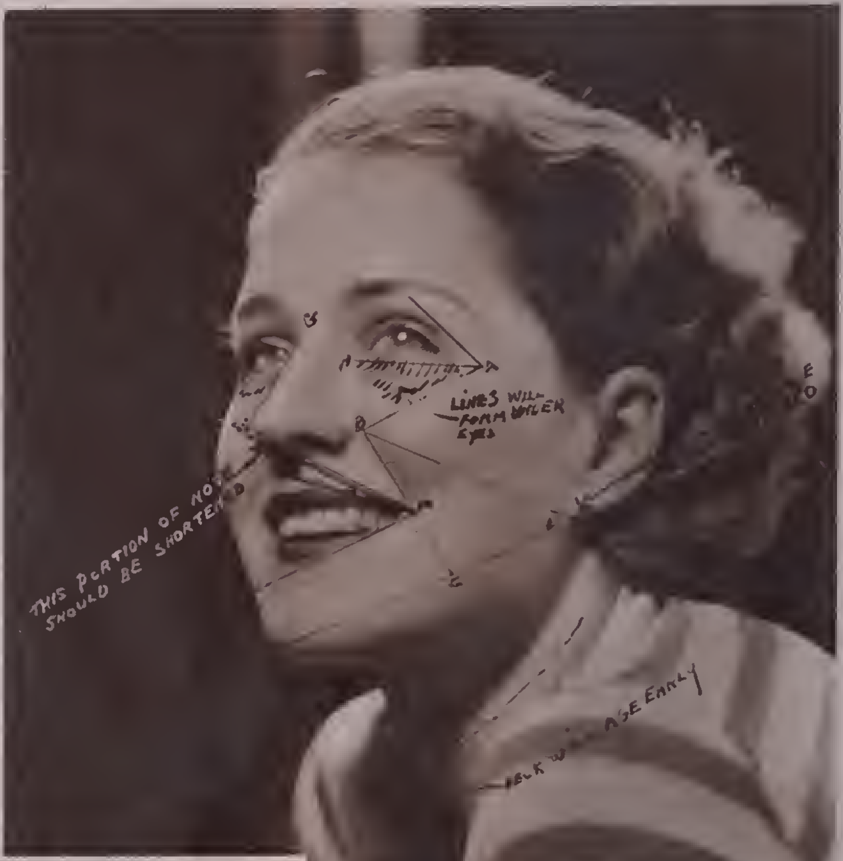
- I. Multiple Angle Type
  - a. Diamond Pattern
- II. Multiple Square Type
- III. Multiple Oval Type
  - a. Circle Pattern
- IV. Compound Type (Combination of two or more types)

All of this is not a wild theory of someone seeking publicity. It represents the scientific findings of Doctor J. Howard Crum, scientist, and one of America's most successful and preeminent plastic surgeons, a man who has, literally, devoted his life to beauty.

In substantiation of his theory Doctor Crum has, during the past eleven years, analyzed over eighteen hundred faces. Science, you know, asks only one thousand cases in proof of any point.

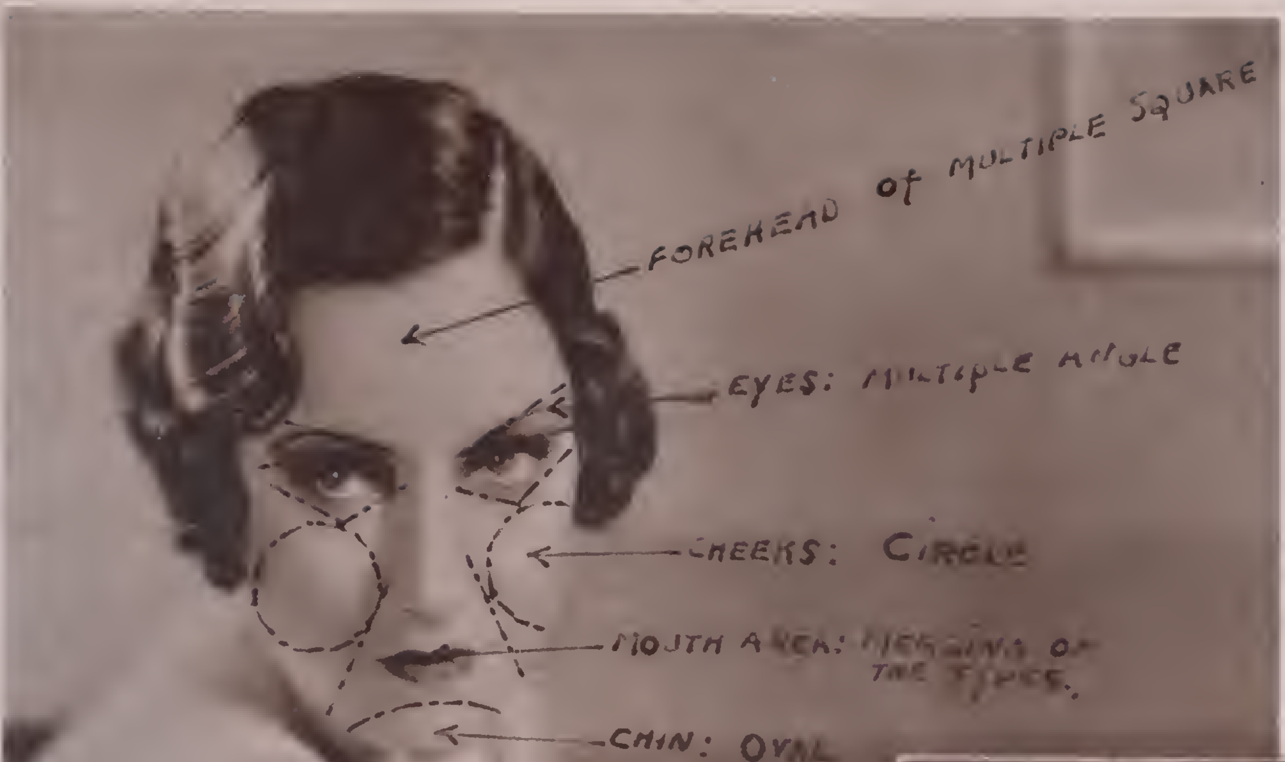
There have been many motion picture stars among Doctor Crum's subjects and he has, of course, made some intensely interesting discoveries about them. He is satisfied, for instance, that Janet Gaynor is the most tragic type of all . . . that Joan Crawford will have greater and more enduring popularity than anyone else on the screen . . . that the chances are if Sidney Fox marries at all she will marry fairly late in life or a man younger than she.

"When I refer to a multiple angle face," explained Doctor Crum, *"I do not mean a face angular in shape and contour. I mean that if lines are drawn from one of the elevations caused*


THIS PORTION OF NOSE SHOULD BE SHORTENED
LINES WILL FORM UNDER EYES
NECK WILL AGE EARLY

Norma Shearer also belongs to the multiple angle type. This type usually has domestic happiness. They retain the interest of their husbands!

Dr. J. Howard Crum, who gave this unusual interview, is one of America's most successful plastic surgeons. He has worked out his theory by analyzing over 1,800 faces


FOREHEAD of MULTIPLE SQUARE
EYES: MULTIPLE ANGLE
CHEEKS: CIRCLE
MOUTH AREA: MERGING OF THE TYPES.
CHIN: OVAL

Gloria Swanson—a compound type. Gloria is a blending of four different types. That explains the great variety in her appearance and her temperament

by the actual bony structures of this type face to another they will form angles. Just as in the multiple square type such lines would form squares. And so on."

Let us consider the different type faces individually, the characteristics they imply, where they will first show age, and the motion picture stars whom Doctor Crum has in every case used for examples.

MULTIPLE ANGLE TYPE

(*Norma Shearer and Tallulah Bankhead*)

"THE multiple angle type," according to Doctor Crum, "has something infinitely greater than beauty. It is a face with fascinating angles. And the fact that it never is possible to gauge wherein its attraction lies gives it an added fillip of mystery. It is a face which invariably proves very attractive to men.

"Any eye," Doctor Crum continued, "the masculine eye especially, wearies of physical monotony. This is one bogey the multiple angle type never need fear. There is certain to be variety to their appearance. I shouldn't be surprised if this variety wasn't one of the factors responsible for the fact that my investigations show this type likely to have domestic happiness. After all, retaining the interest of a husband is important."

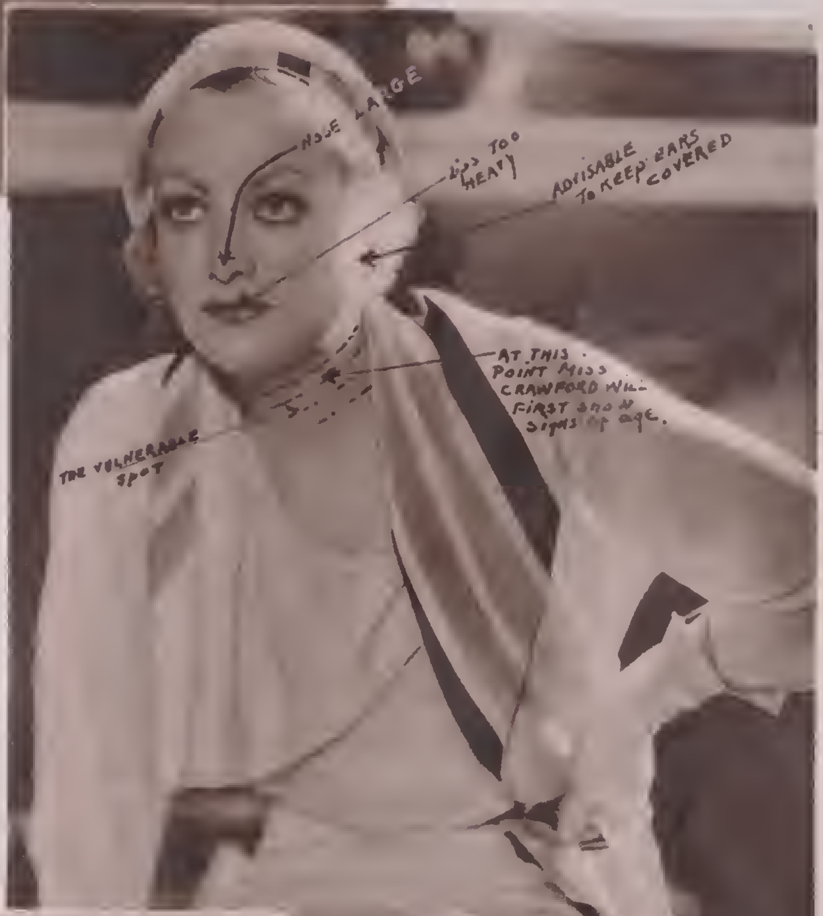
Doctor Crum pointed out that Norma Shearer, an outstanding example of this type, is not really a beauty. Her nose, he says, is too long. Her ear lobes, too. He called attention to the fact that in "Private Lives" Norma wore her hair curled provocatively about the tips of her ears, thus hiding their length and adding to her attractiveness.

"However," said Doctor Crum, "Norma Shearer's defects can hardly be considered that. In any multiple angle face defects have a way of becoming assets."

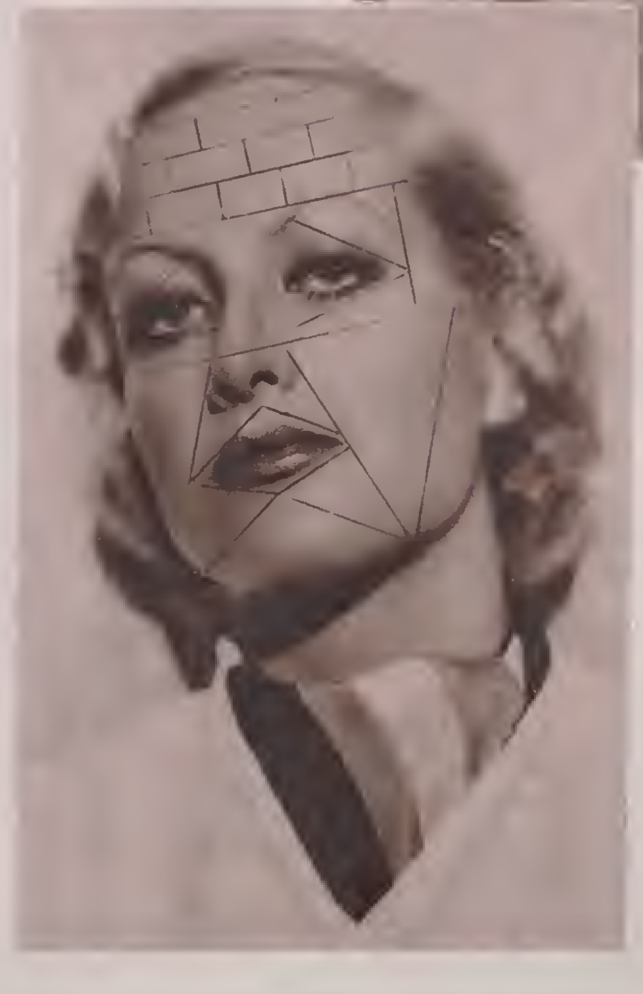
This type ages first under the eyes, besides having a tendency to loose, flabby necks.

* * * * *

In the multiple angle type there is one subdivision, the diamond pattern. This subdivision gets its name from the fact that the lines drawn from one bony elevation to another carry the angles out to perfection.


NOSE LARGE
LIPS TOO HEAVY
ADVISABLE TO KEEP EARS COVERED
AT THIS POINT MISS CRAWFORD WILL FIRST SHOW SIGNS OF AGE.
THE VULNERABLE SPOT

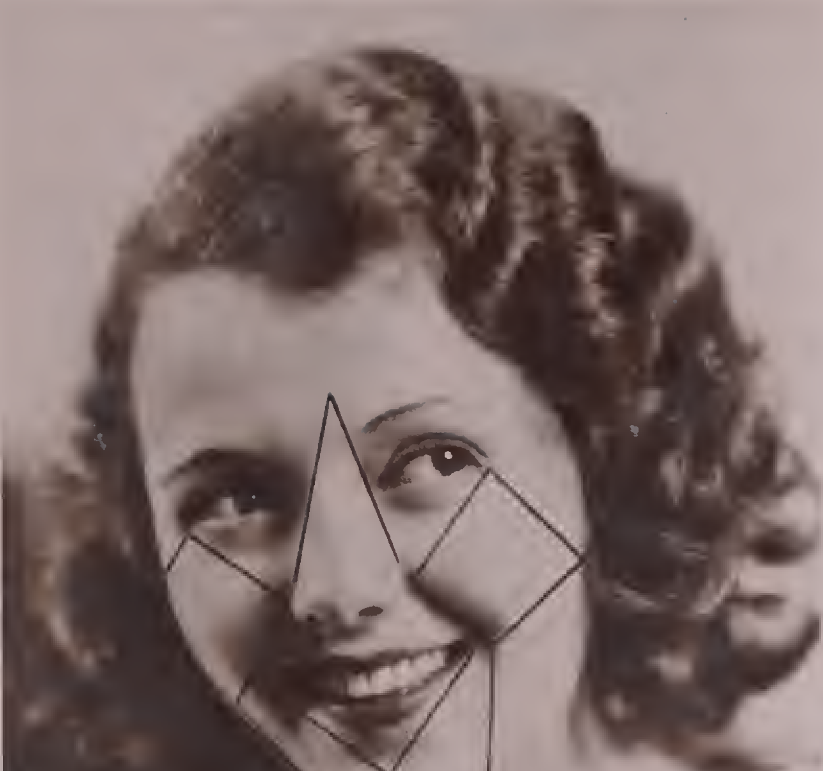
Though her beauty has many flaws, Joan Crawford is one of the most fascinating actresses on the screen. Dr. Crum says that her popularity will last longer than that of any other girl on the screen



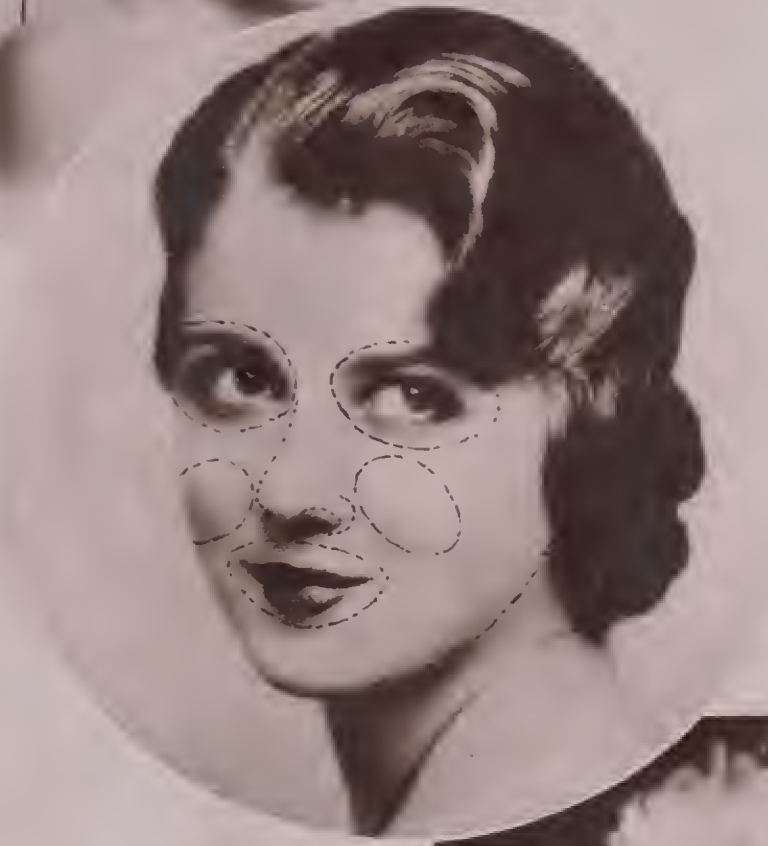
THE DIAMOND PATTERN

(*Janet Gaynor*)

Here we find the most tragic type of beauty. Invariably those who belong in this group are



The diamond type—Janet Gaynor—is the most tragic type of all. They are the great romantics, and life never satisfies their dreams



The multiple oval type—Sidney Fox. Girls with such faces marry either late in life or marry a man younger than themselves

romantics. And this makes the fact that the diamond pattern ages earlier than any other just that much more pathetic. Anyone who is this type feels young for many years after she looks into the mirror to discover she appears old.

"Janet Gaynor is a perfect example of the diamond pattern," Doctor Crum said. "Although she is very young today I venture to say that within five years—unless she has constant and unusual care—she will fade as a star.

"Discovering where any type will first age is, as a matter of fact, a problem of mathematical proportions. Studying the photographs I have analyzed, anyone can readily see how this is the case.

"The bony structure of the diamond pattern produces excessive nose and mouth lines. And we again find the neck having a tendency to become loose and flabby."

MULTIPLE SQUARE TYPE

(*Marlene Dietrich*)

THIS type attains the most perfect beauty, a beauty of mathematical proportions. It is the rarest type of all, since it is arrived at only by the same kind of people marrying through generations. It is also a fixed type, the children of a multiple square mother always looking like her whether they are boys or girls.

"However," said Doctor Crum, "the very perfection of the multiple square face acts as a boomerang. The mathematical exactness of the proportion and spacing, although strikingly beautiful at first sight, becomes tiring. Although the women of this type are the most beautiful of all, they are not likely to retain the extravagant admiration they receive from people at a first or second meeting. They lack the interest of variety."

If you are a multiple square type there is a need for you to watch out for frown lines between the eyes, but you may have the satisfaction of knowing your beauty will be long-lived.

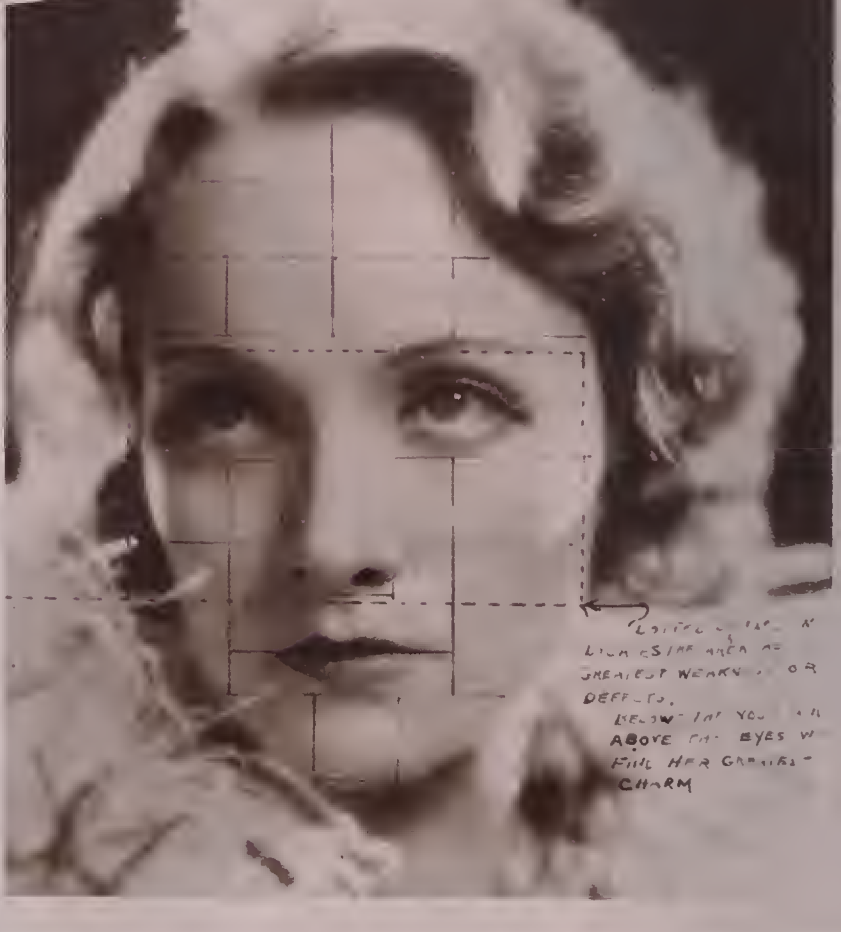
MULTIPLE OVAL TYPE

(*Sidney Fox*)

THOSE with multiple oval faces are likely to have a distinction of character. Usually this type is dominant, achieving results through diplomatic organization . . . by getting others to do their will.

However, because of the dominance which is so basic a part of this temperament, the multiple oval type often does not marry at all, marries late in life, or marries a man younger than they are.

"Those who find themselves the multiple oval type," said Doctor Crum, "should guard carefully against lines under the eyes and loose flabby necks. However, next to the multiple square type, this type has the most lasting beauty."



Marlene Dietrich belongs to the multiple square type. The children of such mothers look like them whether they are boys or girls

CIRCLE PATTERN
(*Sylvia Sidney*)

The circle pattern differs as much from the multiple oval type of which it is a subdivision as the diamond pattern differs from the multiple angle type of which it is a subdivision.

Sylvia Sidney is the only motion picture star of this type Doctor Crum has ever been able to discover. The circle pattern is a strong type but rarely is beautiful. However, when women of this type are beautiful they are usually extremely beautiful.

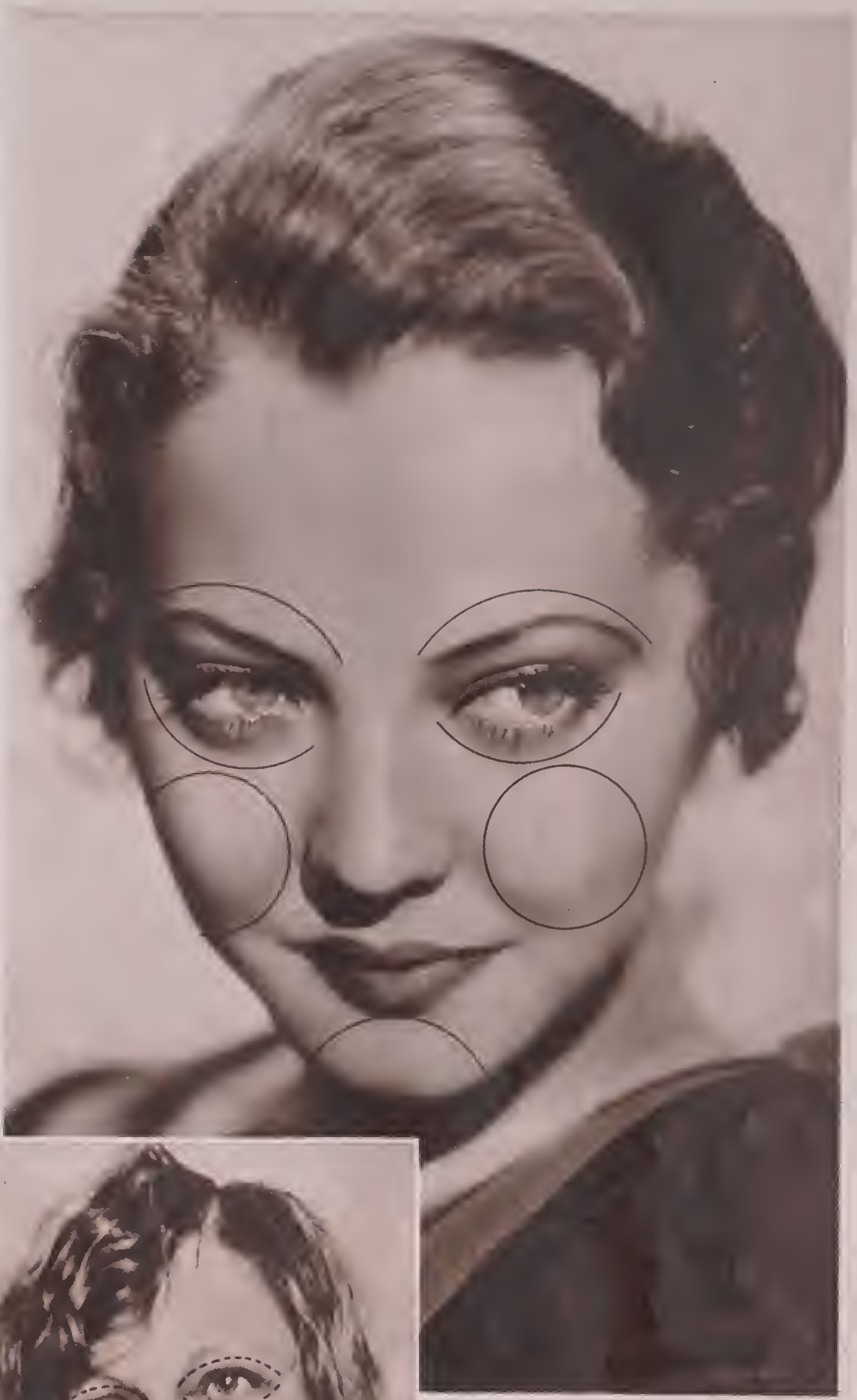
The circle pattern is characterized by a dual personality, women of this group being domestic but also social and civic minded.

AS an example of what he means by this dual personality, Doctor Crum makes a dramatic contrast between Mrs. Calvin Coolidge, our former First Lady, and Ruth Snyder, electrocuted in New York a few years ago for conniving with her lover in the brutal murder of her husband. Both Mrs. Coolidge and Mrs. Snyder are pure circle types.

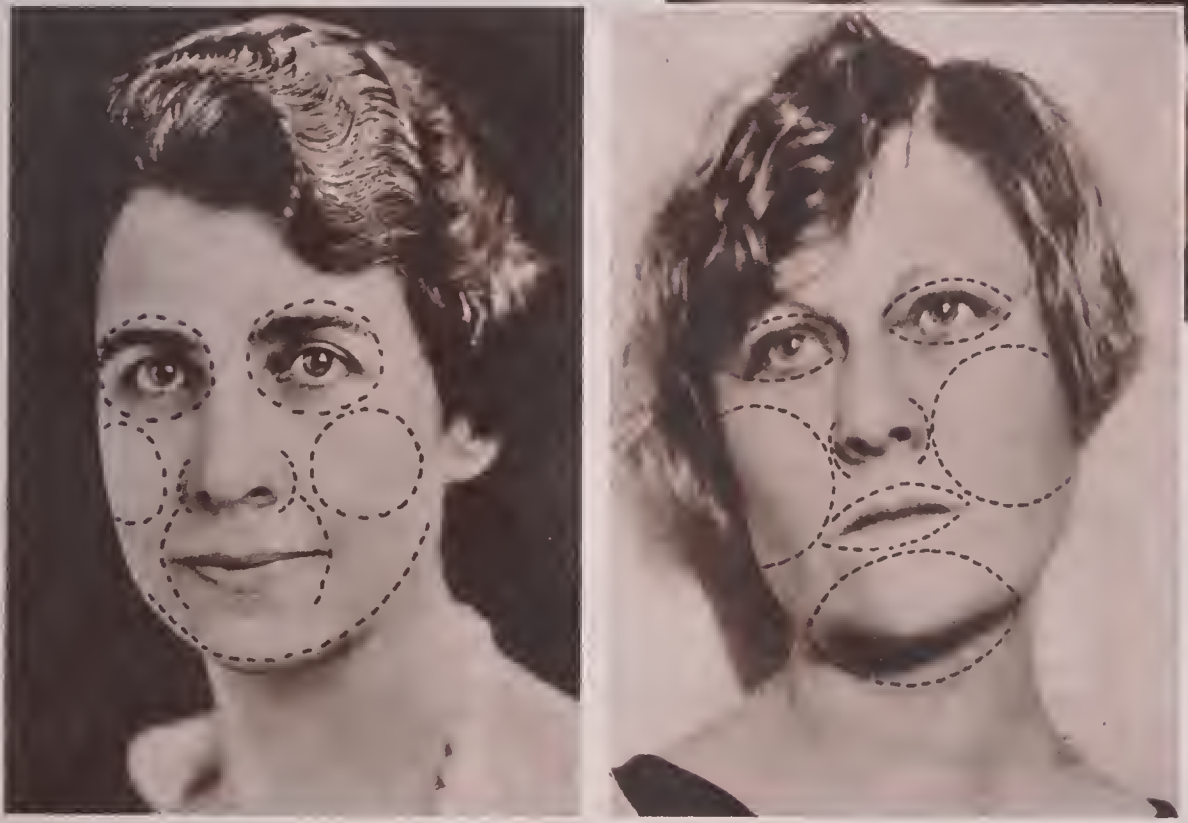
"Mrs. Coolidge," said Doctor Crum, "always has been true to both sides of her nature. In spite of all the diplomatic and social claims which have been made upon her in recent years she never has neglected the domestic side of her life. With a deep and true understanding of her own nature, Mrs. Coolidge always has divided both her time and her energy. Even when her home was the White House she never gave up being a housewife.

"Ruth Snyder, on the other hand, satisfied her domestic instincts but neglected her social and civic instincts. Her house, as I remember it at the time of her trial, proved surprising. There were evidences of her great domesticity everywhere. She had made her own attractive curtains. In the cellar were shelves of the jellies and jams she had preserved herself. But she lacked the proper outside interests. Had Ruth Snyder concerned herself more with clubs, with neighborhood charities, or with local politics, say, I think it extremely likely she would have escaped the shameful death of a murderess. Without these outside interests which her type demands she proved unable to adjust. Her imagination and energy and initiative became misdirected and she became more and more involved in a manner of living which never leads to happiness. Her basic tragedy was due to the fact that she did not recognize her own nature.

(*Continued on page 97*)



Sylvia Sidney is the only actress Dr. Crum could find who belongs to the circle type



Dr. Crum contrasts two women who belong to the circle type—on the left, Mrs. Calvin Coolidge, and on the right the murderess, Ruth Snyder. Sidney, the honored Mrs. Coolidge, the dishonored Mrs. Snyder. Read the strange bonds which link these three types!

Spencer Tracy is sitting pretty these days with the wolf off the doorstep and a Fox contract in his pocket

He's Often been Hungry

Spencer Tracy was Determined to be an Actor If He Starved for It

By S. R. MOOK

SPENCER TRACY is one of the best examples of the little old Hollywood see-saw you can find.

Spencer first came to notice about a year and a half ago in "Up the River". He was brought out from New York by Fox, put into the first of the prison pictures and drew "rave" notices from the critics. He was starred almost immediately—and prematurely—by the Fox Company in an opus called "Quick Millions." It just missed being a smash. It started out as a fast moving underworld drama and got lost in the shuffle when almost an entire reel was devoted to a political rally, made up naturally of speeches decrying gangsters. It was all very distressing—and boring. All, except Spencer, who wasn't in the rally. But it didn't help Spence's career any and for a year it looked as though he was one of those flashes in the pan, a brief flare-up and nothing more.

Now, suddenly, Spencer crashes through with a couple of amazing performances in "Disorderly Conduct" and "Society Girl," and this time we don't believe anything can stop him.

On the screen Spencer plays smart-aleck gangsters. Well, not always gangsters but always smart-alecks. He seems the quintessence of cockiness and self-assuredness. Off screen he is actually one of the most diffident, timid eggs I've ever run across. If you can get under his skin, you find a man well worth knowing but, boy, howdy. The twelve labors of Hercules pale into insignificance in comparison to the labor involved in getting Mr. Tracy to talk.

He's convinced he's rotten copy and he goes into an interview like a man going to his execution.

His Fox contract was the result of his work as *Killer Mears* in "The Last Mile," but back of that engagement is one of Hollywood's best sob stories. Spencer has gone through more hardships than six ordinary people put together.

He was working his way through Marquette College when he was sent on a debating tour with the college team. He left the team in New York and entered the American Academy of Dramatic Art in New York. Before he had been there many months, Alexander Kirkland (also under contract to Fox at present) got him a job with the Theatre Guild in "R. U. R."

It was a cinch, Spencer thought. Easy as falling off a log. Here he was, actually on the stage with very little effort on his part. Well, instead of Spencer falling off the log, the log seemed to fall on Spencer's career, for after "R. U. R." closed there was no work for the smiling neophyte.

He went into a stock company in White Plains, after almost starving to death

Spence was starred too quickly in "Quick Millions." They demoted him to bits and small leads but when he played in "She Wanted a Millionaire" with Joan Bennett, and "Disorderly Conduct," the producers began whispering stardom again

before he got the engagement. His salary was scarcely what you would have called "princely," but he managed to save a few dollars and, feeling that he was now an experienced actor, he returned to New York.

THE money ran out and he starved some more. When it seemed he just couldn't go on starving any longer and still keep living, he fell into a job with Ethel Barrymore in "The Royal Fandango." His biography, compiled by the studio, records this momentous event as follows: "His big break came when he was selected to play the heavy in 'The Royal Fandango.'"

"Actually," he explains, "Edward G. Robinson played the heavy and I portrayed the important rôle of the man who comes on in the first act with a paper. The darned thing only lasted one week in Washington and four weeks in New York."

Goldsmith once wrote:

> "Princes and lords may flourish, or may fade,
> A breath can make them as a breath has made."

Actors, too, may flourish or may fade. Spencer faded. When he had faded to practically nothing, he got another job, this time with the Stuart Walker stock company in Cincinnati. There was a young lady in the company named Louise Treadwell who became interested in him because she couldn't understand how anyone could keep smiling through as many tough breaks as he had. The first thing you know they were married and Fate and Mrs. Tracy immediately made plans to present the new husband with a son and heir. I think the title for that talkie, "The Unexpected Father," was suggested by someone who caught sight of Spence when the news was broken. It was all just a little startling and upsetting.

A few months later the Mr. and Mrs. were back in New York, practically broke.

If you've taken the trouble to read between the lines of what's gone before you may have got the idea that Spencer's life since he became an actor had not exactly been a bed of roses, but what had gone before was as nothing compared to what came now.

Mrs. Tracy *had* to have nourishing meals on account of the baby that was coming. For *four weeks* they spent thirty cents a day (that they could ill afford) on *her* breakfast. Spence went on what is known as a "rice pudding diet." Lots of actors live on it, but few of them for so protracted a period.

IN New York, for a nickel you can get a bowl of rice pudding. It is very filling. Spencer became a rice pudding connoisseur. He could tell you which restaurant gave an ounce more than the others and which one put in the most raisins. Finally he discovered one joint that poured a little cream over the stuff and that made it a little more filling.

(*Continued on page* 101)

Do You Look Like ANN HARDING?

Each Star Has Her Own Set of Secrets for Making Herself More Beautiful. Choose Your Double and Learn about Loveliness from her

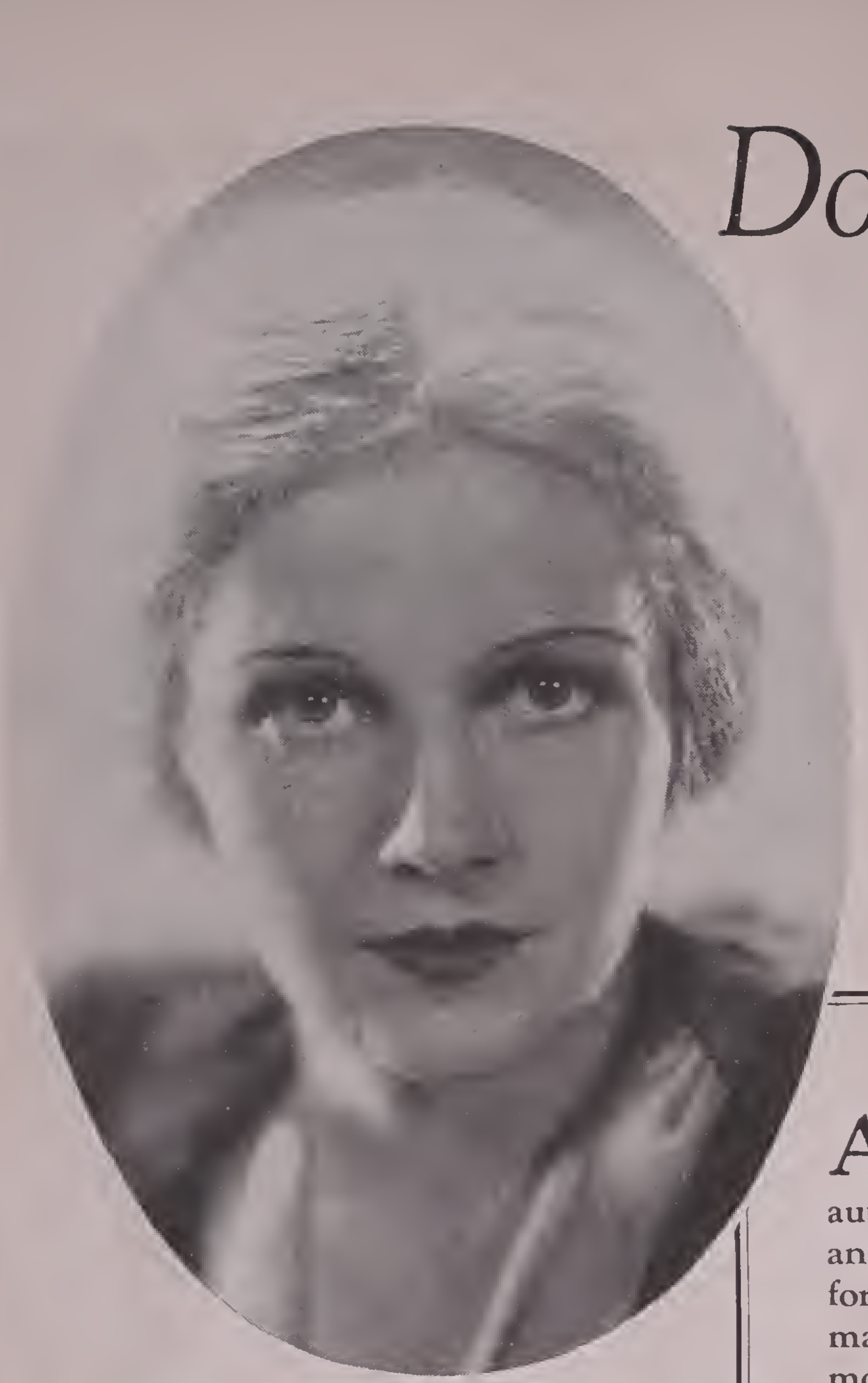


Figure I. Ann Harding is a naturally drab girl who has made herself into a great beauty

AS an added service to its readers, Movie Mirror has arranged with the Westmores, authors of this beauty series, to receive and answer mail inquiries, based on these articles, for elaboration of any particular feature which may apply to you—and on which you may wish more detailed advice. You may address such inquiries to Perc and Ern Westmore, in care of either Movie Mirror, 8 West 40th St., New York, or the Max Factor Studios, Hollywood, Cal.

Foreword: *This is the first of a series of an entirely new type of beauty articles—incisive, instructive, stripped of the hooey of generalization—whereby Movie Mirror will show its readers specifically how the outstanding beauties of the screen attain their loveliness.*

The value of these articles to you will lie in this: that in these articles, you will be advised in practical detail exactly how YOU can adapt to yourself the very beauty secrets the stars themselves use to enhance their natural good points and to overcome handicaps nature has put on them, and it will be done in such a way that you can beauty-analyze yourself, ascertain in what way or feature you have the same attributes that, say, Garbo or Crawford or Ann Harding have, as well as their shortcomings—and tell you how you can do precisely what those stars themselves do.

It is not intended to tell you how to imitate a star's looks, although if you wish to, you can do just that from following this series. It is fundamentally intended to let you discover wherein you possess the same factors certain stars may have, so that you can apply the same beauty secrets they do.

The authoritativeness of these articles is their most important recommendation. They have been prepared by Perc and Ern Westmore, acknowledged the outstanding make-up and beauty experts of movieland. Perc is the make-up wizard who is internationally famous as the head of Warner Brothers' make-up department; Ern, his brother, holds a similar position and fame as make-up chief at Radio Pictures studios. In addition, these two men, who have often been referred to as, jointly, the champion beauty-team of the world, are affiliated with the Max Factor studios in Hollywood, which advise the great majority of motion pictures' beauties on how to make the most of what nature has done for them.

Perc and Ern Westmore, for Movie Mirror exclusively, have taken a group of the outstanding beauties of the screen for this series of articles. The group was chosen to include virtually every type of beauty—so that somewhere in the series, you must find valuable advice directly applicable to your own type of looks. Each article will analyze one of these beauties, tell what her features are so that you can find out wherein her beauty-advice must correspond to yours, and then tell how she achieves her glamour, how you can do likewise, and what she and you must not do, in a make-up and beauty-care sense.

OF more-than-ordinarily wide applicability will be this article of the series—on ANN HARDING. Its range of applicability is due to this: it will deal with the problem Ann Harding has learned to handle, but which innumerable of her sisters find baffling—the problem of an *almost complete lack of natural coloring.* Whereas nearly every other type of woman's appearance includes color-contrast

(*Cont. on page* 86)

THEY SURELY CAN'T MEAN *me!*

THOUSANDS OF WOMEN UNWITTINGLY EXPOSE THEMSELVES TO BLAME THROUGH DISREGARD OF THIS ONE IMPORTANT THING

● To *you* . . . who are so fastidious about your dainty underthings, your scented soaps and powders, your daily baths and showers . . . to *you* it is unthinkable that you might be guilty of ugly perspiration odor. Yet you may offend easily, without even realizing it! ● Perspiration plays no favorites! Your pores must give it off—whether you see it, or not . . . Checking perspiration under the arms only forces it to break out somewhere else. Deodorizing certain spots is not enough! For complete protection, *every trace* of disagreeable odor must be destroyed. ● Don't take chances! Use MIRELLE—the delightfully new and hygienic deodorant powder—recommended by leading physicians and nurses everywhere. MIRELLE is *not* a talcum. It does not clog the pores or thwart the natural processes of perspiration. MIRELLE stops odors scientifically! ● MIRELLE dissolves in perspiration almost instantly. It is absolutely harmless . . . soothing and healing . . . prevents chafing. Just a dusting of petal-smooth MIRELLE after your bath or before dressing and you *know* you're completely, dependably dainty for hours to come. Never before was this priceless certainty possible! ● Now that warm weather is here, MIRELLE should be your closest friend. For 10c you can buy a generous-sized package at your favorite chain-store toilet goods counter . . . Try MIRELLE today! If your dealer cannot supply you, mail the coupon below. I. B. Kleinert Co., 485 Fifth Avenue, New York.

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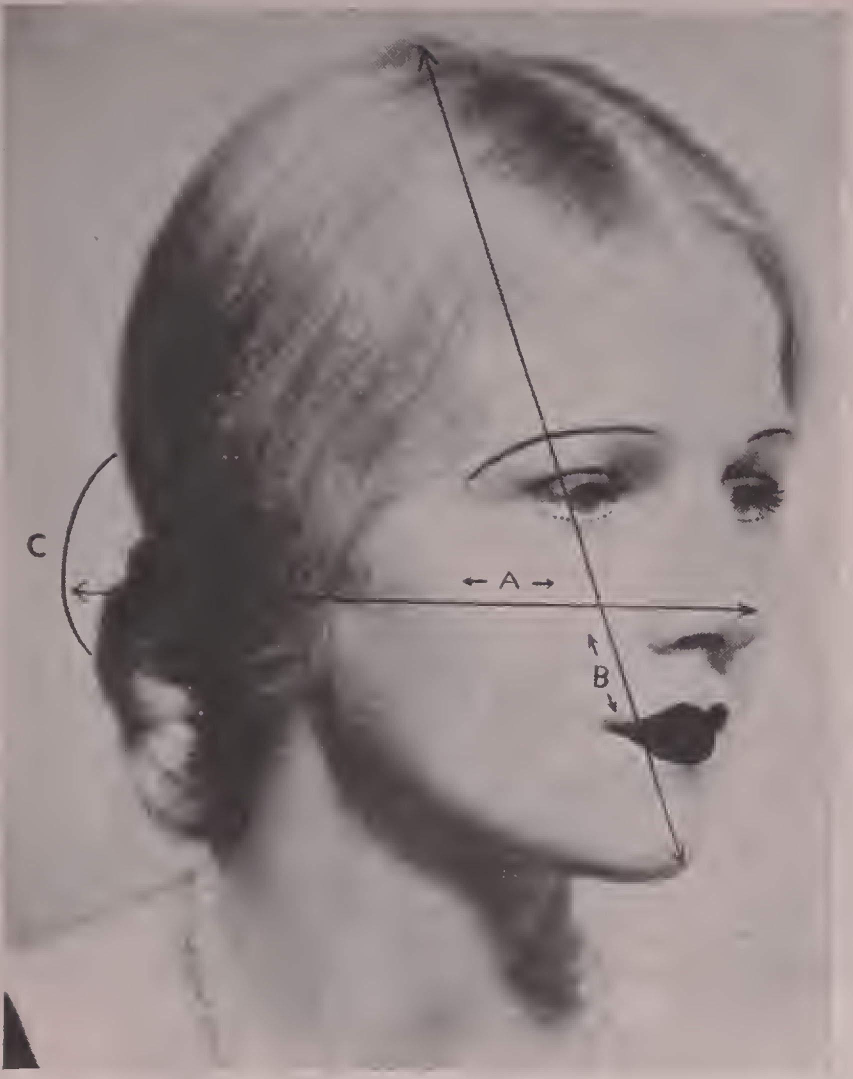

Figure II. Harding has cashed in upon a spiritual appearance. It would change her personality completely if she wore make-up like this

(*Continued from page* 84)

in greater or lesser degree, the Ann Harding type suffers from utter lack of such color-contrast.

Ann Harding is an extreme example of her type—and therefore a splendid model for illustration and advice. Ann Harding is almost albino in her natural colorlessness!—and yet, thanks to her beauty secrets, you'd never know it.

In form of features, we call Ann the "Cameo Type." That means she has delicately-cut, classic, chiseled features. But the form of Ann's features is not at all her problem. Ann outstandingly is a color problem. Here are her characteristics:

HAIR: Ash blonde—unblessed with the gleaming sheen of the Constance Bennett type of blonde, imbued with so much "ashiness" that it does not glow, glitter, show highlights. Absolutely straight, with utterly no natural curl or wave. Neither fine nor coarse, just medium.

Her hair is long—not bobbed, or cut *at all*. It falls to her waist.

The lack-luster characteristic is also true of Ann's eyebrows, eyelashes. Many blondes have contrasting darkness of brows and lashes; Ann's type has not this advantage.

SKIN: So fair that it might be called almost too white, with very little color. There is some color in her cheeks, but not as much as in the ordinary woman. In Ann's type, however, this spot of cheek-color has a strong tendency to become startlingly noticeable under even the slightest excitement, due to the unusual whiteness of her skin.

The texture of the skin is very fine, soft, and very sensitive to irritation from, say, improper make-up care.

FEATURES: You've seen them, of course. Noted the regularly of her features. Her classic profile. Her strong chin and jaw line. Her most arresting feature—her eyes. This is because the eyes are the only factor of contrast in Ann Hading's face; they are the one spot of color in that colorlessness. Even her lips are paler in color than most women's, and give no contrast to that portion of her face. For attention, Ann Harding's strongest point is the eyes.

All right, then; what has Ann Harding done with what nature has given her?—and not given her?

The first, most important answer is a startling one: *Ann Harding has turned her greatest handicap into her greatest asset!* That is her prime beauty secret. . . .

She has taken that lack-luster, straight, hard-to-handle hair of hers and made it the focal point of her personality. She has made it a gorgeous frame for her beautifully regular features. She has completely bested its colorlessness in making it her identifying beauty mark. When you think of Ann Harding, you think of her hair—and, off-hand, you say it's "beautiful". By natural truth, it wasn't beautiful at all; it's what Ann does with it that makes it so. And that is the first, biggest point you of Ann Harding's type may learn from Ann.

It's a great temptation to cut one's hair these days. In the great majority of cases, it's advisable. In the case of the Ann Harding type, the temptation is strongest—because if you've got that kind of hair, you probably don't like it, so you'd like to cut it off!

But if you're smart, you haven't—and won't. Ann didn't. As we said, it grows to her waist. It's not easy to do up hair like that—but it's worth it when, thereby, you can make yourself as beautiful as Ann has learned to make herself.

Simplicity—that's the secret of her coiffure, whereby she achieves what she does. Parted in the middle, she combs her hair not too tightly or severely, straight down each side and back into a simple coil at the back of her neck.

From the front, the effect is a frame for her features, pointing up their regularity in the regularity of the hairdress.

From the side, Ann Harding's coiffure shows you another beauty secret—the placing of that coil of hair. You'll note it is very low. This follows simple rules of proportion, balance. It preserves the contour of the finely-proportioned head. Here is where a rule comes in:

The distance from the crown of the head to the point of the chin should always be greater than the horizontal distance from the point of the nose to the back-line of the head. (See Fig. II) (This rule, let us make plain, applies to the visual distance, not to a line from the crown around the face to the chin, for example.)

The bad effect, should this rule be violated, would be to make the head appear longer horizontally than vertically—like an animal's. Or like an egg, lying flat . . . !

In Fig. II, the line C indicates the position of an improperly highly-placed knot. If you want to see how this would damage the beauty of Ann's appearance, take this picture and with a pencil fill in the space there, and you'll instantly perceive how the whole appearance of the girl is altered—and certainly not for good.

Two other things Ann observes in how she dresses her hair—and each of the two points is an intelligent observance of helping nature out:

1—She emphasizes the already-splendid forehead by keeping her hair off it. The currently-popularizing fad for bangs would never do for you if you've Ann's hair and forehead. You'd destroy both the beauty of your forehead and the chance of

(*Continued on page* 111)

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40 BOB PINS ON EACH CARD for 10c

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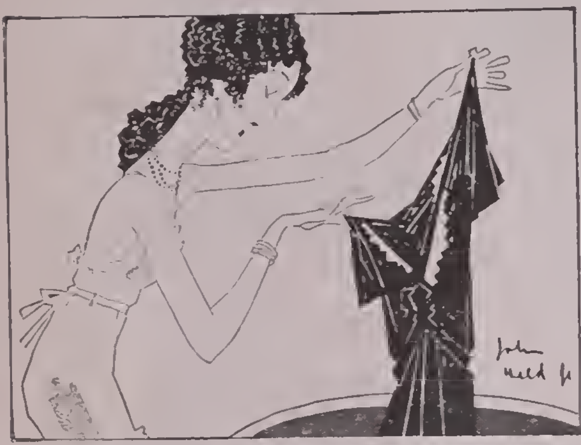
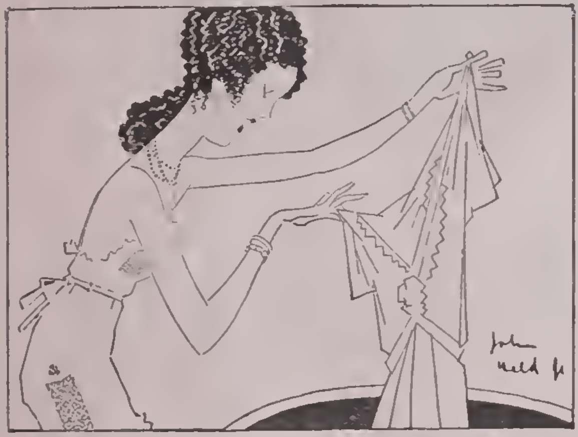
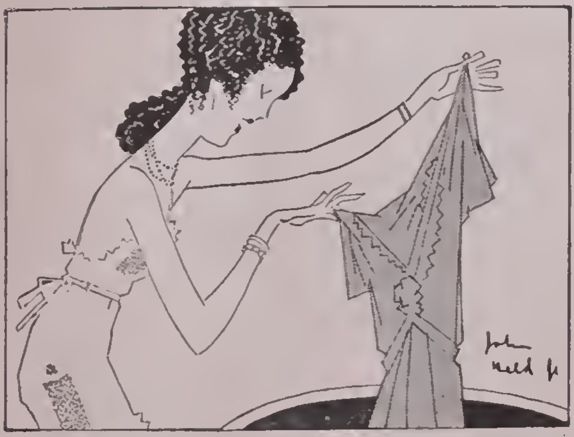


1. Supposing you have a dark dress (or any other dark-colored article) and are pining for a lighter-colored one . . . .



2. Tintex Color Remover will safely and speedily take out all trace of color (including black) from any fabric . . . .



3. Then the article or fabric can be redyed or tinted with Tintex Tints and Dyes in any new shade to suit yourself—either light or dark.

On sale at drug and notion counters everywhere

Tintex COLOR REMOVER

Bob Montgomery Licks the Stardom Jinx

(*Continued from page 33*)

is gone. He has enjoyed the years in Hollywood, but the stage still comes first. He misses that thrill which a real stage and an audience "out front" give the players.

He says he will not change his mind about his returning eventually to the world of the footlights. Perhaps not, but there are better times ahead in pictures for Bob. He is over the treacherous shoals and there is clearer sailing ahead. Better pictures are scheduled to come his way. The first excitement over Clark Gable has waned a bit. More attention will be paid the other male stars on the M-G-M lot. And, decidedly, there is room for both without any perceptible bulging in the high concrete walls which surround this citadel of the cinema.

Has the last year changed Bob perceptibly? He says not.

"I don't think I've changed in the past year. Maybe I have. You must have a pretty introspective turn of mind to see much change in yourself in the span of one year. I know that I have changed in two or three years. Things that once seemed important are less vital now."

But the past year has changed him nevertheless. It has been too crowded not to leave some mark on as sensitive a person as Bob. There is no marked outward change, of course. Tornados, fire and flood could pass over him without damaging the Montgomery enthusiasm and zest for life. But in one year, the crucial year of his life, there has come maturity.

It had been a carefree life up to then. He was born to wealth, and even when that had vanished, the world was still a great joyous playground. His first jobs were games, and he thought nothing of dropping everything to go adventuring on an oil tanker. He went into the theater because it seemed such fun. Even the first vicissitudes were funny, too. He fell in love and married the girl of his choice. Adversity, you see, played no part in his life. His first pictures in Hollywood amused him. Some of his pranks during the filming of "So This Is College," aided and abetted by Elliot Nugent, his on and off-screen pal, made you think of the Katzenjammer Kids, those *enfants terribles* of the comic supplements. In his later twenties Bob had all of the zest of a college sophomore on a week-end in the city. He just hadn't learned to take things seriously.

He was mildly impressed with himself after "Strangers May Kiss." The world was still his oyster. The barrage of fan letters and glowing tributes from reviewers would have turned any head. This high-hat phase, if it were ever advanced enough to call it that, was not annoying to many people. It didn't last long. Clark Gable, who had been playing horse operas when Montgomery was an established favorite, suddenly soared across the screen horizon. Bob knew it was no time to rest on past laurels. He must advance or be lost. In addition, "Man In Possession," his second starring picture, was receiving only a so-so reception. He was entering treacherous waters for the first time in his life.

Only the smallest announcement in the newspapers carried the information that the Robert Montgomerys had lost their baby daughter. Bob had kept his private life inviolate from that searching light the press turns on picture people. He did not discuss his wife or baby daughter in interviews. Few except his friends realized what a blow the death of the baby was to them. The Montgomerys just didn't go out for a time, and then, later, they were again appearing in public. They did not parade their grief. But Bob had grown up. The college sophomore was gone.

For some time it had been a Hollywood tid-bit that the baby held the Montgomerys together. It was a mild prediction that the death of the child would bring a rift in that household. How that story started it is impossible to say. Gossip in the movie town seems to spring full-grown from some mysterious fount. Bob, undoubtedly, likes feminine society, but he has never "concentrated." More than one screen lady discovered that. During his years in Hollywood he has kept remarkably free from unpleasant gossip. At least, the Montgomerys are still together, and they will probably be together for years to come. They appear at the theaters occasionally, and at parties. There is little of the recluse in Bob. He likes people, and he likes conversation.

It is well into another year for him. All signs point to a happier one. For one thing he is happier in mind with a new contract and the knowledge of a job well done in "Letty Lynton." The adversities in his professional career have been good for him. I think that he has found that he has a sense of humor which really works. In the vague way that all studios have in such matters, it is announced that there are "big plans" for him. Knowing that he shines brightest when contrasted with another strong personality there will undoubtedly be more co-starring pictures. Bob has been at his best when appearing with Joan Crawford and Norma Shearer. His next scheduled appearance is with Marion Davies in a lively story of chorus girl life. He will have another light and airy rôle in this.

When he isn't working he has his polo, and as in everything he does, he goes in for it enthusiastically. He plays twice a week, and would play three times daily if time permitted.

"It sounds like a very expensive hobby," he admitted, "but it doesn't cost me much more than it would to play tennis or golf. I have two ponies. One cost $250 and the other $125. Maybe Laddie Sanford wouldn't be pleased with them, but I think they're mighty fine ponies. I share with another fellow the salary of a groom, and stable rentals are not high at the field where I play. It seems to me that I get a lot of pleasure for the money I spend."

A lot has happened to Robert Montgomery in a year. If he slipped a bit he has regained lost ground. If he isn't going to be a skyrocket, he is going to be a steady flame. It may be more fun being a skyrocket while it lasts, but the death rate is so much less with the steadfast stars.

Speak for Yourself

(*Continued from page 76*)

There are only three ladies on the screen. They are Claudette Colbert, Irene Rich, and Ann Harding.

Ione Floyd, Birmingham, Ala.

Marian Nixon and Charles Farrell make a better team than Janet and Charles. Janet is too childlike.

Genevieve Hutton, New Castle, Pa.

Producers: why not go into the match factory business, starring Constance Bennett as a model? We girls and boys of 1932 want curves.

La Vandena La Marr, New York, N. Y.

Why can't we see Genevieve Tobin more often? From drama in "Seed" to comedy in "One Hour With You" was a transition that only a great actress could make. And that is just what Genevieve is.

M. A. P., Baltimore, Maryland.

A Batch of Opinions

Do you mind if I state some likes and dislikes of Filmdom?

Marie Dressler made me laugh in "Reducing" till I got a catch in my side and had to leave the theater.

I hope Sally O'Neil makes more pictures. She's a sweet "Brat."

There's something creepy about Jean Harlow's gowns. She reminds me of a rubber snake that got into the flour barrel.

I think they made a mistake and sent Joan Crawford eyes intended for a much larger person. But she handles them well for her size.

Janet Gaynor is just a precious baby—just too "Delicious"!

I wonder why it is necessary for Jim Tully to "dissect" somebody. His pen is a carving knife. In a recent interview he ate Garbo alive for dinner and sharpened the bones for toothpicks. But I guess the poor old cannibal has to live somehow.

That's all for today.

Louise Merrill, Greenville, S. C.

Gable and Novarro

We like Gable because he is giving us real, current entertainment. We yearn over Novarro because of what he has been (and could still be, but for the ruinous tactics of his producers).

Clark Gable is the tangible, flesh-and-blood lover every woman hopes to have; Ramon Novarro is that elusive, beautiful ideal that Tennyson called, "Galahad."

Molly W. Graves, Temple, Tex.

Ramon Novarro is the Prince of Moviedom!!!

You that crave Gable may have him, but believe you me, there are plenty of us whose ideal lover is the virile, handsome man whose love-making is gentle, tender and romanceful.

Give us Ramon Novarro! David Manners! Fredric March!

Novarro Fan, Lansing, Mich.

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TINTS AND DYES

Tips on Talkies

Joan Bennett and Ben Lyon are the young lovers in Fox's "Week Ends Only"

(Check ✓ for the good pictures. Double check ✓✓ for the extraordinary ones that you shouldn't miss.)

By DORA ALBERT

✓ **AFTER TOMORROW** (Fox) If you can bear to see Charles Farrell playing opposite Marian Nixon instead of Janet Gaynor, you'll find this a nice, human story, cut out of the same material as "Street Scene," though to be honest, it isn't anywhere nearly as great. It's the story of a boy and girl who have to keep on putting off their marriage on account of the boy's "silver cord" comic strip mother. Marian Nixon and Charles Farrell give splendid performances. Josephine Hall's rôle as Farrell's mother calls for a lot of exaggeration, and she gives it.

☆

✓✓ **ALIAS THE DOCTOR** (First National) Barthelmess's best picture since "Dawn Patrol." The story of this is a beautiful one, that of a boy who sacrifices his career as a doctor for the sake of his foster-brother, and when that brother dies, has to conceal his identity in order to save human lives. The final scene of the story is filled with an almost unbearable suspense and reaches a high pitch of emotion. Barthelmess's own work stands out above everything else in the picture, though Marian Marsh is lovely as his leading lady and Lucille La-Verne gives a grand performance as his foster-mother.

☆

AMATEUR DADDY (Fox) Maybe you'll adore this, and then again maybe you won't. It depends on just how much sentiment you like in your movies. If you like it spread on thick, this'll do. It's the story of a bachelor's attempts to mother some little ones. Warner Baxter plays the part nicely. Marian Nixon is excellent as a simple little country gal. And the kids are darn cute. The plot is a bit time-worn.

☆

✓✓ **ARE YOU LISTENING?** (M-G-M) You may not be expecting a story that digs as deep into the emotions as this one, but no matter what you're expecting, you'll admit that this is a swell picture. Madge Evans, Anita Page and Joan Marsh play three girls who work in a radio station, and they're all adorable. William Haines is good, and his dramatic work will surprise you, for he doesn't play his usual wisecracking self. Karen Morley gives a powerful performance. All in all, grand.

☆

✓✓ **ARSENE LUPIN** (M-G-M) This is a thriller—and how! It's not alone that the story is exciting and has lots of suspense, though it is and it has. The main thing is that both Barrymores, John and Lionel, are in the picture, and they do themselves proud. My own pet is Lionel, but I'll have to admit that his brother is swell also. "Arsene Lupin" has romance, thrills and mystery. See it.

☆

✓✓ **ATTORNEY FOR THE DEFENSE** (Columbia) This belongs to the cycle of pictures about clever prosecutors. The rôle affords Edmund Lowe a chance to give one of his most brilliant performances. Add to that Evelyn Brent, beautifully cast, Constance Cummings, Dorothy Peterson, Donald Dilloway, and you have a movie that promises and gives splendid entertainment.

☆

✓ **BEAST OF THE CITY, THE** (M-G-M) This glorifies the police, and how! It also glorifies Jean Harlow, and how! It's an answer, really, to all the gang films that have gone before—particularly to those which glorified the crooks. Walter Huston turns in a fine performance as a police big-shot who has sworn to rid his city of the gang chief.

☆

BEAUTY AND THE BOSS (Warners) It's too bad about this. Beautiful as Marian Marsh is, she can't save it. And though Warren William is a sex-appealish lad, neither can he. The story of the ambitious country girl who becomes the millionaire's secretary and then falls in love with him has been done just once too often. This whole picture is exaggerated and untrue to life from start to finish.

Personally Recommended

✓✓ **The Mouthpiece**
Thrilling, exciting, this story of a great criminal lawyer will just knock you off your feet. The tricks the lawyer uses to gain his ends are simply swell theatre. You'll wish that there were even more of them. And is Warren William grand! This *is* entertainment.

✓✓ **The Trial of Vivienne Ware**
Because of the speed with which it moves, and because of the beautiful direction and unusual photography it's been given. But if you're the sort who fusses about details, I might as well warn you here and now that the events crowded into this exciting photoplay could probably never have happened in a real courtroom.

✓✓ **Symphony of Six Million**
Its picture of the life of a Jewish family in an East Side background is interesting and human.

✓✓ **Letty Lynton**
If you're a Joan Crawford fan you'll find her vivid and appealing in this.

✓ **The Strange Love of Molly Louvain**
Only a program picture, but what a program picture! It moves fast, has plenty of suspense, and will make you cry and laugh by turns. But best of all, it'll give you a chance to see one of the really entertaining performances of the season—Lee Tracy as a wise-cracking, fast-talking reporter. Don't miss him. He's a howl.

—Also—

These Double Check Pictures of the Last Six Months

- ✓✓ Alias the Doctor
- ✓✓ Arsene Lupin
- ✓✓ The Doomed Battalion
- ✓✓ Grand Hotel
- ✓✓ The Hatchet Man
- ✓✓ High Pressure
- ✓✓ Ladies of the Big House
- ✓✓ The Miracle Man
- ✓✓ The Passionate Plumber
- ✓✓ Scarface
- ✓✓ Shanghai Express
- ✓✓ State's Attorney
- ✓✓ Tarzan, the Ape Man

BIG TIMER, THE (Columbia) This is a fairly snappy picture, and it has a few laughs in it. Ben Lyon is adequate as a palooka prize fighter, even though he doesn't equal his performance in "Lady with a Past" and other hits. Constance Cummings does a grand piece of work as the love interest. Fair entertainment.

☆

✓ **BROKEN LULLABY** (Paramount) Also released as "The Man I Killed." Lubitsch tries his hand at a tragic theme and creates a picture that may be art but isn't box-office—a psychological study of a man who feels that he has committed murder because he killed a man in the war. Chief acting honors go to Lionel Barrymore. Nancy Carroll, miscast as a German fraulein, does nicely anyway. Phil Holmes gives a sensitive, high-strung performance.

☆

BROKEN WING, THE (Paramount) This has romance and it has excitement, but it hasn't enough of either to make it a really outstanding picture. Leo Carrillo is a joy as usual as a Mexican bandit. Lupe Velez makes a grand little spitfire and Melvyn Douglas is all right as the conventional hero. But the plot is just one of those things; you know what to expect and it happens.

☆

BUT THE FLESH IS WEAK (M-G-M) Bob Montgomery is fairly good in this sophisticated story of two paupers who set out to marry wealthy women. Aubrey Smith lends splendid support. Heather Thatcher and Nora Gregor are the two women in the story. They might be interesting, but unfortunately they are miscast, and the story suffers from this miscasting.

☆

✓ **CARELESS LADY** (Fox) The youngest of the Bennett sisters, Joan, shows herein what she can do with a Constance Bennett sort of rôle. For this is just the kind of a plot Constance had in "Lady with a Past." You'll find it fun to compare the two pictures. Joan Bennett is adorable, though it's a question whether it's wise for her to do the sophisticated kind of rôle. You'll like John Boles, too, as the hero.

☆

COHENS AND KELLYS IN HOLLYWOOD (Universal) The latest of the Cohen and Kelly series. This time you see George Sidney and Charles Murray in Hollywood, and you get a load of their adventures there. As a tour of Hollywood, this is fun.

☆

✓✓ **CROWD ROARS, THE** (Warners) When James Cagney appears in a picture, you know that there's going to be plenty of action, and oh boy, oh boy, do you get your money's worth in this! It's a tale of the auto race tracks, and everything in the picture is subordinate to the hair-raising thrills of the auto race scenes. James Cagney and Eric (Are These Our Children?) Linden deliver performances that'll make you want to get up and cheer, and when you add to all this, Joan Blondell and Ann Dvorak, you have a picture that we simply had to give a double check to.

☆

✓ **DANCERS IN THE DARK** (Paramount) If Miriam Hopkins is your pet the way she's my pet, you'll go to this and love it. It's the tale of a taxi dancer who discovers true love. Jack Oakie puts over a swell dramatic performance, Miriam is grand as usual, and Lyda Roberti sings a hot song number the way a hot song number is supposed to be sung.

☆

DESTRY RIDES AGAIN (Universal) Just to see Tom Mix back in his saddle, riding good old Tony again, is enough for thousands of Western fans, young and old. And when you add to this that Tom Mix talks, it's enough to give plenty of fans one of their biggest talkie thrills. The story's not unusual, but the Western fans will eat it up.

☆

✓ **DEVIL'S LOTTERY** (Fox) You don't like melodrama? Wait! The chances are you'll like this. It's so well cast, so nicely produced, that you won't care whether it's believable or not, it's so exciting. And it contains some of Elissa Landi's best work. Hectic but enjoyable.

☆

✓ **DISORDERLY CONDUCT** (Fox) Here's a movie that moves! There's a big time racketeer and his beautiful daughter, a couple of cops, a gambling raid, a murder and more than a dash of romance. It's got action, it's got speed, it's got excitement. In fact, it's got pretty near everything. And even though Sally Eilers hasn't got Jimmy Dunn playing opposite the way she ought to have, she gives a swell performance. And El Brendel, as always, can be depended upon for laughs.

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●

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Dick Arlen has two perfectly good reasons for wanting to be a success. One is his wife, Jobyna Ralston. The other his mother, Mrs. Van Mattimore, shown here with Dick. His real name is Richard Van Mattimore, you know

✓✓ **DOOMED BATTALION, THE** (Universal) Are you fed up on the usual movie fare? Do you clamor, the way so many people do, for something "different"? If you do, then you owe it to yourself to see this. It's a tale of love and self-sacrifice against war's horrors. But far more important than the story is the scenic beauty and power of the production as a whole. Most of the scenes were filmed in the Alps. For sheer beauty, they rival any picture. Tala Birell, the Universal Garbo, and Luis Trenker, who play the leading rôles, are striking personalities.

☆

FAMOUS FERGUSON CASE, THE (Warners) This isn't at all a bad picture, combining as it does a newspaper yarn with a mystery story. But it is a shame that with Joan Blondell in the cast, the picture doesn't make more use of her abilities. There's a young lad in it, however, named Tom Brown, who, if he keeps up the pace he sets in this, will be headed for the bright lights.

☆

FAST COMPANIONS (Universal) You almost always know what to expect in a racetrack picture. This one is no exception. But though you'll know what's going to happen, you won't be bored. Tom Brown and Maureen O'Sullivan do such nice acting they make you like them. There's a kid named Mickey Rooney who does some swell work here as a tough little egg. So all in all, the picture's pretty good pastime.

☆

✓ **FIREMAN, SAVE MY CHILD** (Warners) All the more because this is the year of great depression, we must have laughs. Who can furnish them better than Joe E. Brown? This picture was made to order for him. It's about a small town boob who doesn't realize that he has the makings of a great baseball star and sets to work inventing fire extinguishers instead. There are some swell gags in this, and a touch of romance on the side. Evalyn Knapp is the heroine, and you know yourself what a decorative and charming one she makes.

✓ **GIRL CRAZY** (Radio) Typical Wheeler and Woolsey nonsense, kidding the Wild West b' gosh. The highlight of the picture consists of Mitzi Green's imitations of Edna May Oliver, Rosco Ates, George Arliss and others. Besides that, there are plenty of other funny sequences, particularly the motor cop gag. If you go to see this, you'll get your money's worth in laughs.

☆

✓✓ **GRAND HOTEL** (M-G-M) The picture you've been waiting to see. For months you've been reading about its super-super cast—Greta Garbo, Joan Crawford, both Barrymores, Wallace Beery, Jean Hersholt, Lewis Stone and others. With the expectations that such a cast must arouse, and public interest at a fever-pitch, it is to the deep credit of the cast, directors and makers of the film, that the picture lives up to everything one would expect of it. Garbo's performance is extraordinary. She seems to live her rôle. Lionel Barrymore also gives a performance of great depth.

☆

✓✓ **HATCHET MAN, THE** (Warners-First National) Edward G. Robinson gives another of his smash hit performances, this time as a Chinese killer. The picture is powerful, effective, with intriguing make-up work which makes the players look more Chinese than the Chinese themselves! The story is sheer melodrama with more than a touch of horror. Loretta Young and Dudley Digges deserve honorable mention, too, for their performances.

☆

HEART OF NEW YORK (First National) Oh, this is all right enough if you go for those pictures in which dialect is the main reliance, but otherwise you'll find it fair entertainment at best. Smith and Dale, the comedy team you saw in "Manhattan Parade," are the ones who set out to amuse you in this trite little story about an eastside family. It's funny in spots.

☆

✓✓ **HIGH PRESSURE** (Warners) At last, a picture worthy of Bill Powell! And how he crashes through in this! How!!! We're fed up on the long procession of ladies' man pictures in which Powell has been appearing, but this is different. Bill plays a big-shot promoter who gets into trouble and out of it again. Evelyn Brent and Evalyn Knapp as the women in the picture, will delight, too. And don't miss the beginning of the picture, for your first sight of Bill Powell will make you gasp.

☆

✓ **IMPATIENT MAIDEN, THE** (Universal) You'll go to see Lew Ayres, and you'll go away raving about Mae Clarke, who proves in this, as she did in "Waterloo Bridge," that she's a comer—and how! Not that Lew Ayres' work isn't grand; it is. He plays a young interne in love with a girl who refuses to marry him rather than ruin his career. And yet they've been all the world to each other! It's very modern, very frank. You'll like it.

☆

✓✓ **IT'S TOUGH TO BE FAMOUS** (First National) It's a question whether the public will pay to laugh at a picture which laughs at it. This is satire, and it isn't polite, gentle satire either. It makes fun of us for the way we ballyhoo our heroes. Doug Junior gives a grand performance in the kind of a rôle his dad used to play. Mary Brian does one of her best pieces of acting.

☆

✓ **LADY WITH A PAST** (RKO-Pathé) You've seen Connie Bennett as a great emotional actress, haven't you? And no doubt when you saw the title of this, you said, "Aha, there's that old Bennett plot again." But it isn't. Here's a different kind of story for Bennett, and oh, how she makes the most of it! It's light and gay and filled with laughter. Oh, there's love in it, of course, but it isn't tragic love. Connie shows that she has a swell sense of humor. But Ben Lyon steals the picture.

☆

✓✓ **LETTY LYNTON** (M-G-M) Here is vivid, modern entertainment. It brings together Joan Crawford and Robert Montgomery in as fascinating a story as you could ask. I rate it just a little below "Possessed," which I think had more heart-throbs. But it's swell entertainment. Joan plays a modern girl into whose life real love suddenly comes. But her Latin-American lover (superbly played by Nils Asther) threatens to tell all. Joan gives a vivid, dramatic performance. Bob Montgomery is utterly charming, though I wish he had more to do. There are nice bits by Louise Closser Hale as Joan's maid and May Robson as her mother. Don't miss this yourself, but keep the children at home.

☆

✓ **LOST SQUADRON, THE** (Radio) This is an exciting, swift-moving picture. You'll certainly get a thrill when Dick Grace, Hollywood's greatest air stunter, dives a plane headlong into the ocean. Richard Dix, Bob Armstrong and Joel McCrea play three ex-war-aces who go to work for a mad director in Hollywood. Dorothy Jordan and Mary Astor add love interest.

☆

MAN WANTED (Warners) Kay Francis is much hotter than the picture in which she appears. Kay is alluring and lovely, but the plot just misses fire. It's the tale of a business woman who falls in love with her young, good-looking male secretary, nicely played by Dave Manners. Andy Devine and Una Merkel do a lot for the picture by providing laughs.

☆

✓ **MAN WHO PLAYED GOD, THE** (Warners) This is a distinguished, intelligent picture, and you can thank Warners' and George Arliss for it. It's the story of a great musician who sinks to the depths of despair when he loses his hearing, only to find happiness and faith again in the end. This is a present day story, no costume drama, and it's beautifully played. Besides Arliss' fine work, there is nice playing by Bette Davis, and the rest of the cast.

☆

✓✓ **MIRACLE MAN, THE** (Paramount) Here's a picture that gets away down deep inside you. It was made years ago as a silent. It was great then, and in its talkie revival it's still swell. This Sylvia Sidney gal has something that lifts all her performances into a class above the ordinary. She's great as the lovely crook who needs reforming. John Wray as "The Frog," Ned Sparks, Chester Morris, and Hobart Bosworth are all good. But the scene that you'll remember longest and that will tug most at your heart is one in which little Bobbie Coogan appears. Watch for it.

☆

✓ **MISS PINKERTON** (Warners) Here's excitement for you! Here's mystery! Here's a corking good plot. It's one of those spooky things in which there's murder and danger, and you suspect one person after another. Joan Blondell does swell work. George (not another Gable) Brent is the detective who investigates the murders, and also takes care of the love interest. He's darn likeable. If mystery and romance are your dish, you'll find this picture a splendid combination of both.

☆

✓✓ **MOUTHPIECE, THE** (Warners) This is the story of a great criminal lawyer. It's interesting; it's amusing; it's thrilling. What more do you want? Warren William has his best rôle to date as the lawyer. Little Sidney Fox is the sweet young thing. Aline McMahon contributes a vivid performance as a hard-boiled gal. And the courtroom scenes are positively grand.

☆

✓✓ **NIGHT COURT** (M-G-M) "Night Court" was meant to be just another program picture; but it has a vividness about it that makes it more than just another picture. It's the story of a crooked judge who railroads an innocent woman to prison and of her husband's efforts to vindicate her. Walter Huston turns in a superb performance as the judge. Phillips Holmes, at last given that different sort of rôle his fans craved for him, makes the most of it. "Night Court" is worth seeing.

☆

✓✓ **ONE HOUR WITH YOU** (Paramount) When Maurice Chevalier grins in that irresistible way of his, what more is there to be said? You know very well that he's at his best when Jeanette MacDonald is his leading lady and Ernst Lubitsch directs. "One Hour With You" in this case means an hour laden with spicy, sophisticated entertainment, with love scenes and lyrics that steal your heart away. Do we need to tell you to see it? If you're over eighteen and count yourself a sophisticate, you will. And among other things, you'll get a hearty chuckle out of Roland Young.

☆

✓✓ **PASSIONATE PLUMBER, THE** (M-G-M) Have you seen Jimmy "Schnozzle" Durante? If you have, you won't want to miss this; and if you haven't, you certainly ought to see it and make his acquaintance. He's the bozo who played with William Haines in "New Adventures of Wallingford" and almost stole the picture from Haines. In "The Passionate Plumber" Jimmy Durante and Buster Keaton are perfect foils for each other. If you want plenty of laughs (and who doesn't?) see this and give yourself a treat.

☆

PLAY GIRL (Warners) Here's the charming love story which was fictionized in the April Movie Mirror as "Love On a Budget." You'll find Loretta Young adorable in the rôle of a salesgirl who's afraid of love. In spite of Winnie Lightner's boisterous antics, Loretta gives such a heart-rending performance that you'll want to bring an extra hanky along. Norman Foster's okay as the lad Loretta falls in love with.

☆

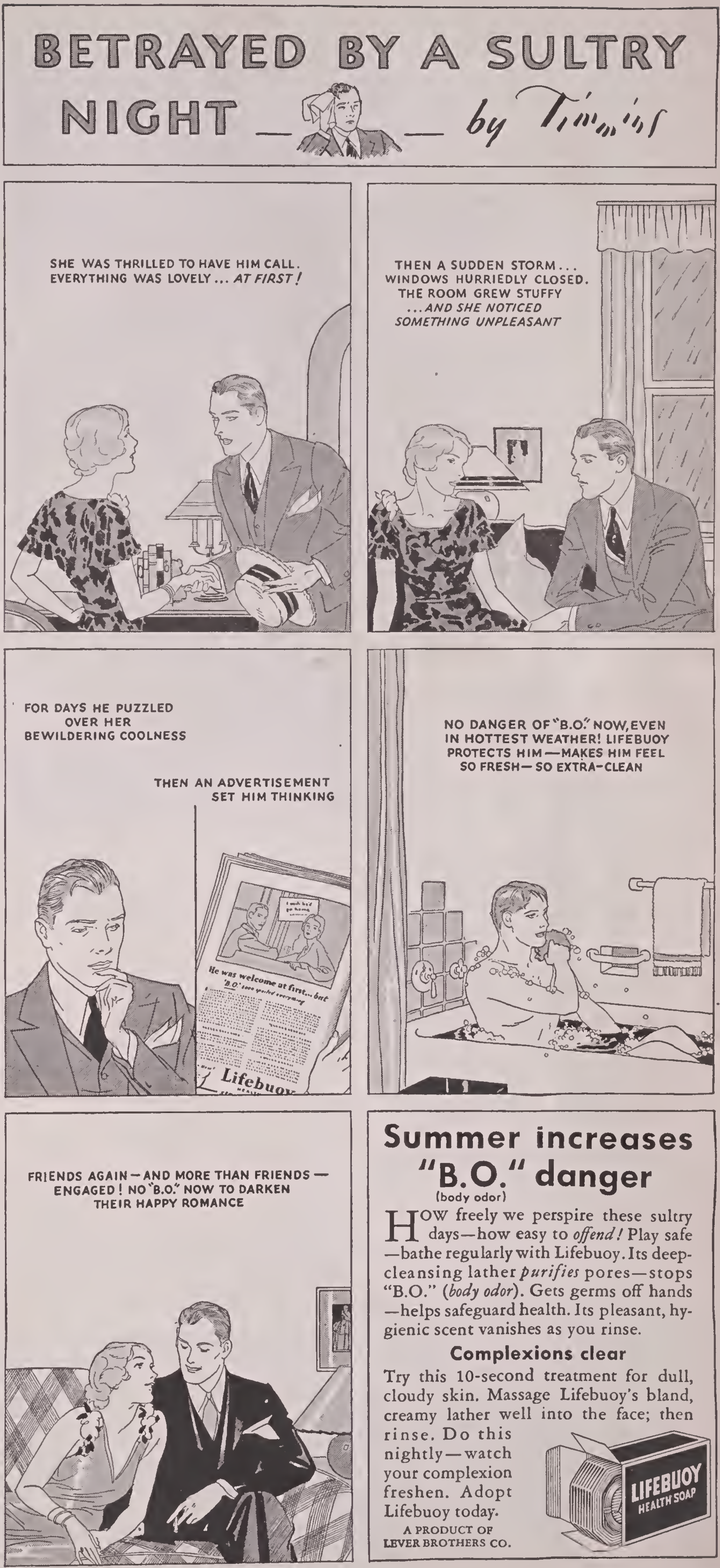
✓ **RADIO PATROL** (Universal) If you must have super-super epics, the chances are you won't appreciate this. But if you're just an average movie-goer, who likes a good picture, whether there are big star names in it or not, you'll find this vastly entertaining. It's the story of two young cops who fall for the same girl. The girl, June Clyde, is charming. Lila Lee, having conquered illness and defeat, comes back in this, giving a fine performance. The men are Robert Armstrong and Russell Hopton.

☆

RICH ARE ALWAYS WITH US, THE (Warners) Ruth Chatterton is more charming in her first picture for Warners than she's been in any of her recent Paramount pictures. The picture itself is one of those modern problem dramas, in which there's a great deal of talk and little action. There are three triangles in it, no less! The most important one concerns Ruth, her ex-husband and her lover. There are three fine performances in this, Ruth's, George Brent's and that of Bette Davis. The chances are Chatterton fans will like this better than any of Ruth's recent pictures, not because of its story, which isn't so hot, but because Ruth seems more sincere in this than she did in the others.

☆

✓ **RIDER OF DEATH VALLEY, THE** (Universal) Tom Mix is back in the saddle, and here is his second talkie. If you're a Tom Mix fan, you can be sure you won't be disappointed



BETRAYED BY A SULTRY NIGHT
by Timmins
SHE WAS THRILLED TO HAVE HIM CALL. EVERYTHING WAS LOVELY ... AT FIRST!
THEN A SUDDEN STORM ... WINDOWS HURRIEDLY CLOSED. THE ROOM GREW STUFFY ... AND SHE NOTICED SOMETHING UNPLEASANT
FOR DAYS HE PUZZLED OVER HER BEWILDERING COOLNESS
THEN AN ADVERTISEMENT SET HIM THINKING
He was welcome at first... but
Lifebuoy
NO DANGER OF "B.O." NOW, EVEN IN HOTTEST WEATHER! LIFEBUOY PROTECTS HIM—MAKES HIM FEEL SO FRESH—SO EXTRA-CLEAN
FRIENDS AGAIN—AND MORE THAN FRIENDS—ENGAGED! NO "B.O." NOW TO DARKEN THEIR HAPPY ROMANCE
LIFEBUOY HEALTH SOAP

Summer increases "B.O." danger
(body odor)

HOW freely we perspire these sultry days—how easy to *offend!* Play safe—bathe regularly with Lifebuoy. Its deep-cleansing lather *purifies* pores—stops "B.O." (*body odor*). Gets germs off hands—helps safeguard health. Its pleasant, hygienic scent vanishes as you rinse.

Complexions clear

Try this 10-second treatment for dull, cloudy skin. Massage Lifebuoy's bland, creamy lather well into the face; then rinse. Do this nightly—watch your complexion freshen. Adopt Lifebuoy today.

A PRODUCT OF LEVER BROTHERS CO.

in this, because both Tom and Tony, his wonder horse, are grand. Lois Wilson is the heroine for love of whom Tom dares all. If you like Westerns, this will give you more than average entertainment.

☆

SADDLE-BUSTER, THE (Radio) There are just two classes of fans really, those who like Westerns and those who don't. If you like 'em, you'll like Tom Keene in this. It's about a lad who loses his nerve when he falls off his horse, and regains it after a while.

☆

✓ **SCANDAL FOR SALE** (Universal) He-Man Bickford adds to his laurels in this. He plays a hot news editor who prints the kind of news that makes tabloids and movies. Pat O'Brien is ingratiating, but the picture is Charles Bickford's from start to finish.

☆

✓✓ **SCARFACE** (Caddo) Never mind what you think of gang pictures. This so far tops all the others that you simply have to see it. It's brutal, it's cruel, it's horrible with its picture of violence, but so is gangland itself. And there's no sentimentalizing here. This is the picture that brings Paul Muni back to the screen. He's magnificent here. Ann Dvorak and Karen Morley are also grand. If the censors let you, you'll see one of the most powerful pictures ever filmed.

☆

✓✓ **SHANGHAI EXPRESS** (Paramount) This is one of the grandest pieces of direction you've seen in a long time. Credit Josef Von Sternberg with that. And give credit to Marlene Dietrich for a perfectly thrilling piece of acting. If you thought that Marlene was getting by on legs appeal, you won't think so any more after seeing this. You get barely a glimpse of her legs in this, and so you have a better chance to realize that the girl has what it takes! Clive Brook plays splendidly opposite her. Swedish Warner Oland is the perfect Chinaman. This is timely; it's thrilling; it's grand.

☆

SHE WANTED A MILLIONAIRE (Fox) This isn't going to convince any girl that she oughtn't to marry a millionaire if she gets the chance. It's too unbelievable. Una Merkel, however, is so amusing that she almost makes the picture worth seeing. Joan Bennett is beautifully appealing. James Kirkwood outdoes any villain you ever saw, and Spencer Tracy gives a splendid performance as Joan's real sweetheart.

☆

SILENT WITNESS (Fox) Parts of this picture are dull; parts of it are entertaining and the result is that it's fairly diverting, but not much above the average. It's acted mostly by an English cast, headed by Lionel Atwill. Don't get this picture mixed up with "The Secret Witness," in which Una Merkel appeared! The plot of this one concerns a loose lady who is strangled to death in her apartment. Son says he did the deed; father tries to take the blame. You'll like Lionel Atwill as the father.

☆

SINNERS IN THE SUN (Paramount) Here's a fashion parade for you, my pets. Carole Lombard is the mannequin, and how that girl can wear clothes! So if it's clothes ideas you're looking for, this is grand. The story? Two girls. The poor girl who wants the love of a millionaire, and the rich girl who wants the love of an honest man. It doesn't work for either of them. Hardly a new or startling idea, but what of it? The picture's nicely produced, it's smart, and it's fairly entertaining. Chester Morris teams up nicely with Carole Lombard.

☆

✓ **SKY BRIDE** (Paramount) Dick Arlen and Jack Oakie team up again in an entertaining show, which has some fine air-thrill stuff. Arlen plays a flier who loses his nerve after his buddy cracks up. A girl helps him find it again. Virginia Bruce, the girl, is an intriguing blonde. Here's also your chance to see Randolph Scott, who looks like Gary Cooper, and who for a time at least, was Lupe Velez's idea of a big moment. Jack Oakie does such a swell job in this that Paramount is going to restore his lost stardom to him again in his next picture.

☆

✓ **SKY DEVILS** (Caddo) When you go to see this, you'll be in for a good heart-warming series of chuckles; you can depend on that. For Spencer Tracy is in it and George Cooper, and what an elegant time they seem to have had! This is an air comedy—thrilling and yet rib-tickling. It contains some of the air spectacle stuff originally shot for "Hell's Angels" and not used. It has a kick like a mule.

(Acme)

Here's Norma Shearer as you seldom see her. The candid cameraman went down to the beach and got this informal picture of Mrs. Thalberg. Doesn't she look utterly charming?

✓ **SO BIG** (Warners) Remember when Colleen Moore played in this? Now Barbara Stanwyck adds to her screen laurels with this tremendously emotional story. If you're honest in saying you're sick of the screen's crop of gunmen, murderers, sex-inflamed men and women, see this. It's a great story of mother love. Bette Davis plays a small rôle brilliantly. And here's your chance to see George Brent.

☆

✓✓ **STATE'S ATTORNEY** (Radio) If you're a Barrymore fan (John Barrymore, darlings), you'll go for him in a big way in this. He plays this rôle with a lot of zest, dash and humor. The story's not unlike "The Mouthpiece." It isn't as powerful or compelling a picture, but it has more humor, and the romance is better. Some of the dialogue's grand. Helen Twelvetrees gives one of her better performances in this. I was a little disappointed in the courtroom scenes. But the picture has a lot of big moments to make up for this.

☆

✓ **STRANGE CASE OF CLARA DEANE, THE** (Paramount) If you haven't seen "The Sin of Madelon Claudet" you'll probably think this is a swell picture. If you have, you'll like it anyway, but wish that so fine a production as this had been given to a more original story. Wynne Gibson gives a fine performance. Frances Dee's fans will be delighted at the way the girl comes through. Cora Sue Collins, the four-year-old wonder, steals a nice slice of the picture. Take that extra hanky along. You'll use it.

☆

✓ **STRANGERS IN LOVE** (Paramount) If you ever doubted that Fredric March was a versatile actor, this'll convince you. After his horrible but beautifully performed rôle in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," the last thing you expected from March was comedy. So that's what he gives you in this. "Strangers in Love" is a gay picture about the complications that ensue when a splendid but down-at-the-heels lad takes the place of his twin brother who has just died. Fredric March is grand in the dual rôle. Kay Francis is also excellent. And Stuart Erwin's presence guarantees entertainment.

☆

✓ **STRANGE LOVE OF MOLLY LOUVAIN, THE** (Warners) You're going to get a lot more entertainment out of this picture than you expect. You see, there are no big star names to lure you inside, but once you're in, what a grand time you'll have! I thought Ann Dvorak was all right in "The Crowd Roars" but nothing to rave about, but she comes through in a big way in this. And Lee Tracy! As a fast-speaking, wise-cracking reporter, he gives as snappy a performance as I've seen in a long time. Gosh, that boy is good! There's melodrama in this; there are tears; there are laughs. This is the kind of picture you'll be telling your friends to see. So I'm telling you.

☆

STREET OF WOMEN (Warners) It hurts to say it, but Kay Francis' second talkie for Warners isn't any wow. Kay's worked hard, you can see that; but the picture is another one of these sex problem stories which consist of a lot of talk, talk, talk. It's too bad the movie producers don't learn that what we really want to see on the screen are movies that move. This doesn't. Kay is cast in a middle-aged rôle, which doesn't seem wise, either. Alan Dinehart and Roland Young are the men. Roland's good for some chuckles, as usual.

☆

✓ **SUCCESSFUL CALAMITY, A** (Warners) A pleasant picture, this. It's true to the Arliss formula. No sex, no smut, no melodrama. So if that's what you're clamoring for, here's your chance. Arliss plays a multimillionaire who pretends he's broke so as to save his home life. A millionaire's family gads about so, you know! Arliss's acting is a bit self-conscious, but good nevertheless. Mary Astor as his leading lady turns in a nice, rather lovable performance. A good picture but not a great one.

☆

✓✓ **SYMPHONY OF SIX MILLION** (Radio) The screen doesn't have to go far away from our daily lives to present drama that lifts us out of ourselves. This proves it. "Symphony of Six Million" is one of those simple human dramas that are great because of their very simplicity. It presents the story of a great surgeon raised in the Ghetto who forgets his people after fame comes to him. Ricardo Cortez plays this hard-to-play rôle splendidly. Gregory Ratoff and Anna Appell as the old Jewish couple are magnificent. Irene Dunne hasn't much to do, but does it charmingly. "Symphony of Six Million" is one of those pictures you'll remember.

☆

✓✓ **TARZAN, THE APE MAN** (M-G-M) Here's the "Trader Horn" of 1932, a picture packed with thrills and excitement. It doesn't matter how overused the word is—it's swell, just swell. There's animal-thrill stuff in it that'll root you to your seat, and as for the love scenes!!! Johnny Weissmuller as the superman who lives in the jungles is the hottest thing we've seen since Clark Gable. Maureen O'Sullivan gives a better performance than you thought she had in her. The story's a fairy tale, but if you pass it up for that reason, you don't deserve to see another movie. This is grand for both children and adults.

☆

✓ **THIS IS THE NIGHT** (Paramount) With a title like that and Lily Damita, Charlie Ruggles, Thelma Todd and Roland Young in the cast, what do you expect? Sheer, rib-tickling farce, a trifle risqué, and that's just what you get. You'll love it if you're in the mood for frothy, merry stuff. But, be warned, it's naughty, and not for Little Willie or Mary.

☆

✓ **THUNDER BELOW** (Paramount) If you feel that there's enough tragedy in daily life without going to the movies to see more of it, for heaven's sake, don't go to see this! For this is tragic, morbid, depressing. Then why that single check, which means we consider it a good picture? Because Tallulah Bankhead's work in this is grand. Because Charles Bickford and Paul Lukas give splendid support.

Because if you can stand an utterly unhappy, tragic ending, you'll feel it's a fine picture. But it isn't a great one, because there's too much talk, too little action.

☆

✓✓ **TRIAL OF VIVIENNE WARE, THE** (Fox) Do you hate slow-moving pictures as much as I do? Then go see this. It's the fastest courtroom melodrama you've ever seen. The obvious thing to say about it is that it's a director's triumph. It is. His name is William K. Howard. Out of an unimportant story he made extraordinary entertainment. Everything's shown in action, not words. There's something happening every minute. The camera angles are magnificent. Melodrama like this could probably never happen in a courtroom, but the picture moves so fast you won't have time to think about that while you're watching it. Joan Bennett is lovely as the heroine, and there are excellent performances by ZaSu Pitts, Skeets Gallagher, and the rest of the cast.

☆

TWO SECONDS (Warners) An interesting idea this. What does a man think about in the two seconds before his death in the electric chair? Warners' handed this picture to Edward G. Robinson, and let him play the part to the hilt. The picture's all Robinson. Perhaps too much so, unless you're a confirmed Robinson fan. He overacts in this.

☆

✓ **WET PARADE, THE** (M-G-M) "The Wet Parade" is half propaganda, half drama, and as a result it's a good movie rather than a great one. That's true in spite of some fine casting, splendid production, and excellent performances by Lewis Stone, Walter Huston, Dorothy Jordan and Robert Young. Jimmy Durante supplies the humor and how! This gives both sides of the liquor question and the drama is swift and emotionally very moving.

☆

WHEN A FELLER NEEDS A FRIEND (M-G-M) This doesn't quite come up to the standard of Jackie Cooper's other pictures. It's a bit too maudlin, too sugary. Chic Sale does his usual old man characterization. Jackie Cooper plays a little lame boy who suffers all sorts of bitter trials through his lameness. There's one fine scene in the picture, but for the rest it's too obvious an attempt to make you weep.

☆

WINNER TAKE ALL (Warners) There are high spots in this that'll delight Jimmy Cagney's fans, yet it's far from Jimmy Cagney's best. Much more should have been done with the story, because the character, a tough mugg of a prize fighter, is right down Jimmy's alley. But the story lacks suspense. So even though Jimmy *does* kick the faithless blonde (nicely played by Virginia Bruce), and even though he does go back to his ta-hrue love (Marian Nixon), you'll find yourself just the least bit disappointed. Not that it isn't pretty good entertainment. But Jimmy's bosses have done better by him in other stories.

☆

WOMAN IN ROOM 13, THE (Fox) Will Elissa Landi ever find a production really worthy of her talents? Some of her pictures have been good; none of them have been great. This isn't even very good. The story's a complicated tangle about an unhappy marriage. Hampered by the story, Elissa, Neil Hamilton, Ralph Bellamy and Myrna Loy don't do so well. The picture remains unreal.

☆

WORLD AND THE FLESH, THE (Paramount) This picture was given a swell production, beautiful sets and all that. To my mind, the picture doesn't quite come through. It never seemed real to me. It's Hollywood's idea of Russia, and it sounds like Hollywood, not Russia. George Bancroft plays a he-man Russian sailor with a booming laugh. His performance didn't grip me particularly. Miriam Hopkins, good I'il trouper, comes through with a good performance in a rôle in which she's obviously miscast.

☆

✓ **YOUNG AMERICA** (Fox) Frank Borzage is a director who can take a cast of unknown kids, a simple little story, and direct it in such a way that it becomes out-of-the-usual entertainment. "Young America" is like that. The names of Ralph Bellamy, Spencer Tracy, Tommy Conlon and Raymond Borzage wouldn't ordinarily mean anything much, but this story is so human it doesn't need great cast-names. It's the simple little story of two lads who are saved from going wrong by some grown-ups who understand children. It's a touching drama, full of heart throbs.

The New

Perfumed Linit Beauty Bath Instantly makes your Skin Soft and Smooth

INCREDIBLE as it may seem, the Linit Beauty Bath instantly makes the skin feel soft and smooth—and gives a gloriously refreshed sensation to the entire body.

While bathing in the Linit Beauty Bath, there is deposited on the skin surfaces an extremely thin layer of Linit. After drying, this fine, porous coating of Linit remains, which makes powdering unnecessary, eliminates "shine" from neck, arms and shoulders, harmlessly absorbs perspiration and imparts to the body an exquisite sense of personal daintiness.

Try this Refreshing Linit Beauty Bath

Swish half a package or more of Linit in your bath. Instantly the water feels soft and "creamy". Step into this luxurious mixture, bathe as usual with your favorite soap . . . then, after drying, feel your skin! Soft and velvety smooth!

The new perfumed LINIT, *in the Green Cellophane-wrapped package is sold by grocery stores, drug and department stores. Linit, unscented, in the familiar blue-package is sold only by grocers.*

THE BATHWAY TO A SOFT, SMOOTH SKIN

LINIT
FOR THE BATH
Makes Your Skin Feel Soft and Smooth
LINIT
DELIGHTFULLY PERFUMED FOR THE BATH

Men Love Her—Women Hate Her

(*Continued from page* 57)

and with *no* make-up—and I've wondered.

I've wondered because there is no conscious allurement about Maureen. Her eyes are wide open and frank and honest. Her laughter is ready and robust and free-ringing. She doesn't wise-crack. She doesn't say "intriguing" things calculated to heighten a man's pulse or to "arouse the animal in him," as Charlie Ruggles would say. She wears no languors, no graces nor any of the tangly veils of enticement that say to a man "Come hither!" She doesn't promise anything. She has every appearance of being a normal, pretty, healthy girl liking to live and let live.

Yet every step Maureen has taken has been covered with red carpet by some man.

Frank Borzage "discovered" her in a little café in Dublin, Ireland. He cast her for the girl's rôle in John McCormack's picture. That's movie history. Now, no doubt Maureen was precisely the type Mr. Borzage was looking for. On the other hand, and also doubtless, there were some half hundred girls right here in Hollywood or in the professional purlieus of Dublin, with bonnie faces and Irish blue eyes who would have done pretty much as well as Maureen. But no! Frank Borzage wanted to help Maureen. He wanted to give her her chance. *He believed in her—on sight. Men always believe in her—on sight.* He did give her her chance at the high cost of importing her from her native Erin and wresting her from the reluctant bosom of her non-theatrical family.

Over on the Metro lot Benny Thau, the casting director, keeps a weather eye always open for O'Sullivan's chance.

When "Tarzan" was being made Van Dyke, the director, was in cahoots with Benny Thau in wanting Maureen for the part she played. And he gave her every bit of footage he could manage, every legitimate close-up, every break. He was unvaryingly patient and considerate.

Four men, well-informed men on the charms and charities of the ladies, said to me within the past week, "Don't fool yourself, she's the sexiest girl in Hollywood!"

Two other men said to me, also very recently, "She's the sweetest, cleanest kid that ever stepped on to a movie lot—"

A fatal combination. For the girl who can give to men the aura of sex and the April winds of cleanliness is the girl who can break the hardest heart that ever shied away from a woman.

Maureen O'Sullivan is the most dangerous woman in Hollywood. Men love her—women hate her—Let's let her tell us why—

Maureen said: "I always knew that I was destined for something very grand and important and glamorous. I always knew, from the time I was a tiny child, that something extraordinary would happen to me. From the very beginning I felt set apart from the rest of my family, from the other girls I knew, from the little town of Saintsbury, in Killarney, where we lived.

"I didn't know what it would be, but I remember, as a tiny child, looking about me and murmuring under my breath, 'Well, I won't be *here* long—!'

"My head was full of fairy tales. All about the Prince who suddenly steps in among the ashes and transforms a little sooty Cinderella into a shining, golden Princess. Only, I knew that a fairy godmother would have nothing to do with *my* case. It would be the Prince himself. I knew that a woman would never help me.

"I never liked little girls and little girls never liked me. I *always* liked little boys. And they were always nice to me. They gave me the larger halves of their apples and brought me sticks of candy and helped me with my lessons and carried my books to school for me. Little girls were always mean to me. They threw spit balls at me and pulled my hair and spattered ink on my dresses. I didn't like them. I still like men better than I do women. I feel more at home with men. You know yourself that most of us women are cats—

"Perhaps I feel the way I do because of my father. We were always very close. I suppose I have a father complex. Isn't it Freud who said that every girl should marry the father-image if she wants to be happy? Well, that's what I want to do. I have an Ideal Man! And he is founded on my father. He must be tall and lean and dark and brown, like our men at home who have known Indian service. Sort of a Kiplingesque man. And he must be a military man, like my Dad was, or at least look like one. One thing is sure, I *wouldn't* marry an actor!

"But to get back—when I was little and doing all this dreaming, I was doing other and more practical things, too. Mother kept on having babies. She still keeps on. I have a little sister three years old right now and I expect to hear, at any time, that another little O'Sullivan has been born to save Ireland. And so I had to help at home. I know all about bathing and feeding babies and mending and cooking and spanking, too, when necessary. I learned patience and keeping my temper and virtues like that in the nursery. But all the while I was doing these things I was thinking, 'It won't be long now—very soon I shall have—the Call!' I studied dramatics at school and took part in lots of the plays and liked the feeling of being Someone Else. But I can't say that I ever thought of Hollywood.

"I really had a very old-fashioned and very sweet childhood. I was never taught any of the Facts of Life. I was completely innocent in the most old-fashioned meaning of that word. And though I suppose I am a Modern now, and know what it is All About, I'm sorry that I do, that I *have* to. I wouldn't give up my romantic, sheltered childhood for all the facts and sophistication in the whole world.

"And I'm not at all sure that knowing all the Facts the boys and girls of today know is the best thing, after all. It may have been the old-time bogey-man of Fear that kept me, and all of us back home, childlike and clean but it *kept* us that way, no matter what it was.

"I want to get married. I've been in love just once, *really* in love, that is, and I want to be again. I couldn't marry that man or rather, he couldn't marry me. I'm not especially ambitious. I'm as happy as I can be over this Metro contract. I want to make good. But I can't say that I'm burning with ambition or want to stay at it for very long. When I thought I was finished a while back I wasn't frightened. I wasn't even very keenly disappointed. I was thinking more of the boat trip home than I was of anything else. I was imagining the Beautiful Adventure that would probably befall me on shipboard. I always read romances and, when I can get them, romances that happen while travelling. I think I'll meet my Big One that way . . ."

AND now, hasn't Maureen, without knowing it herself, told you why men love her and women hate her?

In the first place, men love her and women hate her *for the same identical reasons:*

1. Because she is young and fresh and guiltless of make-up, men know that they could never be disillusioned by her. Women know that men could never be disillusioned by her. She *is* what the eye tells you.

2. Because she carries with her the mantle of innocence she wore in her childhood. The world may have plucked at this vestal garment—nevertheless, the clean, bright ribbons of it still flutter bravely. Men love innocence. Women know that men love it—ergo—

3. Because she loves men. She reminds me of a couplet from the nursery rhyme which says:

"What makes the lamb love Mary so, the
eager children cry;
Why, *Mary* loves the *lamb*, you know, the
teacher did reply."

She loves men and love begets love. She doesn't love women and women know that.

4. Because she is not only a fragile maiden in a tower. She is capable. She is the potential mother type. She would never let a baby fall nor a man down. She can cook and clean and work. She is self-reliant. She doesn't make a man fear too heavy a burden. She makes the parasitic species of women feel pretty sick.

5. Because despite her dewy youth her mind is as candid as her eyes. She can talk a man's lingo. She thinks straight and speaks the jargon of the world. She has faced Facts. She knows what it is all about.

6. Because she loves adventure and travel and exploring. And so do men. And most women do not. They haven't the hardihood. They have too many make-up kits and hothouse necessities to tote about with them. They wouldn't make good comrades in the Yukon or darkest Africa. Maureen would. Women resent this in her.

Because, lastly, she hasn't only the glamour of a Garbo or the Elsie Dinsmoorish purity of a Gaynor; she hasn't only the hot-chaishness of a Lupe Velez nor only the sophistication of Tashman—but *all* the qualities of all the lovely women of Yesterday and Today—

Men love her because she has everything.

Women hate her for the same good reason.

Your Face Tells Your Future

(*Continued from page* 81)

THE COMPOUND TYPE

(Gloria Swanson and Joan Crawford)

With Doctor Crum the compound type of beauty rates very high.

"The admiration the compound type receives," he explained, "is more lasting than that given any other type, including the multiple angle. Its very imperfections make it intriguing."

Gloria Swanson is a complex form of the compound type, being a blending of four different types.

Undoubtedly this great variety explains the unevenness as well as the great fascination of Gloria's appearance. Often, as you've probably observed, Gloria will seem far from attractive. And then, with a turn of her head, she will become ravishing.

Where Gloria is a blending of many types, Joan Crawford is half and half, half multiple angle and half multiple square. It is as if an invisible band separated Joan's face at the eyes.

"Miss Crawford," Doctor Crum said, "has the mental calm of the multiple square together with the flash and color so typical of the multiple angle. She will appeal to a greater number of fans for a greater length of time than anyone else.

"Her beauty, like most beauty, is not without flaws. But her nose, although a trifle too large, serves as a balance wheel for the rest of her face. The slightest deviation from the present form of Miss Crawford's nose would mar her beauty. It is her nose which modifies certain defects and accentuates certain beauties . . . which adds the dominant touch which in her is so necessary . . . which gives her eyes the proper setting."

In Doctor Crum's opinion Joan's beauty is well equipped to withstand the years. "She will not wrinkle or line excessively about the face or around the eyes," he said. "Her face is so conceived that it will profit at the expense of her neck."

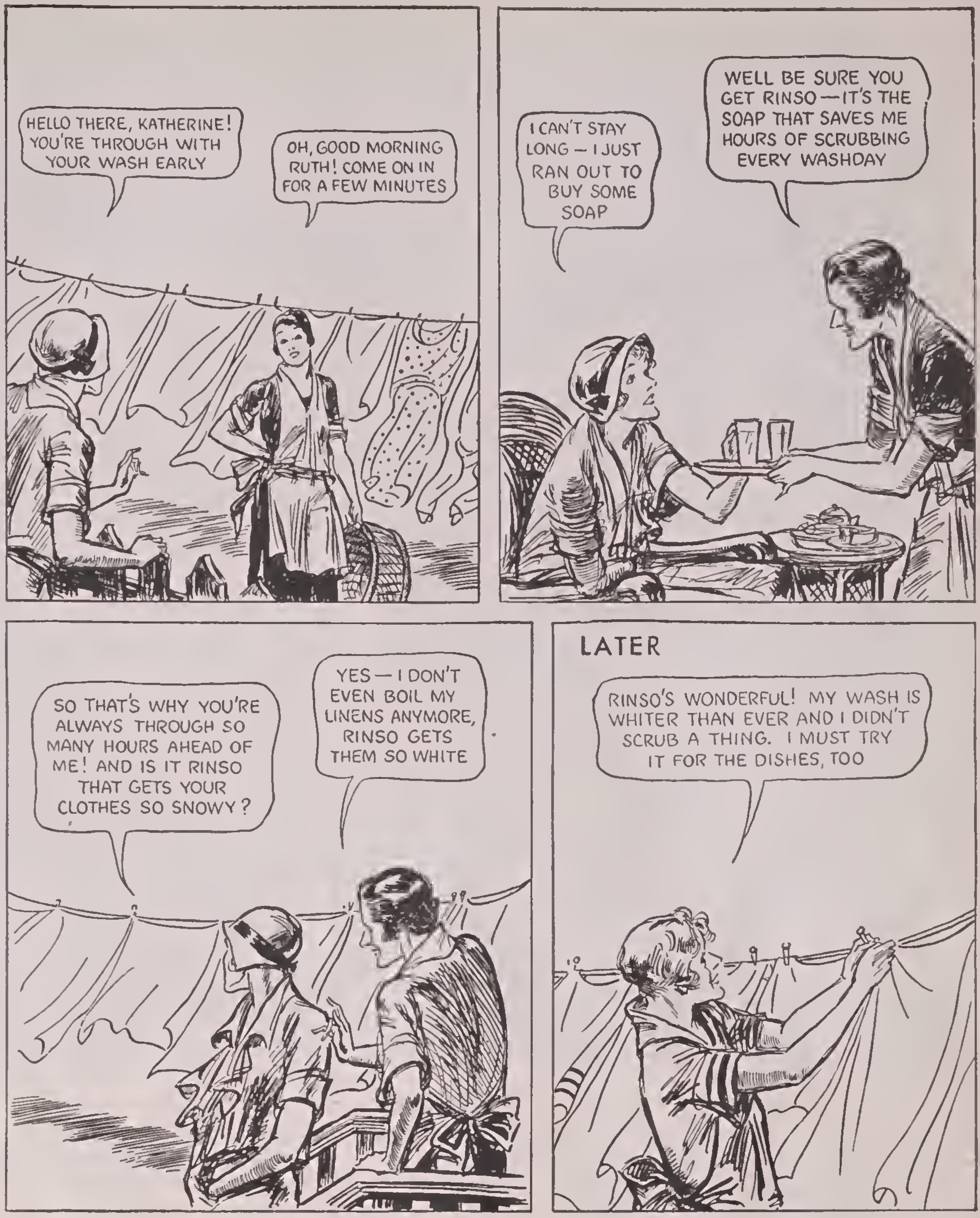
YOU will notice that with all types, with the single exception of Gloria Swanson, Doctor Crum finds the neck one of the first places where age will lay a disfiguring hand. However, he has a simple exercise which will, to a great extent, combat this bogey and he has been generous enough to allow me to pass it on.

NECK EXERCISE

Stand upright. Throw head back. Keep chin up. Keep mouth closed and firm. Skin and muscles of the neck must be in a complete stretch. Now, begin rotary motion, first to the left and then to the right, moving the neck as far as possible in each direction.

"The best time to do this exercise," according to Doctor Crum, "is before there is any evidence that it is necessary. It will help at any time but the greatest value lies in it as a precautionary measure.

"As in everything else, in beauty you must build today for tomorrow, no matter what your type, no matter what your face prophesies for your future."


HELLO THERE, KATHERINE! YOU'RE THROUGH WITH YOUR WASH EARLY
OH, GOOD MORNING RUTH! COME ON IN FOR A FEW MINUTES
I CAN'T STAY LONG — I JUST RAN OUT TO BUY SOME SOAP
WELL BE SURE YOU GET RINSO — IT'S THE SOAP THAT SAVES ME HOURS OF SCRUBBING EVERY WASHDAY
SO THAT'S WHY YOU'RE ALWAYS THROUGH SO MANY HOURS AHEAD OF ME! AND IS IT RINSO THAT GETS YOUR CLOTHES SO SNOWY?
YES — I DON'T EVEN BOIL MY LINENS ANYMORE, RINSO GETS THEM SO WHITE
LATER
RINSO'S WONDERFUL! MY WASH IS WHITER THAN EVER AND I DIDN'T SCRUB A THING. I MUST TRY IT FOR THE DISHES, TOO

"Amazed at big lot of work it does," says Pittsburgh woman

"I NEVER REALIZED how much a big box of Rinso would do until I kept a list. I was amazed at the big lot of work I was able to do. With just the one large box I did all this washing:

8 face cloths	5 children's nightclothes
10 napkins	12 pairs " stockings
8 pillow cases	8 pcs. " underwear
3 table cloths	2 housedresses
18 towels	2 nightshirts
3 aprons	6 pairs curtains
7 dish towels	45 handkerchiefs
10 shirts	13 pieces underwear
5 pairs socks	2 pairs pajamas

"And in addition to that I scrubbed the floors twice, cleaned the sink and tubs several times—and did the dishes 36 times. Goodness—my dishes just *shine* after washing them with Rinso!"

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Try Rinso. See how much work one big box will do for *you.* See what an economical soap it is. Cup for cup, Rinso gives twice as much suds as lightweight, puffed-up soaps—*even in hardest water.* Thick, active suds that soak out dirt, save scrubbing and boiling, *save the clothes.*

Saves your hands, too

Rinso is kind to hands. They don't get red and washworn the way they do when you use old-fashioned, strong scrubbing soaps. The makers of 40 famous washing machines recommend Rinso. You'll like its creamy suds for dishwashing—and for *all* cleaning. Get the BIG package of Rinso today.

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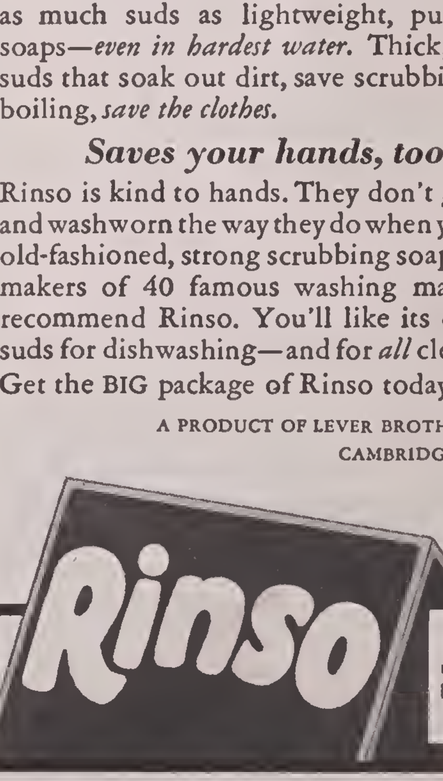

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most women buy the large package

"Specially posed by THELMA TODD Noted Screen Beauty"

You can have eyes like the Stars

by the simple magic of the NEW NON-SMARTING TEAR-PROOF MAYBELLINE

Brilliant eyes that mirror the emotions—eyes that glow when the heart sings—eyes that speak when words would fail to convey the fullest meaning. Yes, *alluring* eyes—the kind that make Thelma Todd and other stars of the screen popular with millions. *You* can have them. And *instantly!*

Just a touch of the New Maybelline to your lashes and the magic transformation takes place. As your lashes are made to appear dark, long and luxuriant, your eyes become more brilliant, and wonderfully expressive. Interesting? Inviting? *Bewitching*, to say the least!

But—be sure you get the genuine New Maybelline because it is harmless, non-smarting and ideally tear-proof. The New Maybelline, Black or Brown, 75 cents at any toilet goods counter.

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10c enclosed. Send me Purse Size of the New Maybelline. ☐ Black ☐ Brown

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Town .... State ....

Who's Getting the Fan Mail Now?

(*Continued from page 69*)

Marie thought otherwise and promptly wrote him and enclosed two dollars to make up for his loss!

Ken Maynard is another who finds his mail an increasing financial burden, but never neglects it. Many write for pictures of his horse instead of him, but he doesn't mind, knowing that Tarzan, his horse, is with him in enough scenes to be linked in all interested minds. Ken's films play to many smaller towns and he is the hero of many boys. They like his riding particularly and write him letters about the various tricks he performs on horseback.

Lawrence Tibbett gets about as wild love letters as anyone in pictures. Women who hear his voice in concerts or from the screen go wild over him. They seem to take his singing as a personal thing. Recently, local papers carried a notice of six women fainting in a mad crush to get to him after a theater-opening appearance—so the type of his mail may be imagined and the amount of it!

Many humorously-odd missives continue to clutter up Hollywood mail-bags. A college youth wrote Mae Clarke saying that his school wouldn't allow him to paste her picture on the wall, so therefore would she please be kind enough to send him her picture nicely framed! Some fan wrote Boris Karloff: "Dear Mr. Monster—Please send me at once a picture of Slim Summerville!" To Eddie Cantor came the following: "I read in magazines that you're one of the best-dressed men in pictures. Won't you please send me a silk hat, size 7 and one-eighth? I attend a number of weddings and funerals and might add it is practically my only form of entertainment." A plumber in Dallas, Texas, wrote Buster Keaton: "Dear Keaton—I hear you're to make a film called 'The Passionate Plumber.' In this please let me beg you to use a Stillson wrench instead of a monkey wrench and a fire-pot instead of a blow torch. A million plumbers in the United States alone will be grateful if you correct these absurdities!" To give this gentleman satisfaction, Buster used the Stillson, but the blow torch had to be retained so he could scorch Jimmy Durante from the rear! A lady well past seventy wrote Mrs. Louise Closser Hale: "I never did like my husband anyway. He won't give me the egg money any more, so I think I'll just save my money and come right out to Hollywood and go into the movies. I'm sure you'll help me till I get on my feet!"

An archeologist fan sent Charles Bickford a rare old bit of Mexican pottery taken from some ruins and enclosed inside was a long fan letter. The pottery sort of acted as its envelope! Charles was delighted with it and you can bet that was one fan who received a nice personal note from him.

Helen Twelvetrees seems to be a man's star more than a woman's, judging from her mail. Men of every age write her. Incidentally, Helen, Constance Bennett and Ann Harding are the only ones who handle their own fan mail on the RKO lot. The studio takes care of all the rest, turning over "exceptional" and worth-while missives to those they're intended for. According to their fan mail department, no newcomer's mail has ever advanced in volume so rapidly as has that of Laurence Olivier. That this is a gauge of real popularity is evidenced by the fact that most letters are discerning comments on his acting and personality.

James Dunn and Sally Eilers are the favorites of young couples and are looked upon as the "baby-raisers'" best advisors! It's Warner Baxter, Ed Lowe and Victor McLaglen that the married men have taken to their hearts. Although that cheery son of Mrs. Winchell, little Walter, recently stated over the air that Janet Gaynor leads filmdom in fan letters received, Frances Deaner of the Fox publicity staff insists that Warner Baxter is the real leader at Fox's. "Janet is getting carloads of mail due to her fine work in 'Delicious,'" says Frances, "but for consistent popularity, Baxter is really our fan mail champion." So zat's zat.

Tom Mix is one of the headliners at Universal. He has been getting mail from all over the world. When he was sick, telegrams and letters poured in from exactly fifty different countries!

Garbo—and this might surprise you—is the favorite of convicts all over this land. They all clamor for her pictures and when she appears before them on the prison screen is she applauded? And how! They love Greta and many are the beaten silver bracelets and woven wire belts that have come to her from them.

For some reason, Joan Bennett inspires fan letters from nuns, priests and ministers!

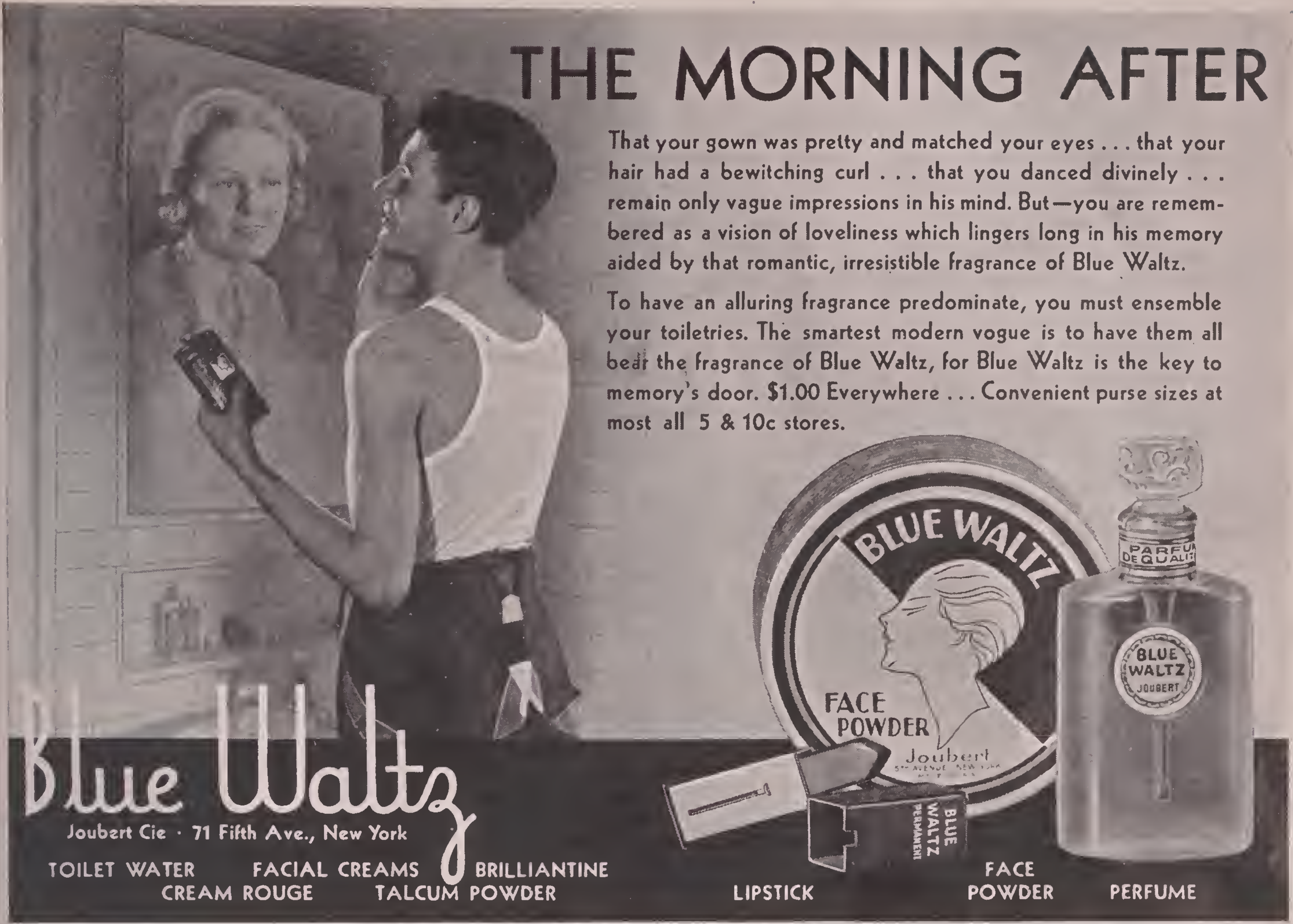
Roland Young has built up a following among very appreciative audiences, and accordingly, receives much mail. Many write asking him to enclose a tiny caricature of himself or someone else in his pictures when he sends them his photograph, his fame having spread far and wide regarding his drawings. Strangely enough, a goodly portion of Roland's mail is from young school children. A short while ago he received the following from a small fan in Los Angeles, who, in spite of his first exclamatory sentence, neglected to sign either a name or an address!

"Dear Roland Young: This calls for an answer! I have enjoyed all your pictures very much. My mother likes you, too. I am nine years old and would like your picture very much. I have sent five letters to other stars and yours makes the sixth. From your true friend."

And so this little game of letter-writing goes merrily on. Yes, it may prove trying at times, but the stars can feel sure in the film firmament only so long as the enthusiasm and admiration which prompts fan mail, lasts.

The New Gary Cooper

What's Gary like now that he's back in Hollywood? What did his tour of Europe do to him? What are his thoughts on love? You'll find the answers in a grand story on Gary in the September Movie Mirror on sale August 5th.



THE MORNING AFTER

That your gown was pretty and matched your eyes . . . that your hair had a bewitching curl . . . that you danced divinely . . . remain only vague impressions in his mind. But—you are remembered as a vision of loveliness which lingers long in his memory aided by that romantic, irresistible fragrance of Blue Waltz.

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How Sex Appeal is Manufactured in Hollywood

different theory. She says: "Sex appeal is almost entirely a matter of make-up. *It is what you do in front of your mirror that determines whether you have sex appeal or are just another Nice Girl.* It is the way you put your lip-stick on. It is the way you fix your eyes. You should always, for instance, *emphasize your lower lip.* This may sound funny—and *this* may sound funny, too, but think of Chevalier. Think of that lower lip of his and the way he emphasizes it when he is putting a song over. It isn't too far-fetched to say that Chevalier's sex appeal is in his lower lip. Women can't very well manipulate their mouths the way Chevalier does. They *can* emphasize their lower lips by the generous application of lipstick. And they should. You'd be surprised how it helps in the making of sex appeal. The corners of the eyes should be emphasized, too. The brows should be arched to give a faint suggestion of diablerie. The eyes and the mouth are terribly important. The rest of the face doesn't matter much. *The dressing table is the real work-room where sex appeal is made.*"

Sylvia Sidney, on the other hand, thinks that it is all a matter of *feeling.* She said to me: "Sex appeal cannot be made by clothes or make-up or the kind of parts you play in pictures or by any other external thing. It is made in one way and in one way only—by feeling. *If you feel that you*

(*Continued from page* 23)

are sex-appealing, you are. If you do not feel it, then, no matter what gowns you wear or under what circumstances you wear them, the lodestone is not there. A country girl standing bare-footed on a country road, feeling the urge of sex and the giving of sex, can produce the effect of sex far more potently than any modern Theda Bara in velvets and subdued lights—feeling nothing."

Irene Dunne, who has acquired sex appeal, we hear, in "Back Street," claims that she knows the one and only necessary ingredient. It is *flirtation.*

"Flirtation," she told me, *"is the trademark of sex appeal.* It is the way we advertise the fact that we have that commodity. And flirtation means a great many things. It means the way we wear our hair, the kind of clothes we choose, the way we laugh, the very intonations we give the words we say. It means what signals mean when they say, 'There is Danger ahead!' And the more we flirt the more we gain. Flirt with the cameraman and you'll find that you have more sex appeal on the film than you ever had before. Flirt with producers and you may have slightly better stories. Of *course* Hollywood manufactures sex appeal. It teaches you how to flirt, how to dress and walk and how to say 'Come on!'"

Norma Shearer agrees with Lubitsch, with Carole Lombard and, in part, with Sylvia Sidney. She says: "Sex appeal is a component thing. It is *a matter of the clothes you wear, the way you feel when you are wearing them and the situations given you to wear them in.*"

Genevieve Tobin to whom, also, Lubitsch gave sex appeal in "One Hour With You," says that the hair is frightfully important in the manufacture of sex appeal. The hair, she told me, is what frames the face, either in the aureole of the ingénue or the more dangerous allure of the Temptress. It is also, she says, a matter of the kind of books you read. Books about dangerous women. Poems noted for their amorousness. These things will help, surely, subtly and insidiously to build up in you the methods of using sex appeal.

HOLLYWOOD, then, is proven to be a factory of sex appeal. It takes these "nice girls" into the maw of its machinery. It gives them the dyes, the colours of mystery, of a Garbo voice, of make-up, of clothes, of flirtation. It tinges their minds with erotic literature. It supplies them with—er—*situations.* And finally, out of the humming work-shops, there emerge the Loreleis, the Cleopatras, the Helens—i.e.—the Swansons, the Garbos, the Hopkinses, the Shearers—

No rehearsals for my hair

"Women of the screen hesitate to experiment with untried preparations—to submit their hair to a 'rehearsal' for unknown products. In Hollywood, Duart Hair Rinse found instant favor, of course, for many of us already had the famous Duart Permanent Wave." Fifi D'Orsay

Applied after the shampoo, Duart Hair Rinse softens and lightly tints the hair. Far more than that, it adds a glow as of sunlight on your hair. It brings out high lights that even you did not suspect were lurking in the shadows of your tresses. In 13 tints—from ash blonde to black. Dissolve the little packet of powdered sunlight in warm water and pour it over the hair.

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10¢ AT DRUG, DEPARTMENT, AND 5c AND 10c STORES. ALSO OWL AND LIGGETT STORES ON THE PACIFIC COAST.

All Kinds of Luck

(Continued from page 41)

With the curtail of public interest in the new screen find, Dick was handed parts that should have been done by a young Charlie Bickford. For the camera he engaged in a man-to-man fight with the over-two-hundred-pound Noah Beery. And Dick has never weighed more than a hundred and fifty pounds at the most. He realized that he was not fitted for the pictures given him, and protested. But nothing ever came of it. Next he was a football hero. Again a boomerang cry of protest at the unsuitability of the part. He was a football fan, surely, but no one knew better than Dick that he lacked what it takes to mow down a prepossessing line of heavy-weight collegiate football players.

Newspaper reviewers who had lauded him as "Tol'able Dave" grew indifferent and critical. Dick knew they were right, but he could do nothing about it. In one of his pictures he played the rôle of a namby-pamby kid who continues to believe in the girl he loves after she repeatedly proves she's rotten. It was a sappy rôle, bereft of intelligent audience sympathy. Dick was aware of it. So he buckled up his belt, raised his head high and approached the man who holds his contract. This kind of part wasn't going to get him anywhere, he argued. He received some satisfaction in being assured that in the future all scripts would be read and values weighed before he was cast for another rôle.

WHEN he is handed a good part, for instance, the lad in "Emma," Dick proves that he can put it over. He *must* look to the future, else where would he be?

His weekly salary now averages less than a hundred dollars. Fifty of this sum goes to his mother for running expenses of the home where he lives with her, his two younger sisters, his brother and the brother's wife. The four-cylinder automobile which he is buying on the installment plan takes a certain sum each month. He doesn't spend money foolishly or even buy the things he really needs for himself. He stints on his own clothes so that a few dollars go each month to a bed-ridden uncle.

When the casting office informed him that he was to play the juvenile rôle in "Emma" at M-G-M, Dick was jubilant . . . until he discovered he was to report for work at that studio *with his wardrobe*. He possesed just one decent suit and blushed when he confessed it to director Clarence Brown. If he ever felt down-hearted and blue it was that morning on the set when production was held up, with such famous personages as Marie Dressler, Jean Hersholt and the director sitting on the sidelines, their routine upset because an assistant director had to rush out and secure suitable clothes for Dick to wear. Almost a day's work was forfeited, and Dick blamed himself for it. He couldn't help the fact that he couldn't afford a half-dozen suits, yet how could those others who get thousands each week, understand that a suit costs fifty dollars . . . and Dick didn't have many fifties.

I am sure he blushed again (for he told me so) when one of the publicity men at a studio tried to sell him two tickets to a theatre opening, and Dick had to quiet his insistence by frankly admitting that he didn't have the ten bucks to spare . . . Or the night after working late on a picture that the leading lady suggested they go out and grab something to eat. He couldn't refuse, yet he had only $2.50 in his pocket with pay day forty-eight hours away. Seated in one of Hollywood's eating rendezvous with the beautiful girl whose admirers probably numbered men who had never considered looking on the cost side of a menu, Dick again was forced to utter frankness and divulged the contents of his wallet. You can bet he wasn't nonchalant on this occasion.

He attends quite a few parties, but only those given by people he considers his real friends, like Joan and Doug Fairbanks, Jr., who take him for what he is and don't expect him to reciprocate socially. They know he couldn't afford it. The other Hollywood gatherings he must forego. Dick's not of that chiselling fraternity so prevalent in the film colony who get everything they can knowing full well they can't return in like manner.

He likes the company of girls, enjoys dancing and having a good time, but orchids and taxis cost money, and that is what they expect and deserve, he thinks. So why bother them with anything less!

NOT so long ago he was invited to a party attending a première, and Dick had to postpone acceptance until he ascertained whether or not the studio wardrobe department would lend him a presentable top-coat.

Now perhaps you can understand why Dick is worried about the kind of rôle he is given. Why he wants to make sure that he is going forward with each new picture. He is making a living now, yes, for himself and his mother and sisters, but he's got to guarantee his and their future. He can't take life as a joke, for it is a demanding reality to him. And he won't go off in a dark corner and cry because life isn't as easy and carefree for him as for so many irresponsible young Hollywood vagabonds who eat, drink and are merry for tomorrow they may be ejected from their finely furnished apartments. Dick must keep a level head and a determinedly set chin.

In a few weeks, his contract calls for a slight increase in salary. Then Dick is going to move into a little four-room house by himself at the end of a tree-lined Hollywood lane, assured that the family is well taken care of. And he's going to buy that piano he has been wanting all of these months and learn to play it. If enough money is left over, he plans to begin German lessons.

That is, he'll rent that house if the landlord will lower the rent from $35 to $30 a month!

He's Often Been Hungry

(Continued from page 83)

After four weeks of that sort of thing he got a job in Elizabeth, N. J., with a stock company. "Can you play an old man?" asked the stage manager dubiously when Spence reported for duty.

"My dear sir," said Spence with a confidence he was far from feeling, "I am an actor. I can play *anything*."

They were not allowed to draw against their salary until the play had actually opened, so he had to rehearse for a week without pay and his savings were practically gone. It was only a few days before the baby was born. The night before the company opened, Spencer and Mrs. Tracy sat in a lunch room boasting chairs with arms on which you placed the food. They had one thin nickel in the wide, wide world. Spencer went up to the counter and came back with an egg sandwich. They divided it.

The next night Spencer almost missed his second cue because no sooner had he come off stage from his first scene than he made a dash to the cashier's office to touch him for a ten spot.

We'll drop the curtain for a few minutes while Mr. and Mrs. Tracy made up for all the meals they had missed.

The baby was born. A boy, whom they promptly named Johnny.

You'd think with the baby safely in his crib and a job, that things were okay, wouldn't you? Well, they weren't. The stock company folded and there were the Tracys fighting the wolves again.

He had only been getting $50 a week in Elizabeth, out of which he had had to pay all the bills they had run up when they were broke, buy clothes for the different plays in which he had been appearing, pay all their living expenses, including Mrs. Tracy's confinement, and try to save. He had managed to save barely enough to carry them the few weeks that elapsed until he got another job with a stock company in Winnipeg, Canada—in winter.

They made the trek up to Winnipeg, rehearsed a week without pay, played two weeks, and suddenly the manager was missing with the company's funds and no one had been paid all the while they were up there.

Spencer smiles ruefully now as he tells about it, but it must have been far from a laughing matter then. "We might as well have been in Timbuctoo for all the chance we had of getting back to New York." But in the end, the owner of the stock company paid their fares back to New York, even though he still owes them their salaries.

From that point on things have been easier. He met George M. Cohan, who took a liking to him, and for three years he was under the management of that gentleman. One play, "Yellow," featured Spencer and Chester Morris. Leaving Cohan, he went back to the Theatre Guild and played in "Ned McCobb's Daughter." "Conflict", Nigger Rich", "Bread" and "The Last Mile" followed and we are back where we started—with his contract.

Not quite where we started, for in the years that elapsed between the beginning and the end of this story, Spencer has developed a character of which any man might be proud. It's a character that knows how to take it on the chin and smile.

His story might well serve as an inspiration to the men who write stories for the "Success" magazines. There has been a one-ness of purpose in his life from which he has never swerved. There are precious few of us who, when things got black and the ice box got empty, wouldn't have wondered if we hadn't made a mistake in choosing a profession, and have taken the next best thing that came along. Spencer didn't. He never wanted to be anything but an actor. He realized that "lucky breaks" are miracles that happen once in a hundred times and that, barring them, you have to take the bumps until you're established. So he learned how to take the bumps—and smile.

Although he has never told me so, I've often thought that Spencer, like Clark Gable, feels his present success is more like a dream than a reality and that one day he'll wake up and find himself making the rounds of the agencies looking for a job in a stock company in some tank town.

Possibly I may be wrong (even a Mook *can* be) but I'd be willing to bet the ties my Aunt Persephone gave me for Christmas that even when things looked darkest Spencer never went to his friends for help nor tried to cadge meals nor sidled up to a pal and apologetically said, "Could you let me have a fin for a couple of weeks?"

He seems to me to be the sort of chap who would work out his own destiny regardless of circumstances. And, unless I'm mistaken, it was that very habit of keeping to himself when things weren't going so well (and there was such a long time when they weren't) that has made him unsure of himself today.

The comparison I am about to make may sound unflattering. I don't mean it that way, for if there is a man in Hollywood who commands my respect it is Spencer. But he reminds me of nothing so much as a mongrel pup that has been kicked around from pillar to post, who one day finds to his delighted surprise that someone has given him a friendly pat on the head instead of a kick, who is taken home and yet who can never help but feel that another day there will be the kick again instead of the pat.

I've never met anyone who makes you feel that he so desperately wants you to like him. And I've never met anyone whom it is quite so easy to like.

When you see Spencer in pictures you always see a fine performance. And you get a lot of laughs from him on the screen. But you come away from a meeting with him feeling that you've brushed elbows with something fine—and real.

"The Red-Headed Woman." Wouldn't you like to read this fascinating story as you will see it on the screen? It will be in the September Movie Mirror. Don't miss it.

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MARY ASTOR, R K O Star—Photo by Bachroch

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The Stepchild Comes Into Her Own

(*Continued from page* 18)

Hollywood longed to wrap herself in the dramatic habiliments of the soiled, bitter Sadie Thompson, the rôle which swept Jeanne Eagels to immortality.

So it seems that the little M-G-M "stepchild" is really coming into her own at last. Many of her friends have advanced the claim that Joan was treated like a stepchild at her studio. It has been said freely that Garbo and Norma Shearer were served first, with Joan taking what was left. It is no particular secret that "Strangers May Kiss" was purchased for Joan, but Norma Shearer made the picture. Joan, in turn, was given "Our Blushing Brides," a picture which created very few new marks in the sands of time. "Strangers May Kiss," on the other hand, was a box-office smash of the year.

Indirectly Joan owes a debt of thanks to young Irving Thalberg, Jr., the infant son of Norma Shearer. The famous old stage play, "Within The Law," had been purchased for Norma. The impending arrival of an heir to the house of Thalberg made it impossible for Norma to do the picture. The film had been sold to exhibitors under the title of "Paid." It had to be produced, and Joan was given the rôle of Mary Turner. She loved that assignment, and she had seldom been happier than when she played it. When it was released it was a tremendous success. Critics recognized Joan's dramatic coming of age. They wondered why she had been kept in the background of hey-hey rôles for so long. Joan, who reads all of her reviews and takes them to heart, had wondered about that for some time. Consumed with a driving ambition which brooks no defeat, she was bitterly unhappy with the apparent dormancy of her career.

AS in all stories, Hollywood stories in particular, there were two sides to the situation. M-G-M was embarrassed with the riches of three dramatic actresses on one lot. Good dramatic stories are hard to find for even one actress. In the silent days of the screen a neat little pattern had been worked out. Garbo was the dramatic star. Norma Shearer was the sweet ingénue, and Joan was the hey-hey girl. Norma Shearer broke the pattern with the advent of talking pictures. She had changed from the ingénue to a stunningly sophisticated woman of the world.

Probably it seemed wiser to M-G-M to hold Joan in the background. She is younger than Garbo or Shearer, and in the meantime she was gaining experience and fan popularity. Joan is not one to be long content in the background. Ambition like hers must see constant progress, or it consumes nerves and body.

"I don't want to be just another screen star," she cried. "I want to be one of the two or three greatest."

Right from the beginning in Hollywood Joan has had that goal in view. Even in 1924, when she came to M-G-M as the likeable, but rather crude, rather too-buxom girl from the New York chorus, you sensed that she was "different." Her ambitions may have been formless at the time, but ambition was there.

Joan would sit on the sidelines of the sets and ask the orchestra to play for her again and again. You could see her body tensed and her face almost contorted with the intensity of her mental effort to get into the feeling of the rôles.

"She's the world's dumbest woman," one of her first directors remarked of her.

But he had never been more wrong in his life, that director. Joan wasn't dumb at any time in her life. She knew what she wanted, and she had the courage to set out on the long road, a road that would have seemed hopeless to most people. She had the brains to recognize her faults and to correct them. She did not hesitate to copy what was best in another person—and yet it was never copying. In Joan there became a subtle difference. It is hard to know even now what is real and what is assumed in her. She has made herself into what she is, and not yet is she satisfied by any means.

There's a new John Miljan and here he is, right in the arms of his father. He was born near the end of April and is getting along nicely, thank you

It has been a long, hard climb to the very top step on the cinema throne. Born Lucille Le Sueur in San Antonio, Texas, she knew a poverty-stricken childhood. She helped her stepfather run a hand laundry in Kansas City. The six months that she attended college in Missouri she waited on tables to pay for her tuition. She took any job, but always the new position was a step up the ladder. She danced in St. Louis, Chicago, Detroit, and finally New York. There is enough real life drama in her story to pack a dozen scenarios.

She made many mistakes in Hollywood at first. She was warm-hearted, impulsive and generous. She was uncultured. Her laugh would ring out above the orchestra and conversation of other diners in the Hollywood night clubs. She fell in love with Michael Cudahy, wealthy young playboy and scion of a family which had figured in many newspaper unpleasantries. Much of their own romance was also aired in the daily press. Her studio took a hand, and Joan was instructed to stay away from the bright lights. It was the best thing for her. She had time to think. The Joan Crawford we see today began to develop from that time.

WHEN she did finally marry she wedded the crown prince of Hollywood, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. She did not choose him because he bore the name of Fairbanks, open sesame to the great houses of filmland society. She married him because she loved him. That marriage, June 3rd, 1929, in St. Malachy's Roman Catholic Church in New York, was the greatest thing that ever happened to her.

Young Doug is an artist and a dreamer. He opened a new world of culture to her. He thought his new, young bride was a fine actress, but he was a vicious critic of her work. It is one of Joan's most lovable and greatest qualities that she has never been too big to listen to criticism. She takes it to heart. She considers it. If it is good criticism she uses it. If it is bad she forgets it.

No task has ever been too great for her if her career would benefit. She weighed 149 pounds when she came to Hollywood. Her speech was unquestionably "middle west." She dieted religiously. She studied voice. That vibrant quality in her speech was latent, but it had to be developed. She changed the shape of her eyebrows. She experimented with different shades for her hair. She made-up her mouth to make it appear smaller. There was a time that she unconsciously copied Garbo. No one was more surprised than Joan when she was asked if she were copying the Garbo long bob.

In her next picture she wore a fearful and amazing hairdress. A nest of curls rose fanlike from the back of her head. A somewhat awed friend commented on it.

"Well, at least," said Joan, "no one can say that I copied anybody."

At last the long period of waiting is over for Joan. In her eight years in Hollywood she has acquired polish. She is a great lady now, at home in any society. More than that, she has found that intangible something called glamour. The Lucille Le Sueur who came to Hollywood in 1924 was just a show girl. She did not possess glamour or anything like it.

Hollywood insists that the marriage between Joan and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., will not last much longer. Joan and Doug insist that it will. Their word should be given some credence. After all they were married in the Roman Catholic Church, and if the first thrill of love is gone, they are still the best of comrades.

She will never take Garbo's place on the screen. She will never be the exciting figure that is Garbo. Joan's life is known from her birth to the present day. There's nothing mysterious about Joan. She is not a recluse by any means. But it is increasingly evident in Hollywood, nevertheless, that Joan Crawford is the coming great figure of the screen.

At last the stepchild, the Cinderella girl, who has worn the cast-off dramatic clothes, is about to step into the glass slipper. And Joan, who has never failed, will see that it fits. You may be *quite* sure of that.

I Want to Make a Million Dollars

(*Continued from page* 14)

time than any boy would have done.

When we were going to parochial school, Sally and I used to slip away every afternoon and go to the show. No matter how "close-run" mother was, she always gave us an allowance, from which we bought our stockings and hair-ribbons. If we shopped carefully, we always had something left over.

I was really the youngest of the family, but as we grew up, Sally and Polly began to look upon me as the oldest. They depended upon me to make things right for them when they got into scrapes, though I usually ended up by getting them into worse ones. Like the time when I stole a bicycle from the boy at the drug store.

Sally and I had gotten tired of skating and wanted to learn to ride a bicycle, but mother was afraid we would get hurt or run over. We kept begging the boy to let us borrow his bike, but he refused. One night, Sally and I were running past the drug store and saw it standing outside.

The temptation was too great. We decided the safest place to try our skill was the Hollywood cemetery. So we slipped over to the graveyard and learned to ride between the rows of tombstones. It was quite dark and the cemetery at that time was poorly lighted, but we could mark our paths by the white stones. We finally learned to ride, that is, I learned to ride with Sally perched on the handle bars. We were quite jubilant over our success, but our joy was short-lived; for a boy was doing just what we were. We were going "lickety-split" when we collided head-on with the other cyclist. The two bicycles went right up in the air and Sally was knocked out. The boy and I were frightened to death. We dragged her over to the fountain at the entrance and bathed her head until she came around. And then he helped us home. We got Sally up the back stairs and put her to bed and I told mother that night that Sally had a headache and didn't want any supper. Which was no lie. Happily for us, mother had company for dinner that night, and I managed such a show of calm that she didn't investigate. The "bike" was a total wreck. When the boy found his bicycle, he decided that we were responsible and made us confess. Then he went to mother and made her pay for the bike. I remember she paid sixty dollars and she couldn't afford to at this time, but all she said was, "Girls, how could you do this thing?" And her sweet reproof hurt us worse than any whipping could have done.

In the fall of that same year, I enrolled in high school. I was thirteen, but looked much older than I really was. A few weeks after I entered, I met Arthur Houser, who was quite the best-looking boy in school. He was five years older than I. I have always been susceptible to the influence of perfume, and I know now that the thing that drew me to Arthur in the first place was the toilet water he used. It sounds silly, but whenever he came near me and I smelled that delightful fragrance that he used after shaving, I would nearly swoon. I don't know what scent it was that he used, but I will always associate it with Arthur. Only the other evening, I was dancing with a new acquaintance and I noticed that he used the same lotion, and I got the greatest thrill from the discovery.

Arthur and I had a great "case" on each other and I really cared for him in a puppy-love sort of way. Here is another one of those strange things I have done upon occasion without understanding why. Arthur had given me his fraternity pin to wear. I felt so happy to have it and was quite romantic about him.

One evening we were sitting together before the fireplace chatting about commonplace things when I suddenly unclasped his pin from my blouse and handed it to him.

"Please take it," I begged in a solemn manner.

I know now that I was only play-acting. I wanted to see what he would do.

He took it. I remember he gave me a queer, strained look and said: "Then you don't want to see me any more?"

"No, I don't want to see you any more," I echoed.

And without another word he went away. I have never seen him since. I suffered agonies in the weeks that followed. I wanted to phone or write him and explain but I didn't know how to do so without sacrificing my pride, so I didn't and he went out of my life. But I still think of him, sometimes almost with tears in my eyes, because I was really fond of him and I sacrificed our young affection for no good reason whatever. He is a student now at Loyola College in Los Angeles but our paths never cross.

The week after I broke with Arthur marked a turning point in my life. Polly Ann had been working in a picture for First National, and when she had finished she went out of town for a visit. Mervyn Le Roy phoned and asked for her to come back for some retakes. He seemed so distressed when he learned she was gone that I offered to double for her. We really looked a lot alike. Still do. There is a strong resemblance between all three of us girls. Although to be fair to the other girls, I must say I am the homeliest of the lot. My face is too long and my mouth

■	G	A	R	B	O	■	M	A	R	L	E	N	E	■	G	A	B	L	E	■
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M	Y	■	M	A	S	S	■	C	O	P	S	E	■	C	R	I	B	■	M	E
I	N	K	■	N	E	I	L	■	S	E	A	■	T	U	B	E	■	M	I	L
L	O	A	M	■	T	R	Y	S	T	■	Y	E	A	R	S	■	C	O	N	E
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This is the answer to last month's Cross Word Puzzle. Did you work the new one on Page 6 this issue?

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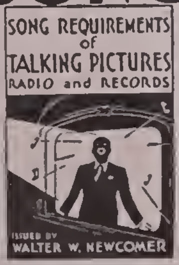
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too big and my eyes too round to be beautiful. I have often looked at myself in the mirror and wondered why people pay money to see my pictures. But I'm glad they do.

To get back to my story, Mervyn was a bit skeptical when I walked on to the set. I was wearing a short dress and my hair was hanging in curls to my shoulders, but he could see where I resembled Polly Ann and he had the wardrobe woman put a long dress on me and do up my hair. I did the scene and in the projection room that evening it got an okay. Next day, the studio called and asked me to come around and sign a contract. I thought they were joking and didn't go. The following day, they called up to ask why I had not been out, so I went and they really gave me a contract. I did nothing for the next six months but collect my salary. Then, out of a clear sky, M-G-M asked me to make some tests for the leading rôle opposite Lon Chaney in "Laugh, Clown, Laugh." I was given the rôle. How I managed to get through the picture satisfactorily I don't know, for I was only fourteen years old at the time. Looking back now, it seems as if nothing but a miracle could have done it. I guess all those shows Sally and I went to see back at the De Luxe helped me through. Sally and I were real critics in those days. We always tore the picture to pieces after we got back to school. You know how kids are. They think in terms of themselves. Sally and I would say we would have done this in such a way and then we would act it out. Without realizing it, we gave ourselves a real dramatic course those days that we played hookey from school in order to go to the movies.

I don't know how people got the idea that I was high-hat or hard to talk to. I've always had loads of fun, even when things were going against us. I have always been able to forget my troubles by going to a dance. I don't get the fun out of it now that I did three or four years ago. The thrill has gone out of it more or less, but I can still remember how I used to look forward to Friday night. I only had this one night out each week. I had to report daily at the studio and if I went out too much it would show in my face. I wanted to look fresh and clean for pictures. When I saw myself in "Laugh, Clown, Laugh," I made up my mind that I would be a rich actress. I would go after the money. I knew it could be done because others were doing it. I knew that if I did, mother would never need to worry again about who was going to rent the front apartment or where her next month's expense money was coming from. I could wipe out all her worries, give the other kids what they needed and wanted and be happy while I was doing it. There was never a doubt in my mind about it, but I did not want to talk about my plans because it would sound too much like boasting. I didn't know I was going to fall deeply in love and that love was going to change all my plans for me.

The true story of Loretta Young's romance with Grant Withers and the reason why their marriage failed will be told in Loretta's own words in next month's Movie Mirror. Don't miss it!

Vacation in the Hollywood Way

(*Continued from page* 31)

able to tear ourselves away," Kay observed. "It takes hold of you and gets into your blood. You never quite get it out. . . ."

IT was something else that got into Irene Dunne's blood. Something so potent that before she was really conscious of it she was in the fastest train headed for New York. Loneliness is one of the strongest motives for our actions. It inspired Irene to take the holiday that has meant more to her than all the rest. She had made "Cimarron". Her name was headline material. And it didn't matter—nothing mattered—because the longing to see her husband had submerged everything else. So she went east. She had thought that they would have to stay at a hotel; that the apartment in which they had spent the first year of their married life would be rented. But her doctor-husband had a surprise for her. He had been living at his club and keeping up the apartment at the same time for memory's sake. Whatever had been stored of her prized possessions was back in its accustomed place. In every corner she found a present. It was their second honeymoon. . . . Later on they went up into Canada along the mellow old St. Lawrence river and somewhere on the way Irene found the courage to face Hollywood again—and loneliness.

Oh, *vacation* is spelled in a different way for each one of the stars. Just as it is for you and you and *you*. Robert Armstrong and Eugene Pallette thought it the best lark ever to rent a bungalow car. To wander about like de luxe tramps in their queer little house on wheels. They were prouder of its hot and cold water apparatus than they were of their biggest successes.

And then there's Joan Crawford, the hardest working young person in Filmdom. For five years she and Doug Fairbanks, Jr., have planned a jaunt to Europe. It's never materialized. Every time they went anywhere they were surrounded and there was an endless amount of hand-shaking and picture snapping. Never any rest. So when she finished "Letty Lynton" Joan went off by herself to the desert, "to give her face a rest," as she expressed it. She rented an adobe house in a remote corner, installed only her cook so that she could get her favorite dishes, and left her make-up kit home. "It did for me what all the tonics in the world couldn't have done," she told me. "I took along all the books I've been wanting to read for ages. There wasn't a telephone or radio in the place. You know how wonderful those desert nights can be? And the sun baths during the day and the long walks without seeing a single soul? I tell you I found myself. I met Joan Crawford all over again. My nerves were liked taut wires ready to snap when I went down there. The first day I almost lost my mind. The sudden stillness was too much for me. After that, though, it was perfect."

Hollywood—whose business is entertaining the rest of the world—has its own ideas about vacations!

Why Lilyan Tashman Became the Screen's Best Dressed Woman

(*Continued from page* 35)

still any good in it was considered nothing short of a sin. So every dress that was bought for my oldest sister was handed down the line, cut smaller and smaller, and growing shabbier and shabbier, till finally I got it. Three or even four sisters wouldn't have been so bad, but *seven!* You can imagine what was left of the things when they got down to me."

When she got to be a big enough girl to go to school, Lilyan hoped things would be different. They weren't. She went to school in the same old middy blouses and seventh-hands.

"The boys all called me 'Broomstick.' These thin legs of mine, that I'm so proud of now, were the bane of my existence. I used to pray for Winter to come so I could put on my long woolen underwear. That way my legs at least looked a tiny bit fatter. But my skinny legs were a minor tragedy compared to my clothes. All the others, every single girl in the world but me, it seemed, had wonderful little dresses with ruffles. And colored dresses! I used to think that if, just once, I could have a pretty little dress with bright colors and ruffles on it—and a really-truly *new* dress, that six sisters hadn't worn ahead of me—I could die happy. I suppose a lot of things happened during those seven or eight years I was in grammar school, but I can't remember one of them. All I can remember is that for eight years I envied the other girls and prayed that somehow or other a miracle would happen and I might be given a pretty dress. I cried and cried about it at home, and Mother told me not to mind, the other girls' dresses were loud, and mine were in good taste. That didn't help any more than it had helped when I was younger. I didn't want my dresses to be in good taste; I wanted them to be pretty!

"I think I spent all those years looking ahead to the day when I would graduate. I knew that on Graduation Day every girl had a new dress. And do you know what happened? The year I graduated the School Board passed a ruling that we must all wear dresses we had made ourselves. They'd never done it before, and for all I know they've never done it since; but that year, the one year I graduated, *my* year of all years, we had to make our own dresses! We made them in school, in sewing class, and they had to be very simple and plain. You can guess what they looked like. I thought I'd never live through the tragedy of it. My life was ruined."

Lilyan's conservative parents believed that girls ought not to be allowed to go to parties with boys. She did not get to her first party until two years after she graduated from grammar school, when she was a sophomore at Girls' High, fourteen years old. For weeks in advance she looked forward to the party, dreaming of all the wonderful things that would happen to her there, dreaming of the lovely dress she was sure her mother was going to buy for her. All the other girls who were going had new dresses. But day after day passed and the heavenly words, "Lilyan and I are going shopping today," so eagerly anticipated, did not fall from her mother's lips. Two days, one day, and the day of the party came, and still no party-dress. The family took it for granted that Lilyan would be content to go to her first party in her ordinary everyday school-dress. White-faced, she crept upstairs to her sister Kitty's room.

"I sneaked into her closet and rummaged around till I found her best dress, a brand-new one that had been given her as a present. Ever since she got it I had envied her, but this was one time I wasn't going to just take it out in envy. My first party! I locked myself in the room with that dress and a pair of shears and a needle and thread. If anyone had found me they would have had to break the door down to stop me. It was a green crêpe dress with a blue velvet sash. I remember as well as if it were yesterday. And I didn't come out until I had cut it down to fit me. It nearly killed Kitty. She carried on so that Mother had to promise to buy her a new dress the minute the stores opened next morning. I didn't give a whoop! I wore the dress to the party that night!"

Fourteen before she had her first party dress—and then she had to steal it! Think what that did to her, that constant longing. The idea of wanting pretty clothes got set in her mind, as firm as concrete. Lilyan got her first pair of high-heeled slippers when she spent one summer at Asbury Park with Jenny. They were white canvas sports-shoes. It rained every day, and the white came off them and they leaked like sieves, but she wore them every day. She would have worn them to bed if Jenny had let her.

To get to Girls' High it was necessary to walk past Boys' High. That is, it wasn't really necessary, but Lilyan thought it was. "Ever since I can remember," she says, laughing, "I was in love with some boy. When I was at Girls' High it was one named Roger. I was scared Roger wouldn't love me because I didn't have pretty clothes. Beatrice, my chum, wore just the sort of dresses I wanted. Her heavy lover didn't care for her any more than Roger did for me, but I thought he did, and I blamed it all on her clothes.

"Later I went to Bushwick High and fell for a boy named Sam, and it was the same thing over again. Sam was the first boy my parents allowed to come and see me at home. We used to sit in the parlor and just look at each other. Nights he didn't come to the house we used to meet at the Public Library and sit there and look at each other some more. We decided we were secretly engaged. He took me to dances at the Armory, and I used to wear my sisters' dresses and try to pick out a new one each time so he'd think I had lots of them.

"Finally he tired of me, or I got tired of him, I forget which. But I thought he was through with me for the same old reason—no pretty dresses. Maybe that *was* the reason!"

Clothes, clothes, clothes! Always she longed for them, and she never had any.

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After all, one can't blame her parents. To them she was still the baby of the family. All parents are reluctant to believe their last-born, their baby is growing up. They regarded Lil as just a little girl. What did a little girl want with lots of dresses?

Lil didn't want to be a little girl. She tried to convince everyone that she was a grown-up woman. At night, all the boys and girls went to a nearby skating-rink. Lilyan hid her own light, curly hair under her hat and pinned on one of her sister's long black switches, letting it hang down her back. Maybe if they saw her with long black hair they'd think she was a grown woman! But still the clothes problem wasn't solved. The very last experience she remembers from her school days had to do, again, with clothes. There was a new girl at school named Emma. As is frequently true of new girls, Emma was the belle. All the boys were crazy about her. Emma's most stunning outfit was a shepherd's plaid suit, which she wore with a red hat covered with cherries. If only she could have a plaid suit and a red hat with cherries, Lil thought, she would be as popular as Emma. She cried and cried, coaxed and coaxed.

At last her mother said, "All right, dear. I'll get them for you for Easter."

Easter came, when everyone dressed up. Radiantly happy, Lilyan got up early, hours and hours before it was time to go to church, and put on her new shepherds' plaid suit and her new red hat. "I think it was the most joyous moment of all my girlhood," she says with a faint smile, as she looks back upon it. "And do you know what happened? We hardly stepped out of the house, on our way to church, before it began to pour rain. All the red came off the cherries, and all the red came off the hat. Streams of red dye ran down my neck and my cheeks. I was the color of Chinese firecrackers when we got to church, and my wonderful, beautiful new suit looked as if someone had dumped bottles of red ink all over it!"

It was when Lilyan was not quite sixteen that, sitting in a café with a girl chum, a man came over and said, "Mr. Ziegfeld is sitting at the next table and wants to know if you'll be in the next *Follies*." She thought he was joking, but it was true. She rehearsed three weeks before she told her family she was on the stage, afraid they would forbid her to go on. Stage girls had heaps and heaps of pretty clothes, she had heard. . . . The joke was, in the show she wore practically nothing. She couldn't buy clothes for herself, for she turned her salary over to her mother, like a good little girl, and her mother gave her only five dollars a week for pocket-money. By saving her pennies assiduously, she managed to get her first evening gown. She posed for clothing advertisements, taking her pay in shoes and stockings. But still she did not have enough.

"If ever I get where I have lots of money," she took a solemn oath, "I'm going to have clothes, clothes, clothes; all I want of them!"

And this was the girl who came to Hollywood and suddenly found herself with a big salary.

What did she do with it?

You know the answer. She's been doing the same ever since. And now you know why.

Movies of the Month

(*Continued from page 62*)

Ramon Novarro as a football player? And you couldn't figure out, either, how even if he did play a football player, it'd give him a chance to sing in this? Well, he does both—and delightfully. It's a rather new sort of rôle for Ramon—away from the romanticking, and down to everyday stuff, even straight comedy. And incidentally, when Ramon sings, you'll like it.

Henry Armetta, who plays Ramon's father, is swell. He's easily the best "funny wop" character man in Hollywood. He'll give you plenty of laughs.

Incidentally, although this is a football film, it isn't a hundred percent football. There's plenty of other stuff in it, so don't stay away just because you think you're not interested in sports.

Love Is a Racket (Warner Bros.)

You'll See: *Doug Fairbanks Junior, Ann Dvorak, Frances Dee, Lee Tracy, Warren Hymer, Lyle Talbot.*

It's About: *Modern life, gone haywire. A gossip-columnist goes for a society-aiming gal, overlooking the hard-but-true gal who's just pining away in the next apartment. It all works up to a murder and a more or less happy ending, which seem synonymous these days.*

Doug Fairbanks Junior has made some good pictures, and some excellent ones. This one won't fit into either group; it's just another movie, and not such a hot one, either. The trouble is, there's too much story and too little normalcy, and no matter how much you'd like to believe it and enjoy it, you just can't seem to.

Fairbanks and Tracy are roommates, with Doug playing the rôle of one of these modern professional gossip mongers. In the same house lives Ann Dvorak, a tough li'l baby with a heart of gold, who'd love to love Doug. But Doug can't see her for Frances Dee, a socially-inclined dame whom he doesn't get after all, even though he squares up a murder and some rubber checks for her. Is that enough, or do you want more?

The players do their darnedest, with Ann Dvorak turning in a particularly neat job.

Man About Town (Fox)

You'll See: *Karen Morley, Warner Baxter, Conway Tearle, Lilian Bond, Alan Mowbray, Leni Stengel, others.*

It's About: *Love and the secret service, or something. That is, the girl's secret-service-man lover vanishes and doesn't reappear until she's fallen in love with his best friend, and oh, the tumult . . . !*

In those allegedly good ol' days, when the ten-twent-thirt brand of melodrama and histrionics was ripe—even then, this one would have been overripe. So you can guess what it's like today.

It's really too bad that the talents of such a cast as tries hard to make this one possible should have been wasted. Not even their honest efforts made it anything but a lot of overdone celluloid. In Hollywood, preview audiences laughed at it, even though it was never meant to be comedy. So let's not say any more.

The Riding Tornado (Columbia)

You'll See: *Tim McCoy, Wallace McDonald, Shirley Grey, Wheeler Oakman.*

It's About: *The wide open spaces whar men are men and Tim McCoy sits a mean saddle!*

Purely for western fans, this one, because it's a typical wild west picture show, with some first rate riding by Tim McCoy, a real saddle-buster. Naturally there have to be horse thieves in the picture—did you ever hear of a western without the varmints? And naturally, Tim as the hero is supposed to turn 'em up. He does, and—yes, you guessed it—wins the heroine!

Arm of the Law (Monogram)

You'll See: *Rex Bell, Marceline Day, Dorothy Revier, Lina Basquette, Bryant Washburn.*

It's About: *The smart, brave young reporter who solves the big murder mystery at the risk of his own neck.*

Here's one of those independents wherein Clara Bow's nice young hubby, Rex Bell, is being starred. Rex's forte is westerns, but in this he's not at all bad as the hero-reporter.

There's nothing much new in the story, but it's done and played with a few new gags and developments that make it look fresher than it really is.

New Morals for Old (M-G-M)

You'll See: *Robert Young, Lewis Stone, Margaret Perry, Laura Hope Crews, Myrna Loy, Jean Hersholt, others.*

It's About: *The so-called modern generation's propensities to do things their own way rather than the way mama and papa did them, and what happens as a result.*

"New Morals For Old," which in process of shooting was called "After All" because that's the title of the book it's based on, isn't up to the M-G-M standard. Its story is interesting enough, and it's well produced—but somehow it lacks that certain "umph" that makes a picture really good. Let it go as just ordinary screen entertainment.

It tells of a wall-paper business man's son who prefers to go to Paris and paint, and of the girl who, because the man she's in love with can't afford to marry, doesn't let that bother 'em at all, and of their parents and how they take these goings-on. But it all turns out all right, and so what?

There are no ultra-big names in the cast—and no really big performances. Incidentally, Margaret Perry, who débuts in this, was so shocked when she read some critical reviews after the preview that she pawned her jewels and fled Hollywood to hide in Denver, she was that mortified . . . !

They Never Come Back (Supreme)

You'll See: *Regis Toomey, Eddie Woods, Dorothy Sebastian, Earle Foxe, Greta Granstedt.*

It's About: *Another of the current vogue of prize-fighter films—this time it's his mother's death that makes him lose the big fight, instead of a row with the gal. But does he come back? He does.*

For an "indie," this has a cast of good names, good actors. As a result, a not-so-hot story becomes better-than-might-be-expected screenfare. For action, speed, excitement, it's okay.

Regis Toomey, Earle Foxe, Eddie Woods particularly score.

Forgotten Commandments (Paramount)

You'll See: *Sari Maritza, Gene Raymond, Marguerite Churchill, Irving Pichel, others.*

It's About: *Some of the "big" scenes from the silent "Ten Commandments," sandwiched into a story about modern Russia's social experiments.*

Here's an idea that just didn't jell, or something. Paramount thought it could do a swell trick by using some of the footage from that big DeMille picture of the talkless days to add importance and point to an indictment of some of the things that Russia is trying. The combination of propaganda and old-stuff, however, isn't as effective as they expected.

The picture serves, however, to introduce Paramount's new foreign "find," this Sari Maritza. She packs sex appeal. Maybe her next picture will give her a better chance.

A Man's Land (Allied)

You'll See: *Hoot Gibson, Marion Shilling, Ethel Wales, Robert Ellis, Skeeter Robbins.*

It's About: *Good, old tried-and-true western stuff, wherein the hero is suspected of cattle rustling, but proves his honesty and gets the girl.*

This is typically hootgibson western stuff, with all the trimmings—even a big cattle stampede scene. The stampede was so exciting that when they filmed it, Marion Shilling fell off a fence, got a piece of grass stuck in her throat, and had to go to the hospital to have it out! Of course, you don't see that in the picture—but you *do* see the stampede.

The story's about Hoot and Marion, co-owners of a ranch, who just can't get along—especially when the girl believes Hoot is crooked. But you know how these western heroes turn out A-1 in the end, don't you? So it's a clinch at the finish.

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As You Desire Me

(*Continued from page* 53)

not at all disturbed by Salter's insolence, "that Maria here, a bride of only a few weeks, had been attacked by drunken soldiers. And dragged away."

Now Salter sneered openly.

"You see," Zara said, "he doesn't believe you. He's so vile himself he undoubtedly thinks your Maria went off with the men of her own accord."

"Be still, you!" Salter's words rang out like sharp reports from a pistol.

Alarmed at the cruelty of Salter's face, Tony would have stepped between him and Zara but Zara brushed him aside.

"Don't mind him," she said. "I don't."

Gently Tony took her arm. "I'm going to take you away with me," he told her. "You don't belong here. I'm going to take you to your husband, who's waited for you for ten long years. I've telegraphed him that I've found you; that I'm bringing you home."

"Others have managed to drag themselves up out of the mud." Again it was as if Zara spoke to herself. Again it was impossible to say whether her eyes looked backwards or forwards. "Maybe it isn't too late. Surely it's worth this chance . . ."

"She's no countess!" Salter protested. "Why, she didn't even know you!"

Zara turned on him, her eyes bright with anger. "You're wrong, my fine Carl," she told him. "I know this gentleman well. At first I pretended I didn't. I hoped to put him off. After what I've been . . . *after my years with you* . . . I didn't feel worthy to go with him!"

"You're a liar!" Never had Salter seemed more menacing. "You're an impostor. You're not the Maria he talks about. *And you know it!*"

Zara shrugged her shoulders. "Think whatever you please. In any event I'm leaving. Now! With my husband's good friend!"

"You're going to do nothing of the kind," Salter's voice came cold and measured. "I said you would not leave here until I was willing for you to go and I meant it."

"I must get my wraps," Zara told Tony. "Wait, please, in the hall."

It was Tony who saw Salter take his revolver from the secretary and aim, ready to fire. He warned Zara.

Nevertheless Zara, coming down with her wraps, dared cross directly in front of him. "He wouldn't dare shoot, Tony," she said. "He hasn't the courage. He's bluff. Sheer bluff."

Salter, however, raised his revolver. Had Zara seen his eyes she would not have been so brave. She would have realized that at the thought of losing her he had gone quite mad.

"Maria!" shrieked Tony. "Look out!"

A shot drowned the last of his words. The bullet grazed Zara's arm and buried itself in the heavy carved door.

"Quick," said Tony. "Quick, Maria!" They slipped out swiftly. Tony pulled the great door shut behind them. At the curb his taxi waited.

Before the shrine of St. John, patron saint of lovers, candles burned and there were innumerable little offerings of wild flowers. Bruno Varelli had announced to the entire countryside that his Maria was coming home at last. And the peasants, adoring him, found their joy in his joy.

At the villa preparations for the great welcome had been under way ever since Tony's telegram arrived. In the kitchens there was the smell of baking and spices. The rarest wines were tagged ready to be brought up from the cellars. The choicest flowers were cut from the gardens. And Tony's painting of Maria, which hung over the fireplace, was festooned with rosemary.

Bruno dressed in his uniform. As he later explained to Tony: "It was so she last saw me. I hoped it would help us bridge the years. She seems so strange, Tony. Almost afraid. My poor darling."

Now, however, there were insignias of higher rank above his heart. Stepping down from the train Zara found him a striking figure.

Those who had known Zara in Budapest would not have recognized her. She looked very different. She had discarded her platinum wig and her own soft golden hair made her appear much younger. There was a genuine shyness about her, too. In gay cafés, among sophisticates, Zara might be at home. But here among simple people she felt strange.

With every mile that separated her from Budapest she had come to hate the old life more intensely. Nevertheless, before that first day ended she had decided that she could not carry on. When Zara had decided to take this chance of escape she hadn't bargained on feelings that had long lain dormant awakening again. Had Bruno Varelli given her the slightest chance she would have slipped away and taken the first train back east.

But Bruno never left her side. Always his hand reached for her hand. It might have been easier for Zara, as a matter of fact, had he been less gentle, less understanding, less kind.

"Maria," he said, "sweet Maria, do not act so strange. Is it that you find things here so much changed? I tried to restore them faithfully as far as possible. Very little was saved, you know, except your picture . . ."

Slowly Zara's eyes travelled about the salon. Wide windows overlooked Lake Garda lying like a brilliant sapphire between the mountains now purple in the twilight. The far corners of the big room were in the shadow. Coming to the fireplace before which they sat, Zara took careful inventory of the lovely girl Tony had painted, of her soft young mouth, of her gentle eyes.

"You think I was that lovely creature?" she asked Bruno, a sob in her voice.

"Hush, my darling," he whispered. "Hush, my sweet. You *are* that lovely creature. We must try to forget the years in between."

In spite of all her resolutions to use this opportunity to pull herself up out of the mud, Zara could not keep silent any longer. Trust like this demanded honesty in return.

"I'm not that woman," she told him. "I'm not the same person at all. You don't know what I've been. I can't go on. I can't . . ."

It was his stricken face that silenced her. It was as if every word she had spoken had been a little poisoned dart that had found its mark. With all her heart Zara wished she could, by some magic, will those words unspoken. It seemed wrong that any person should have the power to hurt another as she had hurt him.

"Don't look so," she begged. "Don't look so, dear Bruno. I didn't know what I was saying. Indeed I didn't. The shock of being here. . . . It must have upset me."

Now Zara knew she would stay. Not only because this was her chance for redemption but because Bruno Varelli needed her as no man ever had needed her before. Other men had desired her because she

(*Continued on page* 112)

Cupid vs. John Gilbert

(*Continued from page 17*)

resistible to them than to the little girl. And so, in due time the newspapers chronicled the elopement to Tia Juana, Mexico, of Jack Gilbert and Leatrice Joy, the movie star. The Mexican marriage wasn't valid or something, and they were remarried in March, 1923.

Hollywood says that what ruined that marriage was nothing but Jack's success. As THE Great Lover of the screen. Well, that story's old, too. There have been other examples of it. And once again, Jack's case was no different from the others. His marriage to Leatrice Joy began to crumple.

In June, 1923—three months after their remarriage—they separated. They tried to make a go of it, though—reunited again in November of that year. But the following August, Leatrice left her husband, left THE Great Lover of the screen over whom millions of movie-going women sighed every night, left him despite the fact that she was to become a mother. On September 7, 1924, the baby was born—Leatrice Joy II. But in May, 1925, their divorce became final.

Then came what may be called, from one viewpoint, the high spot of Jack Gilbert's love life. He was already at the peak as the champion screen lover; he was in a fair way to establish a record as the champion off-screen lover. *He nearly married Greta Garbo.*

It was in September of 1926 that the report flew like wildfire that Jack Gilbert and Greta Garbo were engaged. Neither denied it. Certain it is that romance flared torrid between them. Gilbert's love swept Garbo off her feet—just as now it has swept Virginia Bruce off hers—and in February of 1927, they were as close to matrimony as two lovers can ever be—without actually going through with it.

In that month, Jack Gilbert and Greta Garbo eloped to Santa Ana, California, with the intention of becoming man and wife.

What happened will always remain a secret, but Garbo exercised the womanly prerogative of changing her mind at the last moment. And the torrid romance of those two great figures of the screen fizzled into anti-climax. It just cooled off.

You know, talkies arrived about now. That's an old story, what the microphone did to Jack Gilbert. His first sound film was the sort of thing people laughed at when they shouldn't. A Great Lover can't battle ridicule. Jack's star went shooting down. Jack became just another actor who couldn't stand up to Old Debbil Mike. And Jack's heart broke.

He took it "big." He refused to see interviewers. He moped and mourned. He became no longer the debonair, great star-about-Hollywood; he became the Hermit of Hollywood instead.

But even so, within him still burned that something that had made him THE Great Lover. Ina Claire, sophisticated, worldly, cosmopolite from Broadway and the speaking stage, fell victim to it precisely as had the little southern boarding house girl, and as Leatrice Joy and Greta Garbo had fallen. In 1929, Ina Claire and Jack Gilbert eloped to Las Vegas, Nevada, and married!

Their romance was short-lived. That's all very fresh, and you know all about it, don't you. You know about such irritants as that famous crack of Ina's, when someone asked her how it felt to be married to a great star. "I don't know," replied Ina, "why don't you ask Mr. Gilbert?" No love can stand up against that sort of wisecracking—and what it indicates. Certain Jack and Ina's didn't. Ina went back to Broadway; Jack stayed in Hollywood. For the sake of appearances, they went through the business of denying rifts, and all that sort of thing. But Hollywood knew what was coming, and Hollywood wasn't one bit surprised when in July, 1931, Ina went into divorce court, said Jack had complained she had "too much intellect," and got a divorce. Jack had won his third service stripe on the field of matrimony.

After the Ina Claire divorce, Jack's adventurings with the fair sex were amusing to Hollywood. Nothing big seemed to transpire. Hollywood got a great laugh out of his alleged crack, when asked why he found leisure in the company of a full-blooded Hawaiian princess who was visiting in Hollywood, and with whom Jack was seen often and everywhere. "Oh," Jack is reported to have said, "I'm *so* tired of blondes." And blonde Ina Claire must have bitten her lip!

There were others—other reported "that way's" concerning Jack. Once, even, it was published that he was all gaga about Marjorie King, the stage actress.

And the affair with Lupe Velez is no secret. Lupe herself saw to that. Her romance with Gary Cooper gone sky-high, Lupe flung herself at Jack Gilbert like nobody's business, and characteristic of Lupe, without subterfuge, secrecy or shame, even when she journeyed from Hollywood to New York on the same train with him, breaking a yachting date to go sailing with a party on Millionaire Howard Hughes' yacht. But torrid as it may have been, the Velez-Gilbert flame never blew altarward. Marriage just didn't seem to enter their heads at all.

At any rate, that, like Jack's other romances, soon blew cold. For the past many weeks, there have been no love-tales about the once Great Lover. Until Virginia Bruce came along.

Whether it's Virginia that's done it, or whether it's the fact that his own picture is about to be filmed, the fact remains that Jack for the first time since the microphone downed him, is beginning to show signs of life again. "He's the old Jack Gilbert," they say around the M-G-M lot, and they have high hopes that in "Downstairs," he and Virginia will play a picture that will once again skyrocket Gilbert to the heights from which he plunged.

Well, maybe. Time alone will tell.

And time alone will tell whether this Virginia Bruce romance is just going to be "another marriage" in Jack Gilbert's life, or whether—as they both hope now—it'll be THE Great Lover's great love.

One Good Habit

that millions of women share

The psychologists tell us we live our lives by habits, good and bad, that take form from day to day.

One good habit many million women have in common. When merchandise of nearly any description is needed for the family, they LOOK FIRST at one of the stores of the National Syndicate Organizations listed below.

Of course, they did not form this habit overnight. It gradually grew because they found, in one shopping tour after another, that these stores can supply nearly anything they want, whether it be house furnishings or cosmetics, tacks or piece goods, at prices that stand comparison.

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EUGENE PENNY, 117 N. Wells, Suite 91, Chicago

Dressing Perfectly on One Hundred and Fifty Dollars

(Continued from page 65)

As a starting point, let us suppose that you want to keep the total cost of your 1932 spring-and-summer outfit down to approximately $150.

Let's follow that A-divided-by-B-rule—list your fundamental needs and the amount of money you find you can apportion to each:

Suit	$19.50
Coat	25.00
Blouse	1.95
Gloves	1.00
Hat	5.00
Shoes	6.00
Crepe Dress	15.00
Two Scarfs	2.00
Flannel Jacket	5.00
Total	$80.45

To this you can add a $20.00 bill for such articles as hosiery, lingerie, purses, kerchiefs and other accessories.

This will bring the sum total for your daytime wardrobe to about $100.00.

However, to put this $100.00 to the best possible advantage there are certain secondary rules which must be complied with, once the fundamental formula has been disposed of.

Let's consider them in order.

SUIT: Regardless of whether this important costume is of soft woolen material or the new rough weave silk, black, brown or navy blue are the best colors. Not only are these colors serviceable and smart, but they are the most adaptable to using separate portions of the suit in combination with other items.

The skirt should have a graceful flare, rather than a pleated effect. Then you can press it at home, at minimum expense.

COAT: This should be in a neutral tone, and without fur on the collar. You will get better material in the coat, and with a plain neckline you can achieve variety by the use of scarfs or fur neck piece, if you already possess one.

BLOUSE: By all means select a white one that is washable. The new models in pique are extremely practical. They launder nicely, without losing appearance. White looks much smarter in contrast to a dark suit than would a colored blouse.

GLOVES: Select a neutral shade, not too light, and in a slip-on style.

HAT: Consider your type carefully before making this purchase. Some variation of the small, curving brim type is becoming to almost everyone. Soft hats are also good, although the small-brimmed models are perhaps more versatile, since they may be used equally well for sports, street or informal dress wear.

Now this, as far as we have gone, gives one a complete outfit. There is the business girl, ready to go to her office secure in the knowledge that she is smartly dressed. There is the wife, ready for shopping equally smartly, equally becomingly dressed. And all for less than $60.00.

In addition to cost, there are several other favorable points.

There is nothing in this outfit of which you will tire easily. It's serviceable, too.

Nor will it attract undue attention when you wear it. A minimum of effort is required to keep it clean, neat, smart, fresh-looking. The white of the blouse at the neck erases worry about powder rubbing off on the dark suit. So your cleaning bills will stay down.

Now let's get on.

CREPE DRESS: May be in lighter tones, to contrast with the coat, or it may be in a small print. There are also some interesting two-tone models, showing the body of the dress in a darker silk, with yoke and possibly sleeves in a light material. Any of these dresses will give you proper attire for afternoon affairs, or dining in town direct from work. It has the asset of being smartly fitted, with softer lines than the coat, yet not at all out of place for the office. With the hat, the gloves and the shoes, this gives a completely different appearance than the tailored effect of the suit.

Cotton is the smartest thing this summer and this little gown of organdie with bright red dots is the cutest dress in Bette Davis' wardrobe. Neck and skirt are bound in red, too

SCARF: Two scarfs are suggested because of the important part they play in altering the appearance of any costume.

(Continued on page 113)

Do You Look Like Ann Harding?

(*Continued from page 86*)

making your hair really look beautiful.

2—She does not conceal her fine jawline by fluffing her hair to hide it. *Too many women today make that mistake.* They destroy a definite beauty-point—a pretty, attractive chin-and-jaw line—by covering it up with a blob of hair.

Now as to use of make-up:

Look at the contrast between Figures I and II. Figure I is the Ann Harding you know—charming, patrician, warmly and richly beautiful. Figure II (and ignore the diagram and bad-coil lines) has been touched up, to show how Ann would look with too much make-up on. See the difference?—in the first picture, Ann is a lovely woman, softly charming; in the second, she has become hard, too worldly.

This illustrates the rule Ann has learned: *although she must use make-up to overcome that colorlessness nature has placed upon her, she may not dare use too much or too "hard" make-up.*

Yes, she has to pencil her eyebrows to make them show, because otherwise her face'd be too colorless; but she must not pencil them in a sharp, thin line. Yes, she must use mascara to make her eyelashes show; but she dare not use anything but the lightest mascara obtainable—and little of that. Yes, she must use lipstick to overcome the natural pallor of her mouth; yet she cannot use dark or even medium, but must use a light blondeen shade.

Now another point:

Beauty is not always merely what you put on your face or how you do your hair. Sometimes it's what you do that adds to your apparent beauty. Example in Ann Harding's case:

Realizing that her eyes, because they are her one contrasting feature, are her most compelling facial characteristic, Ann Harding has learned to use them well. When talking to you, she compels you to notice her eyes by staring clearly and frankly into yours as she speaks—instead of lowering her lashes, rolling her eyes, looking aside, as so many women do. The clear, frank gaze accentuates their beauty.

And too, we've seen Ann "point up" the effect of that lovely firm chin-and-jaw line by occasionally, quite unnoticeably, lifting her head a trifle more than ordinarily, to bring the chin into line of vision of the one she's talking with. It's a trick—but that's one of women's prerogatives.

Specific make-up advice for the women with Ann Harding's coloring:

Most important is the treatment of the eyes, again, because the eyes are already her strongest point. Bluish grey as they are, Ann knows that she must enhance their effect with a contrasting eye shadow. She uses brown. She uses it, though, *very* delicately because of the unusual whiteness of her skin.

Cosmetics, for the same reason, must be used *very* lightly and be well-blended lest the skin-whiteness reveal their artificiality. A delicate cream-shaded face powder, just off white, and a blondeen rouge and lipstick are indicated. Not obvious shades, nor too pallid, but warm.

For her severe regularity of features, the clean curve of the eyebrow, rather than the severely straight line, is to be used.

"See yourself as others see you"

Actual photograph of Miss Hester Hatch after and before using VANKAI Wave Set

Is your hair a PANIC at a picnic?

Keep it lovely, soft, wavy —with VANKAI Wave Set

Be honest. See yourself as others see you. If your hair's a stringy, straggly fright—spoiling your looks and your picnic fun—tell yourself so. And *then*—resolve that *next* time you're going to trust VANKAI Wave Set to keep your hair alluringly curly.

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Buy the extra-large 10c bottle at most 5 and 10c stores (25c size at drug stores). For trial size send 10c to Briar Products Co., Inc., 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago.

VANKAI Wave Set

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Movie Mirror and Love Mirror Magazines have discovered the secret of how to do it. Lucky for us the Federal Government hasn't learned what we are doing. They might object to our tampering with the value of the currency.

In the meanwhile, movie fans and romance readers are lucky indeed. Every month they can stretch 10c to pay for 25c worth of genuine magazine enjoyment.

The next issues of *Movie Mirror and Love Mirror* will be *on sale August 5th* at the store where you purchased this copy. We suggest that you mark its name on the margin.

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Lose 5 pounds—10 or 50 pounds

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Some people say they're married. Evalyn Knapp and Donald Cook insist that they're not, but certainly they're very much that way about each other. Last year when Evalyn broke her ankle, Don visited her in the hospital daily and this year, when Don got hurt in an auto accident, Evalyn was constantly at his bedside

As You Desire Me

(*Continued from page* 108)

was beautiful. Other men had paraded her in show places for the sake of their egos. But with Bruno it was very different. Bruno, she knew, needed her for the sake of his soul.

Her fear was gone. Her eyes searched his eyes, and in that meeting an emotion was born between them, an emotion as old as the past and as new as the future. Now it was as if they had known one another always.

"I don't want to be just the woman who has come back," Zara told Bruno in a soft, husky voice which quickened his heart. "That wouldn't be worth while. But if you think some day I can be the woman you lost . . . if you think you could help me to create such a beautiful creature, then I'll stay."

"Trust me," Bruno said. "Only trust me!"

Zara slipped her hand into his. "Give me time," she whispered. "For with my whole heart I want to be as you desire me."

Weeks passed and still Zara did not sleep within the circle of Bruno's waiting arms. They had first to become good friends. They spent hours together on Garda's blue waters. They watched their far-reaching gardens change color. They visited the peasants who looked to Bruno and finally to Zara too for both advice and encouragement. Evenings smoke from their cigarettes would curl up from the deep sofa where they sat by the fire. More and more Zara assumed little tasks about the house. Indeed until Zara and Bruno parted at the head of the great carved stairway each evening she was everything any man could desire in a beloved wife.

Bruno grew increasingly hungry for her, but he did not protest, and he did not urge.

It was not, in fact, until the Feast of Midsummer when the lovers burned fires on the hillside that the soft knock of which Bruno had dreamed and for which he had waited sounded on his bedroom door. He opened it eagerly, knowing Zara would be there. She wore a loose robe of white chiffon. She looked more than ever like Tony's painting. Now her mouth was tender. Now her eyes were gentle.

"I've come to watch the fires from your balcony," she told him shyly. "It's a sad business watching lovers celebrate alone."

Still he did not try to hurry her. He put his arm about her to lead her out to the balcony and it was then she turned within his embrace until they stood close, face to face.

"Bruno," she whispered. "My own Bruno!"

His cigarette dropped to the floor. His arms went about her.

"Kiss me!" he bid her. "Kiss me!" She obeyed. Her warm curved body relaxed intimately against him . . .

Beyond on the mountainside the flames burned brighter and higher . . .

The songs the lovers sang as they guarded their fires rose to a fuller note . . .

Never do the Fates seem happier than when they hold a tangled skein. At Lake Garda Bruno and Zara were happier than it is usually given even lovers to be. In Budapest Madame Mantari and Carl Salter met. It hadn't been at all difficult tracing Zara's history. Budapest still talked about her at the slightest provocation. In the café the management, counting their lesser profits, wished she were back. As for Salter, he proved more eager to cooperate than Madame Mantari had dared hope he would be. It was a month after the Feast of Midsummer that she telegraphed Varelli she would arrive for a visit.

Her wire disturbed him exceedingly.

"If Maria's memory were better I'd fear the future less," Bruno told Tony. "Today is her birthday, but she has not mentioned it. Undoubtedly she doesn't remember the date at all.

. "I've tried to talk about the past; hoped to stir her memory. But always her face clouds. We get nowhere. And it's days before she seems truly happy again."

"You do not doubt she is Maria?" Tony made it a question.

"Certainly not," Bruno was emphatic. "She's my own love, Tony. I never can thank you enough. You must know that. But as far as the estate goes I'm not sure anything has been gained. She will not say she is Maria. When we stand together beneath your portrait she insists, almost hysterically, that she is not the lovely creature you have painted there. It will be the same when Inez comes. Then where will we be? Inez will not be slow to take advantage of Maria's reluctance to recall the past. And certainly if Maria won't claim these lands for herself I cannot claim them for her."

In the salon Zara awaited them. She wore a soft white dress exactly like the one Maria had worn when Tony painted her. And at her waist she also had pinned a knot of wild flowers. Her eyes were the same gentle eyes. Her smile was the same tender smile.

"Blessed Madonna!" Tony said. "At first I thought the picture had come to life."

Bruno said nothing. But shining in his eyes was a great love.

"Aren't either of you going to wish me a happy birthday?" Zara asked them.

"Darling!" Bruno reached her with one eager stride. "You remember!" He turned to Tony. "It is a miracle."

"This foggy old memory of mine really seems to be clearing up," Zara told them while she brushed back Bruno's hair. "Remember, Tony, the time all three of us went to Monte Carlo. You had a new system of roulette. You thought you would break the bank with it. But instead you lost twenty-five thousand francs. And then you had to remain after Bruno and I left . . . to console yourself with a Russian. But we did not blame you at all. She was so very beautiful."

She was happier than they had ever seen her. There was no longer even a trace of fear or sadness in her eyes. There were no longer any unshed tears in her lovely voice.

Tony made some excuse about getting the rackets which he had left on the court. In order to leave them alone.

"Do you remember Monte Carlo too?" Zara asked Bruno.

His arms closed about her. "Every minute of it," he said. "Every beautiful minute of it." He tilted her head back slowly until her mouth was ready to receive his kisses.

(*Continued on page* 114)

Dressing Perfectly on One Hundred and Fifty Dollars

(*Continued from page* 110)

One might be in a combination of gay colors, the other black and white, brown and white, or blue and white. Both should be in complete contrast to the neutral toned coat. One color of the two-toned scarf might match your suit.

FLANNEL JACKET: At first glance it might seem strange that I should recommend a flannel jacket, rather than the more ordinary flannel skirt. But the smartest semi-sports effects of the present year combine a jacket with a skirt. So buy a separate jacket to wear with the skirt of your suit. The blouse may be used with this combination. Or if the jacket is well fitted, it is possible to wear it without a blouse by tying a scarf about one's neck, with the ends tucked into the jacket. This is appropriate only for strictly sports wear.

If you prefer more changes that are wearable *all* of the business day, or for sports, here's an alternative for the crepe dress.

Buy one of the new sleeveless dresses which are the last word in versatility and practicability.

These are cut either with a "jumper" top or suspenders. All feature a high waist.

With these one can wear either a silk or organdie blouse. One of the new large mesh sweaters may be tucked under as a blouse or a closer knit sweater may be worn over the top portion of the dress, which then appears as only a skirt. This could be purchased in a shade to blend with the light-hued jacket, thus affording still another combination.

Developed in light weight zephyr knit fabrics, these dresses are inexpensive as well as practical. One could probably be found for as little as $5.00. Divide $5.00 between dresses and sweaters—delightful samples of the latter are to be had for as little as $1.00 each—and there still remains a third of the $15.00 which would have been spent on a crepe dress. With this buy yourself a pair of white or egg-shell medium-heeled oxfords. These will be smart and comfortable to wear with the above outfit, as well as providing a change to be worn with the flannel jacket and suit skirt combination.

A last word of warning. Before starting on your shopping expedition, study the better class of fashion magazines carefully. Go to picture shows featuring women of your general type and acquaint yourself with what they are wearing. Become style conscious, so that you bring intelligent information as to the latest fashion trends with you. Remember that the more nearly a garment conforms to the advanced styles, the longer it will be possible to wear it with the consciousness of being well-dressed.

Looking back, it seems that we have accounted for about $80.00, plus the $20.00 allowed for hosiery, accessories, etc.

For this you have gotten the makings of a fairly wide range of outfits: business, afternoon, informal evening, sports, street. You are ready, in short, for any but a formal function.

For another $50.00, or even a little less, you can be ready for that function, too.

Crepe evening dress with short jacket	$25.00
Gloves	1.95
Crepe sandals or slippers	7.00
Evening bag	5.00
Shoulder clips	2.00
	$40.95

Now for details of the evening wardrobe.

DRESS: Should be simple in cut, following the lines of your figure, with a deep flared skirt. Let the hemline touch the floor. For summer the pastel shades are nicest, of course. If the dress must be worn into the fall and winter there are two solutions. Either abandon the idea of a pastel and buy brown, navy or red—all of which look well at any season of the year—or purchase your pastel frock in a material which will wear well, such as flat crepe or chiffon (not chiffon crepe). Lace is so fragile that I wouldn't suggest it if dyeing is necessary after a summer's wear. I omit the mention of black in the color range because it isn't quite so smart now.

Here are some hints. The blouse of the evening dress, this season, is not tightly fitted, the waistline is high. Belts are on all frocks but may be worn wide or narrow, according to your figure. The neckline is rather high in front, and the backs are exceedingly tricky. The shoulders should be covered through a cape or scarf arrangement, but the body of the gown is cut low beneath this in back.

JACKET: There is always some sleeve arrangement to make the shoulders look wide . . . small puffed sleeves, or ruffles or flares, cape effects which sweep back to cover the shoulders. Some models also show wide sleeves, either ending above the elbow or halfway between the elbow and wrist. The more brief the matching jacket the smarter it is.

GLOVES: Are not so long. Popular for not too strictly formal wear is the five button length. However, the longer slipons in light shades are also good. And, while being quite as correct, one may dispense entirely with gloves in the evening during the summer season.

SANDALS: Must be dyed to match the gown.

EVENING BAG: A bit more festive looking when chosen in the lighter shades, to match shoes or dress.

CLIPS: These are newer and smarter than clasps or buckles for evening wear. They are the little touch that accentuates smartness.

So there you are: business, street, afternoon, sports, informal and formal evening outfits for spring and summer—and a comfortable emergency margin left from your $150.00.

On this basis (for remember, the same general rules outlined above apply up and down the price range) plus your intelligent adaptation, you can outfit yourself according to your budget—whether it's below or above that $150.00 mark.

And you'll be *well*-dressed.

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As You Desire Me

Tony stood in the window that opened on the garden. He held a large dog by the collar. He coughed discreetly.

"So," said Varelli, "Old Caesar's home from the veterinary at last. Let him go, Tony!"

"With strangers, you know, he is not to be trusted," Tony said.

"Let him go!" repeated Varelli.

The dog approached slowly. But his tail continued to wag.

"You see, Tony," said Varelli. "You see!"

Bending to stroke Caesar's silky coat, Zara had the feeling the dog had been brought to the house to test her.

From his jerkin pocket Pietro produced a telegram. "For you, Signor."

"Thanks," Varelli slit the envelope.

"Bad news?" questioned Zara, watching solicitously.

Bruno gave her the wire.

"Coming by earlier train," Zara read. "Hungry to see my beloved sister. Inez."

"She seems friendly enough," she said. "I can't understand why you seem so worried."

"She isn't friendly, really," Bruno explained. "You see, my dearest, your coming home keeps her from getting this estate. If Tony hadn't found you, two weeks from tomorrow you would be considered dead legally. Your charming sister—who pretends to send affection—already had started action to recover these acres. I cannot help but believe she is coming to test you. And you will not say you are Maria . . ."

Zara's hand flew to her heart as if she would still its aching. Her face went cold and white. The old scorn came back.

"Don't look so, Maria," Bruno pleaded. "It's a shock, I know, to hear such things of your own sister. I hated to tell you, but I felt that I must."

She turned to him sharply. "So! You've been using me to gain your own ends; to keep this estate you set such store by. And all the time I've been feeling unworthy of you and wondering how in this world anyone had managed to remain so gentle and so kind."

"You mustn't say such things," Bruno scolded. "It was stupid of me not to explain everything in the beginning. But it never occurred to me you would take this view of it. Is your love for me such a weak thing that it breaks with the first misunderstanding?"

"I could forgive you more easily," Zara told him, "if you hadn't made me love you."

It was the laughter which at that moment floated through the open window that warned Zara Carl Salter had come after her. In all the world no other man laughed that hollow, mirthless laugh.

"I've come for Zara," Salter said coolly. "I feel her charming little masquerade as Countess Varelli has gone far enough."

Then turning to Zara, Salter marked the great change in her.

"You always were a dramatic soul," he said. "You dress your part very well. Very well indeed, my dear. You always did, I remember. I always admired you for it, in fact."

"If you've really come for me," Zara told him, "you may as well go now.

(*Continued from page* 112)

Whether or not I intend staying here is entirely my affair. But I will tell you this, if I do leave it will not be with you!"

"I've come as your friend, my dear," Salter told her. "I know how proud you are. Madame Mantari will arrive any moment to expose you as an impostor. I wish to save you that crowning humiliation if you will only let me."

"Remember, Maria," Varelli interrupted him, "you're my wife. No one can expose you."

Salter ignored the interruption. "Don't continue to play the fool," he told Zara. "You've been used as a pawn in a contemptible plot long enough. You know you're not his wife. You know you are not his Maria. And so does he! He accepts you now only in order to save his precious lands."

"Stop, both of you," cried Zara. "I've heard enough." She turned and left the room.

"Her sense of the dramatic is marvelous," Salter informed Bruno and Tony. "It always was. Do you wonder I've missed her?"

He went to the window and clapped his hands. "Pietro," he called. "Bring in the reinforcements."

Then he turned to Varelli again. "I've found your wife for you. She's not as vibrant as Zara. She's not so decorative. But she should serve your purpose quite as well. Allow me . . ."

Standing in the doorway between Madame Mantari and Pietro was a woman who looked about with a wild stare. She was wan and cadaverous. She might have been any age between thirty and forty. At the sight of Lena coming down the stairway she began whispering to herself, as if she was trying to help a struggling memory.

"Lena . . . Lena," she said, at last.

Now Madame Mantari spoke for the first time. "Did the other one recognize you, Lena?" she asked. Lena did not answer. She stood there terrified.

The poor demented one began talking again.

"Lena," she said pitifully, "is there any news of the war? I'm frightened, Lena . . . Bruno may be lying dead somewhere . . ."

"Where did you find this poor creature?" demanded Varelli.

"In a sanitarium in Bucharest," Salter replied.

Tony approached. He took the demented one's hand. "My dear," he said, "don't you remember me? I'm your Bruno. The war is over."

Varelli, standing to one side, looked tired to the point of illness. He was sure of only one thing. Zara he loved more than life. And he was afraid of only one thing. That he was about to lose her. He was the first to notice her standing in the doorway, looking down at all of them with great scorn. It was Lena, the maid, who saved the whole situation by suddenly recognizing the crazy woman as one of the lost servants who had been a victim of the war.

"I'm leaving," Inez Mantari said. She turned to Salter. "The plots you write in your novels are more successful than those you concoct in reality . . ." she flung at him.

Zara turned to Salter. "As for you," she said, "go back to Budapest. And when you write another novel, Carl, try to make it true to life. Put a little pity in it! Once you almost had me convinced there was no pity in the world. And no love. Now I know what a fool I was to heed you. Now I know there is love . . .

"Don't you dare laugh," she warned him. "Whatever you may think, it isn't only for the last few weeks I've loved Bruno Varelli. I've loved him always. Ever since the world began."

There was something so very simple and forthright about her as she stood there that even Carl Salter was impressed.

"Take that poor creature back where you found her," Zara went on. "Quit playing with human beings. It's dangerous."

Varelli had eyes only for Zara.

"Maria . . ." He made her name a caress.

"I'm not Maria," she told him. "I did what I did to squelch Carl Salter. I suspected he was up to some fine trick the minute I saw him. . . .

"But as far as you and I are concerned he is right . . . It's time our little interlude was ended. You've given me a few weeks of romance. In return I've saved your land for you. We're quits, I guess. Good-bye."

Varelli blocked her way.

"You just said you had loved me from the beginning of time," he told her gently. "In your heart you know I love you too. . . . Without you I don't want this land or this house.

"And how can you still persist in saying you aren't Maria? If you aren't Maria how did you know the things you've told us?"

Zara nodded at the portrait over the fire-place. "That simple and romantic creature kept a diary," she said, "and I found it.

"You don't know who I am. And neither do I!"

"You're my love," Bruno whispered. "That I do know. And nothing else matters!"

Zara seemed at a loss for an answer. Bruno drew her to him. His arms went around her. His lips found her lips.

Tony took advantage of their complete abstraction to climb up on the arm of the sofa and remove his painting of Maria.

"Why do you do that?" Bruno asked him at last.

"Yes, why?" echoed Zara.

"Much better," said Tony gently, "for Maria to come with me. Here she seems to have been standing between lovers. And that is the last thing she would have wished to do . . ."

He went off, whistling, the great canvas under his arm.

"Bruno," whispered Zara, "tell me I'm as you desire me!" She slipped back into the circle of his arms.

His eyes answered her. So did his lips on her lips. So did his heart beating against her heart.

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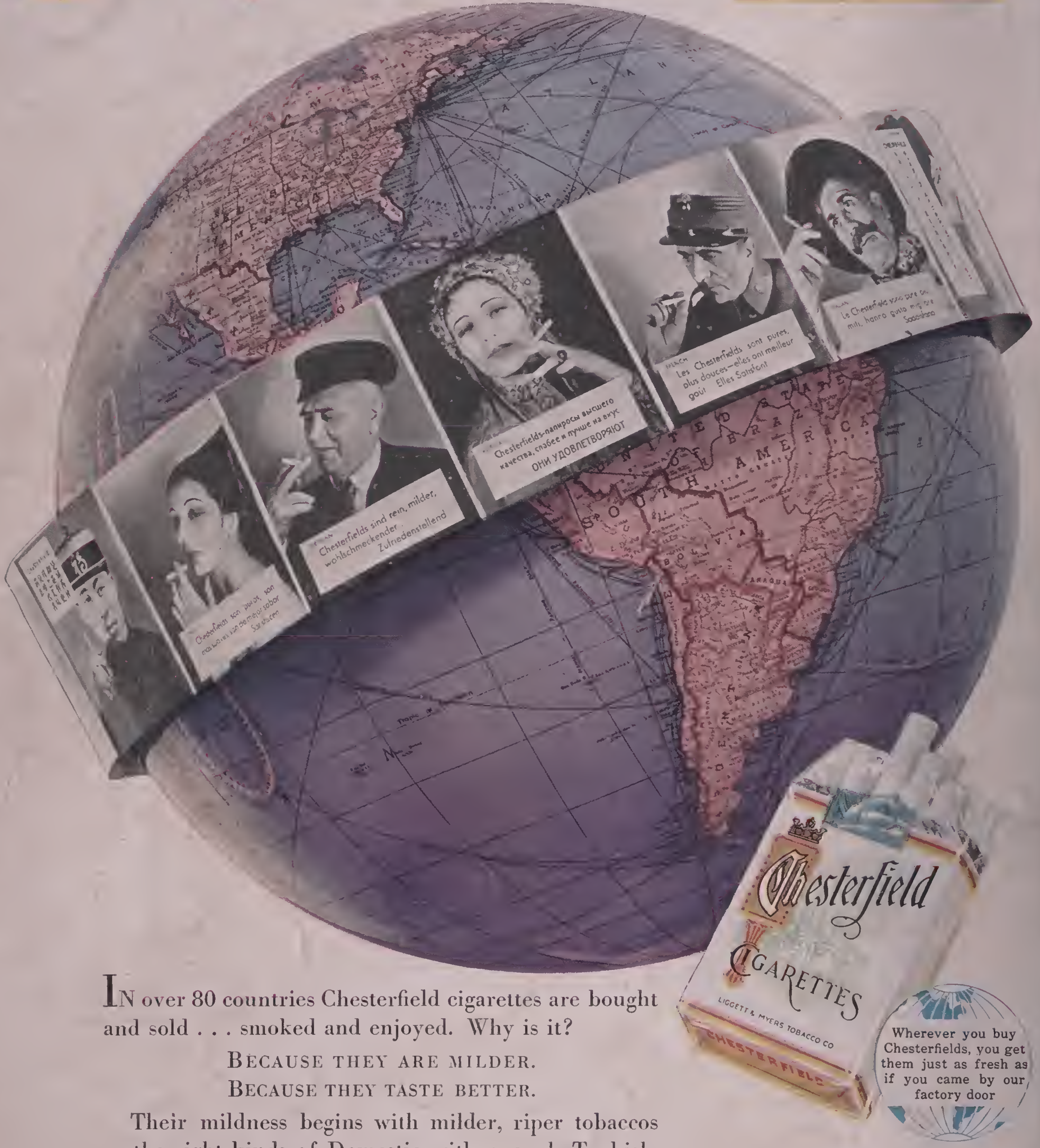
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Movie Mirror

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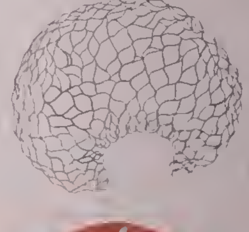

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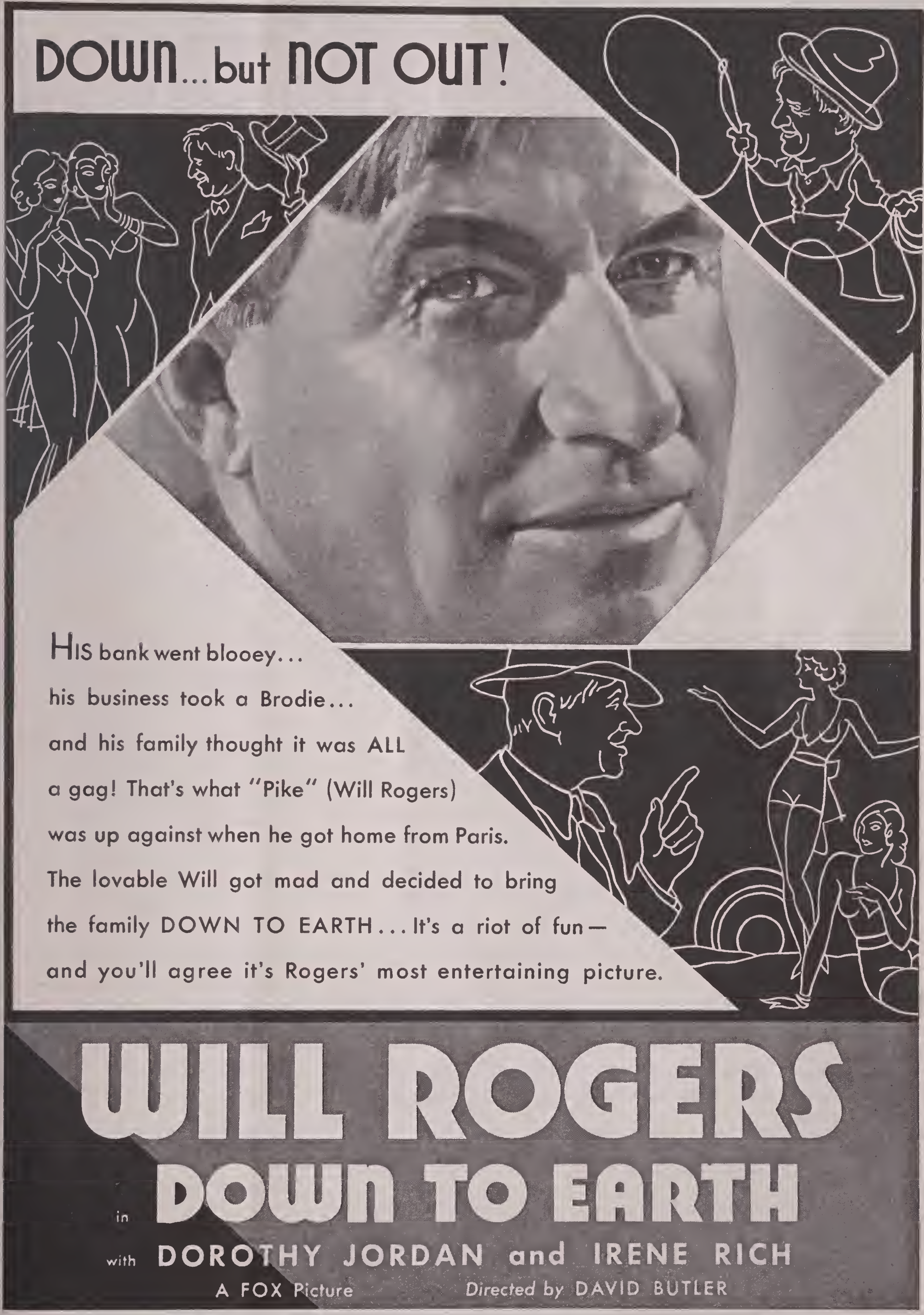

DOWN... but NOT OUT!

HIS bank went blooey... his business took a Brodie... and his family thought it was ALL a gag! That's what "Pike" (Will Rogers) was up against when he got home from Paris. The lovable Will got mad and decided to bring the family DOWN TO EARTH... It's a riot of fun— and you'll agree it's Rogers' most entertaining picture.

WILL ROGERS

in DOWN TO EARTH

with DOROTHY JORDAN and IRENE RICH

A FOX Picture

Directed by DAVID BUTLER

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AUG -9 1932

Movie Mirror

FILMLAND'S MOST BEAUTIFUL MAGAZINE

VOL. 2, No. 5

SEPTEMBER, 1932

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Advance News!

for those who don't like surprises

The October issues of Love Mirror and Movie Mirror will establish

a RECORD

Following are just a few hints of next month's exciting features:

LOVE MIRROR

Fighting Chance: beginning the thrilling new serial of big-league love against the underworld, by Mrs. Harry Pugh Smith.

Little Sister: the book-length story by Ellen Hogue complete in the October issue—a dramatic emotional revelation of how danger came to a marriage with the wife's younger sister.

Aileen Riggin Knew Tarzan "When": the second of Love Mirror's exclusive, intimate interviews with athletic stars, this time with Johnny Weissmuller.

Kisses Aren't All: Jane Littell's daring story of the coming of passion to young lovers who can't marry because of the depression.

MOVIE MIRROR

Pages from Life: the story of Ruth Chatterton's next picture fictioned from Larry Barretto's best-selling novel, "Children of Pleasure."

How It Feels to Lose a Million Dollars: Wally Beery tells you. (He dropped most of his fortune in the collapse of two Hollywood banks, plus the market.)

Robert Young's Life Story: Bob Young is rising faster than any other young man in Hollywood. Here's his story that tells "all."

Is Janet Gaynor Facing Disaster?: the lowdown on the present status of the "sweetness and light" girl.

On September 5th

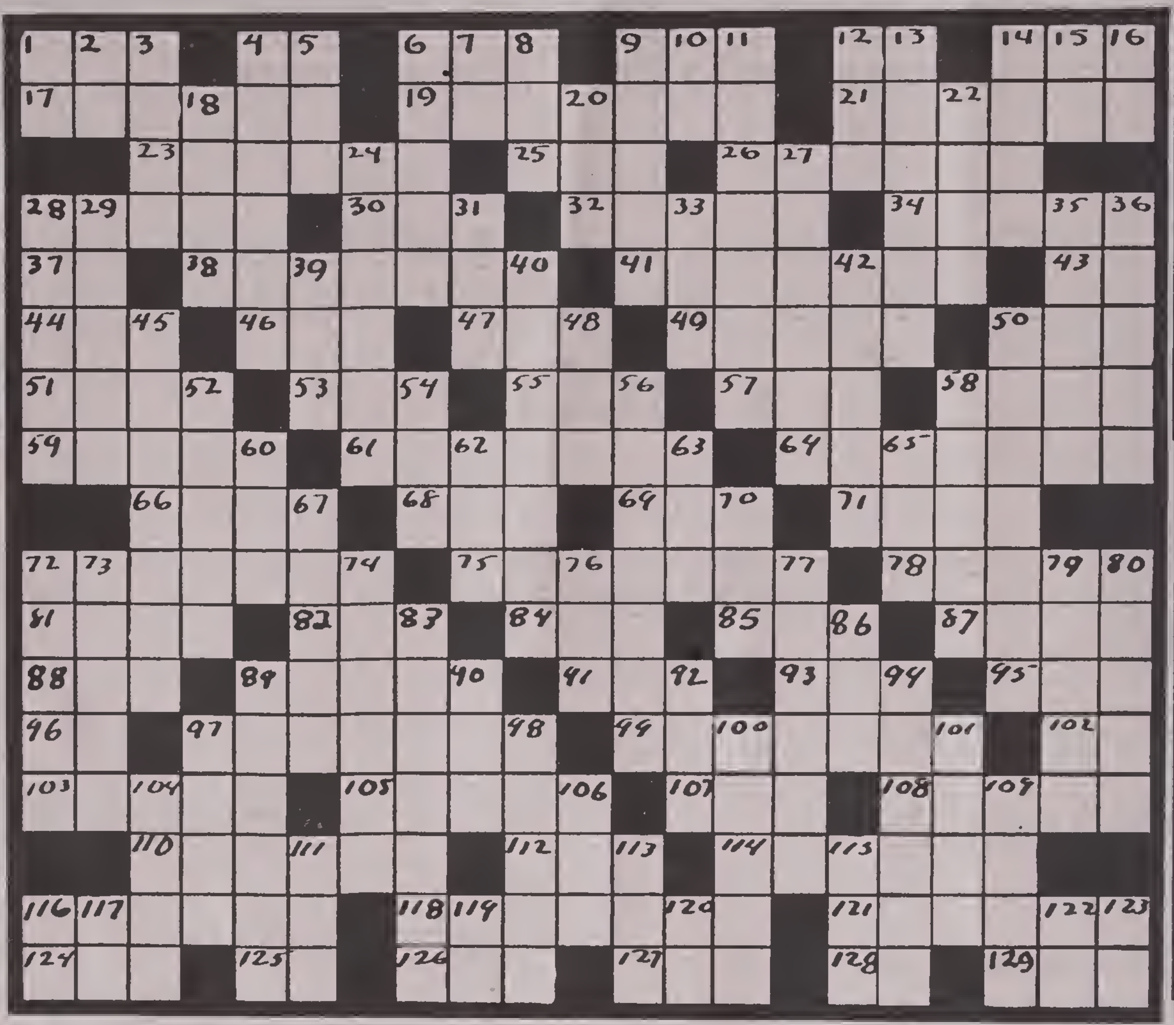
the next issues of Love Mirror and Movie Mirror will appear. Mark the date on your calendar. Buy your copies at the store where you purchased this magazine. Buy them early to avoid disappointment.

MOVIE-FAN'S CROSSWORD PUZZLE

By Alma Talley

45 Down

58 Across



41 Across

6 Down

ACROSS

1 Aged.
4 Exclamation.
6 Owns.
9 Distant.
12 Bachelor of Science.
14 Massage.
17 The platinum blonde now playing "Red Headed Woman."
19 The ex-Mrs. Jack Dempsey.
21 Lazy.
23 Stars' salaries, like everyone's, are this.
25 Pronoun.
26 Carole Lombard's husband.
28 What a star does to a new contract.
30 A small fish.
32 Took sides.
34 Lamentation for the dead.
37 Either.
38 Remove air, as from a balloon.
41 Ben Lyon's missus.
43 That old sun god.
44 Bebe Daniels' mister.
46 What you go to the movies to do.
47 Conjunction.
49 The first thing necessary to make a movie.
50 Gangsters' opponent in gangster films.
51 Enough (poetic).
53 Bitter vetch.
55 It is (contraction).
57 Why Hollywood became the film center.
58 Leading man in "Society Girl."
59 An orgy.
61 Helene Costello's ex-husband
64 Chooses.
66 Malt liquors.
68 A notable period.
69 Stars get this way on the beach at Malibu.
71 To search for.
72 Star of "Westward Passage."
75 To occupy.
78 Out of order, wrong.
81 Makes a mistake.
82 European measures of area.
84 Measure of weight by which coal is sold.
85 The opposite of con.
87 Killed.
88 Hubbub.
89 A fruit for which California is famous.
91 A metal.
93 John Gilbert's ex-wife.
95 What a Biblical yes man said
96 International language.
97 Plants that have red blooms in early autumn.
99 Mrs. Norman Foster.
102 The husband of Mrs.
103 Star of "Blessed Event."
105 To come in.
107 Tiny.
108 A gorge.
110 The star of "Arrowsmith."
112 Purpose.
114 The villain in "Letty Lynton."
116 Star of "Palmy Days."
118 Mrs. William Powell.
121 Neglectful.
124 Exclamation of triumph.
125 Concerning.
126 Printers' measures.
127 The heroine's answer to the hero at the final fade-out.
128 Period of time (abbrev.).
129 Female deer.

DOWN

1 Exclamation.
2 Note of the scale.
3 Residue.
4 What cow-boy stars ride.
5 Possess.
6 Garbo's sister in "As You Desire Me."
7 Like.
8 A pig's little home.
9 Liquid.
10 The best known mammy singer.
11 Is penitent.
12 The "It" girl.
13 Hard, metallic.
14 An actor's part.
15 You and me.
16 Exist.
18 Airplanes do this when they come down.
20 Goddess of dawn.
22 Woes.
24 Leading lady in "Disorderly Conduct."
27 Hateful.
28 Stars who don't drink are always this way.
29 Leading lady in "Symphony of Six Million" and "Cimarron."
31 Greek letter.
33 The, in a German version.
35 Loretta Young's ex-husband.
36 The audience does this at a dull film.
39 Payment, as to a doctor.
40 A competer in a contest.
42 Sea eagles.
45 M-G-M's Mexican star.
48 Not clearly seen.
50 Fortunately.
52 Fuses, as metal.
54 The girl friend of "He."
56 Devilish.
58 Considers.
60 Hawaiian wreath.
62 Silk worm.
63 The police finally do this to the gangster.
65 Meadow.
67 Growl, like a dog.
70 The frost will do this to you if you don't watch out.
72 What beats faster when you fall in love?
73 Passion.
74 Coarse sand.
76 It gets this way in summer.
77 You see these groups of savages in jungle films.
79 Appears.
80 A large number, as of bees.
83 Pin to hold yarn in spinning wheel.
86 A numeral.
89 Fox's most popular woman star.
90 Actors, like everyone, work in order to do this.
92 Immediately.
94 An arrow shooter.
97 A man who was born in Scotland.
98 Where material is joined in sewing (plural).
100 Extras always hope to play these.
101 Him and her.
104 Italian river.
106 A bone in the torso.
109 Dry.
111 Part of to be.
113 A spring month.
115 Attempt.
116 A corporation (abbrev.).
117 Exclamation.
119 Upon.
120 Note of the scale.
122 Thus.
123 Compass point.

The answer to last month's puzzle is on page 94. The answer to this puzzle will appear next month.

TIPS ON TALKIES

Don't they look gay? They're Joan Marsh and Arthur Pierson in their new picture, Fox's "Bachelor's Affairs"

(Check ✓ for the good pictures. Double check ✓✓ for the extraordinary ones that you shouldn't miss.)

By DORA ALBERT

Personally Recommended

✓✓ Scarface

For its powerful, breath-taking story and the magnificent performances of Paul Muni, George Raft and Ann Dvorak.

✓✓ The Dark Horse

The merriest, maddest, goofiest, gayest political satire you ever saw. You simply mustn't miss Guy Kibbee in this!

✓✓ As You Desire Me

Because of the romantic glamour and beauty that gives the whole production its charm, and for Garbo fans, Garbo's tender lovely playing of the woman in this, who wants to be as the man she loves desires her.

—Also—

These Double Check Pictures of the Last Six Months

- ✓✓ Alias the Doctor
- ✓✓ Arsene Lupin
- ✓✓ Attorney for the Defense
- ✓✓ The Crowd Roars
- ✓✓ The Doomed Battalion
- ✓✓ Grand Hotel
- ✓✓ Letty Lynton
- ✓✓ The Miracle Man
- ✓✓ The Mouthpiece
- ✓✓ State's Attorney
- ✓✓ Symphony of Six Million
- ✓✓ Tarzan, the Ape Man
- ✓✓ Trial of Vivienne Ware

✓ **AFTER TOMORROW** (Fox) If you can bear to see Charles Farrell playing opposite Marian Nixon instead of Janet Gaynor, you'll find this a nice, human story, cut out of the same material as "Street Scene," though to be honest, it isn't anywhere nearly as great. It's the story of a boy and girl who have to keep on putting off their marriage on account of the boy's "silver cord" comic strip mother. Marian Nixon and Charles Farrell give splendid performances. Josephine Hall's rôle as Farrell's mother calls for a lot of exaggeration, and she gives it.

☆

✓✓ **ALIAS THE DOCTOR** (First National) Barthelmess's best picture since "Dawn Patrol." The story of this is a beautiful one, that of a boy who sacrifices his career as a doctor for the sake of his foster-brother, and when that brother dies, has to conceal his identity in order to save human lives. The final scene of the story is filled with an almost unbearable suspense and reaches a high pitch of emotion. Barthelmess's own work stands out above everything else in the picture, though Marian Marsh is lovely as his leading lady, and Lucille La-Verne gives a grand performance as his foster-mother.

☆

AMATEUR DADDY (Fox) Maybe you'll adore this, and then again maybe you won't. It depends on just how much sentiment you like in your movies. If you like it spread on thick, this'll do. It's the story of a bachelor's attempts to mother some little ones. Warner Baxter plays the part nicely. Marian Nixon is excellent as a simple little country gal. And the kids are darn cute. The plot is a bit time-worn.

☆

✓✓ **AMERICAN MADNESS** (Columbia) A grand story about how a banker's faith saved a big bank from crashing. You'll want to get up and cheer for Walter Huston's magnificent performance. Pat O'Brien wins second honors. This is interesting; this is human; and you haven't seen a million other pictures about the same subject. You're bound to like it.

☆

✓✓ **ARE YOU LISTENING?** (M-G-M) You may not be expecting a story that digs as deep into the emotions as this one, but no matter what you're expecting, you'll admit that this is a swell picture. Madge Evans, Anita Page and Joan Marsh play three girls who work in a radio station, and they're all adorable. William Haines is good, and his dramatic work will surprise you, for he doesn't play his usual wisecracking self. Karen Morley gives a powerful performance. All in all, grand.

☆

ARM OF THE LAW (Monogram) Here's a story about a smart young reporter who solves the big mystery murder. The part's nicely played by Rex Bell, Clara Bow's young husband. Fair entertainment.

☆

✓✓ **ARSENE LUPIN** (M-G-M) This is a thriller—and how! It's not alone that the story is exciting and has lots of suspense, though it is and it has. The main thing is that both Barrymores, John and Lionel, are in the picture, and they do themselves proud. My own pet is Lionel, but I'll have to admit that his brother is swell also. "Arsene Lupin" has romance, thrills and mystery. See it.

☆

✓✓ **AS YOU DESIRE ME** (M-G-M) Garbo as you desire her. In this she gives a brilliant performance, first as a jaded café entertainer, and then as a woman who is beginning to learn something of love and life. In the early sequences she wears a platinum wig, that makes her look sophisticated, world-weary. Later she discards the wig, and the contrast is startling. She's young and gay and dazzling. Never has she been lovelier in either mood. Melvyn Douglas as her leading man is delightful. Also outstanding is Erich von Stroheim. An air of glamour and romantic unreality surrounds the whole production, adding to its beauty.

☆

✓✓ **ATTORNEY FOR THE DEFENSE** (Columbia) This belongs to the cycle of pictures about clever prosecutors. The rôle affords Edmund Lowe a chance to give one of his most brilliant performances. Add to that Evelyn Brent, beautifully cast, Constance Cummings, Dorothy Peterson, Donald Dilloway, and you have a movie that promises and gives splendid entertainment.

☆

BEAUTY AND THE BOSS (Warners) It's too bad about this. Beautiful as Marian Marsh is, she can't save it. And though Warren William is a sex-appealish lad, neither can he. The story of the ambitious country girl who becomes the millionaire's secretary and then falls in love with him has been done just once too often. This whole picture is exaggerated and untrue to life from start to finish.

☆

BIG TIMER, THE (Columbia) This is a fairly snappy picture, and it has a few laughs in

(*Continued on page* 88)

Hot News!

By MARQUIS BUSBY

HOLLYWOOD—Last-Minute news as Movie Mirror goes to press. . . . If you have cheers to shed prepare to shed them. . . . Greta (guess I gotta go now) Garbo and M-G-M are in the midst of a hot dicker on a new contract. . . . Greta may not even go to Sweden . . . says her plans are all shot to asterisk anyway . . . in the meantime her name is conspicuously absent from M-G-M's next year's program stop. . . . Now David Manners goes Beverly Hills with a swell-elegant manshun with 'steen rooms . . . gonna install a missus, Dave question mark stop.

Hollywood is still snickering about the way Constance Bennett got served with that court summons . . . Connie laughed, too . . . but from the other side of her mouth stop . . . Rumors come and rumors go but . . . Sally (Dance Team) Eilers got diamond clipped by Hoot (cowboy) Gibson on their anniversary stop . . . Don Cook finally gave Evalyn Knapp a hunka ice (engagement ring) . . . ah, there, Don exclamation point . . . Barbara (fireworks) Stanwyck cops the feminine lead in "Bitter Tea of General Yen" . . .

Someone rushes in all pop-eyed with excitement to say that Cary (body beautiful) Grant used to be a stilt-walker at Coney Island . . . movies must seem a comedown . . . Gary (wotta man) Cooper says he isn't in love with anybody . . . so there Countess Frasso . . . and there, to you, Tallulah exclamation point . . . and how's this for a title question mark . . . M-G-M has brought "Brief Rapture" for Joan Crawford . . . but why brief since it has Joan in it dash dash question mark . . . Joan (curves) Blondell and George (cameraman) Barnes will say "I do" before you can say Gustav von Seiffertitz stop . . . Universal has given up finding an injun hero for "Laughing Boy" . . . Hollywood actors are being tested with Chester (slick-hair) Morris and Richard (yachtsman) Arlen leading the race stop . . .

E-magine . . . exclamation point . . . Jean (burn 'em up) Harlow's next scorcher film will be "The Ritz Bar" . . . Jean's intoxicating enough as tis . . . and M-G-M will star the platinum one . . . expecting her to be (capitals) T-H-E sex star of the industry asbestos exclamation point pul-eeze stop . . . Lupe (Pampas Panther) Velez may do a lady Tarzan for Columbia . . . Loop-the-Lupe knows her leaping at that . . . and *did* you know that Loope and Mr. Tarzan . . . Johnny Weissmuller, are *such* good pals question mark . . . and Weldon (Fox Gable) Heyburn and Greta (gudgeus) Nissen are cooling off . . . folks say they're on the verge of being on the verge . . . ah, well, love's like that exclamation point and stop . . .

Hedda Hopper rises to remark that Hollywood society isn't what it used to was . . . time was when there were six parties a night . . . now if you're invited to one you're lucky if you can *find* it stop . . . the George Lewises are blessed eventing . . . and the stork birdie has found a good landing place near the Spencer Tracys . . . it's a girl, stop . . . O-oh, my, Polly (good scout) Moran says she knows a cigarette fiend who was put in a padded cellophane . . . ouch exclamation point . . . Surprise . . . surprise . . . Marlene (hiding her legs now) Dietrich plays a woman with a past in "Deep Night" . . . her next flicker effort . . . now that is a change or isn't it question mark stop . . .

David (rich real estate feller) Blankenhorn, Irene Rich's ex-hubby, now rushes Minna Gombell in a ver-ry big way stop . . . Betcha Joseph Cawthorne doesn't get asked back to the Jawn (profile) Barrymores . . . Joe said the new son and heir looked like Daniel Frohman . . . only without the whiskers exclamation point . . . Mae (Diamond Lil) West arrives to flicker act for Paramount . . . she says Hollywood gals are too skinny . . . Mae is *well* upholstered herself stop . . . Big vice note from Malibu Beach . . . naughty movie stars are just nerts about toad racing . . . among the owners of the galloping critters are John Boles, Neil Hamilton, Warner Baxter, Wynne Gibson and Marie Prevost stop . . .

Wot's this . . . wot's this . . . George (ladies' choice) Brent is rushing Loretta Young . . . wot *will* Ruth Chatterton say question mark . . . and hope there's nothing personal in Paramount signing hefty Kate (radio favorite) Smith for "The Big Broadcast" . . . Bing (crooning feller) Crosby is in it, too stop . . . El (Swede) Brendel reports there is a gopher in his front yard . . . it only comes out when he has his best clothes on . . . and can't chase him stop . . . The boid what brings it da babies left a bōy with Florence (ex-star) Vidor . . . poppa is Jascha (fiddler) Heifitz stop . . . That Martha Sleeper-Randolph (he man) Scott twosome is hotter than the hinges of you know what stop . . . and here's a funny title change . . . Flaubert's great novel, "Madame Bovary," will be called "Unholy Love" . . . now isn't that Hollywood for you question mark stop . . .

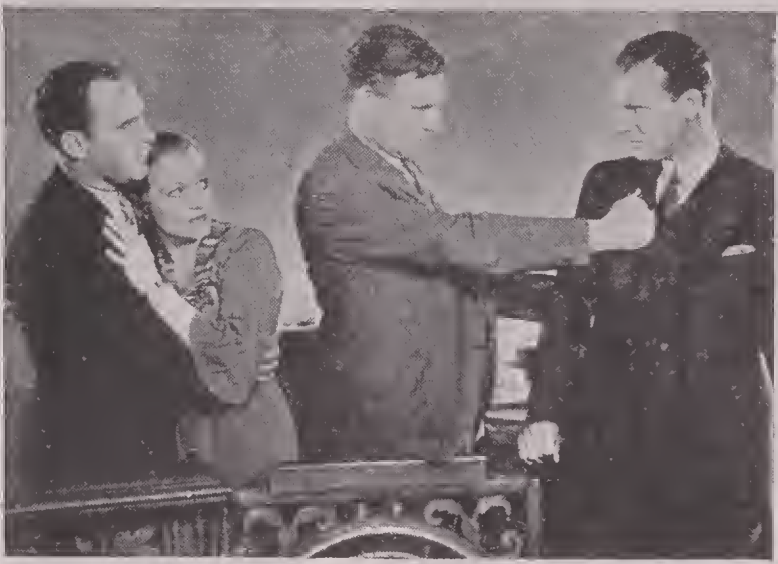
Elissa (the granddaughter of an empress) Landi . . .

draws that coveted femme lead in C. B. (bathroom) DeMille's comeback opus . . . "The Sign of the Cross" . . . C. B. says Elissa has today in her body . . . tomorrow in her spirit . . . and the ages in her eyes . . . whoops and whe-ee couple of exclamation points . . . Ivan (hand-kissing) Lebedeff has rebelled against cinematic dirty work . . . he'll be the hero from now on or else dash and exclamation point . . . Mary Pickford will pay her mother a nice tribute by beginning her next picture on September 3rd, the birthday of the late Charlotte Pickford stop . . . it's caused plenty of tongue wagging for months, this reported romance . . . but B. P. (producer) Schulberg and Sylvia (them eyes) Sidney made their first public appearance together in Hollwood at a night club . . . howdy, Sylvia exclamation point and stop.

Because he thinks it is selfish to maintain three polo ponies in times when a lot of folks aren't eating regularly . . . Robert (tailor's pride) Montgomery will sell the prize steeds . . . Bob will divide the proceeds between three needy families . . . the lad loves polo and this is really a beau geste stop . . . Marilyn (twinkle-toes) Miller made bang-bang at Santa Barbara over July 4th . . . Don (latin lover) Alvarado was around, too . . . the Clark Gables were also among those present at the tony resort town stop . . . and Homer (writing feller) Croy's collection of epitaphs is making Hollywood go snicker-snicker . . . funniest epitaph belongs to W. C. Fields . . . he'd have on his tombstone . . . "on the whole I'd rather be in Philadelphia" . . . Marie (very beloved) Dressler contributes . . . "just a lonely trouper starting on a new circuit" stop.

Sometimes there's a kickback to all this autograph signing business . . . Hugh (comedian) Herbert signed a flock of signatures t'other day . . . following dawning a piano was delivered to his house . . . he'd signed for it . . . there was the signature . . . did he burn asterisks and exclamation point . . . Walter (old timer) Hiers returns to the leaping shadows in "70,000 Witnesses" stop . . . The boys and girls are wondering why Edna Murphy didn't show up in court to get that divorce from Mervyn (smart director) LeRoy . . . Merv, so they say, would like to Mendelssohn it with Ginger (snaps) Rogers stop . . . that horse Rex, which Elinor (three weeks) Glyn characterized as having "It" is due for a talkie . . . the king of wild horses will go audible in "Wild Horse Stampede" . . . out west where men are men since Clark Gable came along stop . . . Joan (glamorous) Crawford and Doug, Jr. are off to Europe to see Cathedrals, art galleries and things stop . . .

Paramount is going to team up Gene (platinum) Raymond and Frances Dee in a series . . . first will be "The Night of June 13th" . . . and what's wrong with all the other June nights question mark . . . and who says these are hard times question mark some more . . . Buster (frozen face) Keaton has just dug down in his jeans for a $100,000 yacht . . . he will name it The Natalie after Natalie (Talmadge sister) Keaton stop . . . Golf club sues Ricardo Cortez for $111 . . . back dues and locker fees . . . maybe Ric is mad because he couldn't hole in one on that course stop . . . Now that Will (cowboy philosopher) Rogers has taken care of both the Republican and Democratic conventions he's ready to begin his chores for Fox . . . "Jubilo," old time silent, will probably be it stop . . . Right now there's almost an embarrassment of Barrymores in Hollywood as you can read in this issue of Movie Mirror right on Page 15 . . . Lionel, Ethel and John . . . also Ethel's three offspring are here . . . the whole Royal Family may act in this "Rasputin" thing for M-Gee-M . . . betcha family ties won't mean a tinker's durn when it comes to scene stealing . . . then there's that hee-hee and haw-haw story they're telling on the ex-northwest mounted policeman . . . he applied for that kind of a rôle at the studio . . . "not the type" was the snippy-snappy answer . . . well, 'tis to laugh or isn't it question mark . . . Albie (Yale Grid star) Booth will turn actor in Universal's sport flicker, "All Ameri-



I HAVE just seen Columbia's "American Madness" which was reviewed from Hollywood in our August issue and I want to add my word of praise to one of the greatest pictures I have ever seen.

It isn't often that I am sufficiently moved by a picture to come out and rave about it. But I do feel this way about "American Madness". I don't like that title, but otherwise I think the whole thing is just about perfect.

The title is a kind of blind and there I think Columbia's wrong. For the picture isn't about jazz or sex. It IS about the depression. It IS about money. It is, quite exactly, about what ails us today, ails you and me and the world. Oh, there's love in the picture, young romantic love and another love that is older and wiser. There's action in the film, action which at times amounts almost to melodrama and leaves you so excited you can barely sit through it. There's beautiful direction and beautiful performances. But that's not what makes me rave. It is the underlying thought of the picture, its "message" if you want to call it that. It is a message that all of us who worry for fear we will never have good jobs or good times again need to learn. It is a lesson which, if we can learn it, will remake the world for a whole lot of us.

I won't tell you what that lesson is. I want you to go and experience it for yourself.

And in case you think from this that "American Madness" is a solemn affair, let me add that it's miles from that. In fact the thing that makes it such a wow of a picture is that with all its meaning and value it is first and foremost a swell evening's entertainment.—The Editor.

can" stop . . . George (physical culture) O'Brien gave *the* most unique party of the summer when he staged a barn-warming . . . everybody came and everybody brought somebody else . . . George sent out for more and more food . . . for awhile it looked as if the horses would have to be slaughtered to make a ranch holiday stop.

Snappy comeback from Lilyan Tashman . . . why she doesn't smoke cigarettes . . . "I haven't time for the minor vices" stop . . . Ina (no longer heart-broken) Claire is just about Hollywood's niftiest dresser right now stop . . . Clara (fast reducing) Bow has been trying to talk the Fox pooh-bahs into letting Rex (Mr. "It") Bell play the leading male rôle in her comeback venture stop . . . Mae Clarke wins the grand prix for being Hollywood's original hard luck girl . . . her career as a Universal star is finished . . . after her long illness her contract was not renewed . . . she's a swell actress and isn't it too bad question mark . . . Polly Moran wowed a night club audience the other night by doing an unexpected and original version of the rumba . . . in her private cheering section were Ethel Barrymore, Tallulah Bankhead and Ina Claire stop.

The latest figures of the County Assessor at Los Angeles reveal that Charlie Chaplin is the richest man in Hollywood, with about eight million dollars . . . Douglas Fairbanks is second and Harold Lloyd third stop . . . the latest Hollywood rebel is Ann Dvorak, who ran away to New York because she wasn't satisfied with her $250 pay check stop . . . and Samuel Goldwyn is grieving because he wanted her in Ronnie Colman's new picture, "Cynara."

Tom Mix's daughter, Ruth, has had her marriage to Douglas Gilmore annuled . . . she was married in 1930 when she was only 17, and the marriage went to pieces in three weeks . . . ah, young love, young love . . . is it beautiful or does it only carry heartbreak with it question mark stop . . . Laurence (in love with his wife) Olivier will play opposite Gloria Swanson in her next picture, to be made in England, "Perfect Understanding," and Jill Esmond, Laurence's wife, is sailing with him . . . Constance Bennett has bought a home in France . . . and there are rumors that she will retire from the screen soon . . . Connie has been very much hurt by recent stories which appeared about her, but she says she isn't planning to retire yet . . . stop.

It's reported from Nogales, Mexico, that Norma Talmadge is getting her divorce there . . . Norma says no but her lawyer says yes . . . now why can't they agree? John Gilbert, soon about to be married himself, was best man at Jean Harlow's marriage to Paul (M-G-M executive) Bern . . . it's Jean's second marriage . . . her first to Charles F. McGrew, Chicago millionaire, ended in divorce . . .

Latest Garbo report is that Greta may play Joan of Arc for UFA abroad and then come back to M-G-M . . . Movie fans weren't pleased at all when they heard Janet (sexy but sweet) Gaynor was going to be sophisticated from now on . . . and Fox officials pleaded with her . . . so a big bouquet to Winfield Sheehan for getting Janet to agree that after "The First Year" she'd go back to sweet and simple rôles . . . you'll positively adore her in "Tess of the Storm Country," which Fox has bought for her next picture stop . . .

Last Minute Review

The Washington Masquerade (M-G-M)

You'll See: *Lionel Barrymore, Karen Morley, Diane Sinclair, Nils Asther, William Collier, Sr., William Morris, C. Henry Gordon.*

It's About: *The merry-go-round of Washington politics, and how an honest senator is tricked into betraying his trusts by a heartless society woman.*

It isn't easy to give predictions for the success of "The Washington Masquerade." Heavy in treatment, it misses being a stinging indictment of boss-rule in politics. There are powerful moments in the picture, and fascinating glimpses of official life in the capital. You see the President's reception, so effectively presented that you expect to see President and Mrs. Hoover move into the scene.

Lionel Barrymore, as the honest senator who turns traitor under the influence of a scheming, young wife, is superb at times. Occasionally he overplays his scenes. His dramatic exposé of moneyed interference is splendid at the tragic close of the picture, however.

Karen Morley is fine as the scheming society woman who plots the ruin of her husband. Nils Asther is completely wasted on a nonsensical bit rôle, and Diane Sinclair shows lack of camera experience. C. Henry Gordon, as the representative of big money, almost steals the show from the star in one brilliant scene at the senatorial investigation.

"The Washington Masquerade" deserves attention because it dares to be unusual. A lighter treatment occasionally, and more inspired direction, would have helped considerably.

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Movie Mirror
FILMLAND'S MOST BEAUTIFUL MAGAZINE

The Editor's Page.

Trying the Garbo Act

GAYNOR

GARBO

HARDING

HARRY EDINGTON, the astute business manager for Garbo, has recently signed up as manager for Ann Harding. He and Ann have decided that she, too, must go "mysterious," refuse interviews, live alone and aloof, get surrounded by the aura of something which from where I sit smells suspiciously like boloney.

Janet Gaynor is suffering from a bad attack of the same malady. For a while Janet wouldn't see interviewers at all. Now she will see a selected few but she won't be quoted. "Impressions" may be written of her, but no more. And Janet objects pretty seriously to being photographed, too, outside of actual filming. She argues that if Garbo isn't quoted why should she be?

John Gilbert was probably copying Garbo when he first entered his silence. Jack was sulking because reviewers said his first talkie was terrible. Which was true but Jack couldn't take it. The whole press liked Jack Gilbert. Scores of us who were his friends pleaded with him to give his side of it, to talk out. But no! So what happened? Jack's still making pictures because of that iron-bound contract he has with M-G-M. They're good pictures, too. But does anybody know? Or care? I think Jack could have won back his fans if he had tried. But instead he chose to act like a spoiled child and now it's too late.

Radio with their new Gwili Andre wouldn't let the press at her. This was to make Gwili a Garbo. She's a nice girl, Miss Andre, but I've seen her first picture and I'll tell you this. If she never opens her mouth again, she'll never be a Garbo! If she becomes more mysterious than a Mexican jumping bean, she'll still be no Garbo! Why? Because, as yet, the girl can't act.

If the tone of this editorial is rather annoyed it's because I am fed up with the idea that the greatness of Garbo comes from her refusal to see reporters. That idea has caught the imagination of Hollywood and it seems to me high time it stopped.

The greatness of Garbo has been founded on two things, two factors that combined in her in a form no other screen figure possesses. One is a completely unique personality. The other is a genius for acting.

Garbo has never looked, or talked, or conducted her life like the average person. She has never made friends for political reasons. She has never played a rôle except because she wanted to. She has not gone around patting her public on its back but she has done something infinitely finer. She has never given anything less than her best to her art. No parties, no friendship, not even love, has been allowed to interfere with her work. The things that contributed to that art she has done with devotion and dignity. The things that did not contribute to it she has refused to do. If that's being "mysterious" I'll eat a couple of hats. I call it being an artist.

When Ann Harding, Janet Gaynor, Jack Gilbert, Gwili Andre and the rest of them can copy Garbo's clearness of mind, sensitiveness of soul, and instinct for beautiful performances, then they can join her class.

But I hope otherwise they stop copying her. It would be pretty terrible, if on top of being mysterious, they should all blossom out with Swedish accents!

Ruth Waterbury.

Editor

The Greatest Tragedy of the Greatest Clown

By ALLAN JORDAN

"Looking back," says Charlie Chaplin of his marriage to Lita Grey, "I can't understand how it happened. Just two foreign bodies drifting together for no good reason"

Lita today with her sons, Charles, Jr., seven, and Sydney Earl Chaplin, six. The little boys have been brought up abroad in an atmosphere of wealth and luxury, surrounded by tutors and expensive governesses

Charlie Chaplin, Alone, Middle-Aged, Faces the Spectacle of Seeing His Rich Little Sons Put to Work

NOW there will be two more Chaplins on the screen. The famous little comedian whose artistry makes people laugh and cry all at the same time will see his name flash from a thousand theater marquees. But he won't be in the picture. The second generation is coming along. His sons by Lita Grey Chaplin, Charles Spencer Chaplin, Jr., aged seven, and Sydney Earl Chaplin, aged six, have signed a contract with Fox to appear in five pictures. Charlie's former wife negotiated the contract, and will appear with the boys in the first picture at least.

Back of this is one of the most dramatic real life stories Hollywood has witnessed in years. In it there is melodrama, tragedy, comedy and pathos. Filmland's greatest comedian is reported to be terribly opposed to a screen career for his sons, at least while they are so young.

Beloved of the world's children, Charlie does not like to see his own children cheated out of their natural playtime.

The air was electric with impending storms from the moment the announcement appeared in the papers. Charles Chaplin and his wife are not friends. They wounded each other too much for such a calm and placid thing as friendship. The marriage in November, 1924, of the sixteen-year-old Lita Grey and the noted star, then deep in his thirties, brought nothing but bitterness to both. Nothing but bitterness? Well, hardly that, for both loved the two children.

Even after that sensational divorce which followed in 1927, Chaplin was quoted as speaking tenderly of his sons.

"They're something I got out of the wreck. I suppose

The uncouth little sixteen-year-old Lita and Chaplin in 1923 when "The Kid" was in the making and romance was in the air

I oughtn't to say it, but they're terribly smart boys. They're learning Spanish, and the little fellow jabbered away to me in perfect Spanish. You ought to see him. He knits his brows and thinks real hard before he speaks.

"It would be great, having those two boys around, watching them grow up, playing with them and everything, but marriage is too big a price to pay for it. Looking back, I can't understand how that marriage happened. Nothing in common—nothing. Just two foreign bodies drifting together for no good reason."

BUT despite the unhappy marriage, and the forty-two-page divorce complaint, so sensational in charges that if it had been made public his very screen career might have been jeopardized, Charlie was generosity itself in providing for his former wife and his two sons. The settlement made to Lita Grey was reported in excess of $800,000. He settled a trust fund on the boys, and is said to pay $1,000 a month toward their support.

In view of all of that, Charlie, while refusing point blank to be quoted on the matter, has confided to close friends that he sees no necessity for little Charles and Sydney embarking on a career in the studios at this time.

In every sense they are children of the rich. Their father is many times a millionaire. Their mother has augmented the huge divorce settlement with large earnings in vaudeville during the last several years. Chaplin is said to feel that all of this should be taken into consideration before the children are placed in the limelight.

Looking back on his own terrible, poverty-stricken childhood, and a youth spent in dogged determination to rise in the world, Charles Chaplin would undoubtedly prefer his own children to grow up in ease and comfort, enjoying a normal, carefree boyhood. Charlie climbed up the ladder of fame from the lowest of the London slums. There was little joyousness in his early years; little enough of actual necessities.

Perhaps during those early days of stress he learned that gentle, pathetic humor—laughter akin to tears—which was later to make him the world's greatest clown—a flesh and blood Pagliacci. He reached the pinnacle. He has been proclaimed the screen's only genius.

It has never made him happy. He has always been alone and lonely. Envied by the world, of course, but that only makes unhappiness harder to bear. The world insists on sharing it with you. He found tragedy in matrimony, first with Mildred Harris and later with Lita Grey. Another blow falls on the "Little Clown" now with the announcement that his two children are to become child actors on the screen.

Apparently nothing can wipe out the fact that before fall rolls around again the two boys will be working before the camera in Hollywood, unless prevented by court restraint and tedious lawsuits. Charlie's friends do not believe that the comedian would care to resume hostilities with Lita Grey in court.

THE movie city has divided itself into rival camps over the question. One faction says that Lita, a young and beautiful girl of 24, deserves a screen career if she wishes—and that the boys are entitled to this chance. Maybe they *do* have ability. Another group will tell you heatedly that it has all been brought about through publicity impulses, desire for revenge of old wounds, or whatever you will.

So, from their home in Nice, France, not far from Juan-Les-Pins where Charlie summered last year, the children are returning to Hollywood. They are too young

Lita Grey Chaplin got nearly a million in the divorce settlement from her famous husband. Then she proved her own ability by going into vaudeville and making another million

to know that they have been almost Hollywood's sole topic of conversation for days. Accompanying them are their grandmother and a French governess. Lita Grey has been looking for a house for her sons. She goes quietly and efficiently about her business of arranging contracts, entering into story conferences, and speaking frankly about why she desires a career for her youngsters.

Apparently she is unworried over any steps Chaplin might take.

"We will face it if it comes," she said, simply.

The first story has already been chosen—"The Little Teacher." It is believed to be an ideal vehicle for the rather Continental appearing Chaplin lads. David Butler has been assigned to direct the initial offering. September is the tentative starting date.

In no sense does Lita Grey try to justify herself for placing her children on the screen. She feels that she needs no justification. She does tell *why* she signed the contract which will make actors of her sons.

Long ago, when she first appeared with Charles Chaplin in "The Kid," the thought came into her mind that if she ever had children of her own she would like for them to be on the screen. She was delighted with Jackie Coogan in that picture. Here was a beautiful child with decided acting gifts, and with none of the spoiled characteristics of so many stage and screen children.

LITA announces with a great deal of feeling that she can't abide spoiled children. Until this time she has kept her boys carefully secluded. She wants her sons to have a good education. That was why she sent them to France. At that early age children are quick to learn foreign languages. Already young Charles, Jr. and Sydney Earl speak fluent French and Spanish. She wants the boys to be trained for business careers. Whether or not they choose a business profession is another matter. They will have their governess while they work in pictures. She would like to enter them in a public school, but is afraid that the Chaplin name would make them targets for the curious. In any event she doesn't see how a brief career in pictures can possibly harm them.

SEVERAL motion picture companies offered contracts. Winfield Sheehan, Fox executive, saw a newsreel in which the two handsome Chaplin children appeared. He was charmed with them and believed that they had genuine ability. The older boy is the quiet, serious one. The younger one is the lad with the lively spirit and the naughty, twinkling eyes.

And Fox has the coveted contract, with Lita announcing that Charlie can do nothing about it.

"Every phase of the legal side was gone into thoroughly before I signed the contract," she said. "There is nothing in our divorce agreement that says anything about them not following a professional career. I have not seen Mr. Chaplin for a long time, nor has any word come to me that there will be opposition from him."

The contract for the services of the children and the Fox agreement with Lita Grey, are separate and distinct. Lita may only appear in the first of the five pictures. She will not take any part of the considerable salary paid the boys. That will be invested for them in safe securities.

Hollywood has cause to know that Lita Grey is a woman of purpose and ability. Obstacles are not allowed to remain in her path. She has already carved out a career for herself on the stage.

It began as a sort of dare—that vaudeville career. Once while dining in a café (*Continued on page* 99)

Lionel, Ethel and John, the three bright stars in the theatre's most colorful family. They have never played all together in one stage production, but they'll all be in "Rasputin" for M-G-M

The Royal Family in Hollywood

QUEEN ETHEL and the Eleventh Generation of Barrymores, her Sons and Daughter, have come to Join Lionel and John

By MURIEL BABCOCK

ETHEL, sister of Lionel and John, last of the Barrymore clan to heed the clarion call of sound pictures, is in Hollywood.

To Hollywood, she has brought the patrician manners and imperious ways of the first Lady of the Theater. To Hollywood, she has brought what the town had long imagined it saw in the persons of Lionel and John—the feeling and the flavor of the legend and achievement which has stamped the Barrymores as "The Royal Family."

She is ensconced, like an empress, in a great house on Benedict Canyon Road, a house with winding, regal staircases, a huge drawing room, seven master bedrooms, swimming pool, tennis court, spacious lawn and gardens.

And with her—mark this, for it is important—is the new, or as you will, *eleventh* generation of "The Royal Family."

For Ethel Barrymore has brought not only herself but her three handsome, impetuous children to the town where cinemas and fortunes are made.

The children's name is not Barrymore. It is in truth, Colt.

There is Sam, 22, sandy-haired, a little stocky, quiet, shy, thorough-going and careful in whatever he attempts.

There is Jackie, 18, black-haired, black-eyed, alive with vitality and spirit. A handsome devil who combines a knowledge of his own charms with a gallantry and a

Ethel Barrymore and her children. They will probably call themselves Barrymores, too, though their real names are Colt—Sam, Jack and Ethel Colt. They are the eleventh generation of "The Royal Family"

deviltry that is at once the despair and the adoration of the grownups.

There is young Ethel, an amazingly vibrant young woman with a grand voice and a feminine desire to attain.

Ethel (Ethel, the first) says that Sam is like Lionel. That he is the same loveable, quiet type. Shy as his uncle, meticulous in detail, possessed of great imagination.

And Jackie?

When Uncle John Barrymore, once the great matinée idol of the stage, now one of the ranking stars of the movies, saw Jackie the other day after several years, he was almost speechless.

John saw Jackie, turned to Ethel, ran the Barrymore hand through the famous Barrymore hair dramatically as only he can do and exclaimed:

"Ye gods! There goes the shadow of my lost youth!"

A friend of mine who had known the family in the East, dined at the house on Benedict Canyon Road the other evening.

"I felt as if I were watching the reincarnation of 'The Royal Family' of tradition," he said. "We were seated at the table. There was a perfect dinner, perfect service, a model butler. The boys were good hosts. Yet they did insane things. They read newspapers at the table. There were mad wisecracks. Bits of horseplay. Down the stairs came Ethel. She was dressed for dining formally away from home. She made a regal entrance. With one accord everyone was on his feet. Paying her homage. She kissed the boys, greeted the guests and swept out."

Intent on making a success of this, her first venture into sound pictures and with her famous brothers, Ethel is also intent upon seeing to the best interests of these children.

She's going to get them all in pictures if she can.

"I've always said they could choose their careers or vocations," she told me. "Well, they have chosen. They all want to act. And if they are going to act, I shall help them get jobs as far as I can As a matter of fact, I have secured tests for both the boys at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer."

What does Ethel want for the children, for herself?

"For them, what they want most to do, which apparently is to act. Naturally, I hope they spend time in the theater. For after all, they have eleven generations of theater behind them. Four in this country. The theater is in their blood.

"They come," and her voice dropped into those husky Ethel Barrymore tones that come only when she is living and acting a part—in this instance, the head of a great family—"of fine forbears on both sides. Their grandfather Colt was an inventor, a famous inventor. On my side, we have fine actors and actresses.

"For a time, I thought that young Ethel would be a singer. She has a nice voice and she has studied. But last year, she wanted to croon in a musical show and croon I let her. Now, she says she wants to act.

"When I was young, I wanted to be a pianist. They said I had talent. But at 13, I found I had to eat so I turned to acting. Lionel wanted to be a painter, John wanted to draw. But here we all are. I suppose this acting is in the blood."

What does she want for herself?

Somewhere in Hollywood recently, the story was printed that Ethel would bring her career to an end by her work in this one motion picture.

She laughed at the idea. "Of course not. I have a play which I will do in New York in the fall. I am going on trouping. I have a duty to fulfill to the people who have come to the theater to see me. I have a duty to the theater to perform in putting out the best plays that I can get."

What does she still want out of life, with a career, three handsome, talented children to her credit?

"Everything," she replied. "Except for the children, I haven't accomplished anything yet."

Her work in Hollywood will find her portraying the character of the Czarina in a story of the doomed Russian royal family. Lionel will play Rasputin, the mad Monk. John, Yussupoff, the assassin.

The three have long searched for a play or a story that would give them all important rôles without a love interest between them. This tale, drawn from the archives of the history of our times, gives them the long-sought opportunity.

Once, and only once, were they in the theater at the same time. Ethel was enacting "Alice-Sit-By-The-Fire" by Sir James M. Barrie. Lionel did "Pantaloon" as a curtain-raiser, for the Barrie play is short and does not fill an evening. John played a small rôle in both pieces.

"John sort of had it over you by acting in both plays," I remarked conversationally in the best Babcock grammar.

"Oh, no, he didn't," she said, with a definite emphasis on the NO. "And he never will!"

Family rivalry? Well, I wouldn't say that, but the next question:

"Which is your favorite actor, John or Lionel?" and Miss Barrymore hedged completely.

"John," she remarked slowly, "was the greatest Hamlet of all time. The theater suffered a great loss when he went into pictures. No one has ever been as fine a Hamlet as John.

"Lionel did the greatest acting of all time in 'The Copperhead'. He was magnificent.

"You ask me to compare the playing of Fritz Kreisler, the violinist and Rachmaninoff, the pianist. Who can? No more can I compare the work of my two brothers. They are different in their very being."

Whom does Ethel consider the greatest motion picture actress?

"I haven't seen them all," she said, "but judging from those I have seen, I would say Garbo. I haven't seen her tested in a great acting rôle, but to me she has the quality of a great actress. She has an aura about her that is incomparable on the screen. And Norma Shearer is very fine. Have you seen 'Strange Interlude'? She is lovely. She does beautiful work."

When Ethel Barrymore talked of the rôle she was to play, that of the tragic Czarina, she lived, for me at any rate, the part. Her voice dropped. She sat quietly on the davenport in the little library of the Benedict Canyon house, but for a few moments she was that Czarina.

"The Czarina," she said, "was a woman who lived one of the greatest tragedies of all time. High-minded, spiritual, inarticulate, full of a great love for her people, her one object in life was to win the love of these people by bearing a male child. She bore four healthy daughters at great risk of life and suffering. Finally, the fifth child and the last she could have, was a son. Filled with exultation and pain, she rejoiced. But when the news was born to the waiting populace in the streets below the Palace, there were only jeers for this woman. She had failed them, but she knew not how."

Can Ethel Barrymore express in pictures what she expresses on the stage? Can she act in pictures?

She doesn't know. At the moment, with the first tests over, she is still terrified.

She's going to be a very live, potent figure. She's invited everywhere and goes quite a few places. The day I saw her she had spent an afternoon with Charles Chaplin talking world economics. For that matter, the children had been places too. Sam had been playing tournament golf. Lilyan Tashman brought him home. Jack had been playing tennis with Al Scott on the Colleen Moore court.

Hollywood knows that "The Royal Family" is in town. And what a family!

In Hollywood for some time we have had the romantic one-time profligate John. True, he has matured considerably, married, had one, two babies, goes off on long trips, but he is still Jack of the handsome profile to you and me.

And Lionel. Slow, lackadaisical, loveable, amiable, sensitive, fine. The amazing attorney of "A Free Soul." The immortal Kringelein. A great director. A great actor.

Now we have Ethel. And Ethel in Hollywood, I venture to predict, is going to be the most glamorous figure of them all. Not only because she is a fine actress and has come to play a great rôle in a great story, but because she is head of the rising clan of young Barrymores.

The newest John Barrymore baby, named John Blythe, which is his daddy's real name. Baby John has a nearly-three-years-old sister, Dolores Ethel Mae. Probably these Barrymores will look down on the Ethel Barrymores, for after all, my dears, both their mother and their father belonged to the make-believe world!

MIRIAM·HOPKINS answers the Scandal Mongers

The First Interview in Which Miriam Herself Discusses Those Amazing Rumors You've Heard About Her

By SYLVIA CONRAD

MIRIAM HOPKINS has recently become one of the most discussed women in Hollywood. Almost unknown to movies a year ago, her name now is on the tip of everyone's tongue in Hollywood. She's the center of some of the most amazing gossip the movie colony has ever heard. Not even Jeanette MacDonald when she was reported dead, shot in the eye by a royal lady and all the rest of the silly stories that circulated about her, knew anything like it.

This pretty sparkling silver blonde, five feet two inches of Southern kindliness and gayety, has become the target of every columnist, scandal monger, and senational writer in Hollywood.

In a way she precipitated it all herself—by being herself. She did it when out of a clear sky she suddenly adopted a baby boy in Chicago and admitted she had been secretly divorced from Austin Parker. "For heaven knows how long," added the gossips. It would have been a simple matter for them to check up and find that the divorce had taken place on the eighteenth of March, but they preferred to speculate about it.

Now, after all, it isn't so unusual a thing for an actress to adopt a baby. The Neil Hamiltons did it; Gloria Swanson did it; ZaSu Pitts adopted a son of the late Barbara La Marr's; the Harold Lloyd's adopted a baby girl to be a companion to their own little daughter, before Harold Lloyd, Jr. came along. But usually an actress files intentions of her plans beforehand; lets all Hollywood know about it, so that she can get the benefit of all the possible publicity. And usually they've even got names made up for the children before they adopt them. So it wasn't Miriam Hopkins' adopting a baby that really got Hollywood so excited. No, it was the fact that Miriam just went ahead and did it without letting the whole world know her plans. That was what flabbergasted Hollywood.

Then again, the whole Miriam Hopkins-Austin Parker tangle had fascinated Hollywood. It was characteristic of Hollywood that it thought of it as a tangle. Miriam doesn't. It all seems perfectly simple to Miriam. She and Austin adored each other. They liked each other's conversation and companionship. But they found that living together was difficult. When Miriam Hopkins came out to Hollywood, she announced that she and Austin would live in separate homes. Though separated, they remained friends.

That was what peeved Hollywood. That was what Hollywood couldn't understand. In Hollywood, when a husband and wife separate, they always say, "We'll remain good friends." But they never do.

Miriam and Austin did. They went out together. Often they had lunch together. Hollywood blinked its eyes in amazement and said that surely, surely they would "reconcile." Just when Hollywood had them practically back in each other's arms, Miriam and Austin got a divorce.

"We knew for a long time that we'd have to do it eventually," Miriam told me. "We just put it off."

For a long time also the plan of adopting a baby must have been in Miriam's mind. She told me once, a bit too gaily, that she wasn't sure whether she wanted babies or not, but when she sees the darling baby things in department store windows, she feels that she ought not to deprive them of the lovely things. The words sound frivolous, but underneath Miriam was probably already feeling that somehow, some way she ought to give some child, her own or another's, the benefit of all her own hard-won advantages. That was a year ago.

Then this year, a short time ago, she came to the Evanston Cradle Association in Chicago, and made inquiries about a baby to adopt. In the course of the proceedings she was asked whether she was married or single. "Single!" she replied. Reporters crowded about her. "Aren't you married to Austin Parker?" they asked her. She told them, then, that there had been a Mexican divorce a short time before. She could see their pencils jiggling along sheets of yellow paper, as they excitedly took notes.

But to Miriam Hopkins the adoption of a baby was much too important to be beclouded by a lot of publicity. Miriam fled from the reporters. She gave only one statement about the baby, to explain that she was serious about it, and that it wasn't just a mad gesture.

How was she to know that her adoption of the baby was to start the most amazing rumor of all about her? Not that knowing would have stopped her, for Miriam is always herself, and does exactly what she feels she wants to, no matter how it'll look to other people.

Cheated of its sensational gossip that Miriam and Austin were practically about to (*Cont'd on page* 100)

MIRIAM HOPKINS looks as if she were keeping out the rain, but what she's really trying to do is to stop the flood of gossip about her. All Hollywood has been talking about the Austin Parker-Miriam Hopkins situation. All Hollywood has been wondering whether Austin and Miriam would re-marry to give Miriam's newly adopted baby a father. In the story across the page, Miriam herself gives you the answers

Cupid *hits the* Hollywood Rocks

An Interview with the Big Bow and Arrow Boy on the Romance Depression in the Movie Colony

By KENNETH MOORE

I THOUGHT I recognized him when he rang the doorbell, and asked if there were any odd jobs about. But when I had seen him before he had been plump, and with a decided er-ah, bay window which bespoke plenty of good home cooking. He was dressed differently, too. I had never before seen him wear anything beyond an extremely scanty sash draped amidships. He looked strange in a pair of dirty flannels, topped off with a dirtier sweat shirt. Even his blond ringlets looked dejected.

"Pardon me," I asked him, "but aren't you Cupid?"

He started, flushed, and then nodded miserably.

"I hoped no one would recognize me," he whispered, and tears began to stream down his emaciated cheeks, once so rosy-red. "I hoped no one would know to what depths I have fallen, but there is no place for me in Hollywood any more. Other places talk of going off the gold standard. Well, the gold standard still rules in Hollywood—and plenty. But my business was ruined when the town went off the love standard. I'm about as popular now as a costume picture."

Somehow I couldn't bear seeing Cupid starving. He was a good guy when he had it. I found him some knives to sharpen, and told him after that the lawn needed mowing, and that the valves on the car could stand grinding. Poor Cupid, and he used to make millions on St. Valentine's Day, alone.

"There are very few good, old-fashioned, noble heroes left in Hollywood," Cupid said sadly. "Romance went out of date with porch swings. People don't have porches any more, and there's nothing cozy about patios. It used to be that no lover would speak a harsh word about his beloved—in public at least. Those days are gone."

A big, briny tear splattered down on the butcher knife he was trying to sharpen.

"Now take Lowell Sherman. He plays plenty of hero rôles on the screen, but what a mean, underhanded trick he played me in his divorce case with Helene Costello. He said she read trashy literature, and even mentioned "A Night In A Moorish Harem" and "Memoirs of Fanny Hill." To make matters worse, he said that she threw her highball glass at him. And what about the old-fashioned heroine? Helene said that Lowell was a fat, old man and a ham actor. That he boasted of other conquests and tore off her finger-nail. That was all in the daily papers. You can't expect the love business to recover from the depression with stuff like that going around. I've often thought that I would ask Herbert Hoover to appoint a committee for investigation or something—but it takes more influence than I have.

"It never occurred to me that Ann Harding and Harry Bannister would let me down like that either. Oh, their reasons for getting a divorce sounded very dignified, I'll agree, but it will always seem to me that if they were really in love Harry wouldn't have cared whether people called him Mr. Harding, Mr. Bannister or Mr. Hassenpfeiffer. It was nice of them to try and spare my feelings at the divorce proceedings. Harry sent Ann a beautiful corsage to wear in the courtroom. But Ann and Harry completely ruined my career. I used to point to them as the type of business my firm was doing. Someone told me that Harry has been seen out with Gilda Gray recently—but I don't know what to believe.

"And for the life of me I can't understand this Claudette Colbert-Norman Foster situation. I know I'm old-fashioned, but will someone tell me why Claudette has a big house in Hollywood and Norman has an apartment? Yes, yes, I know they have dinners together, and that they're both just awfully fond of each other, but it seems pretty extravagant to me for them to maintain two establishments. Those things didn't happen when I was a boy. Anyway, you know how Hollywood *will* talk.

No girl ever shocked Cupid more than did Ann Harding. All safely married and then poof! off the love standard she goes

Why has Ruth Chatteron been living at the studio apart from Husband Ralph Forbes? Now she has formally announced that they are getting a divorce

"This modern business also confuses me a lot with Miriam Hopkins and Austin Parker. I had them marked off my books. I didn't even concern myself when Austin came to Hollywood until I heard that he was going out and spending week-ends at Miriam's house. When Austin's niece came out last winter she stayed at Miriam's, too. What do you make of that kind of business? I get my hopes all up in the air and then I hear that Austin is whispering sweet nothings to Billie Dove, and that Miriam seems to find nice young men to take her places.

"I've had a lot of trouble with Ruth Chatterton and Ralph Forbes, you know. They've separated and gone back together again more than once. For awhile it looked as if I had them all settled down to domestic bliss, but now I'm all wrong. Here is Ruth traipsing off to Europe all by herself, leaving Ralph alone in Hollywood—and they do declare now that they are getthing a divorce.

"I don't like to listen to gossip, but where there's so

Robert Montgomery and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., pals, both married, both charming and successful. Still Cupid's worried over them

much of it, you've got to tune-in every so often. Ruth has been spending most of her nights in her dressing room suite at Warner Brothers. She *said* that when she's working she must have absolute peace and quiet, and that it is too exhausting to make that long drive back and forth from Beverly Hills. It sounded reasonable, but I'm so darned innocent. I should have known better all along, but I was fond of those two and goodness knows, they seemed to be in love.

"It took an awful lot of diplomacy from me to get Sally Eilers and "Hoot" Gibson to billing and cooing again. They were saying they'd never go back together, and all the divorce lawyers were looking for motor cars with the prospect of such a good case. Then right after that there was a dreadful squabble in the home of another famous screen ingénue. I just can't tell you her name, for she swears up and down that nothing happened. I *would* like to know, though, if her husband did get his wrists slashed by the breaking of a windowpane, and *why* they separated for a few days.

"Of course, it never rains but it pours, so I prepared for disappointment when I heard that Ethel Clayton had changed her mind and wanted her divorce from Ian Keith nullified. It wasn't because she longed to take Ian back into her heart, however. She just wanted to sue all over so she could ask for separate maintenance. Ah, Mammon!"

Joan Crawford Fairbanks, Clark Gable, and young Doug at the opening of young Doug's recent picture in Los Angeles

When Lowell Sherman got his divorce, he said his wife read naughty books and she retorted that he was not so much of an actor

By this time Cupid had completely ruined all the knives about the house. He said he couldn't bear to work in the lawn because there was a clump of bleeding-hearts in plain view. Somehow he simply couldn't stand the sight of bleeding-hearts.

"I think I have Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford all settled down to permanent domestic bliss," he continued, "but it took me two years to convince people that Pickfair was not a house divided. I wish I could feel half as sure about the Fairbanks, Jrs. They tell me that there isn't a cloud on the horizon, and Joan and Doug, Jr., are awfully nice youngsters. I don't like those marital vacations they take. Joan went down to the desert, all by herself, for several weeks and no one knew where she was. And Doug, Jr., goes on fishing trips with Laurence Olivier and Robert Montgomery.

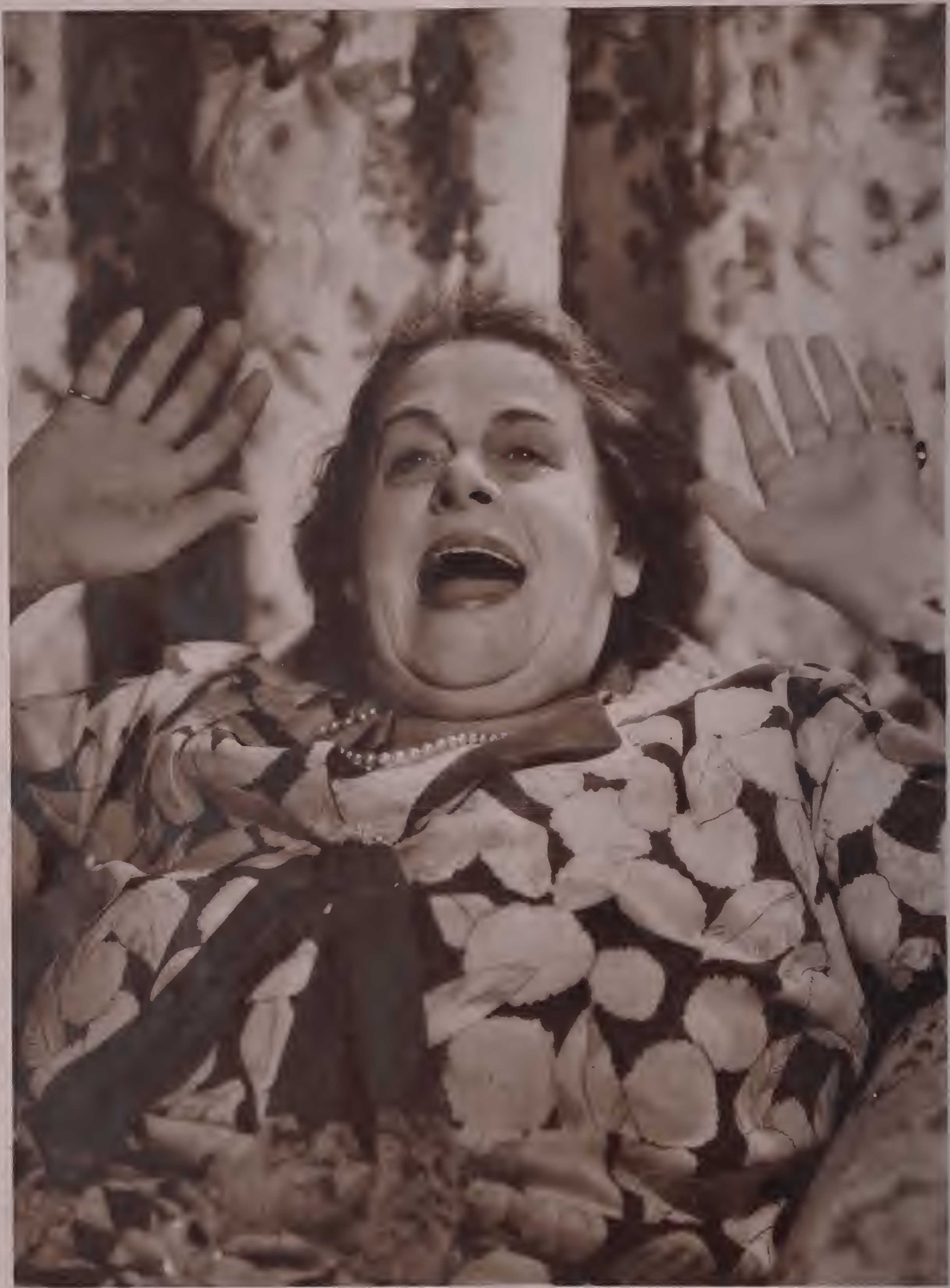
"And speaking of Robert Montgomery, I couldn't convince people that there wasn't going to be a divorce in that family. I was right, for once, and you don't hear those stories any more. More recently I have been trying to quiet all of those rumors about Clark Gable and his wife.

When Sally Eilers and Hoot Gibson first married this is how they beamed at one another. But now!

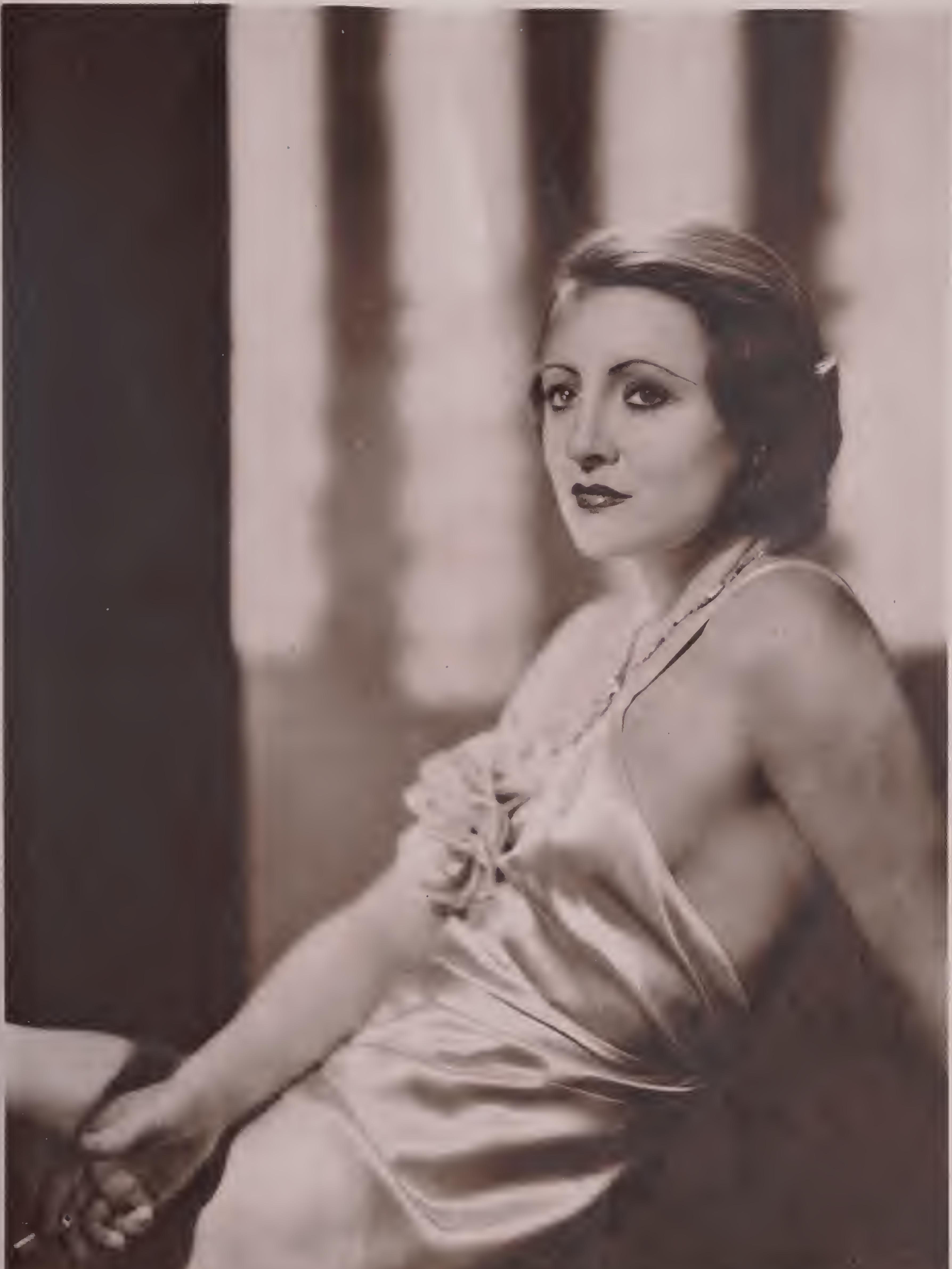
"You know," said Cupid, "Hollywood talks too doggone much. If it had just left my business to me I wouldn't be a bankrupt now. I can't go around shooting darts into people when I have to spend all of my time fighting under-cover gossip.

"I felt awfully sorry for little Bobbe Arnst the other day. (*Continued on page 97*)

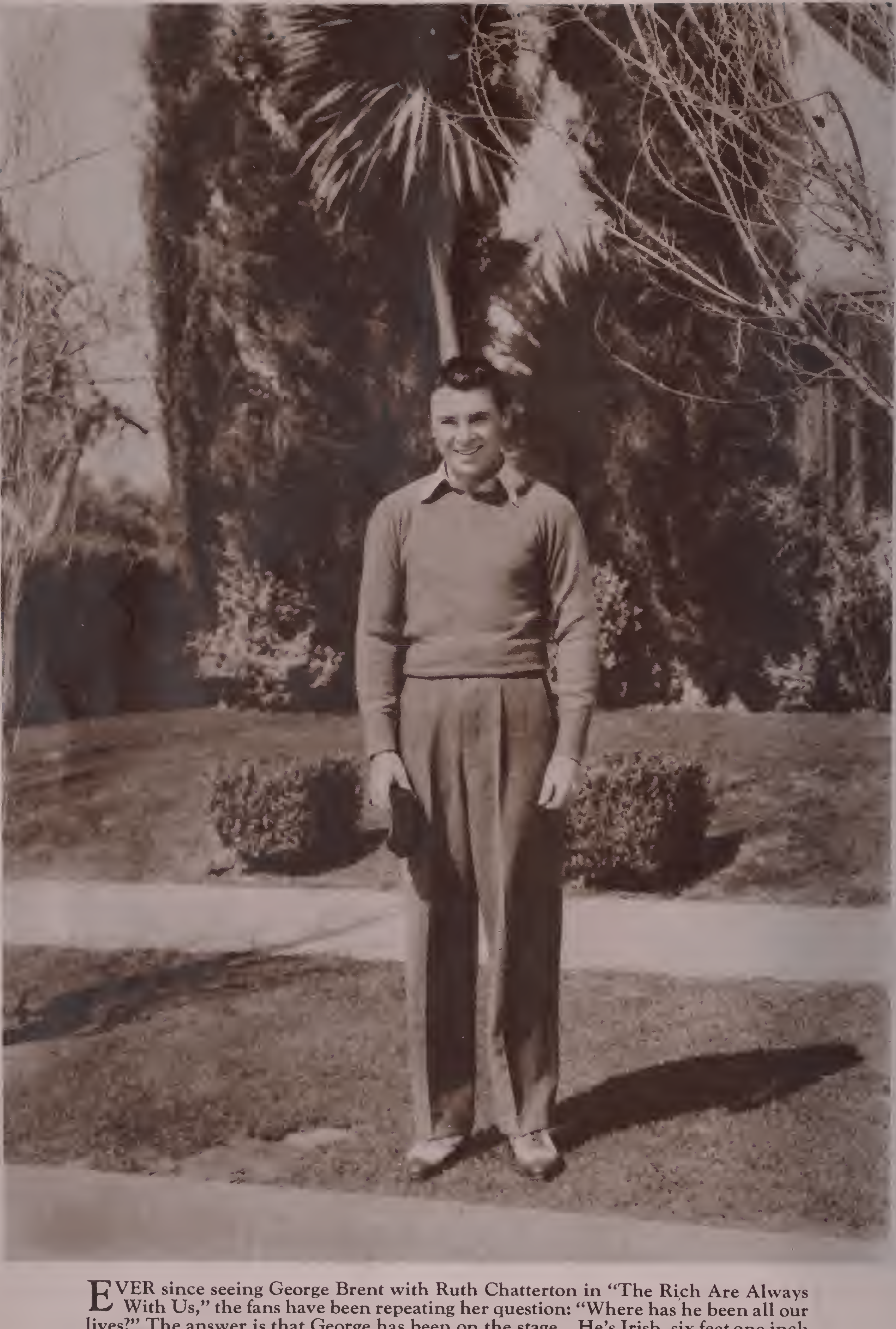
Assorted husbands, Hollywood version. On top is Norman Foster, semi-separated from Claudette Colbert. Next to him is Harry Bannister, who separated from Ann Harding "to save their love." Right is Kenneth McKenna, just a regular husband to that very regular girl, Kay Francis



ISN'T this the grandest unposed picture you ever saw of Marie Dressler? Over sixty, Marie still finds life beautifully worth while. Her philosophy of life is: "Don't tell people about your troubles." She's always smiling. Some of the things she smiles about are broiled chicken, her favorite food, her many friends, and her new contract with M-G-M. She'll drive your blues away, too, in "Prosperity"



JILL ESMOND is very cool, very lovely, very English. She is married to Laurence Olivier. They work together on the same lot—RKO—and play together wherever the English colony gathers in Hollywood. They are very happy and very much in love. Jill is still waiting for the right picture, which RKO claims she'll have when she plays in "Thirteen Women", Radio's big special production



EVER since seeing George Brent with Ruth Chatterton in "The Rich Are Always With Us," the fans have been repeating her question: "Where has he been all our lives?" The answer is that George has been on the stage. He's Irish, six feet one inch tall, weighs 170 pounds, and has hazel eyes and blue-black hair. You'll see him next with Barbara Stanwyck in "The Purchase Price"

IT looks as though Marion Davies' next picture will be her finest. Written by Frances Marion, directed by Edmund (Grand Hotel) Goulding, it has an all star cast headed by Robert Montgomery. In it Marion will play the Marion her friends know, a tomboy who adores outdoor sports, gets freckles on her nose, refuses to be high hat and who hates serious people

Youth *is*

And It's Bringing With It + + By

Rochelle Hudson is a striking brunette whom Radio believes in—and how! She's only seventeen, but she's made a hit already

Movie Mirror's favorite newcomer among the men—Robert Young. He says he learned about acting from Joan Crawford!

"You have to be a good salesman of yourself," says Ann Dvorak. And how that girl put herself across in "Scarface"!

YOUTH is back again!

It's coming into its own in pictures.

It's making Hollywood a gayer, more glorious, more dazzling place.

Maybe that doesn't seem like big news to you. Maybe you never thought that youth would lose out in the battle between youth and experience. But if you had been in Hollywood as I was about two and a half years ago and had seen what was happening then, you'd be excited about the fact that pictures are growing young again. A couple of years ago Marie Dressler, George Arliss, Wallace Beery and Ruth Chatterton were coming into their own with the development of talking pictures. An important executive at Paramount told me that he did not expect very young people to be important in pictures any more. Talking pictures required a long apprenticeship and youth and beauty would be important mostly as scenery. Stars would be mature people.

I grieved at that. It seemed to me that there was a distressing lack of youth and beauty. Among all the newcomers a few years ago there wasn't a Greek profile.

Things reached a point where there were nearly as many old and gray men and women storming the studio gates as there had once been young and handsome ones. It was pathetic. Hollywood didn't know what to do with most of them. Youth, you see, can bear hunger and struggle and disappointment more easily than age. . . .

But now Youth is Coming Back! Most of the Big Bets of most of the big studios are young people. Lew Ayres isn't doing so badly—at the age of 23. Whenever any big picture comes up, the Universal executives read the story and say first of all, "Is there a part for Lew Ayres in it?" They know he's their biggest box-office star. And they're determined to do big things for him.

In the past year Miriam Hopkins, Sylvia Sidney, James Dunn and Sally Eilers have shown themselves the

Radio's cutest starlet—Arline Judge. She comes from the stage; she's married to Wesley Ruggles, the director, and she has pep and personality

Every studio must have its Gable. Bruce Cabot is Radio's. Don't you like his rugged looks and his air of determination?

Coming Back

Glamour and Gayety

MARY MARSHALL

most promising of the crop of coming stars. Who will it be this year? Nobody can be certain, but one thing you can pretty well bet on. The studios are concentrating on youth. They have their Edward G. Robinsons, their Ruth Chattertons, their George Arlisses, but what they're trying to develop now are future Joan Crawfords, Janet Gaynors and Clark Gables.

It's Youth, Youth, Youth! Jean Harlow, after all, is no grandma! Personally, I am pretty pleased about all this. It's very nice to have George Arliss and Edmund Breese and Robert Warwick around, giving smooth performances. But it is also pleasant to have good profiles and things to rest the eyes from time to time. The fact that the Wampas named some baby stars again this year shows how the wind is blowing.

Betty Gillette was a society girl. She met a film scout at a party, took a test, and now she's under contract to Warner's

All right, let's meet some of these young people and find out what they are doing to make themselves competent to compete with the old troupers who do know the business. The thing that makes Wallace Beery so outstanding in every rôle is that there is not a single scene stealing trick he doesn't know and practice. How are the youngsters going to go up against a thing like that? How have they been trained for it all?

Paramount is placing its big bets on Adrienne Ames and Sari Maritza. Sari because she's young and foreign and packs sex appeal. She didn't set the world ablaze, it's true, in "Forgotten Commandments", but that was an impossible picture. Sari has glamour. Sari has beauty. Sari has youth. Sari has everything! All she needs is a swell picture. And Paramount is planning to give her that.

Sari was born in Tientsin, China. Her father is English and her mother Viennese. That gave Sari an amazingly cosmopolitan background. At twelve she went to London. She was only eighteen when she went to Hungary and played a small part in a picture there. She acquired sophistication. She made English pictures. She starred in "Monte Carlo Madness," a German picture.

Sheila Terry believes in getting your training in a stock company. That's the way she got hers before she appeared on Broadway and attracted a scout for Warner's

It was inevitable that American movie magnates should discover her. They did. Offers began to pour in on her, and Sari signed a Paramount contract in London.

Hollywood hasn't quite decided yet what to make of her. First it labelled her "a pocket edition of Dietrich". But Sari's youth and gayety and laughter dispelled the idea of a worldly wise woman that Hollywood had built up around Sari.

While Paramount is building Sari up as the Girl with the Foreign Glamour, Adrienne Ames is forging ahead as its big American bet. You haven't seen Adrienne in big rôles yet, but you will. She's a very wealthy society woman who gave up yachts, trips to Europe and a luxurious background to forge a career for herself in pictures. She was outstanding in bits and in small rôles in "Twenty-four Hours," "Two Kinds of Women," and "The Road to Reno." In "Sinners in the Sun" she played the part of the rich woman whom Chester Morris married when Carole Lombard decided that poverty with the man she loved wasn't enough. All your sympathy was supposed to go to Carole, for in the end it was to her that Chester Morris came back. But your sympathies went astray somehow and you were left pitying the rich young woman who had loved Chester Morris and lost him. A girl who can do that to you is a girl worth watching.

Karen Morley (above at the right) deliberately cultivated poise. But Radio is teaching Gwili Andre (directly above) to cultivate mystery

Paramount is determined to help its young people acquire all the knowledge of putting lines across that the old stagers know through experience. They have put Stuart Walker in charge of such young hopefuls as Carole Lombard, Frances Dee and Sari Maritza. They produce little plays and persuade people to come and look at them. In that way they get training in speaking their lines, in poise and in diction. Mr. Walker studies their voices with the microphone in mind.

"The greatest test of all," he told me, "is the week-end test! If a youngster will give up his week-end at the beach to attend rehearsals—or if he comes back from such a week-end with his part memorized—there is a great deal of hope for him."

Stuart Walker believes that an actor should be able to dance, ride, swim and be adept at all outdoor sports. He thinks that they should study singing, should take training in acrobatics, and read and read and read—and he says that all these things are the mere fundamentals of the art of acting!

So you see what Paramount is doing for its young hopefuls!

At Fox James Dunn and Sally Eilers are easily the most promising of their younger players.

Sally Eilers says that she learned more from Marie Dressler than from almost anyone else. Little tricks of stage craft, bits of lore that belong especially to pictures.

"I used to sit by her on the set by the hour when we were working in 'Reducing'," Sally told me. "She impressed upon me, first of all, the importance of sincerity.

You *must* believe in your art and feel the truth of it. Otherwise, you will give a bad performance, regardless of how many tricks you know!

"She taught me always to stand straight while delivering a line. 'Your voice will register better and your lines will be more pointed and compelling if you stand as straight as possible and fill your lungs. It gives you resonance.' Marie was so swell! She used to say, 'If you will pay attention and do as I tell you, you can steal this scene from me.'

"For special emphasis, you press your toes down as hard as ever you can—as if you were trying to dig them into the earth beneath you. You would be surprised at what that will do for your voice and your delivery! She taught me a dozen such little tricks and taught me, besides, a great deal about the mental approach to a scene—and things like that. You can learn more from working with a friendly and experienced player than you can in any other way."

Well, of course, if these oldsters are going to teach the young ones all their tricks. . . .

Frank Borzage helped Sally immeasurably with his patient and understanding direction and she is rhapsodic over the help she had from Edwin Burke, who did the adaptation and dialogue on "Bad Girl". From him she learned to keep her voice pitched low. Remember the scene in which she had to cry, with rising hysteria, "I want my baby! I want my baby! *I want my baby!*"?

"Your tendency in such a scene is to let your voice get higher and higher," Sally says, "because that is what actually happens to a woman in hysteria. But it won't do with the microphone. If your voice rises, it gets thin—then it sounds childish and loses its power to stir your audience. You have to keep it *low*. Things like that, Eddie taught me. . . ."

On the M-G-M lot are two of the most promising newcomers of the year, Karen Morley and Robert Young. Robert Young simply wowed fans from the first. In the small rôle of Helen Hayes' son in "The Sin of Madelon Claudet" he captured everyone's attention. Then he followed that up by giving one of the best performances of the year in "The Wet Parade."

Robert Young got his training at the Pasadena Community Playhouse. There he worked for four years in his spare moments, while he earned his somewhat meagre living as a bank and brokers' clerk.

"It was practically all the pleasure I had," he says now. "I never tried much to (*Continued on page* 86)

Gloria Shea was a model girl. She posed for cigarette ads! Then she played in Warner shorts

Paramount thinks that both foreign and American girls have glamour. So it's grooming both Adrienne Ames (right) and Sari Maritza (left) for stardom

Manufactured versus natural beauty with the manufactured kind winning by a mile! The larger picture is Bette today, the smaller Bette when natural—and unnoticed

My Soul is not Blonde

Protests Bette Davis, But Her Success Came Only When She Ceased Being a Demure Brown Bette

By GLADYS HALL

BOSTON BETTE DAVIS has gone chemical blonde.

In order to understand fully what this means to her, you have first to understand Bette. And in order to understand Bette you have to know something about her life, about her childhood and her family background.

Bette was born in Boston, April 5th, twenty-two years ago. She was christened Ruth Elizabeth but changed her name to Bette while she was in high school. The small matters of christening and of being called Ruth Elizabeth all her life did not deter her. Bette thinks things out for herself and acts along no beaten track.

She grew up with bright blue eyes and pale brown, American colored hair. You know the kind, neither dark nor exactly light. Just *hair*.

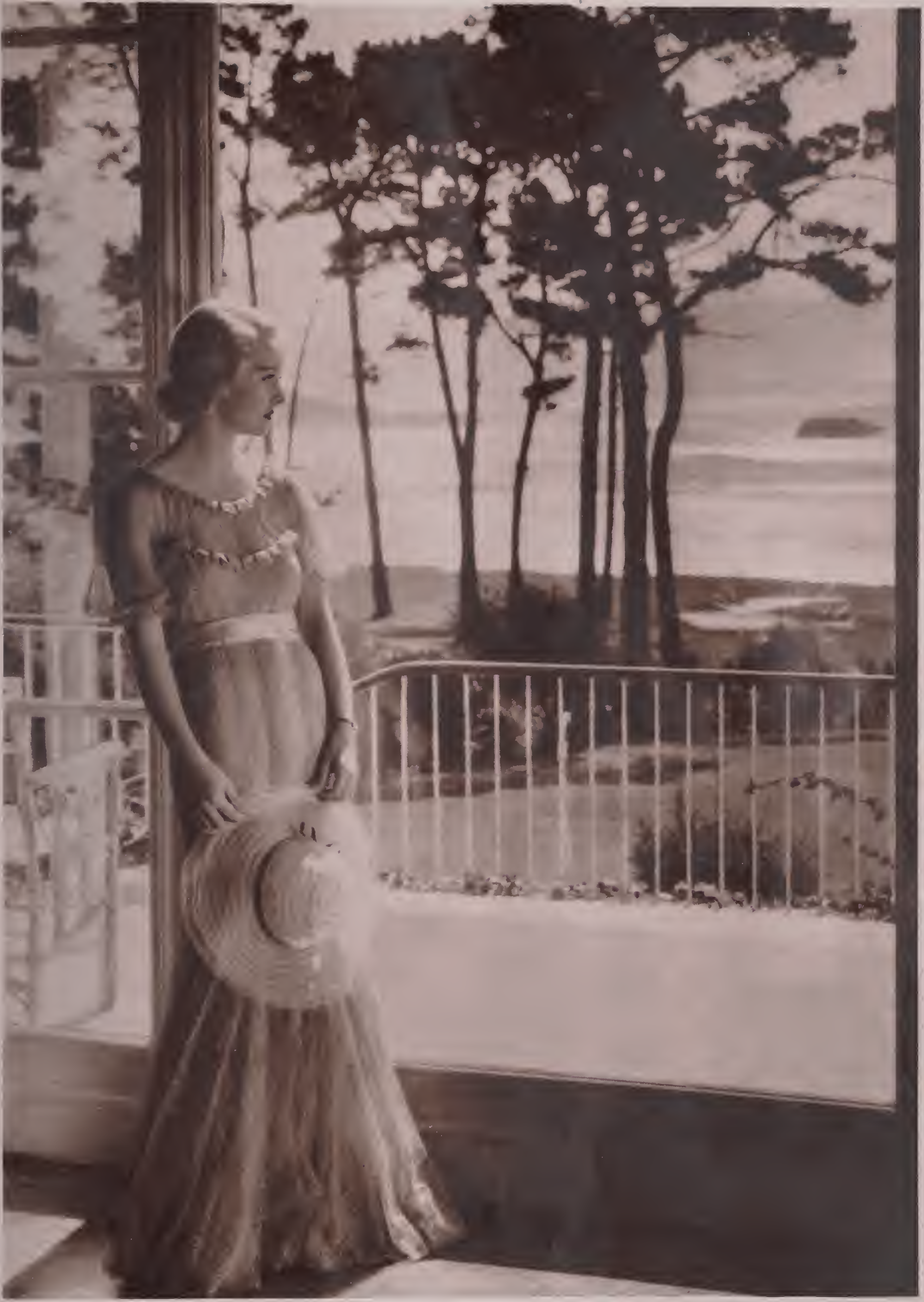
In her childhood she lived in Newton, Mass., and also in Winchester. And in those home towns the girls who peroxided their hair were the kind of girls who lived on the Wrong Side of the Track—or should have. They were, certainly, the type of girl one didn't know.

Bette never imagined in her wildest dreams that she would ever become such a one.

She was an un-blonde little soul as a child. She and her sister, two to three years her junior, had a typical American Childhood. They read the books of Louisa M. Alcott and paid frequent and enchanted visits to the Alcott home near Concord. They played games by the day and by the week in which they were Beth and Joe and Amy and Meg—and Bette was always Jo, the one who did things, the independent one.

They read "The Little Colonel" books and "The Five Little Peppers." They went to Sunday school and breathed the beneficent air of the departed Emerson and Thoreau and Bronson Alcott. They played paper dolls and rode on roller skates and made fudge with the other girls and cut out pictures of actors and actresses to paste up in scrap books.

They had Sunday dinners to which the Family came in full and eminently respectable force. Bette says that her first warnings of some sort of a Career attacked her at these Sunday dinners. She felt, vaguely, that Life could not go on forever just like this . . . They paid visits to their grandmothers and to maiden Aunts with peppermint drops in their pockets and lavender and old lace in their souls. They never knew (*Continued on page* 98)



BEAUTIFUL Bette Davis is Bostonian and bookish. She'd like to be retiring. She's most terribly in love. But she's really colorful and really a fine actress. Warner's are gambling on her and she's Dick Barthelmess' next leading lady

Matrimony Made Him An Actor

Ben Lyon Was Just Another Juvenile Until He Fell in Love With Bebe Daniels

By HARRIET PARSONS

Happy-go-lucky Ben Lyon took success lightly, romance lightly, even lightly drifted into near-obscurity. Then real love came along!

MANY a wail has arisen from Hollywood to the effect that marriage seriously hampers a film career. Just by way of a change, meet that confirmed family man, Ben Lyon. Ben says his marriage to Bebe Daniels did more to further his career than anything which has ever happened to him in his life. That frank and generous statement —coming from a featured player who married a star—is enough in itself to merit a story.

There's no doubt but that marriage has changed Ben. And there's no doubt but that his screen work has shown a vast improvement in the past year. He's given some corking performances—in "Night Nurse", in "Bought", in "Lady With a Past", and other films. Now I know Ben pretty well and I like him a lot. I used to come away from his pictures thinking mournfully, "Why is it that some of the nicest people are the worst actors? Ben's a grand guy—but he just can't act." Then I saw a picture with a jaunty young leading man who had one of those personalities that pulled you right up on the screen with him. More than that, he was a swell actor. "Where," I thought, "has this lad been all Hollywood's life?" And then I realized it was Ben. Yes, by Garbo, it was my old pal Ben, the kid who couldn't act, standing right up there as big as life and giving a perfectly knockout performance. Well, when I recovered from the shock I went to see some more of Ben's pictures to find out if it had all been an optical illusion. I was kind of afraid to mention it to anyone because I've seen things before that weren't there. But this time it was no hallucination. In fact in each successive picture the boy grew better. Then I began to notice that the reviews in the fan magazines were raving about a guy named Ben Lyon and what a swell actor he was. The pictures looked like the Ben I knew. So that cinched it. After that I stopped talking to myself and felt better. But I was still pretty bewildered. So I decided to put it right up to Ben himself. Like this—"Ben, ole boy, ole boy—how come all of a sudden you change from a juvenile with nothing but a handsome pan and a cute smile into an honest-to-god actor? Come clean, Lyon." And I did. And Ben did. And here's the story:

Domesticity made an actor out of Ben. Or perhaps I should say love. It doesn't really matter though, for the two are synonomous in Ben's case. He's developed not only into a darn good actor, but also into the most confirmed family man in Hollywood. And in that dual change you have the whole secret.

Ben is today, as he was in his hey-day at First National, one of the most popular leading men on the screen. But with what a difference! His first success was thrust upon him—due to no particular effort on his own part. He had good looks and an engaging quality of youthfulness—and that's about all. But overnight he was catapulted to cinema fame and popularity. It was just one of those things which happen in Hollywood. This, his second success, is real and deserved. Founded on earnest and sincere hard work.

PROBABLY it was because Ben did so little to earn his first success that he valued it so lightly. It had come to him so easily that he assumed it would continue indefinitely. All he had to do, he figured, was to continue putting on greasepaint and walking through pictures. No sense doing any more than was necessary.

Not for a moment did he take his career seriously. His only goal was a good time—and the only value he placed on his film popularity was as a means to that good time. Remember, he was just a kid and he had no responsibilities. As a screen sensation he was wined and dined, flattered by lovely women, made much of. It was grand fun and he loved it. What normal youngster wouldn't?

No wonder young Ben lost his sense of proportion. No wonder he thought he could have the fruits of fame, the social acclaim and popularity, without the hard work. Still a boy, he found himself famous as a screen lover, a romantic juvenile. He was chosen to make love before the camera to the three most glamorous film "vamps" of the day—La Marr, Swanson and Negri. And these and other lovely and intriguing ladies looked upon him not with disfavor outside of studio hours. The youthful Mr. Lyon, in fact, became moviedom's pet escort and swain, off as well as on the screen. His name was linked romantically with that of one beautiful and famous woman after another. Barbara La Marr, Gloria Swanson and Marilyn Miller, among others, were engaged or rumored engaged, to Ben at various times. But Ben took romance very lightly.

Ben and Bebe and Barbara Bebe, the baby. They are three of the happiest people in Hollywood

Ben and Bebe when they were married in June, 1930. Bebe was a star then, with a magnificent performance in "Rio Rita" to her credit

HE was so busy being Hollywood's outstanding play boy and most engaged young man that he couldn't get around to concentrating on his career. Now successful film careers, in order to remain that way for long, demand a good deal of concentration. They also demand a reasonable amount of sleep. And Ben was keeping the kind of hours that go with dark circles under the eyes.

Eventually the inevitable happened . . . For four years Ben managed to stay on top of the cinema heap with a minimum of effort. Then suddenly things began to change. He found to his bewilderment that he was no longer the darling of the gods and the First National lot. The studio seemed to have forgotten it had a lad named Lyon under contract. And the first thing Ben knew three months had passed without his being assigned a part in a single picture. Still he did not realize that he was facing a crisis and that some very drastic change in his attitude and way of life would have to be made if he were to survive.

THEN First National farmed him out to Howard Hughes for "Hell's Angels"—and that was very nearly the finish of Ben Lyon's film career. On the heels of his drop in popularity came a two years' absence from the screen—fatal to an actor's box-office value in almost any case. Two things, however, saved Ben Lyon from oblivion—saved him from being just another of those juveniles who pass in the night. He fell in love with Bebe Daniels—and Hughes remade "Hell's Angels" with sound.

When he made the silent version of the air epic, Ben looked at it as just another performance. He walked through his part with the same lack of interest, the same amused indifference, which had characterized his work at First National. He was still the play boy, still dismissing the business of acting (*Continued on page 93*)

Here's George Raft in his greatest rôle to date, as Paul Muni's lieutenant in "Scarface." That's George on the right of Karen Morley

Gangsters were his Pals

Life Has Been One Exciting Adventure After Another To George Raft

By DORA ALBERT

A FEW months ago most movie fans hadn't even heard of George Raft. To be sure, he had appeared as a gangster in a couple of pictures like "Quick Millions" and "Hush Money," but the pictures missed being hits and he missed being a hit along with them. In "Palmy Days" he was simply one of the guys who chased Cantor.

Then he made "Scarface." In it he had a swell part, that of Paul Muni's right-hand man, whose machine gun bullets sent men relentlessly to their deaths. It wasn't a sympathetic part by any means, and yet in the end you remembered not the man behind the machine gun, but the look on George Raft's face when he was killed by the man he had worked for and with. You remembered the scene where he had looked up at Ann Dvorak two stories above him and had idly giggled a coin in his hand and smiled up at her.

The part would undoubtedly have been the making of George immediately, but it was held up by censorship trouble. He went next into "Dancers in the Dark," with a notable cast of picture (*Continued on page* 104)

ALMOST unknown a few months ago, George Raft is the coming big bet of the screen. His performances in "Scarface" and "Dancers in the Dark" knocked the fans off their feet. He's had an amazing career that took him from the Tenderloin District in New York through poverty to the life of a hoofer. He attributes all his success to a couple of gangsters who believed in him. Read his unusual and different story

Inside Stuff

My Ducats—My Beautiful Ducats!

That old wheeze about nothing being sure but death and taxes was certainly proved, but to no one's satisfaction, when the Beverly Hills bank closed its doors. The Hollywood studios were about as cheerful as so many morgues, since many of the stars live in Beverly Hills and kept their do-re-mi in this bank.

Wallace Beery dropped $80,000, which makes it three times in two years that Wally has been hit by bank failures. Robert Montgomery lost $40,000. Now that's pretty fancy pocket change and you can't blame the boys for being downhearted. Bob didn't hear about it until the day afterward, and then he rushed, wild-eyed, to the bank. Greta Garbo had a large sum in the bank, in readiness for her proposed trip to Europe.

Constance Bennett managed to get her last pay-check (one of those $30,000 per week valentines given her by Warners) away from the clearing house before it went through. Don't ask us how. Probably Connie could walk off with the whole Treasury Department if she tried. Marie Prevost lost everything, and had to ask Sally Eilers if she could use her charge account long enough to buy a box of face powder. The world may end but a woman can't have a shining nose.

Of them all, Jean Harlow was the lucky girl. She had just been paid for her personal appearance tour through the east—something like $65,000 it was said—the first honest-to-gosh mazuma Jean had ever had. The money had been deposited in the bank. Two days before it closed Jean had a feminine hunch or something and drew out $61,000, placing it in a safety deposit vault until she could invest it.

Who said blondes were dumb? Not platinum ones, anyway.

Ready Made "It"

John McCormick, Colleen Moore's ex-hubby, has the wit that made Old Erin famous. Someone told him that Columbia was filming "The Bitter Tea of General Yen."

"Hm," said John, thoughtfully, "not sexy enough. They should call it 'The Bitter Yen of General Tea'."

Love, Here Is My Heart

Among the latest to take on that starry-eyed look is Rex Lease, all aflame over Edna Purviance. Remember Edna as one of Charlie Chaplin's most famous leading ladies? Other new members of the "That Way" club are James Dunn and Maureen O'Sullivan; Billie Dove and Austin Parker (Miriam Hopkins' good friend but estranged hubby); Ernst Lubitsch and Vivien Gay (Sari Maritza's manageress, and how that gal manages, they say); and surprise, surprise, Harry Bannister has been lunching around with Gilda Gray, queen of the shimmies. Then, too, Jack Dempsey has finally broken down and admitted that he "likes" Lina Basquette. On the other hand the Dorothy Jordan-Don Dilloway romance is as cold as yesterday's boiled potatoes.

Pickfair Goes Mystic

It was all very elevating, that reception at Pickfair where Shri Meher Baba (no relation to Ala), Hindu mystic who for seven years has maintained a vow of silence, was introduced to the flower of Cinemaland society. He sat in one corner of the great drawing room, surrounded by Mary Pickford, Virginia Valli, Frances Marion and others, and spelled out answers to questions on his alphabetical board. Charlie Farrell and Johnny Mack Brown sat in another corner of the drawing room and talked about fishing.

It was just kind of too bad that after such a good start one of the newspapers uncovered a very funny story where a boy pupil of the Hindu mystic had gone mad and bit the master on his thumb. The reporters say that Shri Baba blinked, gulped, and almost forgot his vow of silence.

"Oh, well," said a Hollywood wit, on hearing about it, "it's just as well he didn't speak in Hollywood. Arthur Caesar would have interrupted him anyway."

Cute? She's Paulette Goddard, just discovered by Hal Roach and not in a chorus either. Hal found her in the most inner of society circles but now the gal's stepping out in this nifty way

It's a boy and it's May McAvoy's. May retired from the screen three years ago to become Mrs. Maurice Cleary, you remember. The baby son was born this June

Two Griffith veterans of the old Biograph days work together once more. Richard Barthelmess has Henry B. Walthall playing a role in Dick's "Cabin in the Cotton" and neither one of them has forgotten the days when Henry was the star and Dick just the extra boy

Just one of those off guard shots of Bill Powell and Kay Francis, co-stars who really like each other

Embarrassment of a Countess

Before we pass on from the regal halls of Pickfair, the real high point of the evening was provided by Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. Young Doug, with a new moustache, a German haircut and a shining monocle, was introduced around as Baron von Riechter. No one was fooled much except the Countess de Frasso, being taken places these fine summer evenings by Gary Cooper. The Countess fell for the bait, hook, line and sinker. Before the evening was over the "gag" was revealed to her.

A few nights later she met a genuine nobleman, Count Hans Haubold von Eunsiedel. The Count also had a moustache, a German haircut and a monocle.

"You can't fool me again," said the Countess de Frasso, as she flipped a finger at the monocle. "Do you wear that thing when you go swimming?"

Valuable Property Damaged

And the other day when Jimmy Durante fell down and skinned his nose, he sobbed:

"I ache all over."

Hollywood has gone completely crazy over horses, horses, horses. Here's its polo team. Starting at the right (we will be different) are John Cromwell, the director, Bob Montgomery, Big Boy Williams and Producer Hal Roach. Those boys do the riding. The two gents at the left are the coaches

Canine "Dollar Day"

Paul Lukas has acquired a "purp.". It cost just one dollar, and while Paul is fond of it, pooch has a large blot on his escutcheon. He answers to the jingly name of "Minnie, the Moocher."

Praise for Caesar

We read in the papers that Mussolini is writing a scenario about Caesar's life. If it is ever produced in Hollywood we'll bet our new Panama hat that it will have a gangster episode, a night club sequence, and a shot of a blonde in lingerie.

Stork Notes

By the time you read this there will probably be a new star boarder in the June Collyer-Stuart Erwin menage. Likewise at the Sue Carol-Nick Stuart home. Also, Margaret Livingston expects a little Paul Whiteman come Yuletide. Helen Twelvetrees, as Movie Mirror told in July, has retired from the screen until October awaiting that ole blessed event. And this item doesn't really belong in this paragraph at all, but the Marian Nixon-Eddie Hillmans are going to adopt a che-ild.

Unhappy Ending

He is one of those cowboy stars who always wins his fights, in his own pictures, anyway, but for once he took in too much territory. He forgot that the world at large might not be so taken with his importance as his own company, which gets paid for taking the medicine. This time the western star picked on a "cow person" who wasn't any part of the Hollywood scheme of things—wasn't even impressed in fact. The star came off decidedly second best.

His company looked on during the fracas, making no effort to mix in. They were, however, *awfully* sorry and *terribly* sympathetic after it was all over.

No wonder they called Guy Kibbee the "Dark Horse"—for here Guy was a father all this time and never told anybody! That's his baby beside him. She has the elegant name of Shirley Ann Kibbee and she's six months old

You Ain't Done Right By Nell

Believe it or not, right in Hollywood, the home of the noble hero, there is an organization called "The Cad's Club." To be eligible for membership the young men must have broken the heart of some poor gal.

Yankee Doodle in Hollywood

George M. Cohan, the fellow who discovered that if an audience wouldn't applaud anything else you could always bring down the house by waving the stars and stripes, is in Hollywood to star in "The Phantom President," for Paramount. George says he is a little lonesome away from New York. He has lived there since 1893, and in all that time he has only been in one night club. Wonder what he does with his evenings? He thinks Hollywood is pretty noisy, and has already complained about the goings-on in his hotel.

Two years ago, you know, he decided to come out and make a picture, then changed his mind and caught a train from Chicago back to New York.

Now he figures that if Ethel Barrymore can take a chance he can risk it, too.

And now, you bridge sharks, comes your chance, for Ely Culbertson has entered the movies. Here he is signing his contract with Lee Marcus and Ned Depinet of RKO

A very colorful actor comes to Hollywood. His name's John Curry. He's just one hundred years old and you'll see him with Bette Davis in "The Cabin in the Cotton"

Artistic Department

William Haines is decorating the new Chester Morris house (right next door to Will Rogers'). By the way, Willyum has a rival in the antique *shoppe* business in Hollywood. Nils Asther is going to hang out his shingle and sell European antiques. Willyum goes in for Early-American. You know that when you see the bedrooms in that beautiful house of his (Tallulah Bankhead rents it now). You expect to see George Washington crawl out from between the sheets, and that would be pretty startling in Tallulah's house.

Hollywood's Spartan Boy

With a lot of grumbling the doctor got out of his warm bed and drove sixty miles an hour to the home of the famous, young producer. The call had come in that the youth had been dangerously cut and was not only reclining at death's door, but was half way inside. When the medico arrived at the mansion he found the youthful producer with one hand wrapped in voluminous towels. After removing the impromptu bandages, the doctor found a small scratch.

Doc just put on his hat and waltzed out of the house without even dressing the wound.

"But isn't it dangerous?" insisted the invalid. "Mayn't I die?"

"You're in a lot more danger of dying from being hit with this medicine kit," was the reply.

The young producer is still alive, and flourishing.

Whereabouts Unknown

It seems that Greta Garbo isn't going to stay in Sweden forever and ever, after all. She has leased another house, occupancy beginning November first. No one knows the address, either, except Garbo.

Nature Notation

Just the other day what should wander through the front gate of the hilltop house of Laurence Olivier and Jill Esmond but two small ducks, all athirst for adventure

Here's Radio Pictures' newest discovery and isn't she pretty? Her name is Harriet Hagman (we wouldn't mind if she changed that) and you'll see her first in "Is My Face Red?"

and a good pond of water. The ducks seemed to like the environment and showed no desire to return home, so Laurence and Jill adopted them, christening them, poetically enough, Eloise and Abelard. They never knew which was Eloise and which Abelard, but tragedy broke up the happy union. Eloise, or maybe it was Abelard, up and died one fine morning.

And so much did Jill grieve over the late lamented that Laurence scouted the hills until he found the natal home of their adopted pets. Then he bought six (count 'em) more. Until the Oliviers can think up more fancy names the new pets are just called, and it seems sensible to us, "ducks."

"————" Said Tryon

Of course there is a great art in making really good speeches. On the other hand there is quite an art in avoiding the making of speeches. Glenn Tryon proved that at a recent motion picture banquet in honor of something or other. In due course of time it became Glenn's turn to get up and electrify the guests with his elocution. The toastmaster said firmly that it could only last three minutes.

Glenn arose, placed his notes in front of him on the table, parked his watch beside the notes, poured himself a glass of ice water, drank it, cleared his throat impressively, looked at his watch, gasped and sat down.

"Time's up," he announced. We thought it was one of the best speeches of the day, but then we're funny about a lot of things.

Stop the Press News

Hollywood tailors are no longer putting hip pockets in gentlemen's pants. They destroy that popular streamline effect, and the panic is on with pocket-flask manufacturers. The smart young swains just wrap the er-ah, gingerale, in parcels, and hand them to the head waiter when they enter cafés.

Hot Papa from Cold Country

Sometimes you realize what pale adventures you usually see on the screen, and what hidebound lives we lead with no greater danger than the risk of being plugged by a gangster's bullet or getting run down by a taxicab. Chee-ak, the 24-year-old star of "Igloo," filmed in that grim land above the Arctic Circle, has had a life crowded with thrills. He makes the Richard Harding Davis heroes sound like so many students in a theological seminary.

Chee-ak, young and handsome enough to give many a pampered star a good run for the money, was born in a hut in far Northwestern Alaska. His father was a prospector, trapper and hunter, and his mother a full-blooded Eskimo. Chee-ak was educated in a Quaker missionary school, and at ten he was making his own way in the world. He has been dishwasher, cook, waiter, trapper, marine engineer, and postman, making his deliveries on foot through sixty below zero weather.

Three times he has made expeditions above the Arctic Circle with film companies. Showing an aptitude for the camera, he came to Hollywood, adopting the name of Ray Wise. For "Igloo" he turned actor, showing that he has a wonderful, natural instinct for drama.

Wouldn't it be something if Hollywood were to produce an Eskimo matinée idol?

Mr. Gable, Meet Mr. Brent

That George Brent has an ever-widening circle of fans, it seems. They say all the feminine stars at M-G-M are clamoring for Gable in their pictures. Well, you should hear the hue and cry for Brent over at First National. Even Ethel Barrymore, now a member of the film colony, much to the colony's awe, asked about him soon after her arrival.

She had seen Brent several years ago at the Elitch Gardens, Denver's famous stock company, had thought he evidenced much ability, and, indeed, had almost signed him for her next play.

Change of Address

Not so durned many waters have passed under the movie bridges since one producer would have had apoplexy if another cinematic nabob had tried to borrow

Father and son and both good actors. Chester Morris and his dad William Morris live close to each other, play together frequently and are the best of friends

Showing what a good Swedish accent will do! El Brendel has bought himself a lovely home in Beverly Hills and that's El and Mrs. Brendel, his wife and vaudeville partner, standing before it

one of his stars. Now it's all sweetness and light and top-ranking stars are being loaned from one studio to another like so much sugar between housewives.

Joan Crawford was loaned to United Artists for "Rain." Helen Hayes goes to Paramount for "Farewell To Arms," with Gary Cooper. In return Fredric March travels to M-G-M to play with Norma Shearer in "Smilin' Through" (remember Norma Talmadge in that during the silent days?). Clark (hot-cha) Gable parks his make-up box at Paramount for "No Bed Of Her Own," with Miriam Hopkins. Kay Francis, after she gets back from that European trip, will be loaned by Warners for the next Lubitsch picture, and Howard Hughes loans Billie Dove to M-G-M for "Blondie of the Follies."

Even Mary Pickford, in accord with the times, is willing to share her star billing with her leading man, if his name warrants.

There, "Grand Hotel," see what you've gone and done.

But Why?

And if you collect those things a sign on a San Pedro theater announced "Surprise Night"—Ina Claire.

Prettify the Home Paragraph

Leave it to Lil Tashman to have the last word in home decorations. Her Malibu Beach house, all red and white, still has Hollywood gabbing. Now she is having the lower floor redecorated in her Beverly Hills home. The walls are being lined solidly with mirrors. B'gosh, *now* Lil can tell if her petticoat shows, although dollars to doughnuts, she probably doesn't even own one.

One Too Many Tallulahs

If you believe half of what you hear in Hollywood (anything else would be an unsafe investment, we're told) Tallulah Bankhead is just pining away because Gary Cooper confines his love scenes with her only to times while the camera is turning. In the meantime she isn't too pleased over that (*Continued on page 87*)

When Colleen divorced John McCormick and left pictures, she thought her heart was broken forever. Today she has returned to Hollywood with a new love, new happiness and new ambition

More Moore

How Are You Fans Going to Accept the Colleen Who is Coming Back?

By MARQUIS BUSBY

COLLEEN MOORE is back in Hollywood. Back in pictures. Back to begin her climb upward to the old pinnacle of fame which was rude enough to slip from beneath her two years ago.

She has a year's contract and options with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, but not at that colossal weekly stipend of $13,750 she collected from First National when she was the highest salaried lady in screendom. Once the leading box office star of the industry, she is not to star this time.

Her return to the colony where once she was the queen is fraught with peril. Colleen knows it, and so does her new studio. As a matter of fact, the things that the screen Colleen Moore stood for are gone. Those were days when jazz ruled the screen, and a universal cry rang forth for "youth," "youth!" The flapper is dead—or at least the kind of flapper that Colleen made famous. Dutch bob, hey-hey antics and all. This is the era of sophistication and poise. The new ideal of the screen is the slightly world-weary woman. Colleen knows all of this. She has forsaken the flapper. When you see her on the screen this fall it will be a different Colleen Moore. She will be the mature woman who has known the sorrows of life. She is to play dramatic rôles.

Unless there is a sudden change in production schedule, Colleen will return in a picture opposite Wallace Beery. The story is as yet untitled, but Colleen told me that her rôle called for heavy drama—the heroine is a woman who has loved not wisely but too well. She bears an illegitimate child.

NOW that is a far cry from the old Colleen Moore type, the simon-pure heroine who went through all sorts of escapades but with virtue always remaining triumphant.

There is always a great big "but" in this changing of type, however. An awfully big one in this case because it is so drastic. Will the public accept this new Colleen Moore? Even Mary Pickford has known the bitter tragedy of trying to change the character she typified on the screen. Mary, with the intelligence of a mature woman, approaching the forty milestone, remains in the hearts of her followers the curly-haired ingénue of the old "Tess of the Storm Country" and "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm."

COLLEEN'S fans, and they are numbered in the countless thousands, remained loyal during her two years' absence from the screen. Fan letters still pour in upon her. Everyone in Hollywood agrees that one good picture will bring her back again to screen fame. It *must* be a good one, for she left Hollywood after two pictures which created very little disturbance in any direction. "Smiling Irish Eyes" was the old pattern. It had music, and musical pictures had already seen the handwriting on the wall. In "Footlights and Fools" she was splendid, but the rôle and story were preposterous.

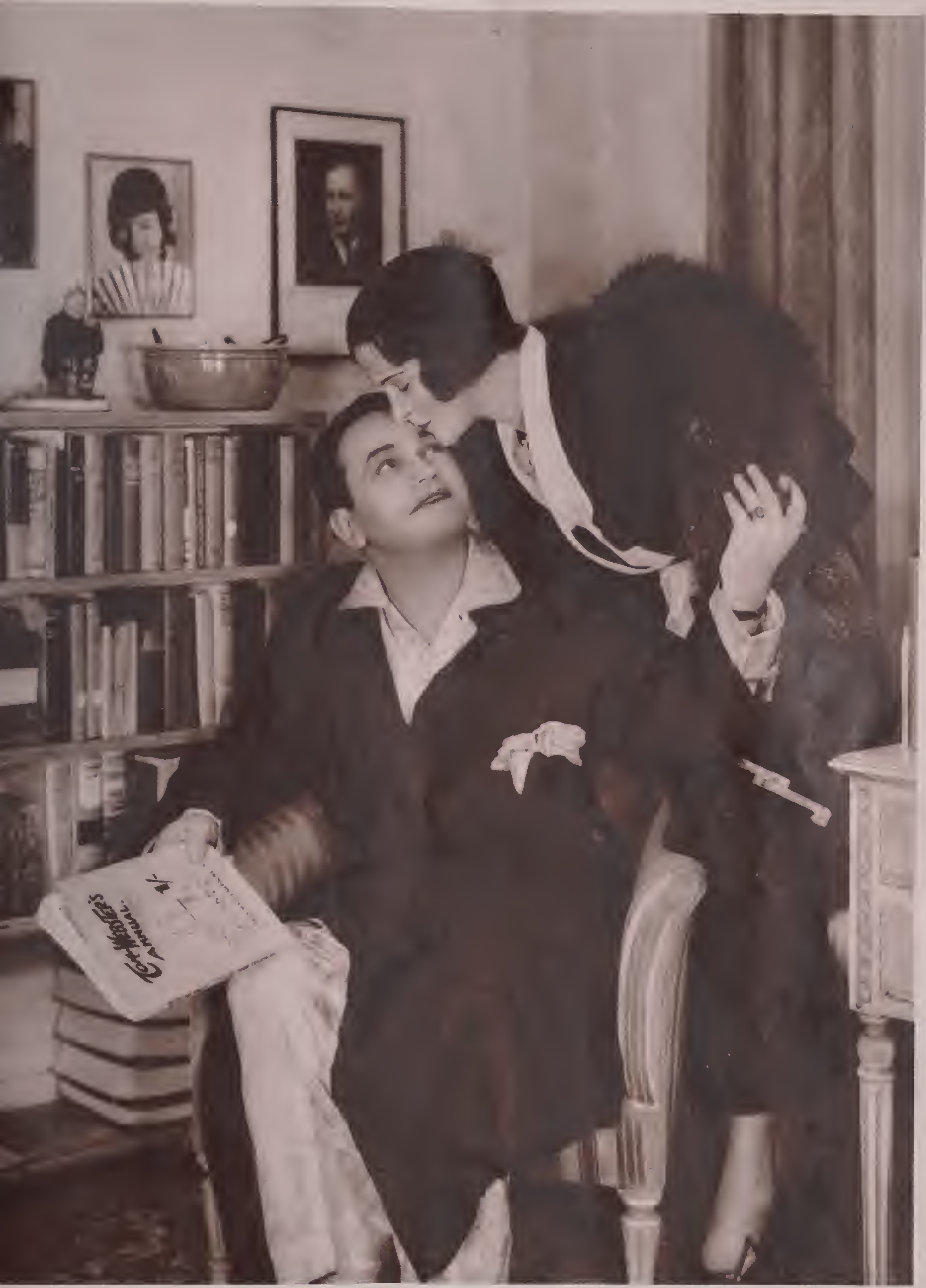
At that particular time two bad pictures would have brought disaster to anyone. Hollywood was starting all over again. Previous success, no matter how great, counted for nothing.

She finished her contract. Warners, who had taken over First National, had no intention of going on with that $13,750 weekly salary. Other companies made offers, but the salary stipulation was far below the old standard. Colleen did not want to take less.

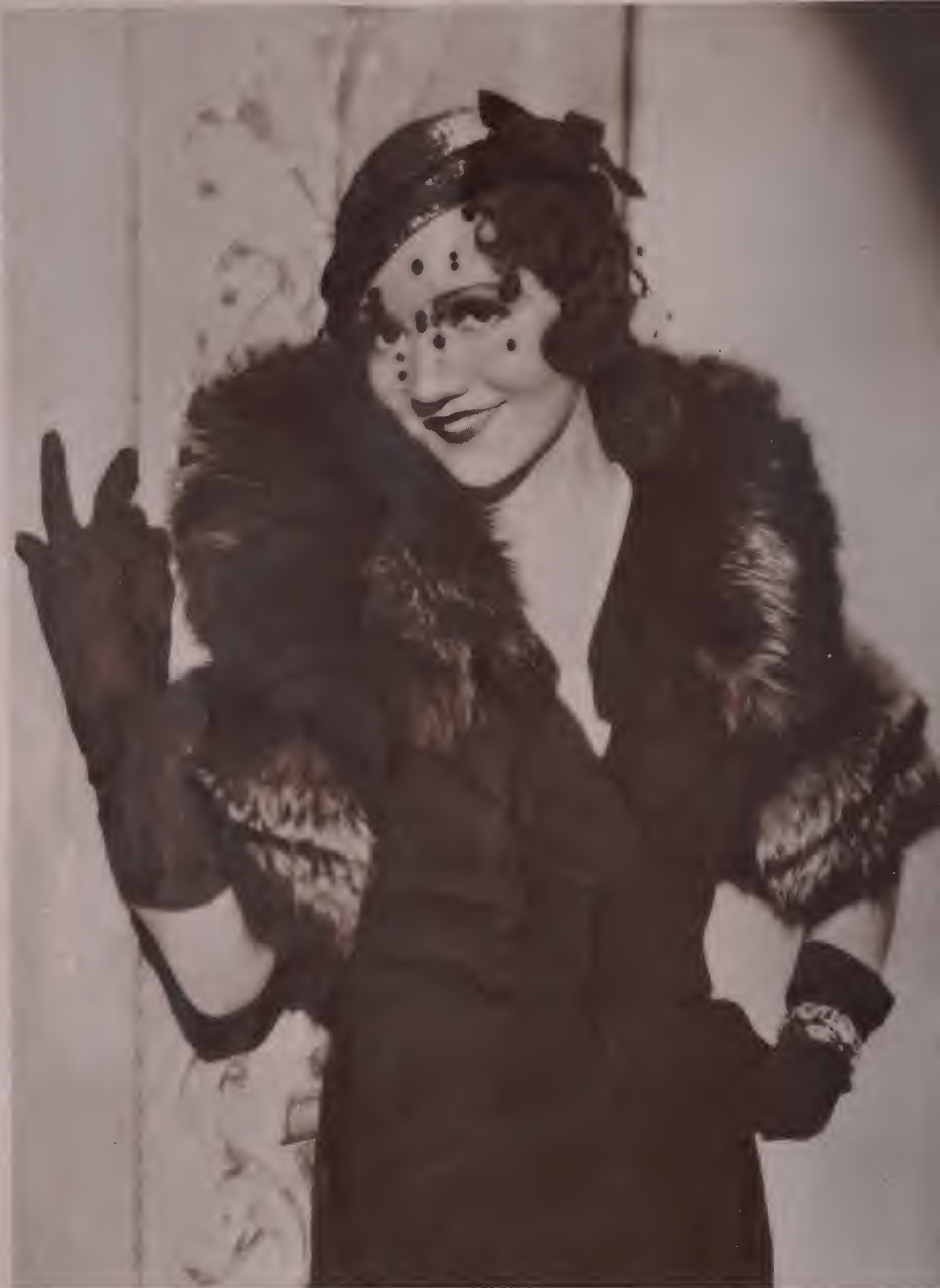
With her professional career slipping away, domestic sorrows began to add their weight to an already heavy burden. She had married John McCormick when she was very young. They were terribly in love and together they climbed toward the goal of fame and fortune. To a large degree it was John's wisdom in selecting stories and planning shrewd exploitation which placed Colleen at the top of the cinematic heap. She achieved her place in the sun, and when she left the screen her personal fortune was estimated at $3,500,000. She had a magnificent estate in Beverly Hills, world renown, and hundreds of loyal friends in Hollywood. I have never known anyone in this topsy-turvy business (*Continued on page* 103)

Colleen left the screen a dizzy flapper. She returns, poised and charming, softened by suffering. Which Colleen do you prefer?

THIS native son of California is Hollywood's most persistent bachelor. Joel McCrea not only doesn't get married but he doesn't even fall in love. However, he's cur-razy over sports and he cares about his work in a big way. After graduating from Pomona College, Joel drifted into pictures. He scored opposite Connie Bennett. Then RKO signed him. You'll see him next in "The Most Dangerous Game"

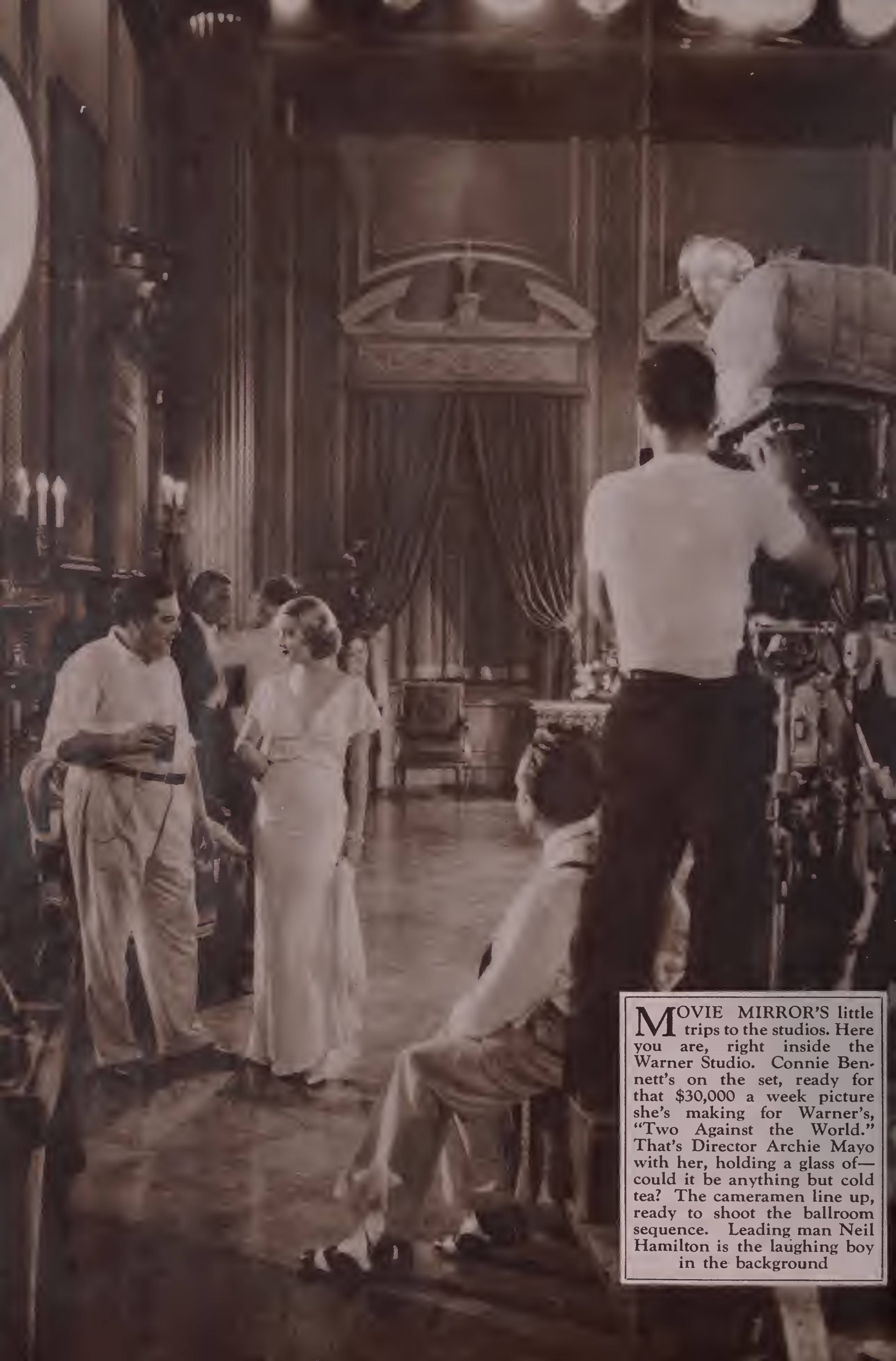


A QUIET scene in the home life of the Edward G. (Little Caesar) Robinsons. Though Edward G. plays tough gangsters and hard-boiled he-men on the screen, he's one of Hollywood's most devoted husbands. He is a great reader, as you can see by the books on his shelf. The things he likes most are good music, lovely paintings and Mrs. Edward G. Robinson. His next picture will be "Tiger Shark"

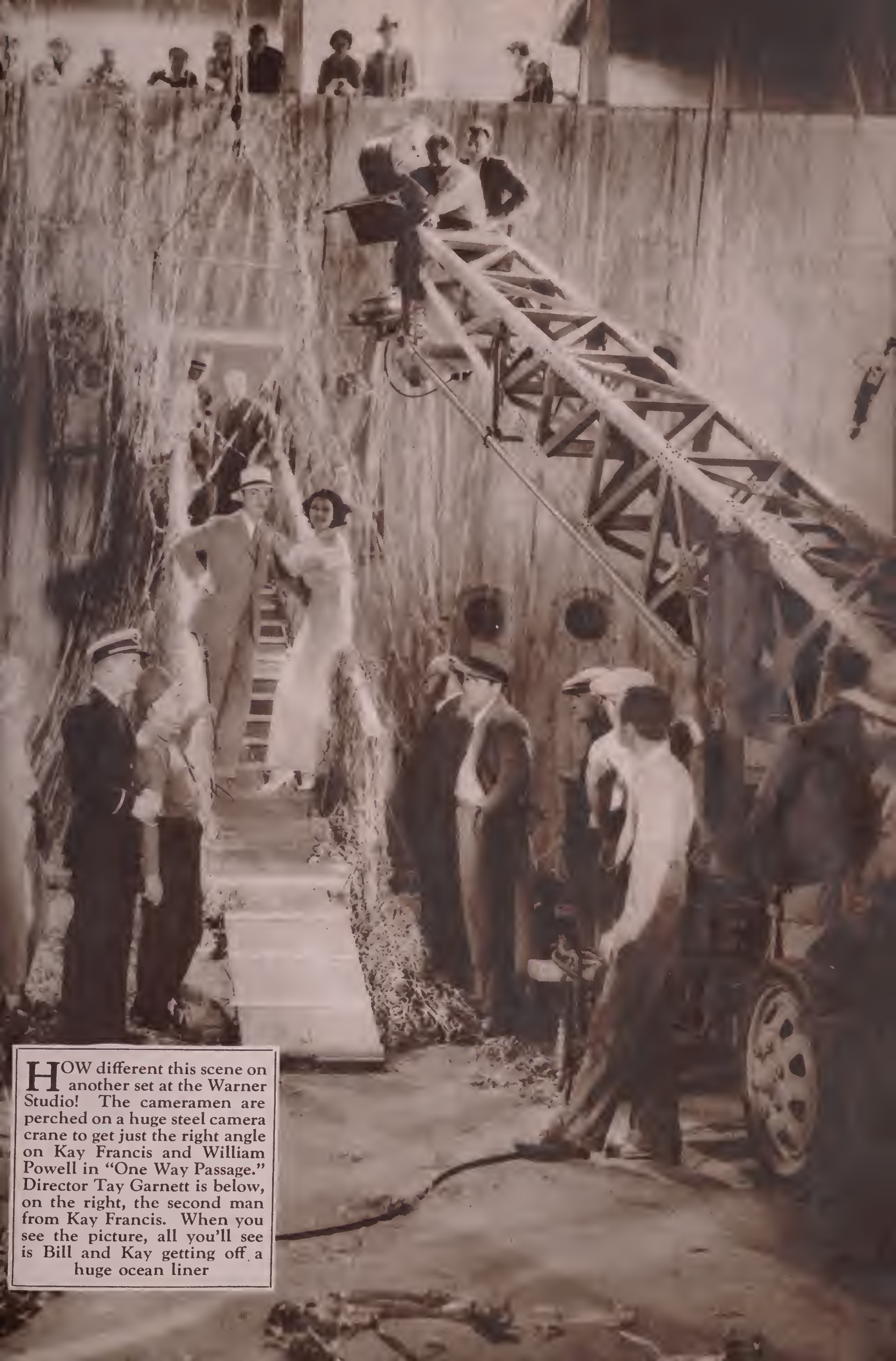


PORTRAIT of a girl for whom Movie Mirror would like the right rôle. Claudette Colbert is French and sophisticated, so modern she refuses to share a house with her devoted husband. She has the most beautiful legs in Hollywood. But do you ever see them or Claudette in properly naughty characterizations? You'll see her next in an unusual rôle in "The Sign of the Cross." Here's hoping for her.

WILL ROGERS has got more titles than a super-production. You can call him "the gum-chewing philosopher" or "the millionaire cowboy" or "writing's gift to aviation" or any one of a dozen more names. Will won't care. Nothing fools him. His next Fox picture is called "Down to Earth," which suits Will dandy. He makes fortunes, has a swell family, and gets a grand time out of life



MOVIE MIRROR'S little trips to the studios. Here you are, right inside the Warner Studio. Connie Bennett's on the set, ready for that $30,000 a week picture she's making for Warner's, "Two Against the World." That's Director Archie Mayo with her, holding a glass of—could it be anything but cold tea? The cameramen line up, ready to shoot the ballroom sequence. Leading man Neil Hamilton is the laughing boy in the background



HOW different this scene on another set at the Warner Studio! The cameramen are perched on a huge steel camera crane to get just the right angle on Kay Francis and William Powell in "One Way Passage." Director Tay Garnett is below, on the right, the second man from Kay Francis. When you see the picture, all you'll see is Bill and Kay getting off a huge ocean liner

Sylvia Sidney's House of Contradictions

Sylvia Sidney chose for herself and her mother a white stucco and red tile "Spanish Mediterranean" house in Beverly Hills. Don't you think the landscape gardening around the house is beautiful?

If You Were a Young Girl, Who'd Never Been Married and Hated To Be Tied Down, Would You Pick the Kind of Home That Sylvia Did?

By HELEN LOUISE WALKER

HER home in Hollywood expresses Sylvia Sidney more clearly than any amount of stories she might tell about herself possibly could.

Sylvia Sidney doesn't like houses. The reason for that is that she *does not like to become too fond of anything.* Therefore, she prefers to live in hotels, surrounded by stereotyped, impersonal objects . . . where she doesn't "have to bother about anything."

"I don't want possessions," she will tell you, worriedly. "How silly to acquire a piece of really fine old Sheraton—and then worry for fear something will happen to it! It doesn't matter if you don't own any real antiques of which you are proud. You get along very well without them. But when you have them, you love them and they tie you down and become responsibilities."

But Sylvia has a house. People in Hollywood *do.* She arrived, from the East, chaperoned by her mother, and became, almost at once, one of the most promising of the younger Paramount players. It became apparent that she would have to adjust herself to a pretty permanent life in Hollywood. So she looked about her and saw that picture people all live in houses—roomy, comfortable ones with sweeps of lawn and rose gardens and tennis courts and awninged terraces. Hollywood lives its leisure, daylight hours out-of-doors, does its entertaining out-of-doors—and a girl feels positively undressed, even in midwinter, if she hasn't a trace of sunburn on her shoulders. Well—you can't live that sort of life in a hotel.

So Sylvia sighed and went about the business of acquiring and furnishing a white stucco and red tile "Spanish Mediterranean" house in Beverly Hills. The young actress and her mother are installed there now—and Sylvia wishes, wistfully, that she were living down at the Roosevelt Hotel, unsurrounded by these belongings to which she is rapidly becoming too attached for comfort!

IT is a sprawling sort of house with wide lawns and a detached "guest house" and a swimming pool in the patio at the rear. Inside it is a light-hearted sort of hodge-podge. Sylvia shopped for four months for the furnishings, having pieces sent out and placed, "to see how it would feel to live with them".

"I think I had it completely furnished and then changed it at least four times," she relates. "It was terrible. And now that it is nearly finished—there it is. I don't want it!"

She had great difficulty with her color schemes and astounded decorators by demanding *"tired* shades of rose

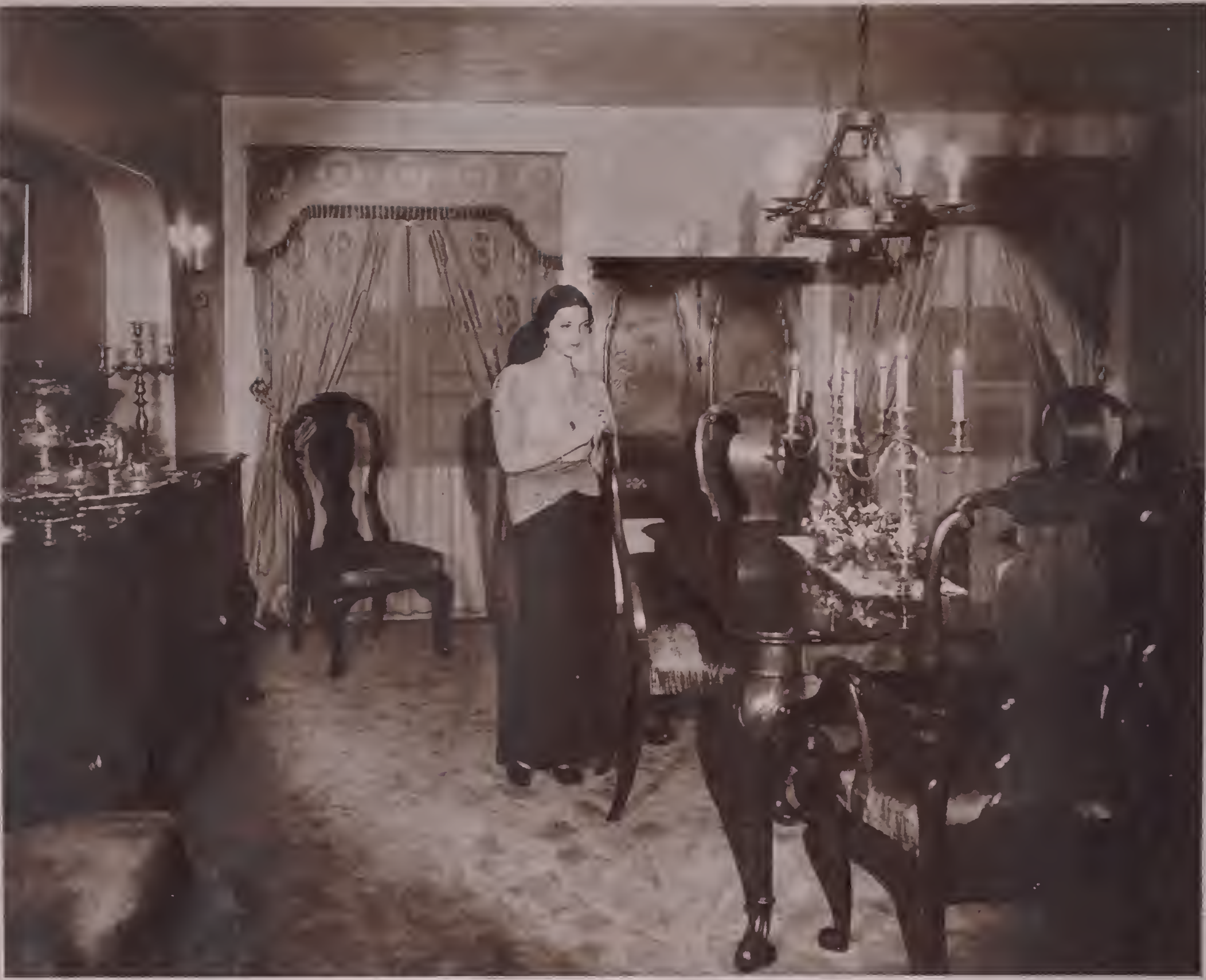
What a mass of contradictions this Sylvia Sidney girl is! Above you see her in her own private study, modern and gay. Below is her living room, with solemn medical tomes in the bookcase and a kewpie winking merrily at you

and green." In this day of brilliant hues, these shades were hard to find. There are few spots of color in Sylvia's house. "I hate anything that leaps out at you or demands to be noticed! I want things dull and I want them to look as if they had been used." So there are smoke-colored and dark apricot carpets. Oyster-white and shadowed cream walls. Almost colorless tapestries.

The girl is a mass of contradictions and oh, how her house reveals it! Her living room is dominated by a huge, Sheraton book-case—her favorite of the rare pieces whose hold on her affections she so resents. In one corner hangs a really fine collection of old English prints which she has been gathering for some years. Propped against the book-case is a coy, be-sweatered Kewpie doll! Now, what would you make of that?

The walls are that dull cream and the thick carpet and the silk brocade drapes are exactly the same shade of deep, subdued apricot. There are small matching antique tables, laden with curious boxes and bits of pottery from all over the world. The furniture is upholstered in dark apricot and blue tapestry. The books in the book-case are mostly heavy, scientific tomes upon the subject of medicine! Sylvia reads 'em, too, and buys more of them at every opportunity. And the fat Kewpie doll, keeping guard over them, winks at you!

The dining room is even more sombre and dignified,



More contradictions. Above, Sylvia in her dining room, formal and dignified, with massive mahogany furniture. Below, Sylvia's sun parlor, informal and gay, leading to Sylvia Sidney's private den and library

with darkish buff walls, dull green carpet, matching green drapes with a silver motif and chairs upholstered in a deep henna-brown. The furniture is massive mahogany and the only adornment beautiful, antique silver candelabra and coffee urn.

A LONG, narrow sun room leads along the side of the house to Sylvia's own little private study. And here the house suddenly becomes gay. The sun room furniture is wicker and "Monterey", with cushions and Monks' cloth drapes of tomato red.

The study is crisply modern, with silver walls, black carpet and lacquerred drapes. The furniture is black enamel with twinkling chromium trimmings. A business-like desk holds a typewriter, telephone and efficient letter files. The mask which Richard Cromwell made of Sylvia hangs upon the wall and there is a collection of tiny facsimiles of the masks used by the players at the Japanese Theatre, in which Sylvia is much interested.

Inspecting this dwelling, one begins to sense the struggle between Sylvia's two selves. They are as different as the rooms in her house. The part of her which has the instinct to *take root*—to surround heself with solid, fine, substantial things, things with associations and claims upon her affections. And the other part of her which is ambitious and young and which wants to be *free* of all ties. The crisp, modern, somewhat brittle part of her, trying to conquer those roots and pursue a successful career . . .

The patio, with its swimming pool and ping-pong table, is more a concession to Sylvia's guests than an expression of herself. Because Sylvia is distinctly *not* the out-of-door, athletic type of girl. A casual dip, perhaps, followed by a lazy, luxurious sun bath. She does not ride or play golf or tennis. And she objects to having people about her who talk constantly of sports . . .

She also objects to pets—partly because she "doesn't want to be bothered" and partly because of that strange fear of becoming attached to things, of having to worry about them. Her only concession in this line is a pair of love birds which were presented to her and which she says amuse her because they fight all the time!

Upstairs are three master bedrooms and two servants' rooms. Sylvia has her own little suite, as private and remote as possible. A bedroom in faded green and rose, with Louis XVI furnishings. The bed is covered with embroidered ecru net, over ivory satin; the walls are cream and the drapes are ash-rose silk. There are book shelves, filled with more of those heavy, scienitfic tomes, sketches by the Japanese artist, Fojita, upon the walls, fussy little French pillows scattered here and there. The little dressing room, adjoining, is as ruffled and feminine as possible—and it contains her most treasured possession. A Directoire powder table, of inlaid wood, which once belonged to Sarah Bernhardt. Sylvia's mother gave it to her daughter for her eighteenth birthday, at the very start of a promising acting career. Sylvia has used it constantly ever since and loves it, probably, more than anything else she owns.

There is a cozy little "morning room" where Sylvia breakfasts in luxurious privacy and sometimes receives intimate and informal guests. She loves solitude, you see, and her household is careful to consider her wish to be alone.

Sylvia's bedroom (above) reveals both sides of her personality, her love for fine things, such as beautiful prints, and her liking for frivolous things, to which she won't become too attached. Her mother's room (below) is just the right kind of room for a young mother who's not too serious

A stranger, visiting the house, would certainly imagine that her mother's room belonged to the daughter of the house—it is so much gayer and more frivolous than Sylvia's quarters. Ivory walls, cream and blue glazed chintz hangings, a satin bed spread of the new shade, called "eggplant," which tones in with the carpet. There is a gold, satin-brocade chaise longue and a mirrored dressing table, laden with fine perfumes and bright boxes. A *young* room . . .

Well, Sylvia's mother is a young mother. She manages the house, briskly and efficiently. She has her own outside interests which keep her busy while Sylvia is working. She never clings to her child or makes demands upon her time and attention or tries to tell her how to run her life. She sometimes joins the casual groups of friends who assemble there. But more often she is concerned with her own affairs. She divides her time about equally between Hollywood and New York—where Sylvia's father, Dr. Sigmund Sidney, is a dentist.

Sylvia's entertaining is all casual and informal. She has never given a formal party since she came to Hollywood. Rather, she suddenly and impulsively invites a crowd of people to her house—after the theatre, for a Sunday night buffet supper or an afternoon swim.

She is ambitious, this Sidney girl, and she plans her life so that she may have the maximum ease of mind, freedom from responsibility and the details of living, so that she may concentrate on her career.

I think that Sylvia's house, despite the pains she has taken to have it just as she wants it, is a burden to her. She wants so terribly to quell her inherited stable tendencies, her femininity, her instinctive concern with domesticity and to be unhampered in her pursuit of—whatever it is exactly that she is pursuing.

Sylvia's home is a battle-ground for those two selves!

THE change that five months away from Hollywood has made in Gary Cooper is startling. It is not only that he looks better but his attitude toward his job, toward life and love has altered. With Gary is his new constant companion, the chimp that's causing a lot of trouble

Gary Cooper Today

By HELEN LOUISE WALKER

GARY COOPER turned his slow gaze about the clattering Paramount restaurant and shuddered. "Everybody in this room," he said, in a voice hushed with a sort of horror, "is talking about pictures!"

"Is it that hard to come back to it?" I wanted to know.

"Oh, not that I'm not glad to be back!" he said, hastily, remembering that he was under contract to dear, good, kind Paramount. "It's just that it's difficult to settle down into the old routine again. When you've been away it's a sort of shock to come back to this place where no one is concerned with anything *but* pictures—where nothing else is ever discussed—where people eat and sleep and breathe pictures. You have forgotten, somehow, how intense the whole thing is.

Most of Gary's time abroad—most of it now in Hollywood—is spent with the Countess Frasso. There's also a Count Frasso. He's also in Hollywood

Gary and Lupe, who loved and hated. Note the contrast between this Gary and the one above

"You see, one of the things I learned while I was away was that there are so *many* things in the world beside pictures! A year ago no one could have made me believe that. I thought pictures were the most fascinating things in the world and that picture people were the only ones who counted. They were more important than anything else—or anyone else—to me. But not any more."

The change that five short months away from Hollywood has made in Gary Cooper is startling. It is not only that he looks better—healthier, more vigorous, the gaunt hollows in his face filled, that tired stoop gone from his shoulders. It goes much deeper than a mere matter of physical well-being.

Gary's outlook has broadened, his attitude toward his job, toward people, toward an adjustment of his life, has altered. Gary was a very weary, embittered young man when he went away . . .

"You must come out to see my new dump!" he keeps urging you. "It's too grand!"

Now, that new dump, as he calls it, is important. It is a symbol of something to Gary—proof to him of the beginning of a new scheme of living. Not that it is ornate or impressive. On the contrary, it is a modest, comfortable, *masculine* house, (*Continued on page* 90)

Writer and star on the job, both talking and both wondering what the other is thinking about

Strange Interview

Wherein Norma Shearer and an interviewer, influenced by Mr. O'Neill's play, think about what they say but don't say what they think

By DONALD BROWN

SCENE: The "Strange Interlude" set at the M-G-M studio. It is about 3 o'clock of an early summer afternoon. There is a drone of voices and a kaleidoscopic confusion of people, lights, scenery and equipment. In the foreground is a tiny dressing table, enameled pale blue. Before it is seated a beautiful young woman, costumed in a robe of flaming red. As she turns at the sound of our footsteps we discover she is Norma Shearer.

INTERVIEWER: (THINKS) Shearer is exquisite. Prettier than on the screen, softer and less brittle. How white her teeth are. How shiny her hair. I should have shaved this morning. (SPEAKS) How do you do, Miss Shearer—remember me?

NORMA: (SPEAKS) Why certainly—won't you have a chair? (THINKS) Now who is this chap—I've met him before. What on earth is his name?

INTERVIEWER: (SPEAKS) Thanks, I will. Sorry to have to butt in this way when you're so busy. (THINKS) Busy. I'll bet she's never been up against a press deadline. Must shoot this to New York tonight. Lovely skin she has.

NORMA: (THINKS) Wish he hadn't come. No, I don't mean that. I really enjoy giving interviews. Or do I? All part of the business. I could be having my nails manicured. Look frightful. Wonder if Hannah is waiting for that fitting at the wardrobe? (SPEAKS) Not at all. I'm delighted. I have all the time in the world!

INTERVIEWER: (SPEAKS) Interesting play, isn't it? (THINKS) Never saw it. Something about people who think one thing and say something else. This is a stupid way of making a living. Asking questions—questions—must be nice to be important enough to be asked questions.

NORMA (THINKS) They are lining up for the next shot. This is where I make that long speech to Ned about the baby. Ought to be studying my lines. How does my hair look—is it slipping down? (SPEAKS)

Yes, I was wild about it when I saw it in New York with Lynn Fontanne. It is an advantage to have seen so great an artist in the rôle. I am trying to keep her interpretation in mind in my own performance. The story is fascinating picture material. An interesting philosophy behind it—apart from the clever way it is written—is in O'Neill's idea of how hypocritical most people are. How entirely opposite our thoughts are to what we actually say. It creates both amusing and tragic situations.

INTERVIEWER: (SPEAKS) But isn't it sort of highbrow for the screen? (THINKS) I'm getting in deep. Why didn't I at least read the darned play before I came out to talk about it? Shearer's so immaculate. Does she stay that neat all the time? I feel like a tramp. Ought to get a suit.

The stunning Shearer as the amazing heroine of O'Neill's "Strange Interlude." She plays the most modern woman—and reveals the oldest impulses

NORMA: (SPEAKS) I don't think you could call it high-brow. It is a love story of one woman and three men—the dreamer, the friend, the lover. In each man there is something the woman loves. There is a line she speaks that typifies the idea. She is standing in her home, watching the three of them chatting together. "My three men," she ponders, "if all their qualities could be combined, what a wonderful husband they would make!" It's terribly human. (THINKS) Was that the line? Oh, well, it's close enough. He'll never know. The man from the shoe store ought to be here any minute. I need those slippers for the next sequence.

INTERVIEWER: (SPEAKS) The spoken thoughts—how are they going to do that on the screen? Difficult, isn't it? (THINKS) Now I'm getting somewhere. That's what people will want to know. It always takes time to lead up to the right questions.

NORMA: (THINKS) Should I tell him how it is done? Or should we keep it a secret and make people wonder? Oh, they surely know we don't actually think out loud. (SPEAKS) Yes, it is difficult. But it is interesting, so different from anything we have done before. There is a line spoken by one of the characters in the opening scene. He reflects that words are only masks for our thoughts. We follow that idea in the filming of the play. We make the scenes two separate ways. First we make a sound track, speaking the thoughts along with our regular lines. Then we photograph the scene, speaking the lines, but remaining silent in the thought intervals, simply reacting to them as a record of the thought is played back during the scene. In this manner it will seem our thoughts are spoken out loud although our lips remain motionless. On the stage this was, of course, impossible. It was difficult to tell which were supposed to be thoughts and which spoken words. Pictures afford the new technique. (*Cont. on page* 94)

"You can't have me fired," said Lil, facing her employer. "You don't know how long I've loved you"

The Red Headed Woman

A Story of a Woman Without a Heart

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Production Starring Jean Harlow and Chester Morris

From the novel "Red Headed Woman" by Katharine Brush
Fictionized by Adele Whitely Fletcher

WHEN Lil Andrews went to William Legendre's house to take dictation that night she knew perfectly well what would happen. She sensed what Bill Legendre didn't know himself; that he had manufactured the work in order to get her there. Bill's wife was away. And for weeks in his father's office Lil had been conscious of his interested eyes upon her, taking stock of her warm, curving body, of her hair, the flaming color of autumn.

Lil bore out the theory that sex attraction is a chemical thing. Men for whom she could have had no other interest saw her and were smitten immediately. Married men as much in love with their wives as Bill Legendre. Men born and brought up on the other side of the railroad tracks from the shanty where Lil was born who never would have known her socially invariably came to know her intimately.

Cast

Lil Andrews	*Jean Harlow*
Bill Legendre, Jr.	*Chester Morris*
William Legendre, Sr.	*Lewis Stone*
Irene Legendre	*Leila Hyams*
Sally	*Una Merkel*
C. B. Gaerste	*Henry Stephenson*
Aunt Jane	*May Robson*
Albert	*Charles Boyer*

"You could have stopped me, Red," Bill told Lil. She had thrown herself on the sofa, provocatively enough, and was weeping softly.

Bill knew that the woman he really loved was his wife, Irene. But when Lil was with him his arms closed about her, his lips were on her lips, and he was stirred by passion like drugs in his veins

"Give me one more drink," Lil said, "then I'll go home." But the passion in her eyes belied the words

"But I didn't want to stop you," she replied softly. "You don't know how very long I've loved you, Bill . . ."

The muscles of Bill Legendre's fine lean face tightened. Not having thought clearly for several hours, he now found it an extremely disquieting thing to do.

"I want to be honest with you," he said. "This sort of thing can't go on, you know. I'm in love with my wife."

"She wouldn't have to know!" Lil spoke very softly.

Had Bill been less flattered by the adoration this flaming haired Circe gave him in her voice and in her eyes, he would have known, no matter what she said, that in the matter of amours she was an adept.

"We're finished," he told her insistently. He kept his eyes averted, for he was beginning to realize the curious animal power she had over him.

"You won't have me fired?" Stretching, Lil caught Bill's hand and kissed it. "You'll let me work in another department. So I can still see you once in a while . . ."

"That depends," said Bill, equivocally.

"Give me one more drink," Lil said, "then I'll go home, back across the railroad tracks where I belong."

"You poor kid," Bill was touched. "You poor little kid."

He turned on the radio. Soft music came drifting into that already tense room. Lil stretched again, slowly, languorously. She stood up and slipped into the trembling circle of his arms. At the music's senuous commands her body turned and swayed against his.

The overpowering emotion Bill knew for Lil had nothing whatever to do with the deep and abiding one he knew for Irene. With Lil he felt as if he was another person entirely. She stirred him strangely. She sent delight flowing through his veins.

"You've got the reddest hair I've ever seen," he told her, huskily. Then again his lips fell upon her lips and his arms closed hard and possessively around her.

It was well after two o'clock when Lil finally opened the library door. To face Irene Legendre, who had returned unexpectedly to surprise her husband just as she came in the front door! Lil brushed past defiantly. It was Irene Legendre, the calm, soft voiced, gray eyed girl with every right to stand in that charming, spacious hallway, who acted embarrassed. As for Bill, he looked stricken, like a man who hears his own death sentence. His eyes and Irene's met with sadness. In that minute something deep within both of them died a little death.

"She doesn't mean anything to me," Bill spoke with an effort. "You must know that, Irene."

"Please," she said, "Don't let's discuss it. Please . . . Bill . . ."

THE next morning, facing things squarely, Bill knew it was impossible for Lil to remain in the office. He offered her a better position in Cleveland. Which she refused.

"You can make me leave this office," she told him in a soft voice calculated to reach his senses as well as his ears, "but you can't make me leave this town. I'll be seeing you, Bill. I'm in the 'phone book."

In the telephone booth, where she had followed him, Bill pushed Lil from him. "Red," he said, "you mustn't act like this"

Lil lay alone with her body crushed against Bill's picture. Bill had not kept his rendezvous with her, after all

About a fortnight later she did see him. She inveigled her bootlegger boy friend into taking her to a local night club, having discovered from the Legendre's chauffeur that the Legendres often went there Wednesday nights. The fact that Bill was with Irene and other members of his family did not faze her in the least. Leaving her own party, she had a waiter call Bill to the telephone.

"You've got to listen to me," she said, when Bill appeared. "There's no telephone call. I sent for you because I can't go on without you."

Once Lil had been an intruder in Irene's house. Now the situation was reversed. Irene had come to make up with Bill. "Perhaps I'd better tell you first that Bill and I got married last night," Lil told the ex-wife

He had stepped into the phone booth and she followed him in, crowded him.

Gently, firmly, Bill pushed her from him. "Red," he said, "you mustn't act like this. You've got to pull yourself together . . ."

Her white gown was cut very low. Again that melting desire crept over Bill's body. She slipped closer to him and his arms went about her blindly, in a fevered embrace.

"This is madness," he said finally. "We can't go on like this, Red. It's sneaking. Low!"

"Come to my apartment!" She made it a promise. "Tomorrow night! Please come, Bill dear. I love you."

Now Bill's hand brushed across his eyes as if again he sought to free himself from her erotic spell.

"Say you'll come," she whispered. Her lips were close. "Say you'll come . . ."

Someone tried the booth door impatiently.

"Ten o'clock tomorrow, Bill!" Again that whispered promise to torment his blood.

When Bill answered finally it was as if he spoke in spite of himself. "Ten o'clock tomorrow night!" he said.

He returned to his table looking ill and worn. Which

Lil listened in on the phone call. "You see that I'm invited to that banquet or you'll regret it," she told Bill

was more than Irene Legendre could endure. She might close her door to him when he was well and able. But when he needed her she must open her door, go to him, take him in her arms, lay gentle, ministering hands upon him.

Later, when they returned home, she did that very thing. She had forgotten about her own hurt. Bill needed her. That was enough. It always had been, ever since they were boy and girl. It always would be, even when they were old and the blood in their veins ran thin and tepid. Circumstances might separate them but there was between them a bond nothing could sever.

Bill was slumped in his reading chair, his head buried in his hands.

"You've got to leave me, Rene," he told her. "For your own good. I'm worthless."

She knelt beside him. "Hush, Bill," she said, "I need you too much ever to go away. I want your arms about me. I don't want to live if we're not going on in the sweet, old way . . ."

"Blessed Rene . . ." Bill said. "My blessed Rene . . ."

Bill's father gave Lil a check so that she could go to New York. She knew that he was buying her off. But Lil didn't care. She was sure that there'd be plenty of other men in New York

The red headed woman had won the white haired boy, Gaerste, the millionaire. She wondered how she would get rid of Bill

The following evening he did not keep his rendezvous with Lil.

She sprayed perfume in her hair. The palms of her soft white hands were scented with amber. She dressed carefully in a negligée of jade that reflected her eyes. And then she waited until at last she knew he was not coming.

"Nobody can treat me like that and get away with it," Lil told Sally with whom she shared the flat the following evening. All day Lil had been lying on the sofa, drinking gin and brooding.

"It's not helping you any to lie there filling yourself with that rotten stuff," Sally announced. "I told you to stick to your own kind. After all Al's done for you, too. And if I was you, Lil, I wouldn't irritate a guy like Al, a guy that totes a gun."

However, inflamed by bad gin and angry pride, Lil was beyond reasoning.

An hour later, a raging fury, she stood in the doorway of the Legendre library where Bill and Irene sat reading. The best efforts of the butler to keep her out had been unavailing.

"Why didn't you come to my flat as you promised you would?" she shrieked at Bill.

His eyes were like cold blue steel. His face was an ashen mask. "Get out of here," he told her.

Irene turned to the butler. "Show this young lady out, please."

Enraged Lil turned on her. "Don't *you* try to ritz me," she cried. "Bill doesn't love you! You may as well get that straight! He told me so! Just the other night! When we met in a telephone booth and he made the date to come to my apartment! While you sat at your table never dreaming what was going on!"

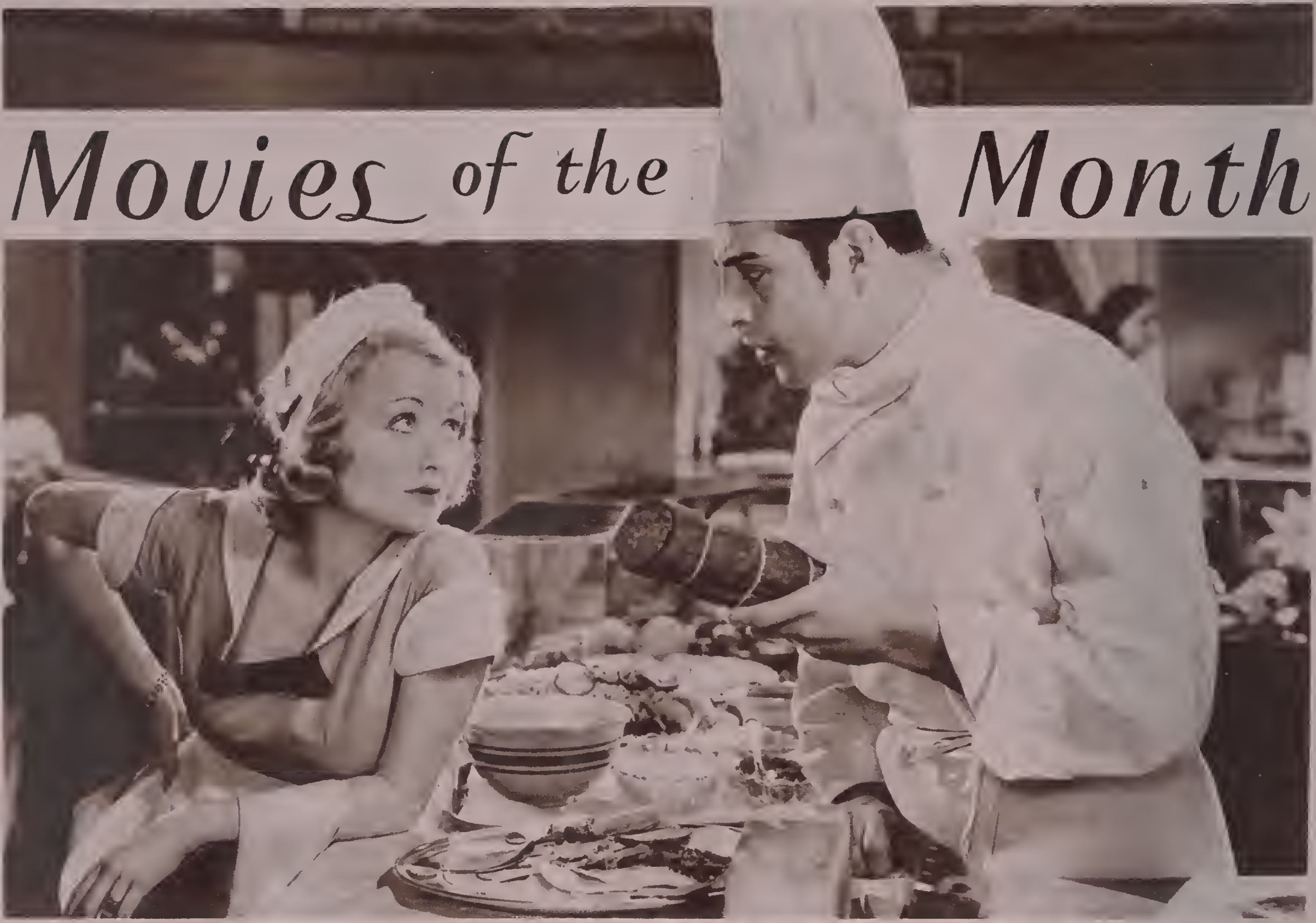
"Get out, YOU!" Bill's words lashed about in the quiet which had followed Lil's tirade.

Irene ran from the room and upstairs.

(*Continued on page* 106)

"Albert, I'm going to be married." "My darling, how wonderful," cried the chauffeur

Movies of the Month



Put Constance Bennett's new picture, "What Price Hollywood" down on your must see list. Lowell Sherman and Constance Bennett are magnificent in it

By MARQUIS BUSBY

(Check ✓ for the good pictures. Double check ✓✓ for the extraordinary ones that you shouldn't miss.)

HOLLYWOOD this month gives you the low-down about itself. It gives it to you in drama; it gives it to you in comedy. "What Price Hollywood" is an unglossed story about the cinema town; its happiness and heartbreaks. "Make Me a Star" is one swell comedy and you mustn't miss it.

The columnist cycle continues to be popular. It isn't as new as Hollywood's pictures about itself; but when you have such a swell performance as Lee Tracy's in "Blessed Event" you won't mind that.

The standard of pictures this month is very high. After a long lull during which there were few good pictures, there's a new crop that's swell. Watch out particularly for "Igloo," the most unusual picture of the month.

✓✓ Blessed Event (Warners)

You'll See: *Lee Tracy, Mary Brian, Allen Jenkins, Ned Sparks, Milton Wallace, Ruth Hall, Frank McHugh, Walter Walker, Dick Powell, Emma Dunn and Ruth Donnelly.*

It's About: *Those Peeping Tom reporters on metropolitan tabloid papers who "tell all." This particular*

You've never seen Fredric March more charming or Sylvia Sidney more appealing than they are in "Merrily We Go To Hell." They make the picture well worth seeing

Paul Pry almost gets murdered for his activities, but the gunman was a bad shot. Even that doesn't make the columnist eschew the dirt-flinging.

"Dr. X" is one of the most shivery thrillers that's ever come to the screen, and you won't sleep for a week after you've seen it

What a performance that lad Lee Tracy gives in "Blessed Event," the newest and best story in the columnist cycle

In the language of the tabloid daily — "What famous gossip columnist is going to burn—and plenty—when he sees his counterpart in 'Blessed Event'?" It's all there, even to the cigarette company's broadcast over the air and the "O-ka-ay, Chicago!"

This is the story that James Cagney refused to do, and he's probably pretty sorry about it now, for "Blessed Event" is going to be a smash hit. As the oh, so very fresh columnist who rises to fame because an avid populace likes to read about impending "blessed events," Lee Tracy is little short of superb.

One scene in particular will long stand out in your memory. Tracy talks the gangster out of "bumping him off" by describing an electrocution that not only frightens the hoodlum out of his wits but makes your own hair stand on end.

The picture is funny, rowdy, ridiculous and dramatic—and as fast as a William Haines "comeback."

Dick Powell, as the radio crooner, sworn enemy of the columnist, is excellent. He, too, will make you think of a certain famous somebody. The supporting cast gives plenty of first class assistance. You'll like Mary Brian, Ruth Donnelly, Ned Sparks, Emma Dunn, Milton Wallace and Walter Walker.

"Bachelor's Affairs" is gay, light summer fare which won't give you anything to think about but which will amuse you just the same

✓✓ Make Me a Star (Paramount)

You'll See: *Stuart Erwin, Joan Blondell, ZaSu Pitts, Ben Turpin, Helen Jerome Eddy, Arthur Hoyt, Polly Walters, George Templeton, Sam Hardy, Nat Pollard, Ruth Donnelly and Frank Mills.*

It's About: *The moonstruck, movie-mad grocery clerk who quits his job and comes to Hollywood "to* *suffer for his art." After "suffering" from hunger he finally gets his big break. Not as a serious actor, as he supposed, but as a comedian. He doesn't know that, however, until the picture is finished.*

"Make Me a Star" is none other than "Merton Of The Movies," of tender memory. Will you ever forget Glenn Hunter and Viola Dana in this when pictures were as silent as Garbo about her love life?

You can step right up and shake hands with another great Merton. Stuart Erwin gives a capital performance as the poor misfit. You can't make up your mind whether to laugh or cry, and that laugh-behind-a-tear formula has always been sure-fire stuff.

It is not as sparkling and vivacious as "What Price Hollywood," the other cinematic "exposé" of the month, but it does exert a stronger tug at the old heartstrings.

The Hollywood studios form the background, and you see many famous stars wandering in and out of the story. The scene where Merton's first picture is previewed is the comedy highpoint, even if you don't know how funny previews *really* are.

Joan Blondell, zooming right up to stardom, is grand as the hard-headed, soft-hearted extra girl who turns out to be Merton's best friend and severest critic. She gets Merton, too, and isn't it swell?

And a nice big cheer for Sam Hardy, ZaSu Pitts and Helen Jerome Eddy.

In "The Red Headed Woman" Jean Harlow gives a performance which just about burns up the screen. Jean has never been more torrid than she is in this

"Igloo," with its cast of native Eskimos, is the most unusual picture of the month, and introduces a new Hollywood hero, Chee-ak, a native

✓ Tom Brown of Culver (Universal)

You'll See: *Tom Brown, Richard Cromwell, H. B. Warner, Slim Summerville, Ben Alexander, Sidney Toler, Andy Devine, Betty Blythe.*

It's About: *Just exactly what the title sounds like it's about. Tom Brown is sent to Culver by the Legion because his dad is a dead hero. Unfortunately it develops that dad isn't dead, and, moreover, he isn't a hero. Everything turns out just dandy, though.*

There are no "ifs" and "buts" about this picture. It's good, and it's a refreshing change from all those "sexies" of the last few months. You'll like the breezy youthfulness of the leading players, and don't for a moment imagine that you can't work up interest in the trials and tribulations of a prep school lad.

He and She romance is completely lacking, but you'll never miss it. There are still more than enough heart throbs to go around.

"Big City Blues" is a series of episodes about New York rather than a story. Joan Blondell and Eric Linden, the boy wonder, give fine performances

"Make Me a Star," the talkie version of "Merton of the Movies," is priceless comedy. Stuart Erwin makes a swell Merton

You see Tom Brown enter Culver, and how that school trains and educates boys. Amusing and dramatic in turns, the picture lags only in presenting too many glimpses of buildings and things.

Tom Brown, as the Tom Brown of the story (what billing that boy does receive), is an appealing youngster, and is fine in his rôle as the cadet. Richard Cromwell is equally good, with Ben Alexander a runner-up for honors in the supporting cast.

And you *may* take the children to this picture. It should make them noble, young Americans for at least twenty-four hours.

✓ Bachelor's Affairs (Fox)

You'll See: *Adolphe Menjou, Minna Gombell, Alan Dinehart, Joan Marsh, Irene Purcell, Herbert Mundin, Don Alvarado and Arthur Pierson.*

It's About: *One of those romances wherein October mates with Young April with results none the less disastrous because they're so funny.*

Adolphe Menjou, the suave, the elegant, is so amusing in "Bachelor's Affairs" that you will keep thinking the picture is much better than it really is. He is gra-ánd as the wealthy, middle-aged bachelor who is snared by a baby blonde with the help of dulcet strains from the ship's orchestra, moonlight in mid-Atlantic, and considerable engineering from the blonde's determined older sister.

After the wedding it's all (*Continued on page* 89)

In spite of the efforts of Claudette Colbert and Clive Brook, their newest picture, "The Man From Yesterday," doesn't quite make the grade

"Roar of the Dragon," Dix's new picture, is disappointing. Gwili Andre, who makes her début in it, needs more acting experience

Going on with My Life

There has been a great and tragic love affair in Loretta Young's life recently. She tells the story of it here

Loretta Young's Own Story

as told to

MARY SHARON

I was born in Salt Lake City, Utah, January 13th, 1913, the youngest and plainest of three sisters. My mother and father separated just after baby Jack was born; my father disappeared and soon became only a memory to us. We had an uncle who worked for George Melford, the director, in Los Angeles. He encouraged us to move west. My mother took a big house and rented rooms and we children drifted into playing bits in pictures. I met Mae Murray that way, who was my good friend and wise teacher. I learned from her and learned other lessons at the Ramona Convent and later Hollywood High School. I fell ardently in and out of love during the high school year until my sister Polly Ann accidentally changed the whole course of my life. She had just finished a picture at First National and went away for a visit. Retakes were necessary and I went down to the studio to substitute for Polly Ann. Mervyn LeRoy, the director, didn't like me much in the part but let me go through the scene. Next day the studio called me and offered me a contract. I thought it was a joke but it turned out to be real. I was fourteen years old. I worked steadily and after playing the lead with Lon Chaney in "Laugh, Clown, Laugh" I planned to become rich and famous. I wanted millions. Nothing, I decided, was going to stop me. But I forgot about that thing called Love and what it can do to you and your plans.

THE first moment I saw Grant Withers dancing at the Ambassador, I was thrilled to death. I knew right then that he was the man for me. Honestly, he never stood a Chinaman's chance of getting away from me. I don't mean that I manœuvred to meet him or anything. I just knew that we would meet some day and that when we did, we would fall in love. Mother had nothing to do with our marriage or our separation. And Grant never bullied me into accepting him. I was genuinely in love with him always. I still think he is the handsomest and sweetest man I have ever known. But there are a lot of things more necessary to a successful marriage than sweetness and good looks.

I REMEMBER I was away from home the first time Sally brought Grant home. He was Sally's boy friend first, you know. But when she brought him home that day, I promptly took him away from her. Sally didn't mind because she wasn't in love with him and I was. At least, I recognized in him the man I could fall in love with. I remember I scolded her horribly for not phoning and telling me that Grant was home. I felt cheated to think I had spent a very dull afternoon with a very dull acquaintance when I might just as well have been having a lively talk with Grant. Oh, I will never have another love affair with anyone that will equal the one I had with Grant. It was just the two of us, from that first moment when we were introduced. We went places together. Dances, theatre parties, motoring, etc., but we lived in a world of our own. It all seemed very romantic to me.

Looking back now, I can see that in the earliest stages I was infatuated with Grant, not in love with him. I was in that romantic, hero-worshipping stage and I pinned all my girlish ideals to him. I thought he was perfect. I really didn't think of getting married to him, though. I only wanted to be in love with him. I had made up my mind long before I met him that I wouldn't marry until I had the folks well-fixed, brother Jack through school and a million dollars in the bank for myself. So when Grant first proposed I didn't take him seriously. Then, one day he asked me to marry him and that old "me" got the upper hand. I accepted him solely to see what he would do and say. I can't understand what there is in me or to me that can make me do the most serious things in the most flippant fashion. I honestly can say that at the moment I accepted Grant, I really didn't mean it. I only did it for effect. That's an awful confession. We were engaged secretly for six months and, little by little, it came to me that marriage was all that could make me happy.

Loretta, the romantic seventeen-year-old, and Grant Withers, the playboy of twenty-five. They were in love with love but they thought it was love for each other

AND we decided to elope. This satisfied all my romantic longings. Grant looked the part of a hero. And it seemed wildly romantic for us to take a plane for Yuma, Arizona, and get married there. We did so on the 20th of January, 1930. I was seventeen and Grant was twenty-five.

I read afterwards that we decided on Yuma so that annulment proceedings would be impossible. That isn't true. We talked it over and picked on Yuma because anywhere in California we would need to publish a notice of intentions, and this would take away the romance of it all. I didn't tell mother, because it wouldn't be a real elopement if I did. It never once entered my head that mother would object. We had always thought and felt so alike in everything that I thought she would welcome Grant as a son. There was the difference in our ages, but I wasn't concerned over it. I have always liked older men best.

The first disappointment in our elopement came to me when we stood before the justice of the peace to be married. I felt let down, somehow. Marriage to me was the greatest experience I had ever known.

It was the culmination of all my girlhood dreams and hopes and I felt it should be solemn and beautiful. When I was confirmed, there was an impressive ceremony. And marriage was much more important to me than my confirmation had been. I felt that there should have been some sweet solemn procedure. A ritual to make us feel close and bound. And there was only an ordinary business-man judge mumbling a few words in compliance with the law and then telling us that we were man and wife. I wanted to cry. Grant didn't understand. And I couldn't explain to him. The day was beautiful and sunny, but somehow, a cloud came over it even before we landed in Hollywood that afternoon to be greeted by a lot of noisy reporters, who insisted that we pose for photographs,, "say something," etc. I was happy in the thought that Grant and I were married, but the romantic something that had urged me on to elope with him was hurt by "things".

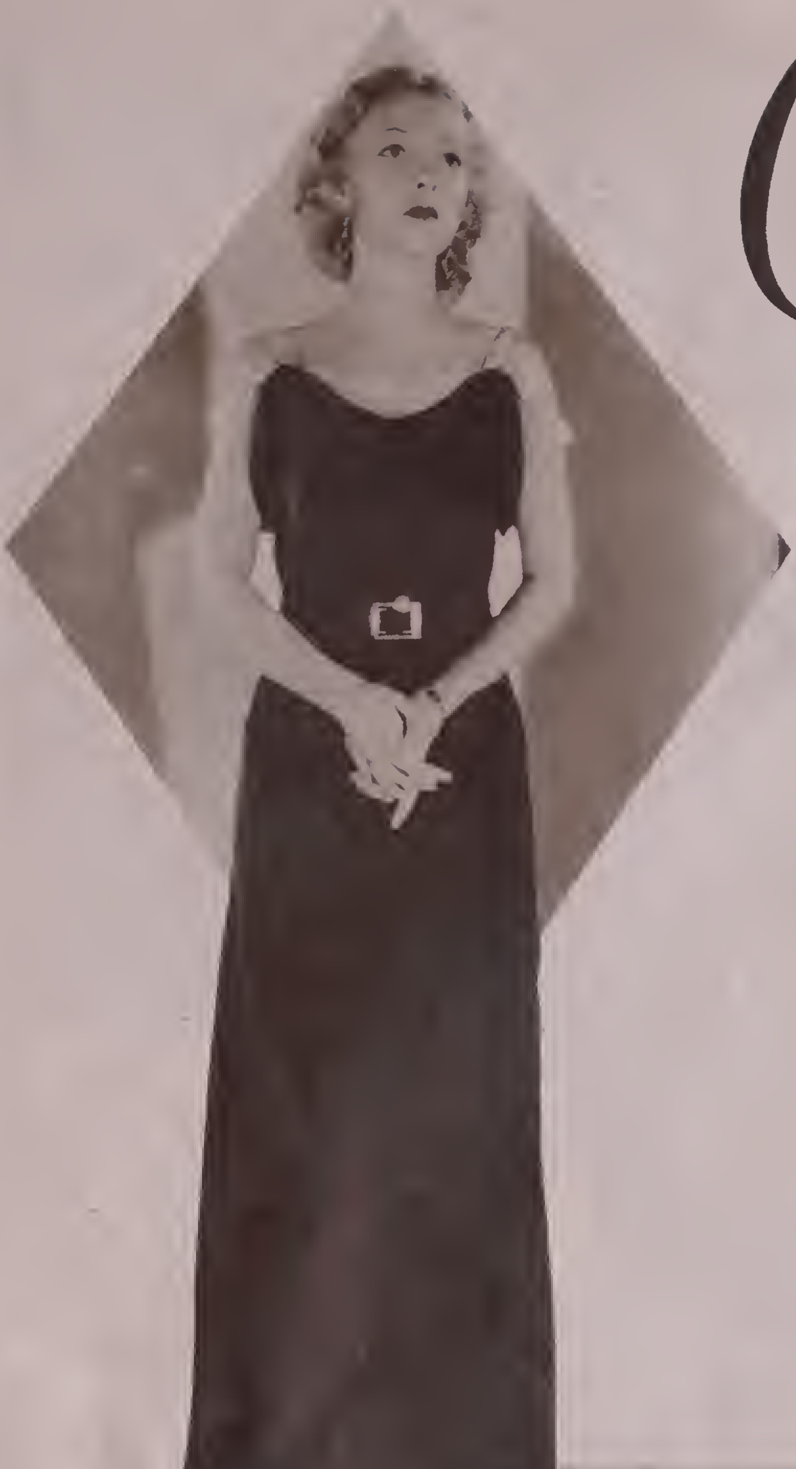
Grant and I started housekeeping at the El Royale, an exclusive apartment house on North Rossmore in Hollywood. We started out with champagne ideas, but nobody could say we had beer incomes. We were both in the money and we could see no reason to scrimp. I am glad we didn't now, for we were absurdly happy for several months. We paid $450 a month for an unfurnished apartment and we had a lot of fun buying furniture and bric-a-brac together.

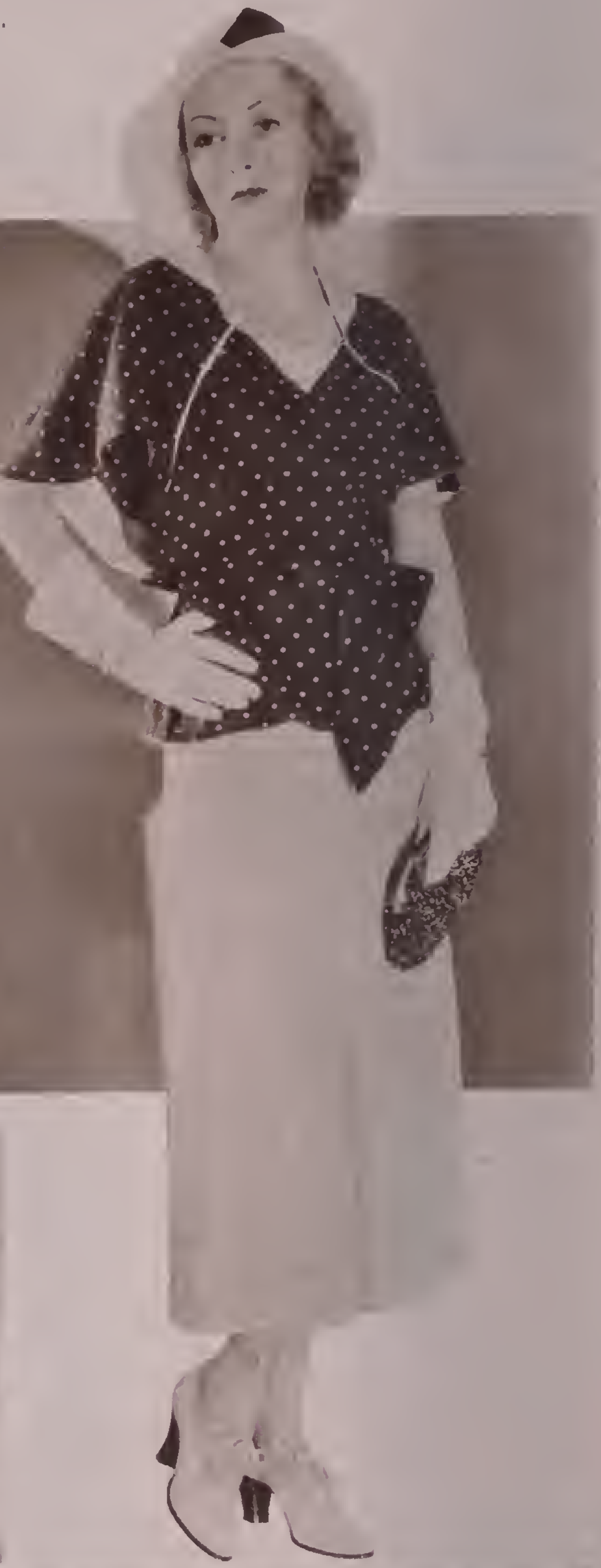
Our elopement and marriage did not interfere with our working schedule. We went right ahead as if nothing had happened. I played with Otis Skinner in "Kismet", which turned out to be an unfortunate picture as far as I was concerned. Then I made the "Road to Paradise" with Jack Mulhall. When I finished this, it so happened that Grant finished the picture in which he was working and we took a belated honeymoon back to Pueblo, his home town.

WHEN we went back home, his friends and relatives gave a welcome-home reception for us at the Country Club. There were two hundred and fifty invited guests. Everyone was lovely and we had a wonderful time. After we concluded our visit to Pueblo we went to Colorado Springs. We stayed four weeks at the Broadmoor Hotel. This was the happiest month of our entire marriage. We did the usual things that tourists do, took little side excursions to the Rim of the World, Pike's Peak and the Garden of the Gods, and had a glorious time.

When we returned to Hollywood we moved into our baby Colonial home in Beverly Hills. We had made beautiful plans for a happy home here but they didn't materialize. I can't say exactly what went wrong. It is so hard to put your finger on the exact spot when you are diagnosing what is wrong (*Continued on page* 96)

Costume





NO matter how good, how smart a dress may be, it can go all wrong if you wear the wrong things with it. Here's Karen Morley in three daytime costumes and one evening outfit. Below each photograph of each dress and Karen (whom, incidentally, Movie Mirror thinks one of the most promising of the younger group of actresses, if not the most promising, what with that voice of hers and that beauty) there is a picture of the right accessories for that gown.

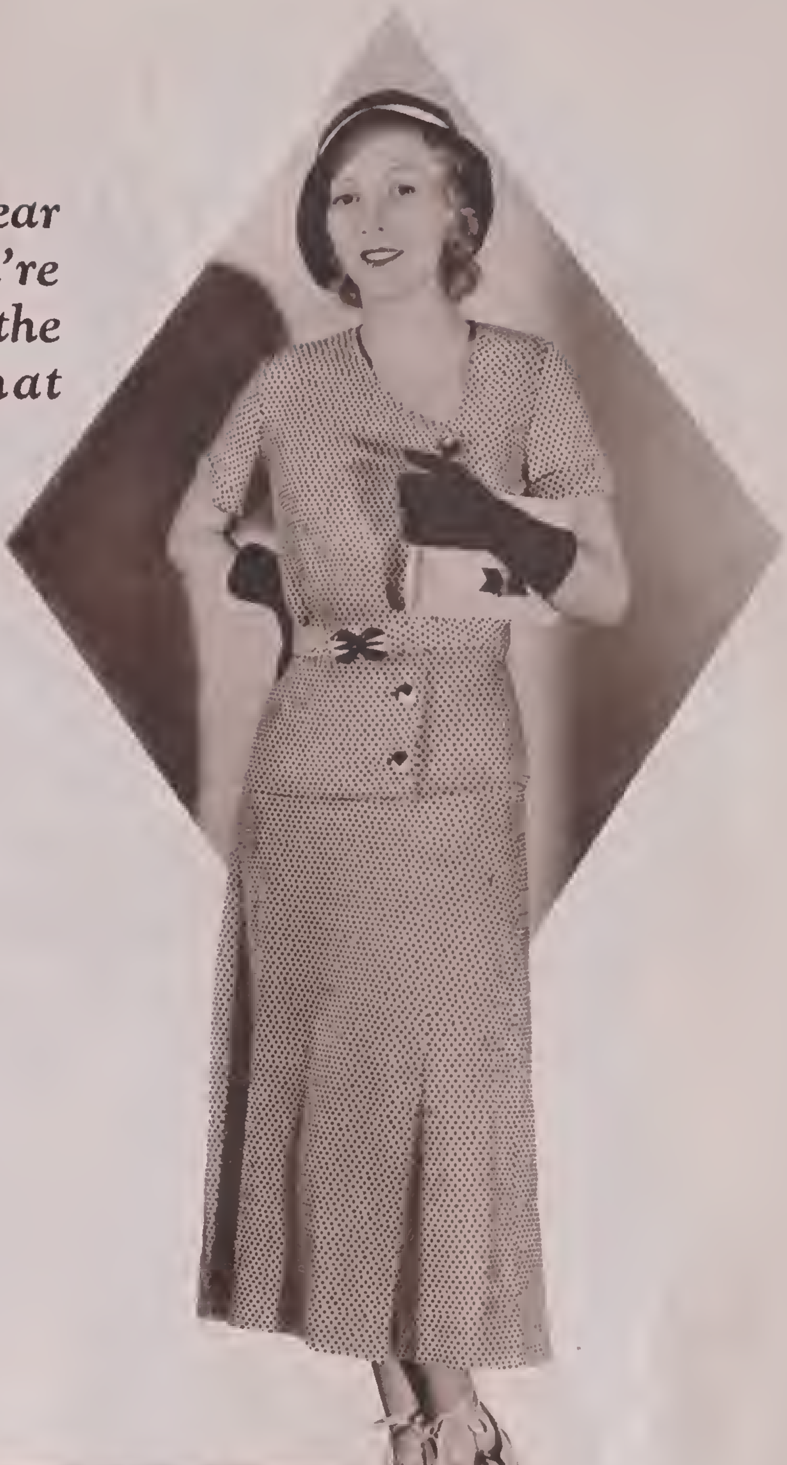
Take the evening gown. It's of the new black silk crepe with the higher waistline and a Greek simplicity of line. (Very practical, this, as it won't go out of fashion and can be worn and worn and worn.) It has white rhinestone shoulder straps and a rhinestone buckle. The accessories consist of black-strapped satin pumps, a pearl-clasped black purse and evening jewelry of black onyx and marcasite—necklace, bracelet and earrings. Remember, you may wear necklace *or* earrings, but never both at the same time.

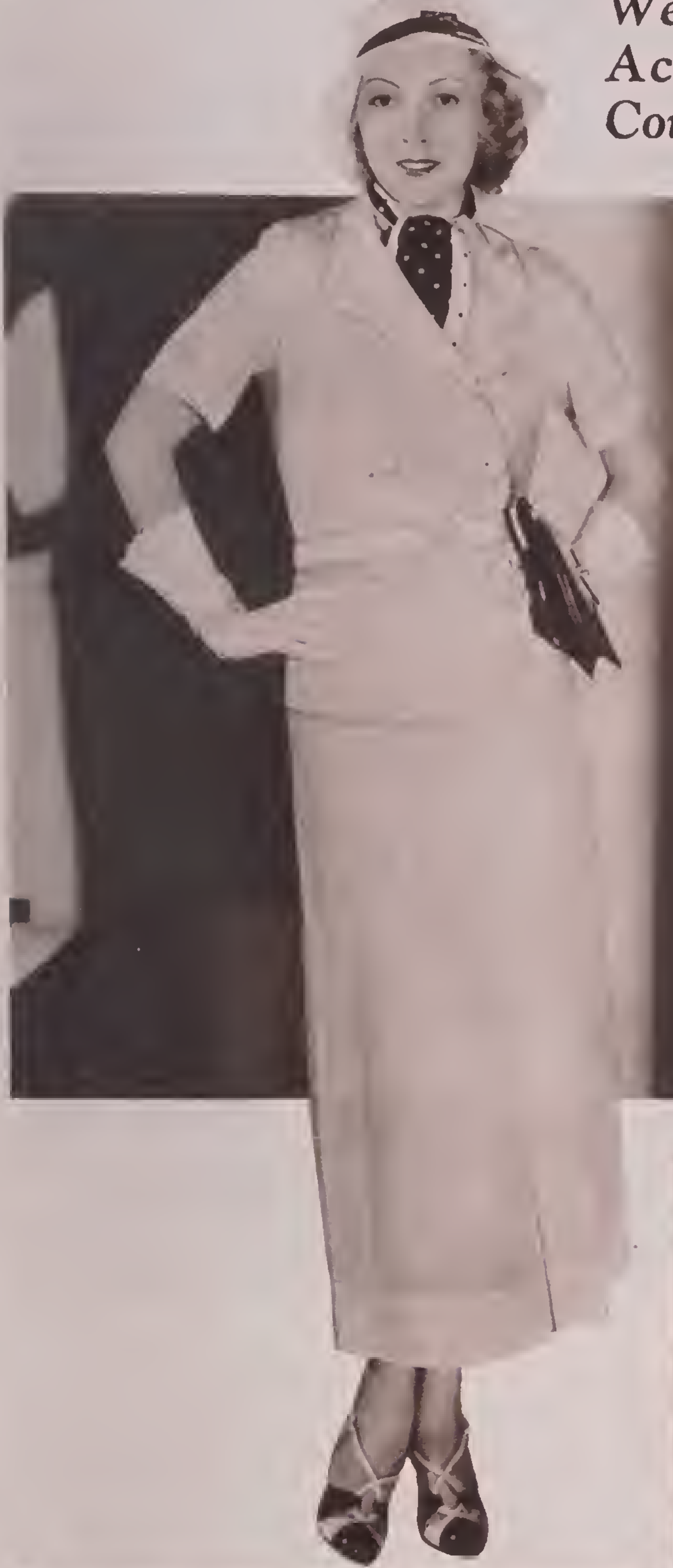
Karen's afternoon costume is of white silk with a capelet top of black silk polka-dotted in white. With this she wears a wide-brimmed black-bowed hat of white straw, white wrist-length gloves and white laced slippers. Her purse is black, beaded in white.

The blouse is detachable, so that other blouses may be worn on other occasions, or the skirt can be combined with any of the cunning jackets so popular this season in completing ensembles, and so excellent for saving your income.

Parts

What to Wear with What You're Wearing or It's the Accessories that Count





FOR the in-between days we get this season of the year, days that are both summery and fall-ish, the alluring Morley lass chooses a silk suit, short-sleeved and double-breasted, in honey beige, set off with a brown and white polka-dotted scarf and honey beige stitched hat showing a brown-buckled band. To complete this, Karen carries a purse of the very new brown patent leather combined with white, brown and white pumps—that new open-work kind—and white wrist-length gloves. Her shoes and gloves might be all brown, too, for a more subdued effect.

For chilly days, Karen has a wool dress in white with blue pin dots. (That color combination could be reversed, if one wished.) It has blue and white buttons and a blue and white buckle on the belted over-blouse. Her accessories are a blue hat of stitched felt with white grosgrain ribbon trim, white purse with a clasp similar to her dress belt buckle, darkest blue suede gloves and blue and white ghillies (those shoes that are so smart and so very comfortable).

There's vivid contrast in all of Karen's outfits, you'll notice. The costume parts are simple and therefore practical, but strong color combinations make them gay. That's the Hollywood manner and a very nice manner it is, too. They do not believe in being dull or drab in movietown. Instead they dress brightly and—in the case of a girl like Karen—in perfect taste.

Speak for Yourself

Letters from Our Readers

THE $20 LETTER

Luxurious Pictures

Let us have more pictures such as "Bought" and "Possessed." To all of the working girls such pictures are a joy unbelievable—they simply reek of the gorgeous things they love and can not have but adore seeing and hoping for.. They build their dreams around the lovely gowns, homes, etc. Such a picture does not hurt the average girl—they are too level-headed—it only gives them new and lovelier dreams and brings to them a similar joy the perfume from a lovely rose gives. It leaves them in the clouds for days thinking over all of the lovely things they have seen. How they adore thinking of them again and again! Put your moral in the story—they get it and don't forget it—but don't deprive them of the lovely, dainty things they long to see.

Betty McCollum,
Maywood, Cal.

THE $10 LETTER

How to Crash the Movies

If I were to crash Hollywood I would first sail to the Continent, where I would remain long enough to acquire the "seductive smile of a swarthy senorita" or the "pale, pale face and jet black hair of a Russian woman" or the "irresistible allure, the unmistakable savoir faire of a gay Parisienne"—that make those ladies of the Continent so utterly beguiling. This accomplished, I would return to the good old U. S. A., land of one-hundred per cent Americans, where I would assume a name or title which would defy pronunciation by the English speaking tongue, and would then present my credentials to the American producers as a bona fide subject of the old world and would possibly be hired and hailed as Great, Glorious, Glamorous, Seductive, Irresistible and a thousand more adjectives which are heaped on "those ladies of the Continent". I would eventually become a star supported in caste and cash by my less able (?) American sisters and brothers.

Mrs. F. C. Ettinger,
Mansfield, Ohio.

$1.00 LETTER

Gable and George Brent

I feel something should be done about this and quickly. I have seen George Brent in two pictures now and although he is genuinely original with a personality all his own, still he gives one a pretty good idea of what Clark Gable might do if the foolish women and the idiotic press agents would stop dubbing him "a lover".

It has come to such a pass that Gable is absolutely embarrassed when he has to appear in a scene with a woman. And what story is a story without some romance? His scenes with Beery in "Hell Divers" were natural, spontaneous, well-acted, loveable, while his scenes with Joan Crawford and Marion Davies were stiff, dull, oversweet, self-conscious.

So please, producers, keep him in a man's picture until he has acquired enough poise to make him immune to the title of "a lover". It is the grand poise which Brent possesses which gives such depth and sincerity to his acting. And more than anything else in pictures we demand sincerity.

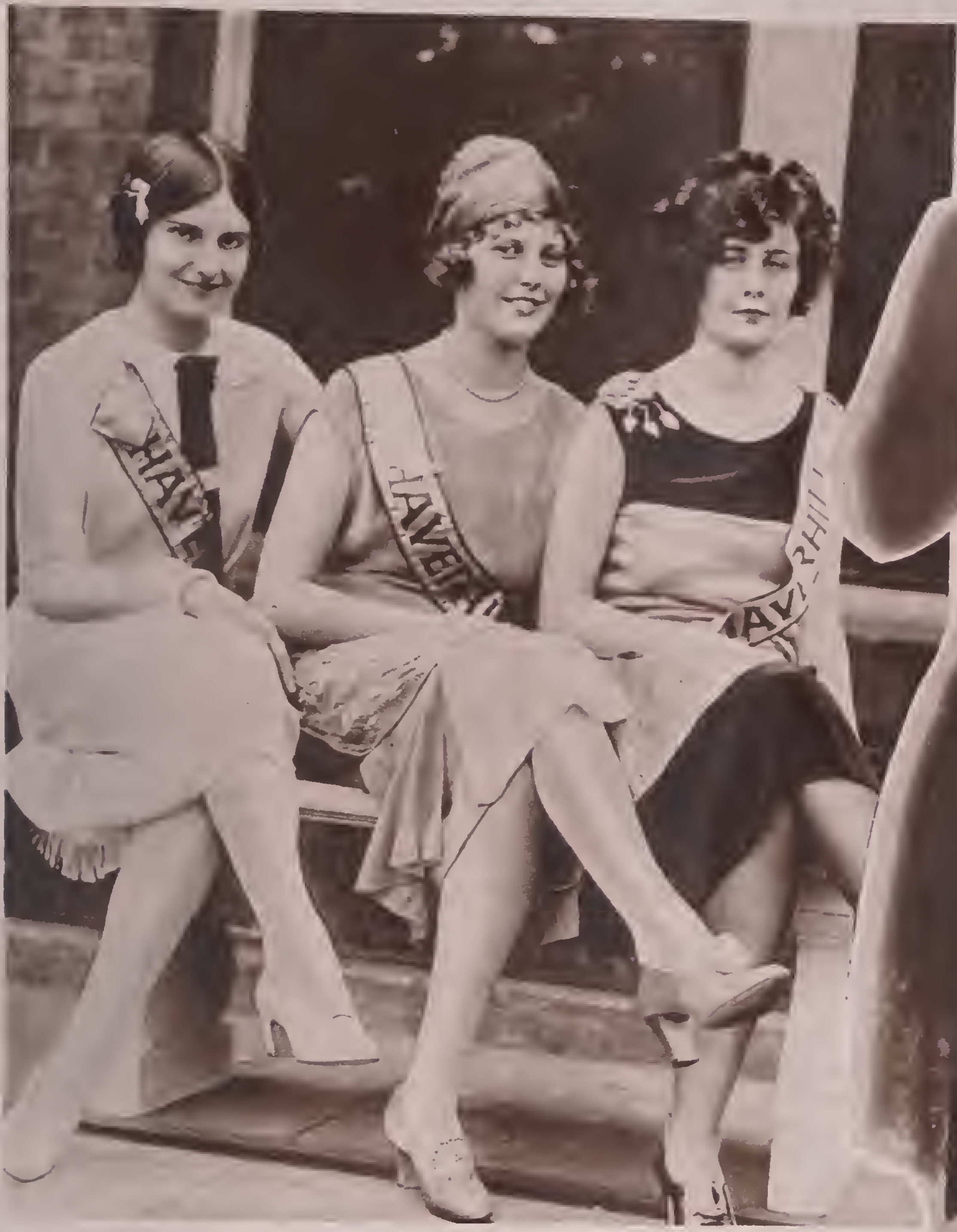
But we love Gable, absolutely love him, and he must not fail when we need him so.

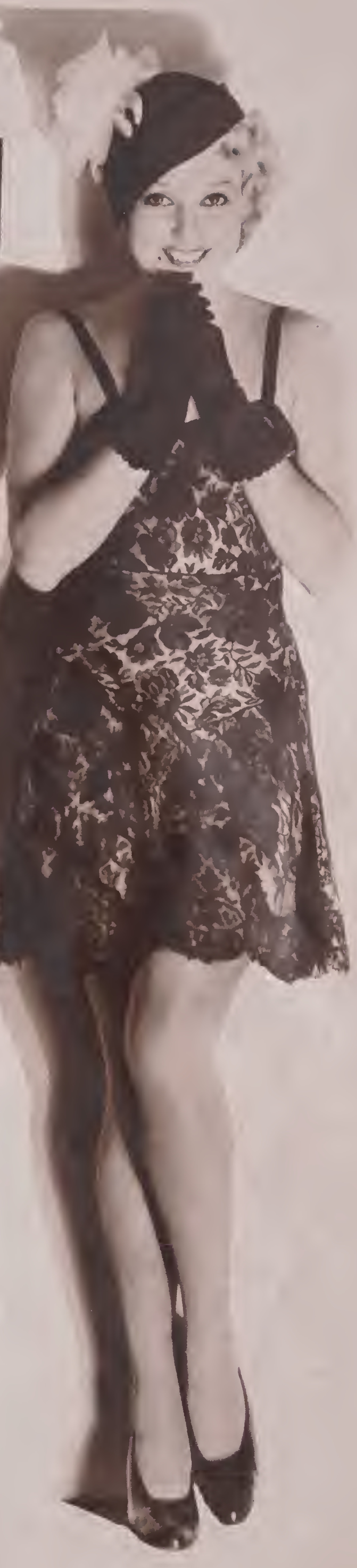
Bessie Bennett,
Philadelphia, Pa.

(*Continued on page 76*)

***This is your department.* You can say what you want in it. You can rave or knock all you want. We award seven prizes every month—$20 First Prize; $10 Second; and five prizes of $1 each. Prize letters must be 200 words or less. Address Movie Mirror, 8 West 40 St., N. Y.**

Time *and* Todd





TIME and Todd they wait for no man. No, sir. The beauteous blonde Thelma just goes her own way and gets more beautiful daily, let old Father Time do what he likes about it. It was seven years ago, way back in July 1925, that Thelma posed in the center of the picture above. It was her first bout with the demon lens. She and the two other gels were models for the Shoe Style Show for the Haverhill, Mass., Shoe Manufacturers Association at the Hotel Statler in Boston, then. Gaze on the maiden then and lookit her now. She's become more gorgeous. She's not scared of appearing in her scanties and what's more she wears gloves with 'em! She's learned to be one of our most charming, most adroit comediennes. She was once a school teacher and apparently she learned her lessons, for while she's been engaged many times, she's never married. And she certainly has kept that schoolgirl figure!

(*Continued from page 74*)

$1.00 LETTER

Those Titles!

I should like to know who is responsible for the titles under which pictures are advertised and under which they are presented? Often the title has so little connection with the picture itself that one wonders whether he who furnished the title read the story at all. Take for instance that excellent production, "The Rich Are Always With Us." For the life of me I could not connect it with the plot.

It is not that I am one of those who must find some fault, but the truth is that an unhappy title is a very disturbing factor in the enjoyment of the whole production. One is chagrined in the same way as when one meets a perfectly dressed gentleman whose necktie is utterly and outrageously out of harmony with the rest of his apparel.

Mrs. Marcia E. Hochman,
Toledo, Ohio.

$1.00 LETTER

A Plea For Justice

Let's boost for justice in this matter of domestic discord. When an actor or actress asks a divorce, too many people put on their wisest smile and say, "I told you so; these movie people can't get along with any one."

Actors are not essentially different from the rest of us. Being in the public eye causes their every action to be blazoned to the world; their mistakes—the same ones being made by people generally—are magnified ridiculously. The morbid gossiper gloats over every detail and heroically does his part to play it up.

I think famous people are entitled to some sympathy; many of them say that fame is bought too dearly when it destroys all privacy. When even one's marital life has to be spread on the news-page, when his innermost thoughts are dragged from his heart by a curious public —it's no bed of roses!

Often comment is as illogical as it is unjust; for what do we know of the circumstances? Even the actual statements of those concerned may have been grossly garbled by interviewers. And silence is virtually denied all actors!

L. E. Eubanks,
Seattle, Wash.

$1.00 LETTER

From a Shut-In

Just a "thank you" letter! When, a few years ago, through illness, my world became four walls and the pleasure of the movies denied me, friends sent me movie magazines, which have proved a golden key that unlocks my lost realm of enchantment again.

The handsome pictures; vividly descriptive articles; gay gossip and interesting interviews keep me in intimate touch with old favorites and brilliant newcomers, quite as if "they had pinned their hearts to a printed page" and sent them straight to me.

I haven't seen a "talkie", but I'm happy to know that from silent slapstick has emerged Marie Dressler, all her old artistry cloaked in a new dignity; beautiful Bebe is still queening it and Madge Evans, delightful child star, is winning adult laurels.

Your magazine brings me youth again!

Mrs. Lillian Dunbar,
Oakland, Cal.

$1.00 LETTER

Watch This Promising Newcomer!

Some time ago I saw "Dancers in the Dark." And I fell for George Raft. Then I saw him in "Scarface" and fell harder. Then someone says he resembles Rudolph Valentino. And I say why not give him a rôle in which he can do justice to his abilities? He has all of Valentino's charm and none of the defects that detracted from those charms. I'd like to see him in a rôle worthy of him. I believe he'd make a powerful character man. I'd like to see him in full dress. His voice and mannerisms are suave and charming. He'd make the American screen another beloved star.

Helen E. Dunn,
Holland, Ohio.

No Cavemen Wanted Here

The letter written by Mabel Thompson of Canton, Ill., in your June issue gave me a big laugh. So you are speaking for the majority of "romantic minded" women? You flatter yourself, Mabel. Only a small minority prefer your "cave men", Bickford, Bancroft and Gable (they look more like cave-ins to me.) These hysterical letters about cave men are silly and childish anyhow, but I suppose there's no accounting for tastes.

And why the catty dig at Phillips Holmes? I could rave for hours about his good looks and unusual acting ability, for he is without doubt the finest young actor on the screen. In "Broken Lullaby" he was nothing short of marvelous, and it's a safe bet he'll still be on top when your Unholy Three, yes, I mean Bickford, Bancroft and Gable, are forgotten.

Good luck to you, Phil; you're a *real* star. The others are—no, I wouldn't call them hams. Hams can be cured.

Katherine Greer,
Phila., Pa.

Is This Fair To Ann?

Was Ann Harding so in love with her husband and baby that she must divorce Harry Bannister?

If that is modern love and fidelity . . . then I am bound to confess we American women cannot afford to be modern.

The world would soon be in a sad state of affairs if we saw Ann's view-point.

I can never see a picture of Ann Harding now without saying, "a fool there was, and she broke her vow . . . now she has lost the most precious thing in life."

Mrs. Cecil Gray,
Stamford, Tex.

Garbo Slams and Boosts

Really, now! Garboites to the right of me, Garboites to the left of me volley and thunder, and I certainly wonder at the charge of the Greta Brigade!

How has this lifeless, homely puppet managed to get herself billed as "Garbo—the glamorous", "Garbo—the first actress of the screen"!

Ye gods! I can't see it. Anyone who is not anaemic must surely squirm impatiently as "the Garbo" stalks awkwardly from one languid scene to another.

And don't think I'm strong for the baby-faced hey-hey

(*Continued on page 78*)

1927–1932

FIVE years have passed. Silence has gone. Sound has entered. New stars have risen and waned. But Gaynor and Farrell go on, unchanged, unchanging. Above is that love scene they first played together in "Seventh Heaven". Below is their love scene in "The First Year," their newest picture. The same profiles, the same charm, the same sweet romance. Janet and Charlie, the two steadiest stars in the whirling world of today

(Continued from page 76)

girls—I'm not. But I do appreciate a body with a spark of humanity and a brain touched with flexibility.

Let's take Garbo off the throne and place her on a couch where she can sleep lying down, and put a real actress like Joan Crawford in her place. There's an actress for you! I adore her and she makes every rôle stand out like a gem.

"A place for everything, and everything in its place." Let's hope this old maxim will shortly apply to Crawford and Garbo.

Helen Jane Prough,
Chicago, Ill.

NOW that Garbo's contract is up and nobody knows what she'll do next, the Garbo boosters and the Garbo slammers are at it harder than ever. The slammers say, "We hope she really goes home now." The Garbo boosters counter, "If Garbo leaves the screen, no one can take her place." Most of those who hate Garbo insist that Joan Crawford is their idea of a real actress. Joan Crawford's mail is greater than ever since "Letty Lynton."

Your favorite pictures are "Grand Hotel," "Tarzan, the Ape Man," and "Letty Lynton." The most raved-about newcomer is still Johnny Weissmuller, though there are a lot of raves, too, for George Raft and George Brent.

Your favorite features in the June Movie Mirror were the fictionization of "Letty Lynton" and Wallace Beery's life story.

The protests are growing louder about Clark Gable being changed from a he-man to a great lover. Don't women want to see a great lover on the screen any more? Or isn't Clark Gable the type? Is there someone else you'd like to see hailed as the great lover of the screen today? Come on; give us the lowdown.

Address: Movie Mirror, 8 West 40 Street, New York, N. Y.

Here's to Greta, the inimitable! Let her keep the veil of mystery around her; it is the unattainable we cry for. Rudy Valentino was a mystery star. Have we forgotten him? I for one would rather see one picture in which Greta stars than a half dozen in which stars like Clara Bow, Nancy Carroll and the like play.

Lillian Parsons,
Louisville, Tenn.

Here is my impression of a famous film-star: Can you recognize her by the description?

A candle, slim and tall and white
With a pale gold flame blown by the night.

Or an ivory statue from far-off lands
Worn satin-smooth by many hands.

Languorous lights in her eyes illumine
The weary wisdom of a woman.

Her frowning brows are strong, discerning,

Her melting mouth distrustful, yearning.

Her slim, transparent hands beseech,
But, disillusioned, do not reach.

G. G. ? Yes, of course. And do I think she represents Romance and Inspiration, even though she does seem to be A Woman of Affairs? I should say I do!

Jessamine Greer,
Cleveland, Ohio.

This Gable Question

In your June Movie Mirror you ask whom we want Clark Gable to play opposite.

Why not Norma Shearer? She has everything that it takes to make up the word "Sophistication".

As for Clark Gable, he is all that could be asked of anyone—give him to us as a minister, a gangster, a politician or anything at all. He is ours—the public's—and we want more of his pictures.

Here's hoping to see a picture in the near future of these two box-office attractions.

O. Downing,
Jackson, Miss.

Unlike most female movie fans, I detest Clark Gable. He may be the duplex answer to a matron's dream and a maiden's prayer, but to me he is only a 'cheeky' Dutchman with the most smugly conceited expression that ever graced the countenance of a ham actor.

I imagine that his biggest moment is the instant he awakes in the morning and realizes that he is really Gable.

I wonder if these girls who gurgle over all of his dimpled kisses realize how cute he might be as a husband? At the breakfast table when she happened to spill a drop of coffee on his favorite turtle neck sweater he would probably glower the Gable glower and exclaim, "Listen, Gertie. I've had about as much of you as one man can stand!" and so saying, sock her a resounding right on the jaw and leave her worshipfully unconscious on the breakfast-room floor.

Hollywood is full of handsomer men and better actors than Gable.

Whom, you ask, would I like to see Clark Gable cast opposite?

A firing squad!!

Donna Courtney,
Los Angeles, Cal.

Here Come the Raves For Johnny

Just a word or two about Johnny Weissmuller—isn't he simply divine? And I'm not the only person who thinks he's the newest answer to a maiden's prayer. Give Johnny one more picture like his first one and James Cagney together with Clark Gable will become a mere memory.

Florence Krause,
Buffalo, N. Y.

Not long ago I saw the picture, "Tarzan, the Ape Man." I was so thrilled when I came home I was almost swinging in the trees. Maureen O'Sullivan was wonderful, and as for the great Tarzan, he was magnificent.

Lorenzo Vespucci,
Orange, N. J.

A few lines to tell you how we all like Johnny Weissmuller. He certainly has it allllllll over this Gable guy. Heaven's, what a difference and what a relief! This fellow really can do things and I haven't seen a girl yet who hasn't sighed after seeing him on the screen. Why, even the fellows admit he is great and that, I should say . . . is an achievement.

Lillian McGlone,
Lynn, Mass.

Things They Won't Talk About

The Secrets of the Stars' Lives That Interviewers Just Can't Learn

By HARRIET PARSONS

Carole Lombard and Bill Powell used to love to discuss love. Then they discovered too much was being whispered about them

Nancy Carroll will gladly talk about Bolton Mallory, her second husband. Other "private life" subjects she taboos

HAS a movie star a right to a private life? Or does he owe it to his public to lay bare every bit of his off-screen existence?

Somehow there has grown up hand in hand with the industry a tradition that a movie star is public property—right down to the color of his pajamas and the size of his baby's first tooth. It's a tradition which has been fostered not a little, I suspect, by the press who earn their living thereby. You can't blame us, poor devils that we are. Our editors crack the whip and we sometimes have to jump in where no self-respecting angel would tread. You can't blame the editors either. You folks who buy magazines and newspapers and have a right to your money's worth are constantly flicking *their* tender heels. But—and here's the point—can you blame poor Mr. Movie Star if once in a while he cries "Whoa!" and pulls down the blinds? (I've mixed my metaphors a little—but so did Virgil.)

Most film actors realize that being interviewed is all a part of the game—as much as sitting for stills or standing for fittings. As a rule they are gracious, helpful and ready to answer questions. But occasionally they balk. And the things they won't talk about are diverse and interesting.

Jack Gilbert is perhaps the only prominent Hollywood star who won't be interviewed at all. Jack has refused to talk to the press for three years. He was cruelly hurt by the stories which came out at the time of his unfortunate talkie début. Too bad—for Jack was always swell copy. Mary Pickford gives very few and guarded interviews. Her policy of "dignified silence" is more recent than John Gilbert's. About a year ago a magazine article appeared in which she felt she was misquoted. For a time she closed up tight on interviews on all subjects. Now when she does give interviews, her secretary asks for the right to see them before they go to press.

There are a number of film folk who refuse to talk about their children. That in itself is nothing new. The doll-faced ingénues and collar-ad heroes of the old silent days kept their progeny as secret as a fraternity ritual. They were afraid. Afraid if the public saw them in the mundane rôle of papa and mamma it would destroy an illusion. Afraid of detracting from their youthful and romantic appeal on the screen.

Norma Shearer represents the newer point of view. Norma's afraid, too—but for very different reasons. Her fear is for her child—not herself. She isn't worried about losing glamour in the eyes of her fans. But she is worried about the possible effect of publicity on her baby son. She wants him to lead a normal life and keep his own identity. She wants him to be an individual and not just "Norma Shearer and Irving Thalberg's son." She doesn't want him to get an exaggerated sense of his own importance from seeing his picture and his name in the public prints as he grows older.

Now when a star as important as Norma throws such an elaborate wall of mystery around her child one of two rumors inevitably spring up. Either she must be an unnatural mother who does not love her child or else the child is in some way deformed or deficient. In Norma Shearer's case, as in most such cases, this is manifestly untrue. As a matter of fact, Norma is a singularly devoted and enthusiastic mother and is dying to discuss her baby at all times and to all people. Nine times out of ten when an interview is formally concluded she will manage to bring in some reference to Irving, Jr., and will chatter on about him like any proud mother—but always with the stipulation that her remarks are not for publication.

Eddie Robinson talked out of turn about his nationality. Now mum's the word with "Little Caesar"

Connie Bennett is very, very difficult on most subjects. She has decided opinions but she doesn't care for them in print

One of the most interesting of all subjects to women is just plain poison to Joan Blondell

Nancy Carroll has always refused to talk about her small daughter. Like Norma she is concerned for the child—not herself. And Conrad Nagel, spokesman though he is for the colony and willing to talk about himself and his career, lapses into an adamant silence when questioned about his little girl or his wife. Conrad has led one of the most normal, happy home lives in Hollywood—so perhaps there's something to be said for his policy of silence on the matter.

I am thinking of Ann Harding when I write that. Perhaps if Ann and Harry Bannister had not allowed their domestic bliss to be so freely exploited the recent unfortunate dénouement of what was ballyhooed as Hollywood's most perfect marriage would never have occurred. Be that as it may, Miss Harding has recently adopted an entirely new policy. Whereas formerly she has talked freely of her little girl, Jane, and permitted pictures of the child to accompany her interviews, she now refrains entirely from mentioning the youngster. Her verbally expressed reason is that too much limelight is not good for a little child and that she does not want to run the

Marlene Dietrich used to be nice and chatty. Recently she has gone in for heavy silence, particularly about one certain thing

Mary Pickford felt a certain interviewer did her an injustice. So she grants few and guarded interviews today

risk of spoiling Jane. I think fundamentally she feels that the same spotlight glare which damaged her marital happiness might eventually in some way destroy her only remaining phase of home life—her lovely relationship with her child. And who can blame her?

There are other stars, who like Ann, have learned to fear too much printed discussion of their so-called love-lives. Janet Gaynor and Charlie Farrell have suffered considerably as a result of the publicity-concocted romance based on their screen partnership. Both, although happily married to other people with whom they have been in love for some time, have had to cope constantly with renewed rumors of a romantically repressed attachment for each other. Both are heartily sick of the assumption that they must bear the same relationship to one another off the screen as on. Consequently, both refuse, these days, to discuss their personal lives.

Similarly Richard Dix has been unyielding in his determination not to discuss his recent marriage to Winifred Coe. Poor Dix, of course, was the victim of continual engagement rumors for years. Small wonder if he is a little weary of seeing his amours or supposed amours dissected on the printed page. And if, having at last found real love, he wants to keep it to himself. Furthermore, the quietly charming Mrs. Dix is a non-professional, unused to the limelight. He must have dreaded the effect on her of the type of publicity which would inevitably result from her marriage to Hollywood's "most elusive bachelor."

It's a girl with Phil Holmes. And will he say a word about her? No, siree!

Fit Bill Powell and Carole Lombard into this same pigeon hole too. When Bill and Carole were first married they were deluged with questions of the most intimate nature. Like the good scouts and smart troupers they are, they gave out interviews freely and discussed every aspect of their love and future domestic life. But now they feel that there's nothing more to say. They've answered all possible queries and done their duty by the Great God Box-Office and his Archangel Publicity—and now, please, they'd like a little privacy. 'Tisn't that they're refusing fans a picture of their personal lives—but they

Before George Arliss ever grants an interview, he gives notice as to what he won't discuss

feel that they've limned in that picture pretty definitely already. Their idea is that any additional remarks would have to be in the nature of sticky sentimentality—and that, please, they'd like to avoid.

George Arliss differs from the above in that he has consistently refused to discuss his home life and has never in his long career deviated from that policy. Ditto Bob Montgomery. Bob's reticence about his domestic affairs isn't a pose he's taken on with success. Even in the days when no one knew him from the corner drug clerk he kept his personal affairs very much to himself. Jimmy Cagney, in characteristically concise fashion, says he's very much in love with his wife, that any sex problems he might discuss would be entirely hypothetical—and he isn't interested in hypothetical problems. In other words don't annoy Jimmy about his love-life or he'll smash you in the face with a grapefruit.

Marlene Dietrich had no conversational inhibitions when she arrived in this country. But she learned rapidly and painfully. Just question her about America or Germany and watch her lose her tongue. Nary a word will she say about the two countries, their customs or their people. You see, when Marlene first came over she made the very simple and natural statement that, although she liked America, she was homesick for her native land. Immediately the press announced to a palpitating world that Dietrich hated Hollywood—a report which caused her considerable discomfiture.

Like Marlene, Edward Robinson goes dumb when asked about his fatherland. Eddie left Roumania when he was ten, but hated the country so that he has never been back and doesn't want to talk about it. He won't discuss gangsters or gangster rôles in pictures either.

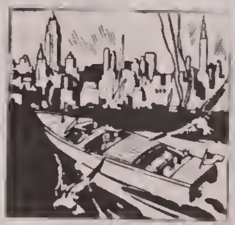
Joan Blondell won't talk about clothes. Says they don't interest her. And Connie Bennett froths at the mouth if you ask her how much she spends on her wardrobe. She has had to deny so many exaggerated and fantastic reports of her expenditures that the subject has become a sore one.

Clark Gable is as amiable a chap to interview as you'll find anywhere—provided you don't ask about women or love. Billie Dove's another who lapses into the great silences when the subject of love comes up. Billie's ready to talk on ships (particularly airships) and shoes and sealing wax and cabbages and kings—but if you seek information on her past or current romances all you'll get in an enigmatical smile. You'll draw a blank, too, if you ask Phil Holmes about his current girl friend, Florence Rice.

Richard Dix hates publicity about Mrs. Richard Dix. Before his marriage he used to talk freely

And apropos of sudden reticence there's an amusing tale about John Barrymore's refusal to talk about Garbo. After he played with her in "Grand Hotel" he was, of course, swamped by interviewers trying to pump him about the Aloof One. After one writer had tried for some time to draw him into a discussion of Greta John terminated the conversation with the remark: "I think she's a swell gal and a grand actress and that's all the interview on Garbo you'll get out of me!"

Millions have learned new Economy, new Pleasure in Travel



ONE glance inside a Greyhound bus explains why nearly 25 million people chose this travel way in a single year. Wide curtained windows with full vision on all four sides . . . deeply cushioned upholstered chairs that lean 'way back for relaxation when you touch a button. That's comfort!

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Do You Look Like JANET GAYNOR?

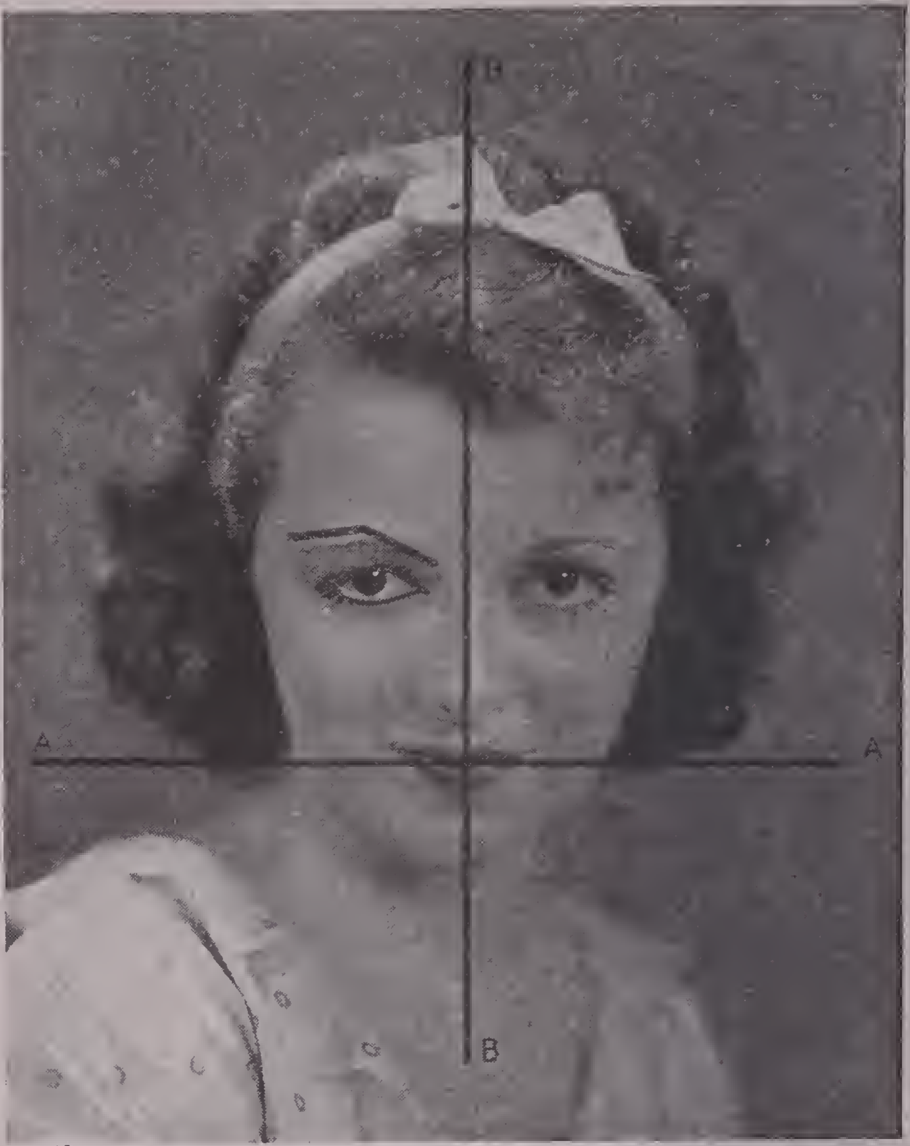
If You're the Little Girl Type You Shouldn't Try to Look Mysterious

AS an added service to its readers, Movie Mirror has arranged with the Westmores, authors of this beauty series, to receive and answer mail inquiries, based on these articles, for elaboration of any particular feature which may apply to you—and on which you may wish more detailed advice. You may address such inquiries to Perc and Ern Westmore, in care of either Movie Mirror, 8 West 40th St., New York, or the Max Factor Studios, Hollywood, Cal.

Foreword: *This is the second of a series of an entirely new type of beauty articles—incisive, instructive, stripped of the hooey of generalization—whereby Movie Mirror will show its readers specifically how the outstanding beauties of the screen attain their loveliness.*

The value of these articles to you will lie in this: that in these articles, you will be advised in practical detail exactly how YOU can adapt to yourself the very beauty secrets the stars themselves use to enhance their natural good points and to overcome handicaps nature has put on them, and it will be done in such a way that you can beauty-analyze yourself.

The authoritativeness of these articles is their most important recommendation. They have been prepared by Perc and Ern Westmore, acknowledged the outstanding make-up and beauty experts of movieland. Perc is the make-up wizard who is internationally famous as the head of Warner Brothers' make-up department; Ern, his brother, holds a similar position and fame as make-up chief at Radio Pictures studios. In addition, these two men, who have often been referred to as, jointly, the champion beauty-team of the world, are affiliated with the Max Factor studios in Hollywood, which advise the great majority of motion pictures' beauties on how to make the most of what nature has done for them.



Janet Gaynor, right and wrong. The right side of her face is the natural little face Janet always shows the world. The other side is Janet's face as it would look with heavy make-up, coarsened, devoid of its genuine charm

JANET GAYNOR'S beauty secret is one which many, many other girls could adapt to themselves. It is this: she is possessed of a naïve, winsome, simple charm that manifests itself in her face. *And she doesn't try to change it.*

That, in a nutshell, is Janet's big beauty secret.

Proof?—all right, look at the diagrammed photo of Janet which accompanies this article. You'll note a vertical line (B-B), which bisects the little star's photograph.

All right, on the left of that line, as you look at it (the right side of Janet's face), we have "touched up" her eye—given the brow an artificial line which too many girls affect; rimmed the eye a bit as though with eye make-up; added the lines of artificially long and black lashes. Take a mirror. Stand it on the line B-B, reflecting the overly-made-up side of the face, thereby producing the effect, as you look at it, of a full face, thusly made up.

Do you see what has happened? Isn't it startling? The sweet face of Janet is transformed, by those few wrong touches, into the face of a hard, cynical woman. She's certainly not the Janet Gaynor you find so lovable on the screen, with her sweet, girlish attractiveness, is she?

Reverse the mirror, reflect the other side of her face, and you have the Gaynor charm—the sweet little face you know.

All the words we could write in this article and a dozen more on top of it couldn't possibly point a stronger make-up lesson than this trick with the mirror should show you.

But now for some other (*Continued on page* 91)

MIRELLE
TOILET POWDER
Kleinert's

YOU'D HAVE TO TAKE A DOZEN BATHS A DAY

TO ASSURE YOURSELF THE IMMACULATE DAINTINESS DERIVED FROM ONE FRAGRANT DUSTING WITH MIRELLE

A bath every other hour? Ridiculous! . . . Yet, there isn't a single hour of the day that your body is not throwing off waste moisture. Not a minute when you may not offend through ugly perspiration odors.

The warm weather . . . the active life we lead . . . the close daily association with others—all make perspiration odor particularly noticeable. It is so easy to be guilty without even realizing it yourself.

No wonder you are dissatisfied with old precautions . . . Your morning bath or shower is, at best, only a momentary safeguard. Checking perspiration under the arms merely forces it to break out somewhere else . . . Perspiration odor *cannot* escape unnoticed!

Stop taking chances! Surely you can appreciate the advantages of a deodorant which purifies the *entire body* . . . from neck to toes. MIRELLE, as you know, is a new and hygienic deodorant powder, now recommended by leading physicians and nurses. It is not to be confused with ordinary talcums or bath powders which ofttimes "cake" and clog the pores.

MIRELLE stops body odors *scientifically!* It dissolves in perspiration almost instantly . . . remains effective for hours . . . soothes the skin and prevents chafing. MIRELLE is absolutely harmless. It in no way interferes with the body's natural secretions.

Try MIRELLE today! For 10c you can buy a generous-sized package at your favorite chain-store toilet goods counter. If your dealer cannot supply you, mail the coupon below. I. B. Kleinert Rubber Co., 485 Fifth Avenue, New York.

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A HYGIENIC AND REFRESHING DEODORANT POWDER

Ideal for SANITARY NAPKINS
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MIRELLE deodorizes—purifies! Prevents napkin chafe. Offers positive protection. An indispensable aid to comfort and daintiness.

It's Easy to Change DARK Colors to LIGHT Colors

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1. Supposing you have a dark dress (or any other dark-colored article) and are pining for a lighter-colored one . . . .

2. Tintex Color Remover will safely and speedily take out all trace of color (including black) from any fabric . . . .

3. Then the article or fabric can be redyed or tinted with Tintex Tints and Dyes in any new shade to suit yourself—either light or dark.

On sale at drug and notion counters everywhere

Tintex
COLOR REMOVER

Youth Is Coming Back

(Continued from page 31)

have any other fun. I had no money to spend on lessons of any sort, so I picked up what I could in the way of advice and experience—until that miraculous day when I was called to this studio for a test!"

That "miraculous day" is more than a year past now, but Robert is still startled and incredulous over his unheard-of good fortune. "Just being on the lot—being allowed to watch these really good actors work—is still like a dream to me," he said. "Joan Crawford has helped me more than I can tell you. She has talked to me about being sincere, about keeping my two feet firmly upon the ground, about developing a genuine, a solid personality of my own."

(One sees Robert tagging Joan around the lot on all occasions, gazing at her worshipfully.)

Robert is studying diction with Oliver Hinsdell, who is employed on the lot for that very purpose. "They didn't tell me that I must—but I thought I had better seize any such opportunity which came my way. I am going to take riding and fencing as soon as I can . . . it's all such fun."

Perhaps that is one of the answers. Seizing every opportunity and finding it all "such fun"!

Karen Morley deliberately decided to cultivate poise in order to get ahead. As a child she was as self-conscious as any girl can be. She overcame it by telling herself that while she wasn't especially pretty or brilliant, neither were most other people. Then she began buying simple, conservative things that would make her look well dressed. She read good books, so that she wouldn't be out of things. She even read books on etiquette.

Today Karen Morley is one of the most poised women on the screen. She played opposite both the Barrymores in "Arsene Lupin," and it didn't faze her at all.

Ann Dvorak is another young person who made up her mind what she wanted to do and did it. She tried to get into pictures at a time when musicals were the rage. She found that at M-G-M they needed a dancing instructor to teach the girls new steps. She had tried every other way to break into pictures, so now she tried this.

"The most important thing," says Ann, "is to get to be a person. You have to learn to deal with people. You have to be a good salesman of yourself. Before you get a chance to show what you can do, you have to convince someone that you can do it!"

Ann Dvorak did just that. Her friend, Karen Morley, obtained for her the opportunity to make a test for "Scarface," which, as everyone knows, was Ann's big break. Howard Hughes immediately put her under contract, Warner's borrowed her and then bought up her contract. Now she's starred in just about every other picture that's made on the Warner lot.

Warner's recently signed up three young hopefuls who look very promising, Gloria Shea, Betty Gillette, and Sheila Terry.

Gloria Shea was a model girl. That is, she started her career by modelling for ads. She used to be the Chesterfield girl and then she was the Camel girl. Warner's tried her out in some shorts.

Betty Gillette was born right into the Social Register. Her chance to play in pictures came in a funny way. She met a film scout at a party and he suggested that she take a test. She did, and it turned out so well that Warner's put her under contract. Now she wants to become a dramatic actress of the sophisticated type. Like Gloria Shea, she's a blonde.

Sheila Terry is twenty-two and was born in a small town in Minnesota. She got her early training with a stock company in Toronto. Gradually she got rôles in Broadway. While she was playing in a musical comedy, "The Little Racketeer," a film scout saw her.

She's a blonde (Warner's seems to go in for blondes), and she thinks that marriage is the inevitable thing for any woman. But at present she isn't married or engaged. She believes in pink satin underwear and the double standard. You've seen her in small rôles in "Week End Marriage" and "Big City Blues," and you'll see her next in "The Crooner." She's individual and interesting and looks like a good bet.

It seems to be true that at every studio there's at least one outstanding newcomer. At Radio Arline Judge is it and has It. She's the cutest bundle of femininity in the whole studio. She walked away with the feminine honors in "Are These Our Children?" She was so darn cute in "Is My Face Red?" that she put the other women in the picture out of the running altogether when she appeared on the scene. Arline comes from the stage, and knows her vegetables.

Radio also believes in Rochelle Hudson, a striking and beautiful brunette of only seventeen who appeared in "Are These Our Children?"; Bruce Cabot, because he's their Gable; and Gwili Andre because she's their Garbo.

There they are, the newcomers. They're bringing youth and gayety and glamour with them. Yes, youth is back again! But a different sort of youth from that of the days of silent pictures. Then a lot of them were just dumb bunnies with pretty faces. The men had good looks of the Arrow Collar type, and if in private life they spoke like truck drivers, it didn't matter. Then they used to chafe if they did not become stars overnight, with pink palaces in Beverly Hills and large, shiny automobiles after they had worked in pictures perhaps two weeks.

The new youngsters aren't so dumb. They have to be intelligent to get anywheres. They have to know how to talk and stand and walk. They know they've got to work hard and they're glad to sit at the feet of the old troupers with eager and inquiring humility.

Youth is back again! And even the old timers are glad about it!

There'll always be room for a Dressler, an Arliss or a Chatterton. Their success has nothing to do with their age. But for the most part we'll be seeing—and we'll be glad we're seeing—eager young people, buoyant with life and hope. They are tomorrow's Crawfords, Gaynors, Shearers.

Inside Stuff

(*Continued from page* 43)

baby chimpanzee, a pet in the Cooper household, which also answers to the name of Tallulah, though the Paramount press department pretends its name is Toluca. Tallulah, Second, it seems, has a bad habit of sitting in the laps of strange young men. And talk goes around Hollywood about "Tallulah was sitting on my lap last night." La Bankhead does not relish the free advertising.

Those Funny Comedians

It's an old, old story, but Buster Keaton and Jimmy Durante, both working in "Speak Easily" (laugh, you'll die), have been entertaining anyone who will listen to it. They act it out with gestures and everything.

"Where ya goin'?" Jimmy asks Buster.

"Fishin'," answers Buster.

"What fer?" from Jimmy.

"Oh, just for the halibut," says Keaton. Get it? Well, it *is* pretty awful.

And He Gave Up Society

Few stars lead a quieter private life than Robert Montgomery. Occasionally Bob and his missus attend the theater, give small dinner parties at their home or visit close friends. Just once did they cut loose and throw a big party. It was an anniversary occasion and Bob invited thirty people to a buffet supper. By ten o'clock seventy people were on hand.

As he came down the stairway, later in the evening, he saw a perfectly strange man consuming a large plate of food.

"This food is awful," said the stranger. "I'd fire a cook who dished up such a mess."

"If you don't like it," said Bob, a bit heatedly, "why don't you go home?"

"Who are you?" demanded the uninvited guest, belligerently.

"Just the host," was Bob's sad answer.

The last sight of the stranger was a view of his coat-tails disappearing through the front door. He didn't wait for his hat, and Bob has never seen him since.

No More Hallelujah

Al Jolson has christened the new che-ild (no, no, not *that* kind of a child) and his United Artists picture will be called "The New Yorker" instead of "Hallelujah, I'm A Bum."

A telegram was sent to Harold Ross, publisher of the *New Yorker*, asking permission to use the name. Ross came right back with the following wire.

"We are much flattered and you are welcome to name Stop Can also deliver Collier's, Good Housekeeping and True Detective Mysteries if first picture with magazine title proves success Stop Do you want me to appear personally?"

Rochester Papers Please Copy

Hardie Albright tells this one on two fellow members of the acting fraternity.

First actor: "I'm going to the Malay for a couple of months."

Second Actor: "I've heard that those brothers are marvelous doctors."

(*Continued on page* 99)

SAVE MONEY with TINTEX

Professional Results in Home Tinting and Dyeing . . . So Easy!

Do you want to keep expense down and appearance up—both in your wardrobe and home decorations? Then do as millions of women are doing—use Tintex!

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Tintex Gray Box—Tints and dyes all materials.

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Tintex Color Remover — Removes old dark color from any material so it can be dyed a new light color.

Whitex—A bluing for restoring whiteness to all yellowed white materials—silk, cotton, wool, etc.

On sale at drug and notion counters everywhere

Tintex

TINTS AND DYES

Tips on Talkies

(*Continued from page* 7)

it. Ben Lyon is adequate as a palooka prize fighter, even though he doesn't equal his performance in "Lady with a Past" and other hits. Constance Cummings does a grand piece of work as the love interest. Fair entertainment.

☆

✓ **BRING 'EM BACK ALIVE** (Radio) This picture is notable chiefly for its animal-thrill stuff. It's a photographic, true record of what goes on in the Malayan jungles. You'll see a tiger battling with a giant python and other thrilling jungle fights. Frank Buck, author of the book, "Bring 'Em Back Alive," makes the running explanatory comment on the film.

☆

BROKEN WING, THE (Paramount) This has romance and it has excitement, but it hasn't enough of either to make it a really outstanding picture. Leo Carrillo is a joy as usual as a Mexican bandit. Lupe Velez makes a grand little spitfire and Melvyn Douglas is all right as the conventional hero. But the plot is just one of those things; you know what to expect and it happens.

☆

BUT THE FLESH IS WEAK (M-G-M) Bob Montgomery is fairly good in this sophisticated story of two paupers who set out to marry wealthy women. Aubrey Smith lends splendid support. Heather Thatcher and Nora Gregor are the two women in the story. They might be interesting, but unfortunately they are miscast, and the story suffers from this miscasting.

☆

✓ **CARELESS LADY** (Fox) The youngest of the Bennett sisters, Joan, shows herein what she can do with a Constance Bennett sort of rôle. For this is just the kind of a plot Constance had in "Lady with a Past." You'll find it fun to compare the two pictures. Joan Bennett is adorable, though it's a question whether it's wise for her to do the sophisticated kind of rôle. You'll like John Boles, too, as the hero.

☆

COHENS AND KELLYS IN HOLLYWOOD (Universal) The latest of the Cohen and Kelly series. This time you see George Sidney and Charles Murray in Hollywood, and you get a load of their adventures there. As a tour of Hollywood, this is fun.

☆

✓✓ **CROWD ROARS, THE** (Warners) When James Cagney appears in a picture, you know that there's going to be plenty of action, and oh boy, oh boy, do you get your money's worth in this! It's a tale of the auto race tracks, and everything in the picture is subordinate to the hair-raising thrills of the auto race scenes. James Cagney and Eric (Are These Our Children?) Linden deliver performances that'll make you want to get up and cheer, and when you add to all this, Joan Blondell and Ann Dvorak, you have a picture that we simply had to give a double check to.

☆

✓ **DANCERS IN THE DARK** (Paramount) If Miriam Hopkins is your pet the way she's my pet, you'll go to this and love it. It's the tale of a taxi dancer who discovers true love. Jack Oakie puts over a swell dramatic performance, Miriam is grand as usual, and Lyda Roberti sings a hot song number the way a hot song number is supposed to be sung.

☆

✓✓ **DARK HORSE, THE** (Warners) Probably the gayest political satire that's ever been screened. You'll have a perfectly grand goofy time at this, and after you've seen it you'll probably put Guy Kibbee way at the top of your list of comedians. Not that Warren William and Bette Davis aren't swell; but Guy Kibbee, in a rôle that's a "natural," runs away with the picture. He plays a blundering, dumb political candidate who makes all the mistakes that a candidate can possibly make. If you miss him in this, you'll be just cheating yourself.

☆

✓ **DEVIL'S LOTTERY** (Fox) You don't like melodrama? Wait! The chances are you'll like this. It's so well cast, so nicely produced, that you won't care whether it's believable or not, it's so exciting. And it contains some of Elissa Landi's best work. Hectic but enjoyable.

✓ **DISORDERLY CONDUCT** (Fox) Here's a movie that moves! There's a big time racketeer and his beautiful daughter, a couple of cops, a gambling raid, a murder and more than a dash of romance. It's got action, it's got speed, it's got excitement. In fact, it's got pretty near everything. And even though Sally Eilers hasn't got Jimmy Dunn playing opposite the way she ought to have, she gives a swell performance. And El Brendel, as always, can be depended upon for laughs.

☆

✓✓. **DOOMED BATTALION, THE** (Universal) Are you fed up on the usual movie fare? Do you clamor, the way so many people do, for something "different"? If you do, then you owe it to yourself to see this. It's a tale of love and self-sacrifice against war's horrors. But far more important than the story is the scenic beauty and power of the production as a whole. Most of the scenes were filmed in the Alps. For sheer beauty, they rival any picture. Tala Birell, the Universal Garbo, and Luis Trenker, who play the leading rôles, are striking personalities.

☆

FAST COMPANIONS (Universal) You almost always know what to expect in a race-track picture. This one is no exception. But though you'll know what's going to happen, you won't be bored. Tom Brown and Maureen O'Sullivan do such nice acting they make you like them. There's a kid named Mickey Rooney who does some swell work here as a tough little egg. So all in all, the picture's pretty good pastime.

☆

FORGOTTEN COMMANDMENTS (Paramount) Paramount's mistake of the season. It thought it could put a great picture together by combining big scenes from Cecil DeMille's silent thriller, "The Ten Commandments," with a picture of modern Russian life; but something went flooey. It introduces Sari Maritza, however, the foreign find with a lot of sex appeal. Given a better picture, she may make a hit.

☆

✓ **GIRL CRAZY** (Radio) Typical Wheeler and Woolsey nonsense, kidding the Wild West b' gosh. The highlight of the picture consists of Mitzi Green's imitations of Edna May Oliver, Rosco Ates, George Arliss and others. If you go to see this, you'll get your money's worth in laughs.

☆

✓✓ **GRAND HOTEL** (M-G-M) The picture you've been waiting to see. For months you've been reading about its super-super cast—Greta Garbo, Joan Crawford, both Barrymores, Wallace Beery, Jean Hersholt, Lewis Stone and others. It is to the deep credit of the cast, directors and makers of the film, that the picture lives up to everything one would expect of it. Garbo's performance is extraordinary. She seems to live her rôle. Lionel Barrymore also gives a performance of great depth.

☆

✓ **HIGH SPEED** (Columbia) So you thought that Buck Jones could only ride horses, did you? Well, he rides racing autos in this, and how he rides them! You'll be delighted. He plays a speed-loving mechanic who takes his pal's place in a race and gets framed. But in the end does he get the villains who did the dirty work, and does he win the race and does he win the girl? He *does!*

☆

HUDDLE (M-G-M) While Novarro fans have practically been pleading for a romantic talkie-singie with Novarro, the producers have put him in a football rôle. It's inevitable, if you're a Novarro fan, that you'll be annoyed at such miscasting. Novarro does his best, you can see that; but he doesn't seem the type. Not even Ramon's singing a romantic love song in Italian to beautiful Madge Evans can make the picture better than fair entertainment.

☆

✓✓ **IT'S TOUGH TO BE FAMOUS** (First National) It's a question whether the public will pay to laugh at a picture which laughs at it. This is satire, and it isn't polite, gentle satire either. It makes fun of us for the way we ballyhoo our heroes. Doug Junior gives a grand performance in the kind of a rôle his dad used to play. Mary Brian does one of her best pieces of acting.

☆

✓ **JEWEL ROBBERY, THE** (Warners) Two scrumptious performances by Kay Francis and William Powell lift this picture above the average. It's fictiony stuff, laid in Vienna, about a suave crook and a beautiful woman who falls in love with him while he's engaged in a big jewel robbery. If you're a sufficiently hot Francis or Powell fan, you won't cavil about the story's implausibility.

☆

✓ **LADY WITH A PAST** (RKO-Pathé) You've seen Connie Bennett as a great emotional actress, haven't you? Here's a different kind of story for Bennett and oh, how she makes the most of it! It's light and gay and filled with laughter. Oh, there's love in it, of course, but it isn't tragic love. Connie shows that she has a swell sense of humor. But Ben Lyon steals the picture.

☆

✓✓ **LETTY LYNTON** (M-G-M) Here is vivid, modern entertainment. It brings together Joan Crawford and Robert Montgomery in as fascinating a story as you could ask. Joan plays a modern girl into whose life real love suddenly comes. But her Latin-American lover (superbly played by Nils Asther) threatens to tell all. Joan gives a vivid, dramatic performance. Bob Montgomery is utterly charming.

☆

LOVE IS A RACKET (Warners) About the love life of a gossip columnist. This seems to be the new cycle in pictures. There isn't anything new about the story itself, though the performances of Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Ann Dvorak, and Lee Tracy make the picture fairly entertaining.

☆

MAN ABOUT TOWN (Fox) With such a cast as this has, Karen Morley, Warner Baxter and Alan Mowbray, it seems a pity that a better story couldn't have been found for their talents. Warner Baxter is a lot of fans' favorite actor. In this he's been cast as a secret service man and made to play out-dated melodrama. He tries his best to save the picture, but the story's beyond saving.

☆

✓ **MAN WHO PLAYED GOD, THE** (Warners) This is a distinguished, intelligent picture, and you can thank Warners' and George Arliss for it. It's the story of a great musician who sinks to the depths of despair when he loses his hearing, only to find happiness and faith again in the end. This is a present day story, no costume drama, and it's beautifully played. Besides Arliss' fine work, there is nice playing by Bette Davis, and the rest of the cast.

☆

✓✓ **MIRACLE MAN, THE** (Paramount) A picture that gets away down deep inside you. It was made years ago as a silent. It was great then, and in its talkie revival it's still swell. This Sylvia Sidney gal has something that lifts all her performances into a class above the ordinary. She's great as the lovely crook who needs reforming. John Wray as "The Frog," Ned Sparks, Chester Morris and Hobart Bosworth are all good.

☆

✓ **MISS PINKERTON** (Warners) Here's excitement for you! Here's mystery! Here's a corking good plot. It's one of those spooky things in which there's murder and danger, and you suspect one person after another. Joan Blondell does swell work. George (not another Gable) Brent is the detective who investigates the murders, and also takes care of the love interest. He's darn likeable. If mystery and romance are your dish, you'll find this picture a splendid combination of both.

☆

✓✓ **MOUTHPIECE, THE** (Warners) This is the story of a great criminal lawyer. It's interesting; it's amusing; it's thrilling. What more do you want? Warren William has his best rôle to date as the lawyer. Little Sidney Fox is the sweet young thing. Aline MacMahon

(*Continued on page* 92)

Movies of the Month

(*Continued from page* 69)

different. The blushing bridegroom has to learn the rumba and stay out all night, even if his rheumatism screams protest at every step. How the groom's friend brings order out of chaos by exposing the very vulnerable baby blonde to the charms of younger men provides a lively ending.

It will do nicely as light summer farce. Joan Marsh is the seductive blonde, with Minna Gombell, Alan Dinehart and Herbert Mundin (swell as the long suffering valet) all working beautifully into the supporting cast.

✓✓ What Price Hollywood (RKO-Pathé)

You'll See: *Constance Bennett, Lowell Sherman, Gregory Ratloff, Brooks Benedict and Louise Beavers.*

It's About: *That mad town called Hollywood (also a state of mind). You'll see how a pretty waitress becomes a great star, marries a millionaire, and how she is swept to disaster when undeserved scandal touches her life.*

Put this down on your "must" list. "What Price Hollywood" is far and away the best picture to date exploiting the charms of the Marquise Connie. She is grand in her comedy scenes, and tremendously sincere when the picture dips to tragedy.

There have been many Hollywood stories, but this one is different. It has the ring of genuineness. You'll see the lid ripped off the movie town so you may see the wheels go 'round.

The picture is best in its joyous satire—the mad dinner party à-deux, with solid gold plates and forty piece orchestra, which the rich playboy gives the movie star—the super-super wedding when the fans tear the bride's veil to bits—the première.

As excellent as she is, Constance Bennett has difficulty holding her stellar rating with Lowell Sherman in the cast. Sherman, as the drunken director, is simply superb. You will never forget his suicide scene. It is Sherman who provides some of the best comedy as well as the deepest pathos. Neil Hamilton is charming as the young millionaire husband who in dazed wonderment surveys topsy-turvy Cinemania.

"What Price Hollywood" has all that it takes for box-office success.

✓ Unashamed (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer)

You'll See: *Helen Twelvetrees, Robert Young, Lewis Stone, Jean Hersholt, John Miljan, Monroe Owsley, Gertrude Michael.*

It's About: *A murder case, and how a society girl's clever ruse saves her brother from the chair.*

What are these modern heroines coming to? Helen Twelvetrees pulls an absolutely new one out of the hat in "Unashamed."

(*Continued on page* 101)

The fragrant Linit Beauty Bath brings instant relief from warm weather discomfort

... and makes the skin feel soft, smooth and refreshed

Just a handful or more of the new, perfumed Linit dissolved in a tub of tepid water transforms an ordinary bath into a fragrant refreshing luxury.

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THE BATHWAY TO A SOFT, SMOOTH SKIN

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Gary Cooper Today

(*Continued from page* 57)

designed for freedom and casual parties. With a tiny swimming pool and a cage for the pet chimpanzee he bought in Nairobi. With an enormous living room where he can display the trophies from his African shooting trip. With a fireplace in every room and durable furniture "that can't be hurt at parties" and wide divans for lounging. It is as thrilling to Gary as if it were a palace. It is the first place of his very own that he has ever had.

Bachelor's quarters! He positively dithers when he shows you through them.

You see, Gary has come back to Hollywood with a new theory about pictures, about people—for that matter, about the entire matter of his own adjustment to life. The house plays an important part in the working out of that theory—which goes like this; he has decided that the camera is a curious sort of X-ray machine which brings to light certain inner characteristics, no matter how you may try to hide them. People, as a mass, he believes, admire the primitive virtues—loyalty, decency, wholesomeness.

"ALL the exotic trappings which have been given to Marlene Dietrich," he will tell you, earnestly, "have failed to conceal the fact that she is, in most ways, actually a wholesome, a sweet and a womanly person. Heavily made-up eyelids, bizarre costumes, decadent characters to portray—none of these things can conceal from audiences the kind of person she is underneath. You have to *be* the kind of person that people admire, as nearly as you can, if that admiration and respect are to survive for long. The camera will give you away sooner or later.

"I knew, when I saw Clark Gable on the screen in New York—long before I ever met him—that he was a fundamentally decent chap. Now that I know him, I know that the camera did not lie. He is just what I thought—only nicer!"

So Gary is trying hard to *be* the sort of person he thinks his public admires. That is why the house where he may live alone is important to him. It is his declaration of independence. For years Gary has been under someone's domination. A delicate youth and an only child, his parents adored him and devoted their entire attention to him. The women in his life have dominated him. During the romance with Lupe Velez he must have been torn almost to ribbons by the claims and counter-claims of the two women he loved most.

The other woman was his mother; and the dignified and conservative Mrs. Cooper could never have reconciled herself to the primitive and fiery Lupe. It simply would not have been possible for those two women to understand each other.

Gary must have had some bad moments between the two of them. He made his home with those anxious, adoring parents and spent all his waking, leisure hours with Lupe. Add to this situation the fact that he was working strenuously and was none too pleased with the way things were going at the studio—and you can see how he might have been exhausted and embittered!

After the split with Lupe, with reporters prying and speculating (and there was real grief in that parting!), the vacation was salvation to Gary.

Then there were the Count and Countess Frasso. Everyone knows that he met the Countess (formerly an American society girl) in New York and that there were twitters from the press about the attentions he paid her. But not everyone knows that most of his foreign jaunt was spent in the company of the Countess and her husband. They accompanied him on his trip to Africa, arranged for the shooting expedition—and went along! He visited them at their home in Rome. He returned to Hollywood and within a week the Count and Countess took a house a few doors from his and settled down to be neighborly. They have given him some beautiful gifts—emerald jewelry, *objets d'art* for his new house and so on. They spend at least a part of every day together.

The latest Cinderella. Betty Furness, a sixteen-year-old New York school girl, was recently signed by RKO-Radio, following her graduation from the exclusive Miss Bennett's School for Girls (no, not Connie and Joan's school, though that would be a dandy place to get an education). You'll see Betty first in "Liberty Road"

That companionship probably accounts for much of his change of mental attitude. Hollywood has met the Countess (she arrived a few days before her husband did) and found her a mature, sophisticated woman of the world. Distinguished, rather than beautiful. Poised and interesting. Nothing primitive about the Countess! To travel in the company of such cultivated people would be a liberal education. And after all, despite his charm and popularity, his success, Gary was in many ways a naïve person—a ranch boy.

He has come back with a vast impatience for the trappings of Hollywood—for its obviousness, its stupidities and its inanities.

"I don't mean that I don't want to work in pictures," he explains. "I'd rather do it than anything else. But I see their faults so much more clearly than I did. The glamour has gone out of them for me. This business is no longer a part of a fairy tale. It's a business and a job. I want to stay in it until I make some money—with luck, until I'm thirty-five. Then I shall stop and go traveling—gipsying all over the world! I can't be tied to any place or anything . . . I know now that I shall always have to go it alone!"

Despite the fact that Gary thinks he has "found himself", he is a little torn between a number of fundamental tendencies. He sighs wistfully over the Hollywood young couple of his acquaintance who were married while he was away.

"They are taking it seriously," he says. "Children, I suppose—and all that. That's one of the drawbacks of a motion picture career. You can't do that sort of thing and make a success of it. There is something about this business . . ." A moment later he is giving you a cynical quirk of the eyebrow which is new to him (and strangely reminiscent of Ronnie Colman!) and he is pointing out the advantages of being a bachelor. "No one to tell you what you may do—no one to complain at you—or make scenes—" He is smug these days, this Gary. He has a distinct cat-with-a-canary-inside-it expression.

The house-by-himself is, as I said, a symbol of something to him. A new independence. The result, perhaps, of a struggle between the new way of thinking and the old filial loyalty. He thinks that living alone will solve all his difficulties.

He is doing something else that he never did until now. That is deliberately taking stock of himself, turning an analytical eye inward, trying to find out exactly what sort of chap this Cooper is, after all. He is trying to arrive at some conclusion about what he wants from life and to figure out a way of attaining it. He has decided already that success in pictures is not nearly enough.

The Lupe love episode was good for him, I think. He was stimulated, stirred, buffeted by that fiery, magnetic, vital child as he will never be stirred by anyone again. No woman will ever dominate him as Lupe did. The smattering of sophistication which he has acquired will prevent him from ever giving himself so wholeheartedly emotionally another time. He has learned to smile at himself a little—and that is something important.

He is trying to *be* the sort of person that he, himself, admires. And that, I believe, is a pretty nice sort of person! That was why he had that little argument with the studio over his current picture. The part called for him to make love to a married woman a few moments after he met her. Gary contended that that was so despicable a thing for a man to do that he would instantly lose the sympathy of the audience—and become an unqualified "heavy".

He is a funny mixture, just now, of boyish idealism and a new veneer of worldliness. He is not so terribly grown up yet—but he is making an effort. It will be interesting to see what sort of a Gary Cooper we see on the screen now. . . .

Do You Look Like Janet Gaynor?

(*Continued from page* 84)

beauty-facts and beauty-advice based on the Janet Gaynor type of face—advice which countless girls today can follow because Janet is so typical of many girls. Janet Gaynor has no outstanding beauty characteristic.

HER hair, however, Janet has made use of in a highly intelligent manner. Look at the diagram picture again, and you'll note a point that girls should remember when wearing bobs.

Note the line A-A. You'll observe that it crosses her mouth where the lips meet in the center. And you'll observe, too, that it marks the bottom point of her fluffed bob. This is the ideal length for the bob, and worn as Janet does, fluffed softly beside her head, the properly-lengthed bob makes an ideal frame for her face.

Janet's hair is naturally curly, and so she does not attempt artificially to curl it into hard, harsh, unnatural waves. This is her fundamental secret—not to try to "artificialize" her natural simple beauty. If you have the Gaynor personality, the Gaynor type of face, take that tip from Janet: do not affect sophisticated, sweeping headdresses. Let your hair fall in its natural soft charm. It will add to the sum total of sweetness that this type glories in.

Obvious make-up would destroy the Gaynor charm. So Janet is very careful to use an unobtrusive and monotone make-up. She uses brown throughout, in her make-up. She has brown eyes, brown hair, and there is a ruddy tinge to her skin.

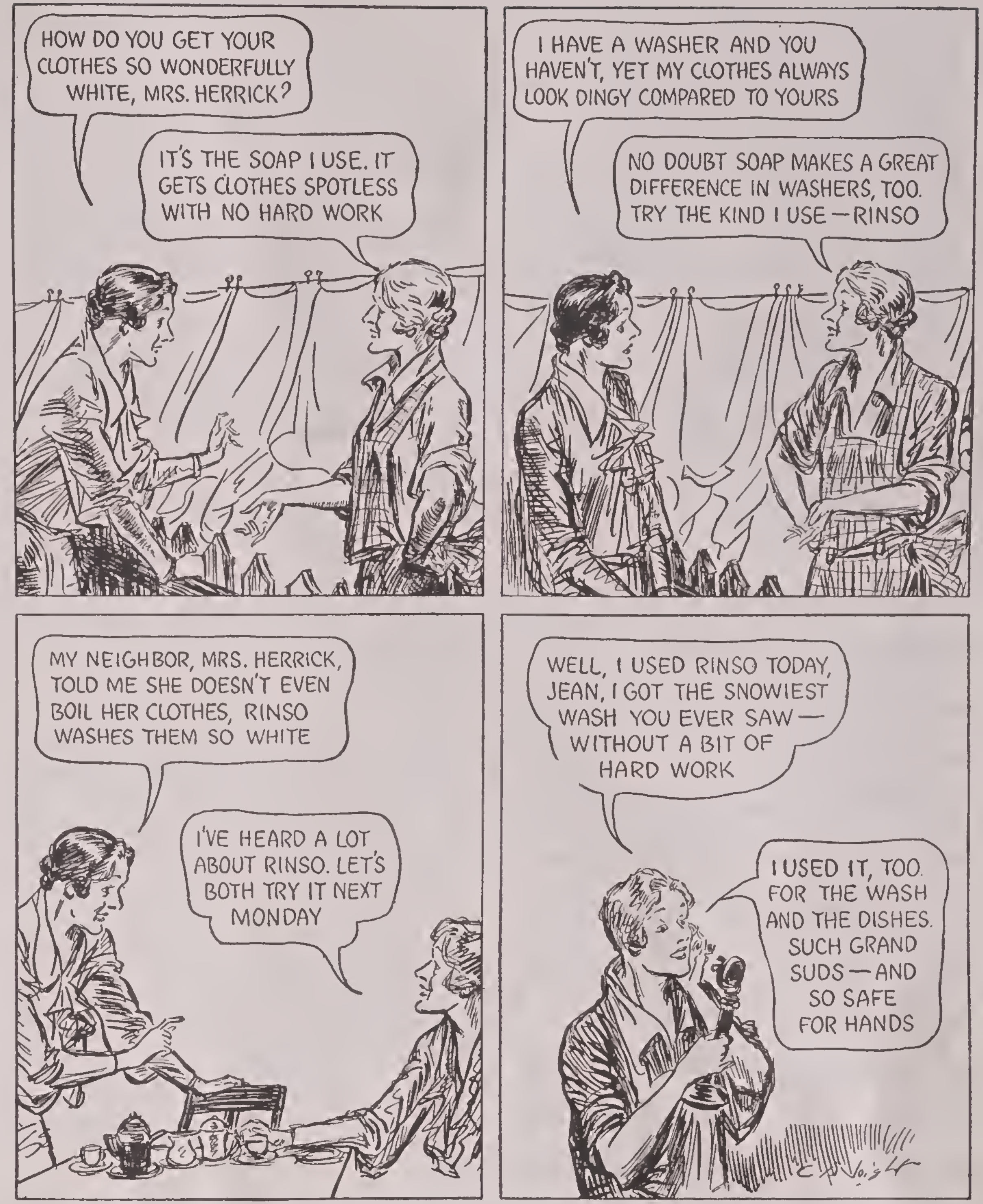
So for her eyeshadow Janet uses a reddish brown tint. Deep brown, or a contrasting tint such as green or blue, would produce an eyeshadow effect that would be destructive in its contrast-effect. It would harden her face.

Similarly, such eyebrow penciling as she does is done with a deep brown eyebrow pencil, *not* black. Her eyelash make-up is not black mascara, but a dark brown.

Her rouge, her face powder, her lipstick all stick to this rule. She uses those that have brown as their basic tint, instead of pink, or vermilion.

REALIZING that she has no startling predominant beauty trait, Janet Gaynor has cultivated and developed a most striking feature—that strange, mysterious, mona-lisa-ish smile of hers. It is as distinctive as Jean Harlow's hair. If you were shown a picture of Janet Gaynor smiling, with the entire picture covered save for her lips, the chances are a hundred to one that you'd still recognize her—by that smile.

Now, there isn't a girl in a thousand who can't do a similar trick. It's the sort of thing that sets you apart from the other girls around you, when Nature hasn't given you any natural factor to set you apart. Janet has developed that Gaynor smile; perhaps you can do the same—or a certain tilt to your head; a trick of the eyes—any little distinctive gesture that will, in time, become part of you and characteristic of you. But be careful—learn from Janet, and don't do it too artificially, too obviously. Because that would ruin the entire effect.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NO DOUBT SOAP MAKES A GREAT DIFFERENCE IN WASHERS, TOO. TRY THE KIND I USE — RINSO
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27 dish towels
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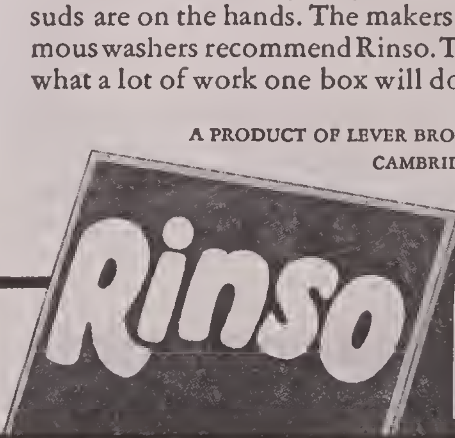
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Tips on Talkies

(*Continued from page* 88)

contributes a vivid performance as a hard-boiled gal. And the courtroom scenes are positively grand.

☆

NEW MORALS FOR OLD (M-G-M) In spite of its title, there's nothing new to this picture, and very little to recommend it. It's just another one of those stories about whether the modern generation is going to the dogs and what of it? Robert Young gives a fair performance. Margaret Perry débuts in this, and the part's too much for her. Even Lewis Stone, good old reliable Lew, doesn't shine in his rôle. You can't blame the actors. The picture's very mediocre entertainment.

☆

✓✓ **NIGHT COURT** (M-G-M) "Night Court" was meant to be just another program picture; but it has a vividness about it that makes it more than just another picture. It's the story of a crooked judge who railroads an innocent woman to prison and of her husband's efforts to vindicate her. Walter Huston turns in a superb performance as the judge. Phillips Holmes, at last given that different sort of rôle his fans craved for him, makes the most of it. "Night Court" is worth seeing.

☆

✓✓ **ONE HOUR WITH YOU** (Paramount) When Maurice Chevalier grins in that irresistible way of his, what more is there to be said? You know very well that he's at his best when Jeanette MacDonald is his leading lady and Ernest Lubitsch directs. "One Hour With You" in this case means an hour laden with spicy, sophisticated entertainment, with love scenes and lyrics that steal your heart away.

☆

✓ **RADIO PATROL** (Universal) If you must have super-super epics, the chances are you won't appreciate this. But if you're just an average movie-goer, who likes a good picture whether there are big star names in it or not, you'll find this vastly entertaining. It's the story of two young cops who fall for the same girl. The girl, June Clyde, is charming. Lila Lee, having conquered illness and defeat, comes back in this, giving a fine performance. The men are Robert Armstrong and Russell Hopton.

☆

RICH ARE ALWAYS WITH US, THE (Warners) Ruth Chatterton is more charming in her first picture for Warners than she's been in any of her recent Paramount pictures. The picture itself is one of those modern problem dramas, in which there's a great deal of talk and little action. There are three triangles in it, no less! The most important one concerns Ruth, her ex-husband and her lover. There are three fine performances in this, Ruth's, George Brent's and that of Bette Davis.

☆

✓ **RIDER OF DEATH VALLEY, THE** (Universal) Tom Mix is back in the saddle, and here is his second talkie. If you're a Tom Mix fan, you can be sure you won't be disappointed in this, because both Tom and Tony, his wonder horse, are grand. Lois Wilson is the heroine for love of whom Tom dares all.

☆

RIDING TORNADO, THE (Columbia) A typical wild west show with Tim McCoy sitting a mean saddle. There's some first rate riding in the picture, which'll recommend it to the Western fans. But there's nothing new for those who don't like Westerns.

☆

✓ **SCANDAL FOR SALE** (Universal) He-Man Bickford adds to his laurels in this. He plays a hot news editor who prints the kind of news that makes tabloids and movies. Pat O'Brien is ingratiating, but the picture is Charles Bickford's from start to finish.

☆

✓✓ **SCARFACE** (Caddo) Never mind what you think of gang pictures. This so far tops all the others that you simply have to see it. It's brutal, it's cruel, it's horrible with its picture of violence but so is gangland itself. And there's no sentimentalizing here. This is the picture that brings Paul Muni back to the screen. He's magnificent here. Ann Dvorak and Karen Morley are also grand. If the censors let you, you'll see one of the most powerful pictures ever filmed.

SINNERS IN THE SUN (Paramount) Here's a fashion parade for you, my pets. Carole Lombard is the mannequin, and how that girl can wear clothes! So if it's clothes ideas you're looking for, this is grand. The story? Two girls. The poor girl who wants the love of a millionaire, and the rich girl who wants the love of an honest man. It doesn't work for either of them. Hardly a new or startling idea, but what of it? The picture's nicely produced, it's smart, and it's fairly entertaining. Chester Morris teams up nicely with Carole Lombard.

☆

✓ **SKY BRIDE** (Paramount) Dick Arlen and Jack Oakie team up again in an entertaining show, which has some fine air-thrill stuff. Arlen plays a flier who loses his nerve after his buddy cracks up. A girl helps him find it again. Virginia Bruce, the girl, is an intriguing blonde. Here's also your chance to see Randolph Scott, who looks like Gary Cooper.

☆

✓ **SO BIG** (Warners) Remember when Colleen Moore played in this? Now Barbara Stanwyck adds to her screen laurels with this tremendously emotional story. If you're honest in saying you're sick of the screen's crop of gunmen, murderers, sex-inflamed men and women, see this. It's a great story of mother love. Bette Davis plays a small rôle brilliantly. And here's your chance to see George Brent.

☆

✓ **SOCIETY GIRL** (Fox) In this Jimmy Dunn goes James Cagney and does a neat job of it. He plays a prize fighter who falls for a society girl who's just kidding him along. His manager (splendidly played by Spencer Tracy) tries to snap him out of it. Jimmy Dunn and Spencer Tracy give the best performances. Peggy Shannon is the girl. The picture can be recommended for its excellent performances and its swell fight scenes.

☆

✓✓ **STATE'S ATTORNEY** (Radio) If you're a Barrymore fan (John Barrymore, darlings), you'll go for him in a big way in this. He plays this rôle with a lot of zest, dash and humor. The story's not unlike "The Mouthpiece." It isn't as powerful or compelling a picture, but it has more humor, and the romance is better. Some of the dialogue's grand. Helen Twelvetrees gives one of her better performances in this.

☆

✓ **STRANGE CASE OF CLARA DEANE, THE** (Paramount) If you haven't seen "The Sin of Madelon Claudet" you'll probably think this is a swell picture. If you have, you'll like it anyway, but wish that so fine a production as this had been given to a more original story. Wynne Gibson gives a fine performance. Frances Dee's fans will be delighted at the way the girl comes through. Cora Sue Collins, the four-year-old wonder, steals a nice slice of the picture. Take that extra hanky along. You'll need it.

☆

✓ **STRANGERS IN LOVE** (Paramount) If you ever doubted that Fredric March was a versatile actor, this'll convince you. After his horrible but beautifully performed rôle in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," the last thing you expected from March was comedy. So that's what he gives you in this. "Strangers in Love" is a gay picture about the complications that ensue when a splendid but down-at-heels lad takes the place of his twin brother who has just died. Fredric March is grand in the dual rôle. Kay Francis is also excellent. And Stuart Erwin's presence guarantees entertainment.

☆

✓ **STRANGE LOVE OF MOLLY LOUVAIN, THE** (Warners) You're going to get a lot more entertainment out of this picture than you expect. You see, there are no big star names to lure you inside, but once you're in, what a grand time you'll have! I thought Ann Dvorak was all right in "The Crowd Roars" but nothing to rave about, but she comes through in a big way in this. And Lee Tracy! As a fast-speaking, wise-cracking reporter, he gives as snappy a performance as I've seen in a long time. Gosh, that boy is good! There's melodrama in this; there are tears; there are laughs. This is the kind of picture you'll be telling your frineds to see. So I'm telling you.

(*Continued on page* 95)

Matrimony Made Him an Actor

(*Continued from page* 35)

with a shrug and a grin. He did not yet realize that his vogue as a juvenile was over.

But by the time the talking version of "Hell's Angels" went into production Ben Lyon was a different man. He had fallen really, deeply, in love for the first time in his much-engaged young life. For the first time he was taking both his engagement and his career with vital seriousness. He wanted to marry Bebe Daniels and he wanted to be worthy of that marriage.

So Ben Lyon began to look upon acting as a serious business—and not just a means to a good time. He snapped out of his irresponsible play boy stage with a vengeance and revealed a determination, a capacity for earnest work and a levelheadness which no one had dreamed he possessed. It took courage to fight his way back and the way the boy went at it was swell.

Off the screen during the period when the talkies were coming in, Ben accepted a rôle in a local stage production to prove to Hollywood that he could read lines. The play, "The Boomerang", offered him a light comedy rôle and he gave a performance which made producers regard him with a new interest. Then in "Indiscreet", opposite Gloria Swanson, he got his first real chance on the screen to prove that he could do something besides look handsome—and he made the most of it. "Night Nurse" with Barbara Stanwyck and "Bought" with Connie Bennett followed and established Ben as an excellent light comedian as well as a convincingly romantic leading man. Now, after nine years on the screen, Ben is more popular than ever. But he is not letting success fool him this time. He has learned the truth of the Hollywood axiom that an actor is only as good as his last picture. Instead of sitting back as he did in the old days and making no effort, he is working constantly to improve himself.

Give Ben credit for one thing. When he married Bebe she had just made her spectacular comeback in "Rio Rita". He was still struggling to re-establish himself. She was a star. He was a featured player. He might easily have let a wounded male ego get the better of him. Instead, Bebe's success was simply an added incentive. When he and Bebe would go to a party together after "Rio Rita" everyone would make a fuss over Bebe and Ben would find himself standing unnoticed in a corner. Pretty tough for a husband to take—especially when he's in the same profession. But Ben never sulked. He simply made up his mind more firmly than ever to match Bebe's success with equal achievements.

This absence of professional jealousy is one of the finest things about Ben and Bebe's marriage. They have a grand spirit of friendly rivalry. When Ben turns out a fine performance it spurs Bebe on to greater efforts—and vice versa. But there isn't an atom of jealousy or bad feeling when one comes out ahead for the moment. Each rejoices as much in the other's success as in his own. After all, aren't they working for each other and for Barbara Bebe, who belongs to them?

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MAIL 10c AND THIS COUPON

Strange Interview

(Continued from page 59)

Sounds dreadfully complicated. But it really isn't, after you see it done.

INTERVIEWER: (THINKS) What a delightful perfume she uses. So utterly feminine. I wish we interviewers could really get to know stars we admire, not just talk to them and then vanish. I'd like to know this Shearer girl. There's so much of herself she keeps hidden behind this slick outside personality of hers. (SPEAKS) About the ages—there is a passing of some twenty years in the story, isn't there?

NORMA: (SPEAKS) Yes. There are four of us who grow old together. (THINKS) That reminds me—I must see about my wigs. I hope they have them dressed properly in the morning. I wonder why my hair always seems so important to me? (SPEAKS) I believe this is the first picture in which people will grow old and not lose their youth—remain attractive. We age but we do not grow decrepit—we are well-dressed and live in luxurious surroundings. There is nothing sobby about our old age. The aging is not an abrupt change. It comes gracefully in a series of nine transformations. I have to change my hairdress nine different times.

INTERVIEWER: (THINKS) Nine different ways to fix her hair. Takes my wife almost all night to comb it one way. White hair. She should look magnificent. That's Clark Gable, standing against that light over there. What a break that guy had! (SPEAKS) Gable the leading man?

NORMA: (SPEAKS) Yes, he's Ned Darrell, the doctor I fall in love with—in the picture. (THINKS) Gable—Gable—they all want to know about Gable.

INTERVIEWER: (THINKS) Bob Leonard, the director, is getting fidgety. Probably wants Norma to rehearse and doesn't want to interrupt. But Gable—he's hot copy. (SPEAKS) What do you think Gable's appeal to women is, Miss Shearer? (THINKS) Whatever she says is good stuff. Can't go wrong on anything about Gable these days!

NORMA: (THINKS) I knew it—what about Gable? Careful, Shearer! (SPEAKS) Well, I think Clark is a terribly nice person. Everybody likes him. (THINKS) He expects something more exciting. But I really don't know very much about Gable outside of the studio. (SPEAKS) Gable has a certain swarthy appeal. A calm insolence. You feel he possesses a terrific physical power, masked by a suave gentleness. He suggests the type of man who can bend a woman to his will. And make her like it.

INTERVIEWER: (THINKS) Treat 'em rough. Make 'em like it. So that's what women love? No dame ever seemed afraid of me! (SPEAKS) But isn't his popularity pretty general—men and women both seem to like him?

NORMA: (THINKS) I mustn't forget about those people coming to dinner. That means places for eight. Better have Ursula call Charles and make sure the florist brings fresh flowers. (SPEAKS) I think he appeals to the general run of people because he seems one of them. They like to think of him coming from a factory—oil fields—you know, the he-man sort of thing. Remember in "Free Soul" what Lionel Barrymore said about him—something about putting on a clean shirt and moving across the tracks? Somehow people want to believe that of Gable. (THINKS) Does that sound dreadful? I guess I phrased it awkwardly. I hope he grasps what I mean.

INTERVIEWER: (THINKS) Here comes Leonard. Guess my time's about up! (SPEAKS) Getting late—must be going now. I'm keeping you from your work.

LEONARD: (SPEAKS) Whenever you're ready, Norma. No hurry, though. (THINKS) No hurry. Humph! Got to kill this set today. She'll appreciate an excuse to get away from this guy.

NORMA: (SPEAKS) Are you ready for me, Bob? (THINKS) Of course he is. Bob's such a pet. Mustn't hold him up this way. (SPEAKS) I'll be right there!

INTERVIEWER: (SPEAKS) Well, I'll run along. (THINKS) Bet I've got a parking ticket on my car. The publicity boys will have to square it if I have.

NORMA: (SPEAKS) Well, goodbye. Sorry we haven't more time to talk. Won't you come over for lunch one of these days? (THINKS) Time to talk—I haven't time for much of anything on this picture. Poor chap. Hope I gave him something to write about!

INTERVIEWER: (SPEAKS) I'd love to. Many thanks for letting me bother you this way. Hope the picture turns out swell! (THINKS) She's pretty much all right. I mustn't forget what she said about Gable. What was that line she used about his appeal to women? I ought to take notes. Here's the door. Gosh, the air feels good after being cooped up on a sound stage. Better stop and pick up some hamburger for the dogs on the way home. Shearer's got the clearest eyes I ever saw. What was that about words being masks for our thoughts? Well, I guess that's so. Wonder what she thought about me? Probably nothing. But I sure envy Irving Thalberg, an important job, big money and a wife like that.

■	C	L	A	R	K	■	I	C	E	■	R	O	E	■	A	R	L	E	N	■
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T	A	L	K	■	S	T	E	E	R	■	M	A	R	I	E	■	B	R	A	T
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This is the answer to last month's Cross Word Puzzle.

Tips on Talkies

(Continued from page 92)

STREET OF WOMEN (Warners) It hurts to say it, but Kay Francis' second talkie for Warners isn't any wow. Kay's worked hard, you can see that; but the picture is another one of these sex problem stories which consist of a lot of talk, talk, talk. It's too bad the movie producers don't learn that what we really want to see on the screen are movies that move. This doesn't. Kay is cast in a middle-aged rôle, which doesn't seem wise, either. Alan Dinehart and Roland Young are the men. Roland's good for some chuckles, as usual.

☆

✓ **SUCCESSFUL CALAMITY, A** (Warners) A pleasant picture, this. It's true to the Arliss formula. No sex, no smut, no melodrama. So if that's what you're clamoring for, here's your chance. Arliss plays a multimillionaire who pretends he's broke so as to save his home life. A millionaire's family gads about so, you know! Arliss's acting is a bit self-conscious, but good nevertheless. Mary Astor as his leading lady turns in a nice, rather lovable performance. A good picture.

☆

✓✓ **SYMPHONY OF SIX MILLION** (Radio) The screen doesn't have to go far away from our daily lives to present drama that lifts us out of ourselves. This proves it. "Symphony of Six Million" is one of those simple human dramas that are great because of their very simplicity. It presents the story of a great surgeon raised in the Ghetto who forgets his people after fame comes to him. Ricardo Cortez plays the hard-to-play rôle splendidly. Gregory Ratoff and Anna Appell as the old Jewish couple are magnificent. Irene Dunne hasn't much to do, but does it charmingly. "Symphony of Six Million" is one of those pictures you'll remember.

☆

✓✓ **TARZAN, THE APE MAN** (M-G-M) Here's the "Trader Horn" of 1932, a picture packed with thrills and excitement. It doesn't matter how overused the word is—it's swell, just swell. There's animal-thrill stuff in it that'll root you to your seat, and as for the love scenes!!! Johnny Weismuller as the superman who lives in the jungles is the hottest thing we've seen since Clark Gable. Maureen O'Sullivan gives a better performance than you thought she had in her. The story's a fairy tale, but if you pass it up for that reason, you don't deserve to see another movie. This is grand for both children and adults.

☆

✓ **TENDERFOOT, THE** (Warners) Here's ol' Mammoth Mouth's latest picture, and is it a howl! It is. It's typical Joe E. Brown stuff, screened for laughs and getting them. Joe is the cowboy from the wide open spaces who comes to the big city and falls in with a lot of slickers. And does he turn the tables on them? He does. The picture's all Joe E. Brown, except for the nice work of peppy Ginger Rogers, Lew Cody as the villain, and snappy little Peanuts Byron. And will you like it? You will.

☆

✓ **TEXAS BAD MAN, THE** (Universal) Reviewed in the August issue of Movie Mirror as "Marked Men." Here's Tom Mix's third talkie, and like his others, it'll give his fans plenty to cheer about. The story gives Tom Mix a chance to play a ranger who poses as a famous bandit to nail the chief of an outlaw gang. There's plenty of excitement in this, and what's more, there are a lot of laughs. Tom Mix is one smart hombre when it comes to knowing what the Western fans want. This is it.

☆

THEY NEVER COME BACK (Supreme) Do you know what a "quickie" is? It's a picture turned out in just a few days, usually by an independent company trying to keep down its overhead. This is a little better than the average quickie, however, in that it has a nice cast headed by Regis Toomey, Eddie Woods and Dorothy Sebastian. The story's about a prize fighter, and it's fairly exciting.

☆

✓ **THIS IS THE NIGHT** (Paramount) With a title like that and Lily Damita, Charlie Ruggles, Thelma Todd and Roland Young in the cast, what do you expect? Sheer, rib-tickling farce, a trifle risqué, and that's just what you get. You'll love it if you're in the mood for frothy, merry stuff. But be warned, it's naughty, and not for Little Willie or Mary.

☆

THUNDER BELOW (Paramount) If you feel that there's enough tragedy in daily life without going to the movies to see more of it, for heaven's sake, don't go to see this! It's a hopeless triangle tragedy set in the tropics. Tallulah Bankhead, married to Charles Bickford, loves Paul Lukas. Just when she's about to tell her husband the truth, he admits he's going blind. There doesn't seem to be any solution to a triangle like that, but still you'll be startled by the tragic ending. Although the picture has been given a splendid production and you couldn't ask a better cast, it falls short of greatness. You get tired of talk, talk, talk when there's so little action.

☆

TWO SECONDS (Warners) An interesting idea this. What does a man think about in the two seconds before his death in the electric chair? Warners handed this picture to Edward G. Robinson, and let him play the part to the hilt. The picture's all Robinson. Perhaps too much so, unless you're a confirmed Robinson fan. He overacts in this.

☆

✓ **WEEK END MARRIAGE** (Warners) At the end of the year, when you're picking the ten best stories of the year, the chances are you won't even think of this. At the same time, it's a "nice" picture, and while you're watching it, you'll get a pretty good measure of entertainment out of it. It's about the kind of folks you know, who marry and have jobs. Loretta Young and Norman Foster do nice work. The hit of the picture, however, is Aline MacMahon, one of the cleverest players of hard-boiled girls the talkies have given us. She's a howl in a scene where she tells Loretta how to make the boy friend propose.

☆

WESTWARD PASSAGE (Radio) This is the picture which introduces "the new Ann Harding." She wears a permanent wave in this, and plays a supposedly sophisticated divorcée. I'm sorry to say this, but I don't like the new Ann Harding. Ann was a thousand times more real and modern when she played the girl in "Holiday." In this rôle she seems uncertain of herself. Laurence Olivier plays nicely opposite her, and you'll like him as her first husband. At times the dialogue in the picture is grand; at other times it's too whimsical. But there's one thing certain—you'll like ZaSu Pitts in her rôle as a proprietor of a little inn, who doesn't know What It's All About, and asks the couple who've been divorced for years what their secret of married happiness is.

☆

✓ **WET PARADE, THE** (M-G-M) "The Wet Parade" is half propaganda, half drama, and as a result it's a good movie rather than a great one. That's true in spite of some fine casting, splendid production, and excellent performances by Lewis Stone, Walter Huston, Dorothy Jordan and Robert Young. Jimmy Durante supplies the humor and how! This gives both sides of the liquor question and the drama is swift and emotionally very moving.

☆

WHEN A FELLER NEEDS A FRIEND (M-G-M) This doesn't quite come up to the standard of Jackie Cooper's other pictures. It's a bit too maudlin, too sugary. Chic Sale does his usual old man characterization. Jackie Cooper plays a little lame boy who suffers all sorts of bitter trials through his lameness. There's one fine scene in the picture, but for the rest it's too obvious an attempt to make you weep.

☆

✓ **WINNER TAKE ALL** (Warners) Hot stuff, babies, hot stuff. In this Jimmy Cagney plays a tough mugg of a prize fighter who falls for a society frail (Virginia Bruce) when all the time there's a sweet, pure girl who really loves him (Marian Nixon). This picture is right down Jimmy's alley. Maybe it isn't his best picture, but, oh, what a lot of laughs it'll give you! There are nice performances by Marian Nixon and Guy Kibbee, but don't let anyone fool you—this is Jimmy Cagney's picture. You'll howl with glee when he kicks the faithless blonde and when he alibis himself to Marian Nixon.

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ASK YOUR THEATRE WHEN IT WILL SHOW "AMERICAN MADNESS"

Going on With My Life

(*Continued from page* 71)

with love. Some say old sweethearts bothered Grant too much. That is only partly true. There were those who would not let him go, who would call him at home at all hours. "They say" that mother interfered. I can say truthfully mother was not to blame in any way for our separation. She thought and still thinks a lot of Grant. And whenever anything is said now about him in her presence she always takes his part. We lived in the little house only four unhappy months. Months in which we gradually grew farther and farther apart. We saw the breach widening between us. We both tried to stop it, but it was no use. We were licked long before we separated. The financial question crept in. Grant couldn't get work, and he became moody and irritable. He would say frequently, "Don't worry, I'll get something soon." But he didn't and apparently he didn't worry much about it. He is one of those gay, irresponsible boys who never grow up. He will never change. I am terribly ambitious. I like to feel secure in every way. I lacked this feeling when Grant was with me. Gradually my love for him wore thin. Even so, I felt so sorry for Grant that I don't think we would ever have separated, if he hadn't gotten a chance to go on a personal appearance tour.

This made the break easy. I wrote him when he was away and the thing was done. I felt that it would be better for both of us. We could never have been happy together, being so wholly unlike. I am still fond of Grant. I still think he is handsome and attractive and wish him well, but my love for him is as cold as yesterday's newspaper. There is nothing so dead as love when it is over.

I was very unhappy in the little bungalow after Grant went away. I lived there with a servant for three months alone, but I couldn't endure the empty rooms. I did not want to go out. I lost all incentive to party around or dance. I moped around the house and shut myself in with gloom. I finally reached the point where I was on the verge of a nervous breakdown. I had to have someone with me. So I went back home to live. I began to go around a bit with Sally and I felt a little better. Then, too, my work helped me to get hold of myself.

After I broke with Grant I was kept busy at the studio, which was the luckiest thing that could have happened to me. I could not bring myself to go out to dinner even, with other men. There was a sore spot in my heart that I could not bear to touch. I kept to myself for seven months and lived almost like a hermit. Then, through my work, I met the man who was to mean everything to me. I had promised myself I would never care for another actor. But I did. I fell head over heels in love with him. Not the little-girl, adoring hero-worshipping love I had felt for Grant, but a real honest-to-goodness, once-in-a-lifetime love. I threw caution to the winds and loved him with all my heart, body and soul. I am glad now that I did. For three months I knew the ecstasy of loving and being loved beyond rhyme or reason. And then, the greatest of all things—Death—came between us.

He was much older than I was. He was not handsome. But he was sympathetic, kind and good. We had similar tastes. We liked to do the same things. I will never find anyone who will understand me as he did. I have never discussed this man with anyone. It is difficult to do so, now. I cannot yet reconcile myself to his sudden, awful death. It is a little easier for me than it was at first. But it will be a long time before I will be able to think of men as men again. I may fall in love again, sometime, but I doubt it. This was the one real love of my life.

There was one thing about it that made me glad. I am always being reported engaged to various men, often when I have merely lunched with them, or in some cases merely spoken to them in public. I was reported engaged to Ricardo Cortez and to Eric Linden merely because they played in a picture with me. But rumor did nothing to the man I really loved. I do not think anything was ever mentioned in print about us. I am glad. My memories of him seem so much cleaner than they would have if they had been dragged through a lot of printed stories about us.

When he died, I simply had to carry on, because affairs at home weren't going so well. Sally was not working at the time and Polly Ann was having her teeth straightened. It will be twelve or fourteen months yet before she can resume her picture work. So I simply had to work and work hard. I did so. And the more I worked the more I wanted to.

It has become all-important to me now. I seem, at last, to be finding my stride. And I am now getting pictures to my liking. I have never liked any pictures better than "Life Begins" and "They Call it Sin," my two latest ones. I wish I might get pictures as good as these two in the future. I came to know and admire a girl who played in "Life Begins"—Aline MacMahon. She typifies my ideal of womanhood. I don't care for good looks, especially in a woman, for any woman can acquire beauty. I do love character. Allie has it. We have become friends.

These last few months I have lost the ability to find happiness by running around. I have never gone in for this sort of thing to any extent, but I have always liked to dance. I have lost the thrill of it some place along the way. I rarely go out any more. I have taken up motorboating. I love the sea.

A great deal has been said and written about my friendship with Mr. Herbert Somborn, who was Gloria Swanson's second husband. No thought of love or marriage has colored our liking for each other. I needed a friend at the time I met Mr. Somborn, and he proved himself one.

I have my feet on the ground.

Life is an adventure. There have been times when I have felt too hurt to go on living. Now I do not know or greatly care what the future holds for me. For the present, I am living through and enjoying a pleasant stretch of unadulterated work.

Cupid Hits the Hollywood Rocks

(*Continued from page 23*)

Bobbe is Johnny Weissmuller's wife, you know. She was almost in tears when she said that Hollywood was just trying to break up their home. I liked her spunk when she said that they'd have a hard time getting away with it.

"Why, Hollywood won't even allow the directors to have any peace. Frank Borzage told me of being interviewed by a reporter when he returned from London after directing 'Cavalcade.' The reporter asked if there were any scandalous new items in his life. There weren't, so Frank had to say no.

" 'Why don't you get a divorce so you'll be good copy?' asked the reporter.

"There's a lot of this 'behind my back' talk which annoys me. The non-professional wife of a very famous screen lover said she believed that it was a drawback for an actor to have a happy domestic life. She said that it destroyed romantic illusion. That's all stuff and nonsense, and it's dangerous propaganda. It scares away the bachelors and makes the husbands start looking up telephone numbers of good, quick lawyers.

"I WASN'T mad about that squabble between Buster Keaton and Natalie Talmadge Keaton, but I was hurt—awfully hurt. They made fun of the ancient and honorable profession of love and matrimony. The whole business turned into a kind of Keystone comedy. Buster wanted to show that he wore the pants in the family, so he took the youngsters on an aeroplane trip when Natalie had said 'nix' to the idea. Natalie went home to mother, and when Buster returned he put a lamp in the window to guide back his wandering wife and issued a lot of farce comedy statements to the papers.

"I've got John Gilbert 'spiked' again. He's going to marry Virginia Bruce. I'd feel happier about it if I hadn't had so much trouble with that boy. I've spent many a sleepless night since Leatrice Joy and he decided to get a divorce—what with worrying about Greta Garbo, Ina Claire, Lupe Velez and so on.

"You know that Hollywood is no longer on the love standard when I can't even get an appointment with Mary Brian, Constance Cummings, Bette Davis, Robert Young, Gene Raymond and Russell Gleason. They sniff if you talk about hearts and flowers and Mendelssohn."

A car came rushing down the street at that moment. In it were a very beautiful girl with white gold hair and a short, dark man.

Cupid was infatuated with the sight of them. "Who are they?" he demanded.

"That's Jean Harlow and Paul Bern," I said. "You might as well save your arrows. Paul has gone with so many charmers, Barbara La Marr, Estelle Taylor, Mary Duncan, scores of others."

But it was too late to stop him. Cupid had already taken aim. The arrow zinged through the air, lightly grazed Bern's shoulder, and stopped to rest on Jean's halo of hair.

"Look, look," cried Cupid. "I've caught them." He was a changed boy. All his depression was gone. "I've caught them and if they aren't a typical Hollywood couple, I'm a cigar store Indian."

I looked at Jean and Paul. I looked at Cupid. They were all beaming on each other.

Cupid sighed. "Isn't love wonderful?" he asked.

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Dye summer shoes with ColorShine Black Dye. Then keep them beautiful with ColorShine Black Creme. Use ColorShine Neutral Creme for all tan and colored shoes, White Kid Cleaner for white kid shoes, White Cloth Cleaner for cloth and buckskin shoes. Sold in 10 cent stores everywhere. . . . . . (15¢ in Far West and Canada.)

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10¢ ColorShine SHOE DRESSINGS 10¢

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A HOT summer sun may be fine for your health, but what it does to your *skin!* The scorching rays bake out its natural oils... leave your complexion dry, dull and lifeless.

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My Soul Is Not Blonde

(*Continued from page 32*)

that the greasepaint world could touch their world.

They were serious little girls, too. Because, when they were quite small, things began to go unhappily at home. Mother and Dad were not getting along together. And the children were sent to boarding school until some sort of an amicable arrangement would be made. When they came back from boarding school Mother was at home alone—and they remained with her.

While Bette was at Cushing Academy she played the leads in "Seventeen" and in "The Charm School". She did so well in both plays that the principal of the school congratulated her, adding, "I *hope,* my dear, that you will never think of taking up *acting* as a profession." She never had—until that moment.

There was, in the home of Bette's childhood, the still prevailing belief that there was something scarlet about acting.

Bette studied dancing, nature dancing in Petersborough, N. H., and while she was there she met Frank Conway. He convinced her that her place in the world was on the stage and that, scarlet or white, that was where she belonged.

Her mother, strangely, had no parental objections such as Bette had feared. On the contrary, she admitted to her young daughter that she had always longed to be an actress when she was a girl—and such was her enthusiasm that she took Bette to New York immediately and enrolled her in John Murray Anderson's dramatic school. That first year Bette was awarded one of the scholarships.

There followed successive and triumphant steps up for the young Bette. She worked in George Cukor's stock company in Rochester. She did a half dozen or so plays on Broadway.

And during all that time, and with all those plays, through all the flattery, Bette remained un-blondined both within and without. There was something about her face too intelligent to go cheap; there was something in her soul too sound to go silly . . .

In the fall of 1930 she was signed by Universal.

Her first picture was "Bad Sister", and this was followed by "Seed" and "Waterloo Bridge" and RKO's "Way Back Home." Her contract lapsed and nobody paid much attention to her until she appeared with George Arliss in "The Man Who Played God." Bette went chemical blonde for that picture. The American colored hair did not "photograph". But she clicked in the Arliss picture, followed it with a hit in Chatterton's "The Rich Are Always With Us", then "The Dark Horse" and now she is working with Richard Barthelmess in "The Cabin In The Cotton". She plays something of a little hussy and "loves it!" The last thing Bette wants is to be the innocent, lollipop ingénue with April in her eyes . . .

"I hope people will never judge me," she said, "the way I judged other girls with hair like this. At least it has taught me how deceiving appearances—externals—can be. *Because my soul is not blonde.*

"I know that a blonde (the type *I* am) is supposed to be something of a gaiety girl. In for fun and petting parties and gin and this modern thing called 'freedom'.

"*I never have any fun.*

"I couldn't swallow gin.

"Petting would turn my tummy upside down.

"Boys ask me out occasionally, of course, and occasionally I go places with them.

"I never go, however, unless the person or people I am going with happen to have some interest for me. If they don't, I prefer to stay at home, go to bed and read. And that is what I do. I refuse, absolutely, to be bored.

"*I'm unhappy.* Another state of mind, by the way, seldom connected with a blondined blonde. I don't precisely know why I'm unhappy.

"Perhaps it's because I'm in love. I am, you see. And I don't know what to do about it. *I've been in love for six years.* With the same boy. He's in New York—not connected in any way with things theatrical—and I'm out here. I don't know when I'll be married, or whether we ever will. He wouldn't marry me while I'm on the screen—and even if he would I wouldn't let him. I wouldn't for the world make a Mister Bette Davis out of him, assuming that I ever become that important.

"I know that, for me, marriage and a career would never work. It will have to be one thing or the other and I can't seem to make the final choice. I admit it. I'm wobbling. I'm not happy, that's true, but I'm not sure I'd be happy playing bridge, keeping house and counting linen, either.

"What I'd really like to do is have five more years of this—I'd like the fun of succeeding in rather a big way. I'd like the satisfaction of proving that I can do it. And then I'd like to marry and have my family . . . None of us gets everything, though, and I don't expect to be the glorious exception.

"I do expect to leave Hollywood, to leave the screen before I'm too old for anything else. I know that everyone else has said about the same thing and I know that no one has ever done it—I can only state that *I shall*—and wait to prove it.

"So far I only know that my soul has not gone blonde along with my hair.

"I haven't the tastes a blonde soul has. I like grave books, books of medical science and biographies and essays.

"I like the older men—and I *love* only one man.

"I couldn't be a gold-digger. I prefer mental nuggets to slave bracelets and diamonds and swank cars.

"I haven't any craving for orchids or for white ermine coats.

"I don't like kidding and wise-cracking.

"I like to swim. I hate summer resorts and country clubs and the radio and brightly colored clothes.

"I love children. I'm normally fond of animals. I dance very seldom considering the training I had. I can't bear jazz. I think my innards are true Bostonian even though my exterior has gone Hollywood.

"I really *don't* believe my soul has gone blonde along with my hair—do you?"

I said that I didn't. But what do you think?

The Greatest Tragedy of the Greatest Clown

(*Continued from page* 14)

in Hollywood she overheard a remark that she was "dumb". She knew better, and if Hollywood was ever in doubt of the matter, it has long since been convinced that Lita Grey is anything but slow-witted. Without ever taking a singing lesson she had a vaudeville act with music written for her. It was tried out one night in Long Beach, California. From that tryout she embarked on a tour that carried her over most of the United States.

"She only drew audiences because she used the Chaplin name," began the whispering chorus. "People were curious."

Well, after that first year and a half, Lita found managers still eager to book her act. For four years she has been touring, always a headliner.

"People might have come the first time because they were curious," she argues, "but they don't keep coming for four years for that reason."

Undoubtedly she desires a screen career. She had started on the screen as a girl just entering her teens. She was to have played the feminine lead in "The Gold Rush," when Chaplin and she were married. She left that picture and all pictures. The most turbulent period of her life was beginning. She was twice to become a mother, and to figure in one of the most sensational divorce cases in Southern California history, and all of this before she was twenty.

Now she is beginning her film career all over again. She is better equipped than in the old days. She has gained poise and culture, and she is more beautiful as a woman of twenty-four than she was as a girl of sixteen.

She says her children are interested in pictures and have expressed a desire to follow in the footsteps of their famous father.

Chaplin, who says he will continue to make silent pictures, remains silent on this. He says he is occupied at the present time in preparing a paper on economics and his theory of international currency as a cure for financial ailments.

And, again, one faction says that this is just a polite way of informing the world that the little comedian intends to do nothing about his sons acting on the screen. And, again, the other side says ominously —"Just wait, there are still storm clouds about."

In the meantime two very small young men are readying themselves for acting careers. A determined mother prepares a screen return. And in a great house in Beverly Hills a sad-faced, gray-haired man who has made millions laugh sits alone and perhaps ponders over this new blow. He is quite a bit of a philosopher, this great comedian, so it may be that he merely shrugs and smiles, a bit ruefully. After all, life has brought him many scars. One more is just a tiny event in a crowded existence.

And, who can say, when Charles Chaplin sees his boys on the screen, he may be so proud of these small editions of himself that he won't object to their screen careers at all?

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Inside Stuff

(*Continued from page* 87)

"The Kid" Goes to College

Here is something that will make you reach for the crutches and realize that time is not at a standstill. When the college roll call is sounded this fall, a slight, serious youth will put on his "frosh" hat along with thousands of other specimens of young America.

Jackie Coogan goes to college this fall. Imagine, and it seems only yesterday that he was the baby in "The Kid." Well, he's seventeen now, and he plays tennis, golf, and is an expert swimmer.

The other night he had his first date. His mother gave him the car and chauffeur and told him to be home by midnight. He got home twenty minutes earlier than that, but remember this was his *first* date.

In college Jackie will specialize in languages. Right now the great tragedy of his life is the fact that he's too small for football.

Miss Montgomery to You

Another blow was a recent glimpse of Peggy Montgomery. You remember Baby Peggy. She's back in town on a visit and is now 13½ years old. Since 1925, when she made her last picture, she has been living in Laramie, Wyoming.

Trivia

Robert Montgomery, being most superstitious, always pulls off the left sock first. Clark Gable sprouted a moustache while he was vacationing at Del Monte. Irene Dunne loves to work in her vegetable garden. Joan Blondell never wears new shoes. Her sister, who wears the same size, breaks 'em in for her. Colleen Moore saves ribbons from packages. Edward G. Robinson owns 134 pipes. Stan Laurel was for two years coxswain of the Oxford crew. Ralph Graves is writing a book on contract bridge. Bill Boyd used to be a grocery clerk and now has a storeroom in his garage stacked high with fancy canned goods. Wine red is the new hotsy-totsy color in Cinemaland.

Now, altogether, ho-hum!

Jungle Grows Populous

Maybe Johnny Weissmuller should sue or something. Anyway, be that as it may, another Tarzan is going to be swinging through the Hollywood treetops before many moons.

Universal, as well as M-G-M, will go in for these tiger skin-painted heroes.

The Universal ape-man will be James Pierce. He's an ex-college football star, just a little fellah of six feet two, weighing two hundred pounds. Incidentally, he was the screen's first Tarzan, starring in a series of Edgar Rice Burroughs fantasias during the old FBO days.

No charge for the suggestion, but how would it be to put both Tarzans in one picture? Let the best man win, and the loser can just stick to the old Kuppenheimers.

One Good Habit
that millions of women share

The psychologists tell us we live our lives by habits, good and bad, that take form from day to day.

One good habit many million women have in common. When merchandise of nearly any description is needed for the family, they LOOK FIRST at one of the stores of the National Syndicate Organizations listed below.

Of course, they did not form this habit overnight. It gradually grew because they found, in one shopping tour after another, that these stores can supply nearly anything they want, whether it be house furnishings or cosmetics, tacks or piece goods, at prices that stand comparison.

These days when pennies count, it is a habit worth acquiring.

The following syndicates in the United States sell Love Mirror and Movie Mirror;

G. C. Murphy Company
Neisner Bros., Inc.
J. J. Newberry Co.
Grand-Silver Stores, Inc.
McLellan Stores
J. G. McCrory Company
W. T. Grant Co.

Miriam Hopkins Answers the Scandal Mongers

(*Continued from page* 18)

elope with each other (imagine a husband and wife doing that!), Hollywood started a new rumor. It wasn't very likely, said Hollywood, that an organization like the Evanston Cradle Association would permit Miriam to adopt a baby when she couldn't give it a father. Miriam must have promised the Association that she would marry Austin Parker again!

"I didn't promise anything of the sort," said Miriam, amazed at the rumor, "and no one asked me to make such a promise. I think children brought up by just one parent get along very well, often just as well as children brought up by both parents."

The baby Miriam adopted is a blue-eyed, blonde boy about three months old, and she's calling him Michael Hopkins.

"My friends were all delighted about the baby," said Miriam. "Austin Parker gave him a lovely silver porridge cup. To the baby he calls himself Uncle Austin."

There's something very candid and fine and real about Miriam as she sits in her drawing room, trying to explain her friendship with Austin, which Hollywood gossip has mangled and misinterpreted so.

AUSTIN PARKER and Miriam Hopkins first met at a party in New York. Austin, who's a well known novelist and scenario writer, had just come over from Paris to poke around and try to find out something about American life. Instead, he fell in love with one small American blonde.

Austin was planning to make a trip up to the Nile in a couple of months, but he never made that trip. Austin and Miriam got married instead.

Their marriage was one of those off-again, on-again things. Not that they meant it to be. But take two people with nerves and temperament, a writer and an actress, who are terribly fond of each other and how can it be otherwise? Miriam never talks about it, but I happen to know that Austin Parker was married before to Phyllis Duganne, a young and very lovely writer. That marriage didn't work out either. It's just possible that Austin is one of those very, very charming people who are sometimes a little hard to live with. Not that Miriam would confess that! I asked if that wasn't true and she said, "Perhaps, but I'm also hard to live with. I've been told so by everyone, including my own family. I even asked my servants once and they were a little reticent and said, 'Oh, no, Miss Hopkins,' but I'm afraid they just wanted to keep their jobs."

"I feel the same way about Austin now as I did two years ago," Miriam told me. "I don't let the gossip that's whispered or printed about us hurt me any more."

You could see in the depths of her blue-gray eyes that at one time it did hurt her terribly.

"I READ," she said, "in Walter Winchell's column: 'Miriam Hopkins and Austin Parker seem to be avoiding each other in New York's hot spots.' And I'd been out with Austin three times in succession when that was printed!

"There isn't any possibility that we'll marry each other again. We found that didn't work. But I'm still fond of Austin and . . . ." Her voice drifted off, as she made a little gesture with her hand, trying to explain the friendship which Hollywood can't understand.

If there were any truth at all to the wild rumors that are circulating about Miriam, she couldn't be as honest as she is about the whole situation. For she told me: "When Austin came to New York, he was staying in a rather grim, formal hotel. 'Why don't you come to the hotel where I'm staying?' I asked him. 'It's much pleasanter.' So the next day he moved in to a suite at the Lowell."

The same honesty with which Miriam is meeting this situation is characteristic of everything she does and says.

A year ago, when I first met Miriam, I liked her tremendously. She sparkled like champagne. She was excited about her success. But at the time she didn't seem to be taking pictures very seriously. She was chiefly concerned with how she could coax the Paramount executives to let her make plays between pictures.

Now there seems to be a new seriousness about Miriam. She still has the same gay charm as ever, but in some indefinable way she seems to have come to terms with herself. She's no longer simply accepting her success; now she seems to be planning and doing things to keep it.

Upon her work she brought to bear the same honesty with which she met the problem of her marriage to Austin Parker.

"I hated my last three pictures," she told me. "'Dancers in the Dark' was cheap. The girl in 'Two Kinds of Women' was a ga-ga ingénue. I didn't like 'The World and the Flesh' at all. It seemed to me that the whole thing didn't know what it was about. And I couldn't believe in the girl I played. I couldn't believe that a woman would change so much over a single night. And all because of a revolutionist with rolls of fat hanging down from his cheeks!"

Miriam is determined not to make any more pictures like those three. She has told Paramount officials that there are not going to be any more like them. And Miriam, a very firm Miriam now, though sweet and feminine and gracious, has won her point.

The nice thing about it is that in fundamentals Miriam hasn't changed at all. She's simply sort of met herself, shaken hands with herself and found out what she wanted. If Miriam weren't honest about everything, including the friendship with her ex-husband that Hollywood chooses to gossip about; if she were willing to give up his friendship to avoid gossip, she'd escape all these stories that are flying about concerning them. But if Miriam were like that; if Miriam gave up a friend because Hollywood couldn't understand their relationship—Miriam wouldn't be Miriam.

Movies of the Month

(*Continued from page 89*)

When her brother is brought to trial for murdering her seducer there is none of this old fashioned "unwritten law" defense pleas. The girl is the final witness. She admits the liaison, upholds the seduction, and seems indifferent to her brother's fate. Her seeming coldness swerves the jury into freeing the boy.

This story is based on an actual murder case, and is considerably superior to the rank and file of courtroom dramas. It has adroit dialogue, brilliant acting and directing.

After all of those shady lady characters portrayed by Miss Twelvetrees it takes a few minutes to become accustomed to her as a girl from the Blue Book. There is no further need for this charming star to be stereotyped in pictures. She is excellent as the society miss. Robert Young brings a great deal of appeal to the brother, and Lewis Stone, Monroe Owsley, Jean Hersholt, John Miljan and Thomas Jackson all rate praise for intelligent work.

The dialogue is pretty you-know for small ears.

✓ Big City Blues (Warners)

You'll See: *Joan Blondell, Eric Linden, Inez Courtney, Evalyn Knapp, Guy Kibbee, Walter Catlett, Jobyna Howland.*

It's About: *An Indiana lad, with hayseed in his hair, finds love, tragedy and speakeasies during his first twenty-four hours in New York, where money not only talks but shouts at the top of its lungs.*

Not so much a story as a series of vignettes, "Big City Blues" is as hysterical, without being quite as effective, as New York itself. It's as modern as a Gershwin rhapsody. Mervyn LeRoy, who directed, has wisely told a dreary story rapidly. Tempo is as fast as New York traffic.

With breathless pace the picture moves through wild parties, murder, suicide, speakeasies as spacious as Madison Square Gardens (New Yorkers will smile at those mammoth speakeasies), gambling dens, police courts—and then the country boy goes back to Indiana—sadder and wiser.

Eric Linden, always an interesting young actor, as the country boy seeing the sights, and Joan Blondell, as the chorus girl who befriends him, are both fine. And what a supporting cast! Warners must have dug down into the moneybags on this picture.

✓ "Igloo" (Universal)

You'll See: *A cast of native Eskimos that would do credit to almost any dramatic school.*

It's About: *The struggle for existence in that relentless never-never land of the Arctic, where the igloo is both the home of the living and the mausoleum of the dead.*

Add to those magnificent sagas, "Grass," "Chang" and "Nanook," the name of "Igloo." Write the name in indelible ink. Here is another sweeping story of a race in its battle against the bitter cold and eternal snows of the polar regions. You may not enjoy the sight of the natives feasting on raw seal meat, and there are other rather grisly details. However, you will thrill to the sight of these same natives escaping across perilous breaking ice floes, the hero's battle with a polar bear, and the sight of huge, live walrus—food and fuel to them. There are some magnificent scenic shots of that strangely compelling land of the north.

Chee-ak, the native hero, could be a Hollywood idol. He is handsome and he can act. Kyatuk, our heroine, is a shy, appealing damsel.

✓ "Dr. X." (First National)

You'll See: *Lionel Atwill, Lee Tracy, Fay Wray, Preston Foster, Arthur Edmund Carewe, John Wray, Harry Beresford, George Rosener, Robert Warwick, Thomas Jackson and Mae Busch.*

It's About: *A series of weird murders of cannibalistic horror performed against a background of equally weird surgical appliances. A noted doctor is given just 48 hours to solve the mystery by psychological tests. Betcha won't guess who!*

If your nerves don't get a-twitter at this you may try safely a handstand on the Empire State tower. "Dr. X" is one of the shivery-est thrillers to come to the screen, and the dramatic content of the story is heightened by marvelously effective use of Technicolor. You won't understand what all those funny looking medical gadgets are for, but your blood will run cold during the spooky psychological tests. The big thrill of the picture is marred by a maniacal murderer all made up to look like Jekyll-Hyde's twin brother. One a year is enough.

Lee Tracy is grand as the reporter who mixes in these chilling proceedings, and Fay Wray supplies a big thrill besides being the love interest. Lionel Atwill gives an assured performance as the doctor who attempts to solve the mystery. There are numerous better-than-good characterizations, and it's nice to see Mae Busch again.

And, oh, yes, there's a perfectly lovely morgue in "Dr. X." You'll like this but you won't sleep for a week.

✓ Merrily We Go to Hell (Paramount)

You'll See: *Fredric March, Sylvia Sidney, Adrianne Allen and others.*

It's About: *One of these charming, roistering young reporters who falls for a blonde vamp, and almost loses the girl he's married to and who really loves him.*

So the Will Hays office let Paramount keep this title after all! And a grand thing it is too, for the title "Merrily We Go To Hell" fits the picture perfectly.

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STRAPHANGER SHOULDER STRAPS

It's about a society girl who marries a very charming reporter who has a tendency to drink too much. He goes on the water wagon for her and writes a successful play. And of course, who should be chosen to act in it but the blonde vamp who's been in his life but who had once given him the air? He's still half in love with his ideal of her and goes for her again. His wife stands for a lot of unfaithfulness, but when he kisses the vamp at a party, she walks out on him. Of course, that's the very moment he realizes how much he really loves his own wife. The picture has two utterly delightful performances, by Fredric March and Sylvia Sidney.

Swell shot: Fredric March sliding all over a slippery floor in Sylvia's society mansion.

Adrianne Allen as the vamp isn't so hot, but you won't mind. You'll be too busy watching Fredric March.

✓ The Red Headed Woman (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer)

You'll See: *Jean Harlow, Chester Morris, Lewis Stone, Leila Hyams, Una Merkel, Charles Boyer and Harvey Clark.*

It's About: *Well, read the fictionization in this issue.*

Someone remarked, after viewing the preview of "The Red Headed Woman," that Jean Harlow gives the sexiest performance since Clara Bow scorched the screen in "It." Maybe they're right. Certainly the platinum lady, turned titian for this rôle, doesn't miss a trick. In comparison Circe was a Girl Scout.

If you read the book by Katharine Brush, you will be amazed at some of the things that go on in the picture. Things like shootings, hysterical bedroom scenes, hot kisses in a telephone booth (did y'ever!). Originally the novel was a character study, but now it is a tale of action and comedy. Very torrid action and very funny comedy.

Of course Jean Harlow is attractive as the rather objectionable man-chaser. Despite her unpleasant rôle you can't help having a sneaking admiration for her.

You'll like Chester Morris. He makes a real character out of the husband. Una Merkel, as the hair-dresser girl friend, contributes some lovely dry humor. And take a good look at Charles Boyer, who walks away with the red headed woman in the end.

There's never a dull moment. Wear your asbestos suit, and don't bring the kiddies.

Roar of the Dragon (Radio)

You'll See: *Richard Dix, Gwili Andre, Edward Everett Horton, Arline Judge, ZaSu Pitts, Dudley Digges, C. Henry Gordon, Arthur Stone.*

It's About: *A white captain of a Chinese river boat (of all things) is called upon to do some fancy rescuing of passengers during that late unpleasantness in China. It's filled with machine guns, international intrigue and a lot of oriental "local color."*

Just to paraphrase a bit, the picture comes in like the roar of a dragon, and goes out like a bleating lamb—which is no way for a self-respecting dragon to act. The critter just turns up his toes and dies 'long about the fifth reel.

It's pretty confused on the whole, but unless you have hardening of the arteries the blood will flow a little faster during the big thrill sequences. The scenes where the white refugees barricade themselves in a hotel and gamble desperately for their very lives is far from being dull.

Perhaps the chief interest in "Roar of the Dragon" is in the first screen appearance of Gwili Andre. Undoubtedly she will be compared to Marlene Dietrich. In appearance she is not unlike the German lady and even the voice is slightly reminiscent. Andre is beautiful, and if she lacks the fire of a Garbo or Dietrich, successive pictures may remedy that.

Richard Dix is impressive as the river captain, but somehow no performance stands out in the picture.

The Man From Yesterday (Paramount)

You'll See: *Claudette Colbert, Clive Brook, Charles Boyer, Andy Devine, Alan Mowbray, Yola D'Avril, Barbara Leonard and Ronald Cosby.*

It's About: *A nurse who marries a young English officer. Officer hubby goes back to the front and is reported dead. Wifie decides to marry again and then—but why didn't you stop me? You've heard that story.*

For some reason or other "The Man From Yesterday," despite the valiant efforts of Claudette Colbert, Clive Brook and Charles Boyer, just refuses to jell. With the great war as a background it starts out interestingly enough; but before it is half through it wanders helplessly, and finally gets lost completely.

Somehow it seems awfully inconsiderate of these husbands to keep showing up after the widow is all through weeping and everything. Claudette Colbert does a lot of suffering, sometimes effectively, as the wife who wants to become a wife again. Clive Brook has a woodenly thankless part as the grim, broken husband. Charles Boyer breathes life into his characterization of the doctor who loves the lady, and Andy Devine, with no comedy material, by some herculean accomplishment, is funny anyway.

Oh, it ends too beautifully.

How Much Should a Woman Sacrifice to Hold Her Husband's Love?

This is the big problem that faces Ruth Chatterton in her next picture, "The Crash." We think it will be the finest picture Ruth has ever made and we are running the story of it, dramatic, compelling, romantic, in the next issue of Movie Mirror. Don't miss it!

More Moore

(Continued from page 45)

with Colleen's faculty of winning and holding friendship.

But the bottom dropped out of the world for her. All at once she had nothing to do, and $3,500,000 to do it with. Colleen and John were happy while they were working together. With nothing to do small annoyances became huge barriers to further understanding. They would separate, come back together, only to part again. Against her religious principles, and undoubtedly, against the dictates of her heart, Colleen got a divorce.

She has told me of this time, the unhappiest period of her life.

"It seems to me that I was scarcely a sane person at that time," she said. "I made one mistake after another. Nothing that I did seemed to be right."

One of her greatest mistakes was going on the stage in the particular play which she chose. If you ask her today why she did such a thing she can offer no excuse or explanation. The play selected was an unpleasant sex drama. Colleen, who had always been the pure heroine on the screen, the favorite of children, now descended to cheap vulgarity.

"I used to see mothers bring their children into the theater to see me," she said, "and I felt like telling them please not to come. It wasn't a fit thing for children to see. After every performance I felt that I should give them back their money."

It was an unpleasant experience, but it lasted only two months. During that time, however, Colleen did learn a great deal about the world of the stage. She played one night stands, and she went into towns that had not seen a legitimate stage attraction in fifteen years.

"I played in everything but tents and showboats," she laughed. "One night we played in a basketball court. Another night we played in a huge auditorium. That theater had bad acoustics, and no one had the slightest idea what we were saying. That audience didn't know how lucky it was."

ALL bad dreams end eventually and the play closed. It never got as far as New York.

"Thank heaven," breathed Colleen, fervently.

After that she just had a good time. Pleasure was good for her. She had worked constantly since she was a girl of sixteen. She took an apartment in New York. She went to parties, attended concerts and the theater. She went to Palm Beach. She made a flying trip to Hollywood, but Hollywood made her unhappy then.

"You must work if you are to be happy in Hollywood," she explained. "The town lives only for that one industry. You feel so out of it if you aren't busy."

So, for two years she stayed away from the town where she had been the great star. Her lovely home was rented. She lived in a New York apartment. She met Al Scott, a young New York bond broker, good looking and devoted to her, and she discovered that she could fall in love again. Early this spring they were married.

In January of this year I saw Colleen in New York. She told me she would never return to pictures. She is so honest with herself and everybody else that I believed her. I do believe even now that she thought she could be happy just doing nothing. But Colleen was never "cut out" for the rôle of rich "play girl."

Henry Duffy, the west coast stage producer, made Colleen an offer for a play while she was on her honeymoon in Palm Beach. It was for "The Church Mouse." She had been enthusiastic about the play when she had seen it in New York. The honeymoon was cut short and Colleen returned post haste to Hollywood.

I'll never forget that opening night. I have never seen an audience so eager for a star to succeed. The air was electric with good will. The theater was packed with her friends. Almost every player with whom she had ever worked was on hand. I counted seventeen directors who at one time or another had wielded the megaphone over Colleen Moore productions. Her first appearance on the stage brought a thunderous ovation. She says she was so nervous she could hardly stand, but it wasn't in the least obvious to her audience. That night she proved that she was an accomplished actress.

After that opening night three companies made her offers of contracts. She accepted the offer from M-G-M.

M-G-M promises that Colleen's return to the silver screen will be "right." They feel that there is a definite place for her in the studios, and in their organization in particular. She is different from Garbo, Norma Shearer or Joan Crawford. She is the girl whom people know and understand.

"Even if the flapper still existed," said Colleen, "I wouldn't want to go back to her. I used to be so weary of her. After 'Flaming Youth' that flapper was always with me. I didn't mind it so much through 'Sally,' 'Irene' and 'We Moderns,' but afterward it got monotonous. My favorite picture has always been 'So Big.' I had a real acting rôle in that.

"I made so many pictures, too. Even at the last I was making four pictures a year. It wasn't easy to get good stories when the type of the leading character always remained the same."

The new contract with M-G-M does not specify any number of pictures. She will be cast only when the rôle is worthy of her.

AS we sat and talked in the pleasant sunroom of her house, looking across the gardens to the swimming pool, I thought I had never seen her happier. She was like the old Colleen I knew five years ago when she was riding the crest of the wave. She was tired and worn when she left the screen. She looked years older than her actual age. Now, nearing thirty, young for the screen heroines of today, she is eager to begin over again.

And she's coming back as a real actress, not a synthetic personality. Not the pure white symbol of purity—not a bad girl—but as a human being.

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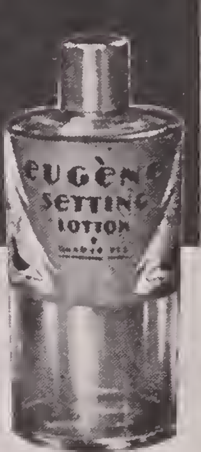

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Gangsters Were His Pals

(*Continued from page* 36)

stealers. George stole the picture from them all as the racketeer who was on the make for Miriam. "Dancers in the Dark" was released before "Scarface," and got George his big chance. Right after it was released he got offers from three picture studios. He signed a seven year contract with Paramount. Now Paramount has big plans for him, and stardom is just around the corner.

George Raft accepts it all as just another adventure in the game of life. He's the sort of person who likes to try everything.

He's dark, swarthy and very Latin in appearance. You've probably noticed his resemblance to the late Rudolph Valentino. His life crosses at several points with that of Valentino.

George was born about twenty-nine years ago in the Tenderloin district of New York, on Forty-first Street, between Ninth and Tenth Avenue.

George Raft is his real name. His friends call him "The Black Snake" and sometimes "Jigie" because of the kind of dance he does. It's a hot-cha dance with a wiggle.

His father was in the amusement business and was also superintendent of Wanamaker's warehouse.

Until he was nine George grew up in the Tenderloin district. As a kid he belonged to the Goofers' gang, run by Owney Madden. Owney Madden's name is a Power in the underworld today.

George's earliest ambition was to be a baseball player. School probably gave him a pain in the neck. He'd learned so many things that weren't in books that the things that were in books didn't seem to matter. He got as far as the seventh grade and then quit.

"I didn't want to be a great lawyer or anything," he explains, "so I didn't see any use in continuing my education."

George's first job was as an electrician's helper at $4 a week.

George worked at this for about six months, and then the desire to do something new got him again.

"I had a yen to drive horses," he said. "Driving a horse and wagon was all the rage then. I got a job driving a wagon for Butler Brothers, the grocery people. Some one said the word for me, and got me in right. I even had a helper—and let him do all the work."

George spent about four or five months at this job, and then he got another yen. Driving a one-horse wagon wasn't enough to satisfy a man's ambition forever. He wanted to become a prize fighter. With George wanting a thing was almost equivalent to doing it, for sure enough he became a prize fighter. He fought in about twenty-two battles, and he and his friends still laugh about the kind of prize fighter he made.

"I hardly ever won a fight," he confesses. "Oh, I did win a few, but when I got licked, I *really* got licked."

About this time George got the idea that he'd like to be a dancer. He used to go up quite often to the Dance D'Hiver, a dance ballroom in New York. He was just a patron of the place, not a professional dancer at all, but he got to know the people who ran it. Once in a while he'd clown a bit, do a dance alone. One time the management asked him to do his dance to entertain the people at the Dance D'Hiver. It went off well.

George Raft never went to a dancing school in his life and never had a dancing lesson, but he was a natural born hoofer. He learned all about dancing by watching other people. So it isn't surprising that somewhere about this time in his career he got a job as a dancing partner at a café called Murray's. He got $2 an afternoon. The word "gigolo" was unknown in those days and George would rather people didn't use that word in connection with the work he did.

He was a dancing partner at Rector's, Churchill's and other cafés. It was at Rector's that he first met Valentino, who was also a dancing partner in those days. He wasn't Valentino, yet, of course, and he wasn't famous. He was Rudolfo Guglielmi (his real name) then, and the boys knew him simply as Rudolph.

Later they lost sight of him and didn't know he'd gone into the movies to become world famous. While Guglielmi was establishing a name as Valentino, George Raft was becoming known as a professional hoofer. He hoofed it at Jimmy Durante's club, the El Fay Club, Texas Guinan's night club, and others.

One day George Raft went to see a picture called "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse." The name billed in huge electric lights was VALENTINO. George didn't know till the picture started that Valentino was the name of the boy who'd been a dancing partner at Rector's.

When Valentino came back to New York he was world famous. George Raft was just a hoofer. But Valentino saw him dancing and remembered him.

"Why don't you go out to California, George," he asked, "and break into pictures? There's a part in my next picture as my brother that I'd like you to play."

But Valentino never made that picture. He died about a week later.

George eventually went out to California. While he was there he became interested in a girl; confesses that he was in love with her. She, undoubtedly, was the reason he came back again and again to California. But that love story is a thing of the past; what happened to break it up I don't know, but I do know that the girl, who was in pictures then, is married now—to another man.

The story of how George Raft broke into pictures sounds like a Hollywood myth, but George personally assures me that it's true.

George was sitting at the Brown Derby lunching. Into the Brown Derby came Rowland Brown, the director, with the late Freddie Sheets, an actor.

Rowland was looking for a sleek gangster type at the time for the picture, "Quick Millions." He saw George sitting there, suave and dark and smooth. To Sheets he said, "There's the type I'm looking for. Go over and ask that kid how he'd like a chance to act."

Freddie Sheets went over to George's

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table and talked to him a bit, found out the kind of work he'd been doing. And so George was signed up for his first picture, "Quick Millions." In it he played Spencer Tracy's lieutenant, a part similar to his recent rôle in "Scarface." Today both Spencer Tracy and George are on the way up.

Paramount has bought for George "Single Night," the Bromfield story which the movie companies almost murdered each other to get. It's the story of a speakeasy proprietor who falls hard for a girl who has grown very tired of life and in her loneliness is ready to commit suicide. The man had been at one time a café entertainer, an ex-prize fighter.

George Raft is wild about the story. He, too, has been a café entertainer, an ex-prize fighter. The story's about the kind of people he knows. I believe the rôle will be the making of him.

Apart from being a motion picture actor, George Raft is a decidedly interesting personality. He says that if he's had any success he owes it mostly to two people: Owney Madden and George French. Both names are well known in the underworld. George belonged, you remember, to Owney's gang as a kid. These two men did for him, he says, the most that any human beings can do for another: they believed in him. They financed him when he was in California, before he broke into the movies.

Rumor has it that George Raft was once bodyguard to a famous gangster. Asked about it he says "No-o-o" after a little hesitation.

Other things in his career he denies a little more belligerently. He has read that he was once Rudolph Valentino's stand-in or double, an amazing rumor in view of the fact that he didn't go into the movies until about a year and a half ago. He has read that what he wants to play is a lover part. The time he read it was the first time he knew about it.

Hollywood has rumored him with "Peanuts" Byron, Billie Dove and others. Asked if any of these things are serious, he says no and starts talking in generalities.

About women he says, "Every woman has charm for some man." He's perfectly willing to tell you how wonderful women are, but if you ask him if he's married, "Married?" he says, "not yet, thank heaven."

He's that amazing and dangerous combination, a man who looks like a woman's man, but has a man's point of view about things.

When he speaks of having been in love with that girl in California, he says it in a deprecatory manner, as though it were a sort of weakness.

His real hobbies are baseball, prize fights and football. Night clubs are his pet extravagance. He smokes cigarettes. There's no food he likes as much as a good steak. For a guy who traces all his success to Owney Madden and George French, he has a funny pet aversion: he hates the taste of liquor.

For those who like statistics, he's five feet ten and a half inches tall and weighs 155 pounds.

He has a great future. Though he looks like Valentino, he's carving out a very different sort of niche for himself on the screen.

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The Red Headed Woman

(*Continued from page* 65)

"We're in each other's blood," Lil told Bill, heedless of the hatred with which he looked at her. "Nothing on earth can keep us apart."

But Bill didn't even hear her. He was leaping up the stairs, three at a time, after Irene.

IT was, of course, short-sighted of Bill to follow Lil to her flat that night to insist she leave town. In his rage he exposed himself to a proximity that had proved undermining to him. The attraction Lil exerted over Bill affected him like a fever. As Lil herself had said, she was in his blood. She robbed him of all resistance. She benumbed his head and his heart with which he loved Irene.

It was midnight when he went to her, seething with his anger. It was dawn when he left her, crushed with self-loathing, but more than ever her slave.

Irene, of course, divorced him. Later, however, when she learned he was drinking; that he looked ill and unkempt, she went to him. There was no court in the world that could sever the bond between these two.

"You mustn't come in," Bill told her, opening the door himself. "Lil and I were married last night."

Irene gave Bill her hand. She wished him happiness. And for a long time after she had gone, his heart ached intolerably. Until he mixed himself a strong drink and sought Lil, as an addict seeks a drug.

Lil might be Mrs. William Legendre, Junior, but it was Irene who continued to occupy the high place in Renwood society to which Bill's wife was entitled. Irene was listed on all the charity committees from which Lil's name was absent. She was invited to all the family dinners to which Lil was not asked. And when C. B. Gaerste, the Coal King, and the biggest customer of the Legendre firm, visited Renwood it was Irene, not Lil, who sat beside him at the great banquet given in his honor.

All of this infuriated Lil. She wasn't nearly as happy in her new rôle as she had anticipated. Even the big house which Bill had bought her and which she had furnished so lavishly didn't please her. She knew Bill didn't like it. It was only when he held her in an embrace that she could beguile him into saying as flattering things about the way she had decorated it as she wished to hear.

"Why can't we get Gaerste for dinner?" she asked Bill for about the twentieth time one evening. She was lying in his arms, wearing a negligée of black velvet and transparent silver tissue. Her hand stroked his arm. She kept her lips, half-parted, temptingly close to his. Thus she had a much better chance of gaining her point. It was by her body, Lil knew, that she ruled Bill. By her body and by her temper. She also had discovered that Bill would agree to almost anything to avoid a scene.

"Don't worry your beautiful red head about old Gaerste!" Bill kissed the lobe of Lil's pink ear. "He's a frozen old New Englander. What if he won't dine with us here? What does it matter?"

He spoke sincerely enough. With Lil in his arms Bill never could concern himself about anything else. Spasmodically his passion still burned high.

It mattered to Lil, however. And she proceeded to do something about it. She had ways and means which Bill lacked. Ways and means which had served her well ever since she had started growing up.

"Straight-laced New Englander, hey?" she laughed when that very same week she found herself in C. B. Gaerste's suite at the hotel, with C. B. Gaerste's arm about her. For in the coal king Lil recognized a man who long had taken love where he found it.

"You should have told me you were Bill's wife," Gaerste rebuked her. But when she turned limpid eyes and a touching smile upon him his voice softened.

"Married to a dozen Bills," she said softly, slowly, "I couldn't resist you, 'C. B.' I've watched you on your visits to Renwood for years even though you never knew I existed. And between times I've dreamed about you . . ."

IT was later, when Gaerste's dinner guests were announced from downstairs and Lil was about to leave, that she delivered her ultimatum. His guests, she knew from the social columns of the local paper, included all those people who accepted Irene and ignored her, including the Legendres.

"I want you to do something for me," she told him.

"What?" he asked. "What, Red?"

"I want you to invite your guests to a dinner party at my home in your honor. Next Thursday . . ."

"But I can't do that!" Gaerste was appalled at the very thought of such a thing.

Now Lil's smile and eyes were menacing rather than melting. "I'll be listening at the door," she told him. "If you don't ask them within five minutes I'll show you how good I am at making scenes."

He asked them, of course. And, of course, they accepted. He wasn't a man they could afford to offend.

And so on the following Thursday Lil sat at the head of her table, hostess to the most select residents of Renwood, including the Legendres and C. B. Gaerste himself. She was triumphant. She knew the dinner was correct. She had let Bill order it and see about the wines. After all Bill was versed in such things. She was just learning. And she didn't propose to risk any fiasco this time.

Again and again Lil rehearsed the reporter from the local paper regarding all the dinner details, regarding the flowers, the guests, her gown from Lanvin . . .

Then, standing at her drawing-room window, watching her guests who had left much earlier than she had expected they would, Lil faced a Waterloo. She saw her guests trail across the street to Irene Legendre's house. And the next evening the local paper reported the surprise party given Irene Legendre on the front page while a brief mention of Lil's dinner was buried somewhere among the advertisements.

"I want to get out of this hick town," she stormed at Bill. "I want to go to New York!"

C. B. Gaerste had returned to New York on the midnight train after Lil's dinner. His fortune and position were greater than the Legendre's. And Lil was on her way up. She had to prove to the world—and herself—that while she had been born in a shanty on the wrong side of the tracks she didn't belong there.

It was after Bill had seen Lil on the train that his father called him into his office. To hand him a handkerchief in one corner of which "Lil" was embroidered in silk the color of her hair.

"I found it on the sofa in 'C. B.'s' suite the night he requested we attend the dinner you and Lil gave for him," Legendre Senior said.

"Why didn't you give it to me before?" Bill demanded.

"It would have been useless while she was around," his father told him. "It's been over a year, I think, since you've been quite sane."

"I've had moments when I've loathed myself," Bill said bitterly. "I imagine I was sane enough then."

WITHIN one week a detective agency submitted to Bill a detailed report regarding Lil and Gaerste as well as Lil and Gaerste's chauffeur which gave him enough evidence for ten divorces. He took his report to Gaerste.

"No fool like an old one," Gaerste admitted. "She told me you two were all through, about to be divorced. I don't think I'd have done what I did otherwise. But I'm not sure . . .

"Don't go feeling too badly about your infatuation, my boy. I've been around in my time. And I've never met her equal before. Why . . . why I was even ready to marry her myself!

"Get your divorce, Bill. Give her some money if it will make you feel any better. Not that she needs it. Even if she has been keeping my handsome chauffeur as a gigolo. I've been—er—rather generous with her myself."

When Lil realized Bill really was through she flew into one of her blind rages and attempted to shoot him. The Legendres were horrified at the scandal this caused in the papers. After that she disappeared. Bill refused to prosecute. He was concerned only with getting his divorce so he could remarry Irene. And because Bill had recovered from his mad love fever Irene Legendre's gray eyes were happy again.

They saw the red headed woman only once after that. When they were in Europe, watching the races at Longchamps. A Marquis had just presented Lil with his horse which had won the first race. A Marquis rich as Croesus, with an international reputation as a Don Juan, and not nearly as young as he hoped he looked.

"She's blazed a spectacular trail with her flaming red hair, hasn't she?" asked Irene.

"Poor devil!" said Bill feelingly. He was referring to Lil's fatuous Marquis.

ONLY *genuine Maybelline can give you truly alluring eyes*

Dark, long-appearing, luxuriant, sweeping lashes. What a difference they *do* make! They transform eyes into brilliant, flashing, bewitching pools of alluring loveliness—wonderfully expressive.

But such lashes seldom come by birthright. They must be acquired. The NEW Maybelline gives the desired natural effect *instantly*. With perfect ease too, and without smarting the eyes or smearing. It's tear-proof. Moreover, its continued use tends to stimulate lash growth, ever adding to the actual beauty of the eyes as time goes on. Obtain a package of the NEW Maybelline. Black or brown, 75c at any toilet goods counter. You'll see, after trial, why millions always insist upon the genuine. Perfectly harmless. Send ten cents and coupon for Trial Size.

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☐ Black ☐ Brown

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Address ______________________

Purse size for trial 10c. For sale at all the leading 5c & 10c stores.

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NON-SMARTING • TEAR-PROOF

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Your Protection—against irritation—against cough

TUNE IN ON LUCKY STRIKE — 60 modern minutes with the world's finest dance orchestras, and famous Lucky Strike features, every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday evening over N. B. C. networks.

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The American
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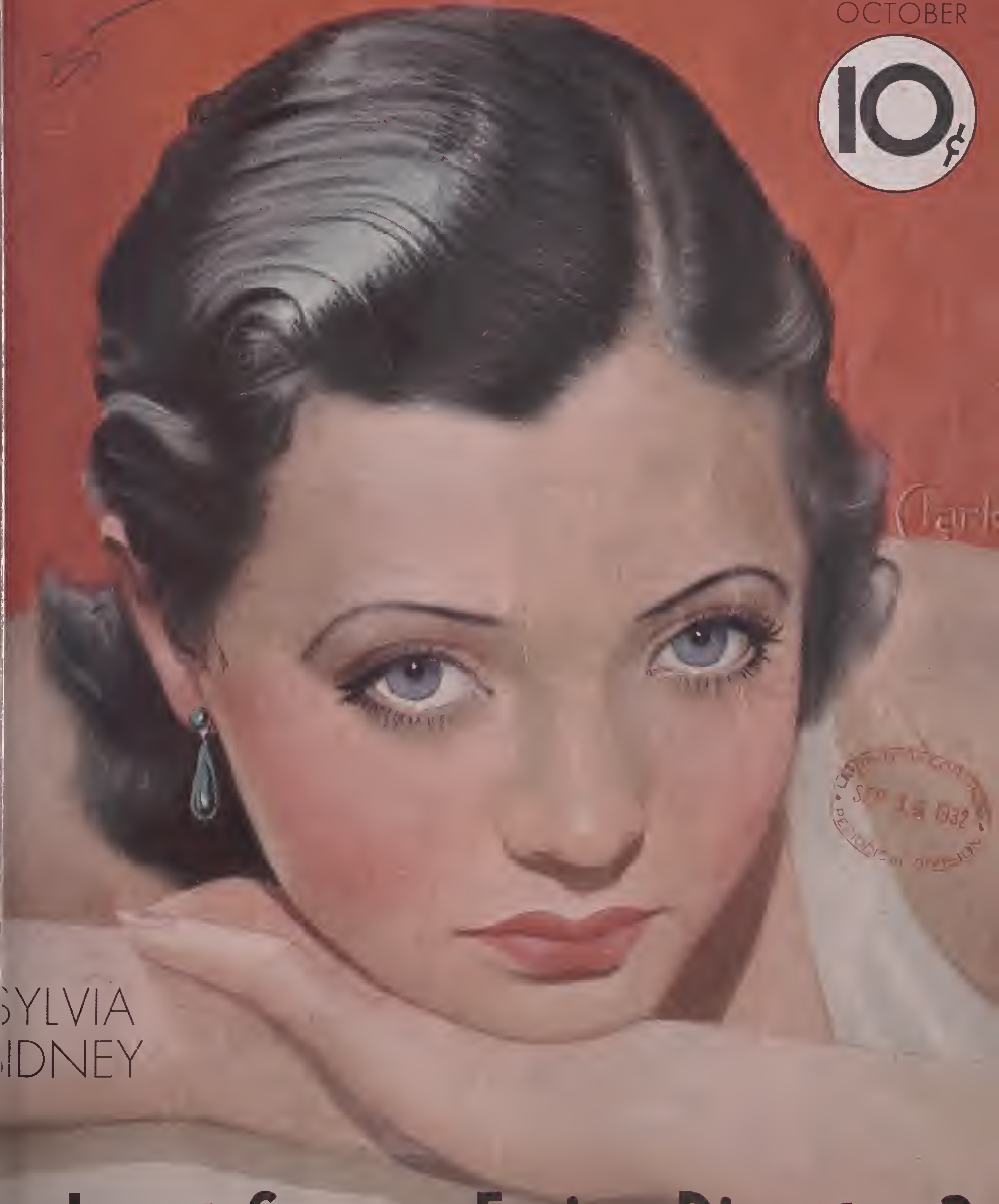
Movie Mirror

FILMLAND'S MOST BEAUTIFUL MAGAZINE

OCTOBER

10¢



SYLVIA
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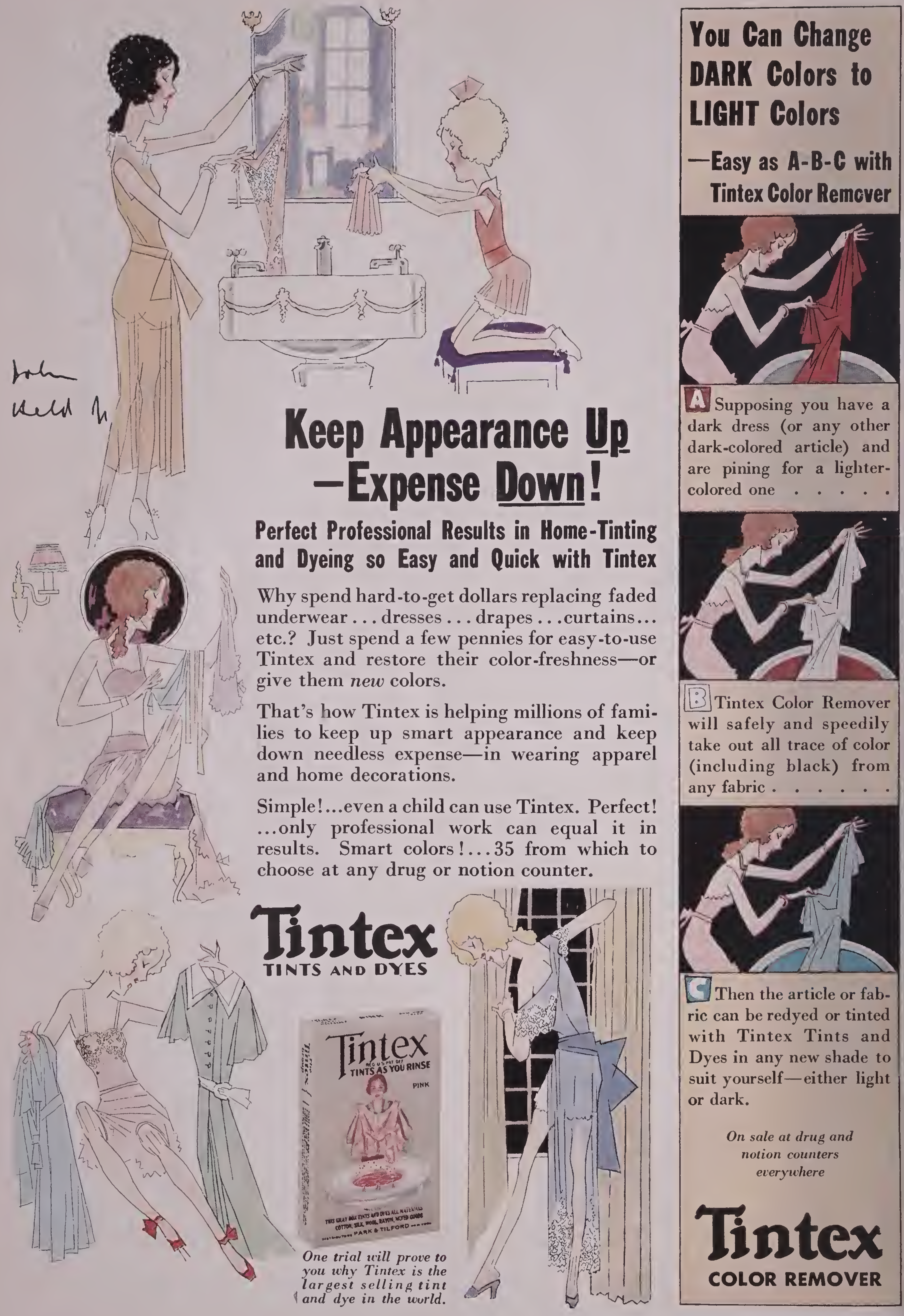
s Janet Gaynor Facing Disaster ?



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On sale at drug and notion counters everywhere

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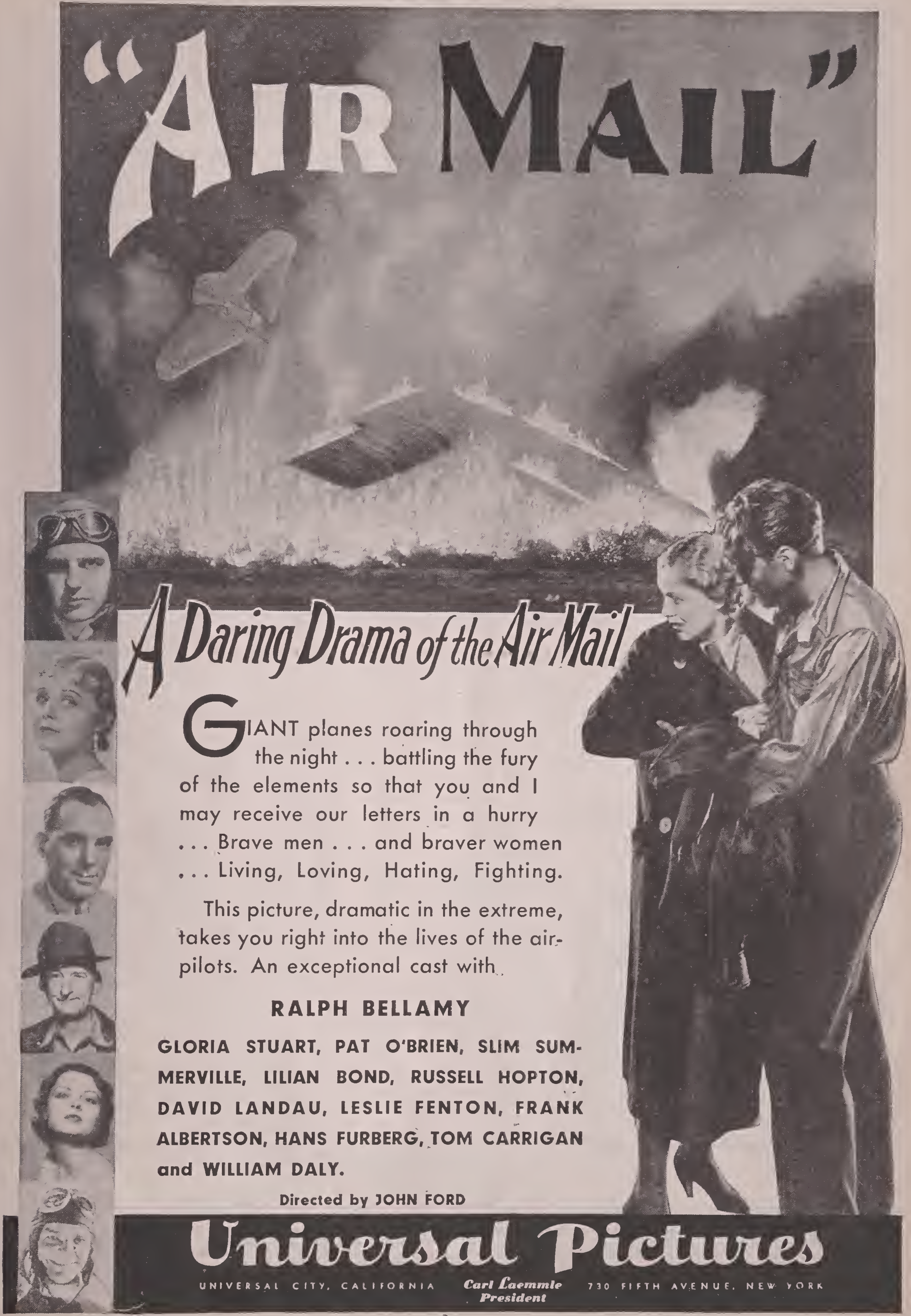
COLOR REMOVER



"AIR MAIL"

A Daring Drama of the Air Mail

GIANT planes roaring through the night . . . battling the fury of the elements so that you and I may receive our letters in a hurry . . . Brave men . . . and braver women . . . Living, Loving, Hating, Fighting.

This picture, dramatic in the extreme, takes you right into the lives of the air-pilots. An exceptional cast with

RALPH BELLAMY

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Directed by JOHN FORD

Universal Pictures

UNIVERSAL CITY, CALIFORNIA

Carl Laemmle
President

730 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

SEP -8 1932
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Movie Mirror

FILMLAND'S MOST BEAUTIFUL MAGAZINE

VOL. 2, No. 6

OCTOBER, 1932

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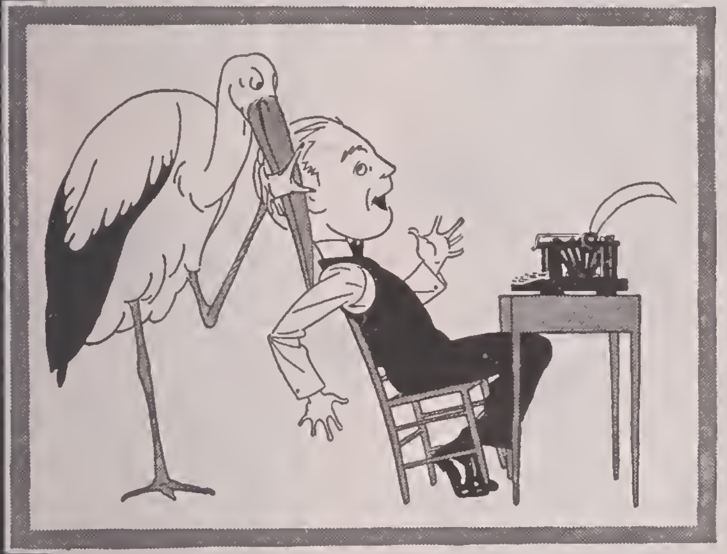
Here it is! The scandalous comedy of a scandal columnist who rose FROM A KEYHOLE TO A NATIONAL INSTITUTION

He has bedroom eyes—
and a nose for news . . .

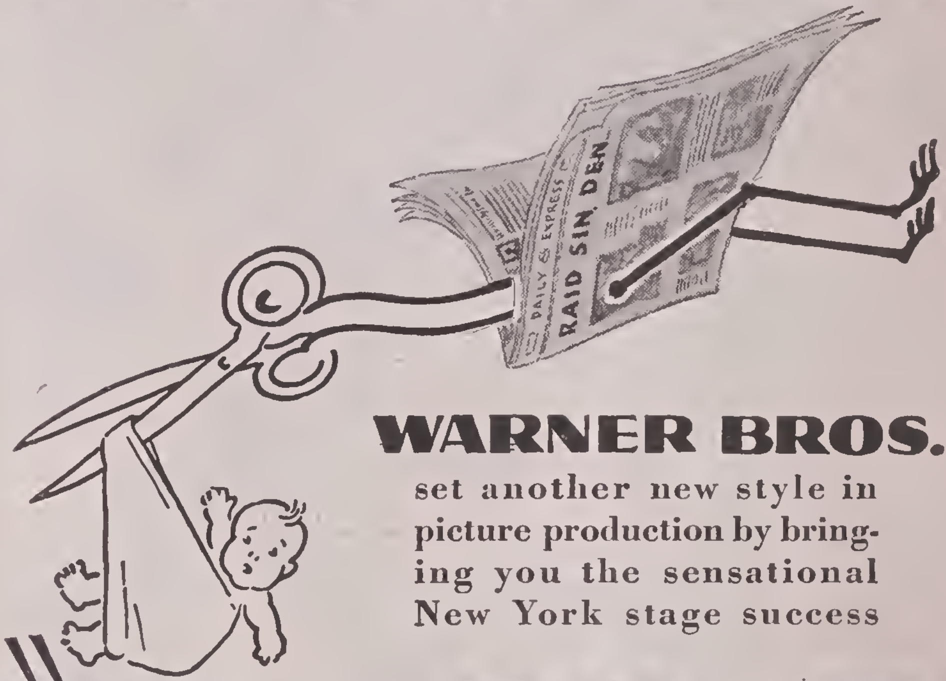


Predicts babies like the weather
bureau predicts the weather . . .

ANOTHER HEAT WAVE!
PLENTY OH OH!
HE'S HER MONEY HONEY!
ON FIRE!
VEDDY VOOM-VOOM

Sells scandal by the square inch—and
cleans up in the shock market . . .

Sees all — knows all—
and tells everything!


DAILY EXPRESS
RAID SIN DEN

WARNER BROS.
set another new style in picture production by bringing you the sensational New York stage success

"BLESSED EVENT"

with LEE TRACY . . . MARY BRIAN
DICK POWELL
Directed by ROY DEL RUTH

The private life of the man who abolished privacy...The lowdown on the Gossip King whose name bounced from Broadway 'round the world!...Take the *Los Angeles Times'* word for it—"it's the best screen entertainment seen in many a day" . . . By all means watch for your theatre's announcement of this great hit.

The famous Longacre Theatre where New York crowded to pay $3.30 a seat to see "Blessed Event"

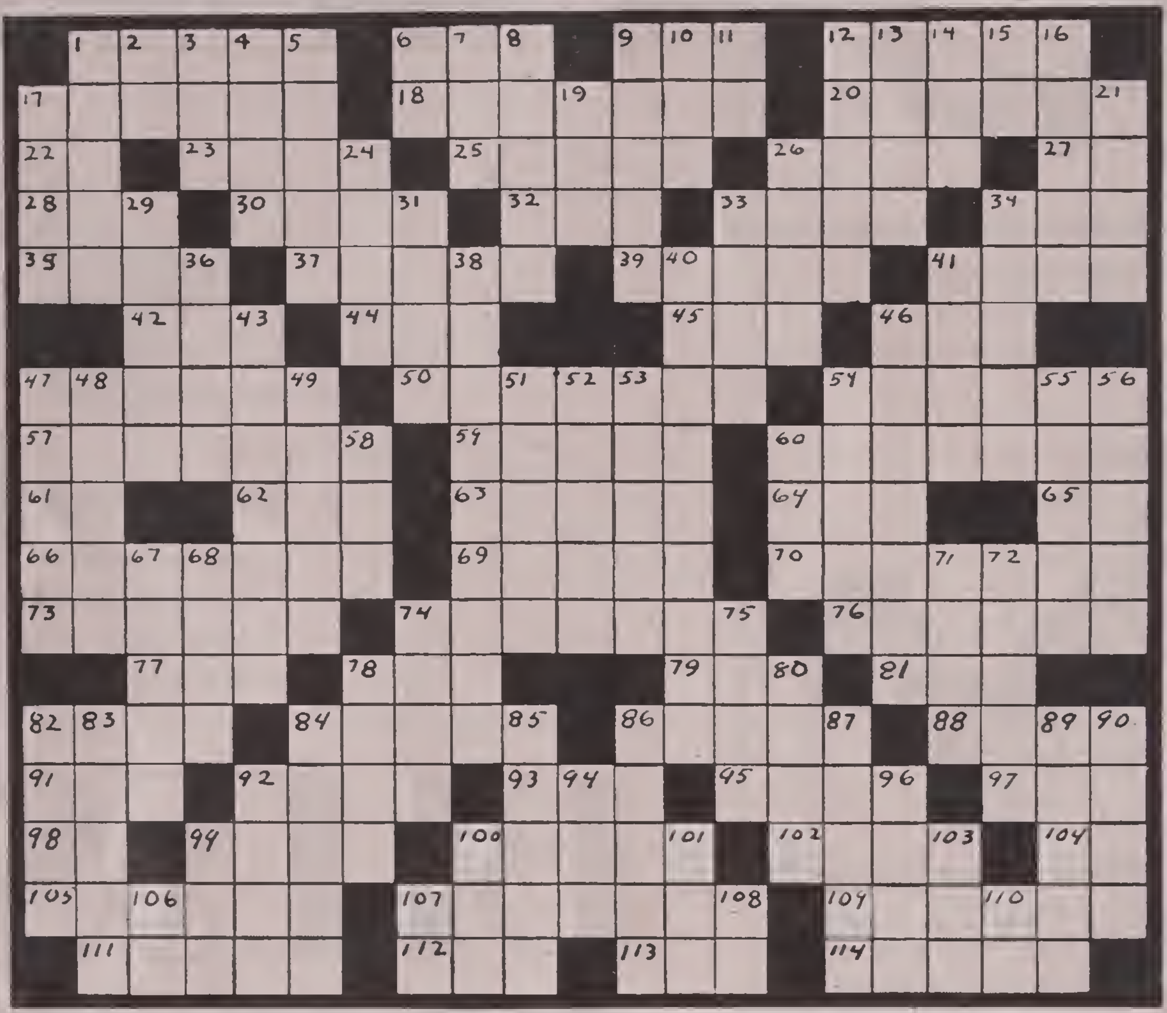
BLESSED EVENT

WARNER BROS.
will bring you the new season's biggest thrills!

MOVIE-FAN'S CROSSWORD PUZZLE

By Alma Talley

38 Down



47 Across

26 Across

55 Down

ACROSS

1 M-G-M's most popular male star.
6 Lamp used in making pictures.
9 Water barrier.
12 Square measurements.
17 Biblical hero who went in the lions' den.
18 Garbo's German rival.
20 The girl "Scarface" loved.
22 Either.
23 The mother of Ben Lyon's baby.
25 Large spring flower.
26 Mrs. Doug, Jr.
27 Ma's husband.
28 Recede, as the tide.
30 What the crowds do at a James Cagney film.
32 Star of "Westward Passage".
33 Fruit skin.
34 What crows would do in a talking film.
35 Something to wash with.
37 Ruin, like a boat.
39 The ex-Mrs. Grant Withers.
41 To summon.
42 Nothing.
44 The M-G-M lion.
45 To annoy.
46 A grown-up boy.
47 Star of "Taxi" and "The Crowd Roars".
50 Tied together.
54 Mrs. Bill Powell.
57 Military storehouse.
59 Animal track.
60 The girl in "Tarzan."
61 Pa's life-long girl friend.
62 Arid.
63 Mary Brian's home state.
64 What an airplane flies through.
65 The pronoun Clara Bow made famous.
66 What presidents do.
69 To get up.
70 Co-star with Lew Cody in silents.
73 Silks.
74 Made into law.
76 Pertaining to the eyes.
77 Toothless old woman.
78 Dry—said of wine.
79 To steal.
81 Greek letter.
82 Stalk of a plant.
84 Asiatic country.
86 Star who was widowed in airplane accident; now remarried.
88 Winter rain.
91 Neither.
92 Lupe's ex-boy friend.
93 Universal's leading male star.
95 Let it stand.
97 A song for two people.
98 Nearby.
99 An actor's rôle.
100 A leather strip.
102 Leading man in a movie.
104 Toward.
105 Ruth Chatterton's favorite leading man.
107 Mrs. Irving Thalberg.
109 Ruth Chatterton's husband.
111 Lustre.
112 Over, contraction.
113 Female sheep.
114 A cowboy ropes this in a Western film.

DOWN

1 Our great Swedish favorite.
2 Article.
3 What we tie around baby's neck.
4 Ogle, as the villains do.
5 A joint in the arm.
6 Exist.
7 Knock.
8 Harsh noise, as of a rusty hinge.
9 The "other man" in "Private Lives".
10 One of many.
11 An actor's favorite word.
12 Amid.
13 A street.
14 Sea eagle.
15 Our most famous mammy singer.
16 Part of a flower.
17 Accomplishes.
19 The late star of a "Thousand Faces".
21 Small boat or yacht.
24 An English title.
26 Persistent bad luck (slang).
29 Kind of hair-cut across the forehead.
31 To smell strongly of.
33 Regretted.
34 Small boat the Indians used.
36 Evergreen tree.
38 The star who married Gloria's Marquis.
40 Foremen.
41 Famous "mother" actress in silent films (played in "Over the Hill").
43 Loaning.
46 Paramount's singing French star.
47 Temporary homes made of tents.
48 Brazilian macaw.
49 Measurements by which dress goods are sold.
51 Where Lawrence Tibbett worked before going in movies.
52 Poisonous.
53 Bread is fixed this way for breakfast.
54 Famous city in Egypt.
55 Mrs. Phil Berg, M-G-M leading lady.
56 To come into.
58 A corrosive, used for cleaning drains.
60 Chart.
67 An anaesthetic.
68 Asiatic country, famous for freak twins.
71 Hard shelled fruits.
72 Your thyroid is this.
74 Weird.
75 Periods, or designs on dress goods.
78 To classify.
80 Referring to two persons or things.
82 Hidden obstruction.
83 Carries (slang).
84 First name of 20 across.
85 To change.
86 To have knowledge of.
87 Coral formations.
89 The opposite of inner.
90 Courts, as the hero does the heroine.
92 Green plum.
94 Noteworthy period.
96 A horse's pace.
99 Before (prefix).
100 The girl friend of "He".
101 Church bench.
103 Native mineral.
106 Exclamation.
107 Thus.
108 Concerning.
110 Part of to be.

The answer to last month's puzzle is on page 77. The answer to this puzzle will appear next month.

UNASHAMED
to be kissed
UNAFRAID
to be loved

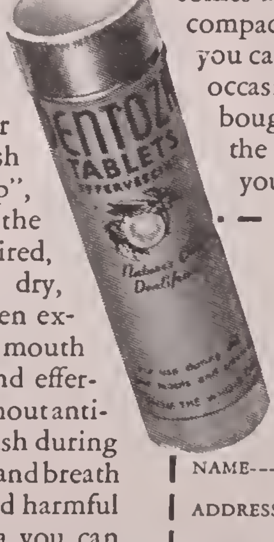
Are you confident of your allure ... are you unafraid of love?

New discovery banishes harmful antiseptics and mouth washes—assures sweet clean mouth *at all times*

ARE you sure of yourself—of the admiration of your friends? Are you confident of your allure, your attraction for the opposite sex? Are you ready when love comes—with a breath sweet and clean, teeth white and sparkling, your mouth as fresh as a morning in May?

A new discovery, which does away with ordinary mouth washes, is now yours! A discovery which, carried daintily in your purse or pocket, enables you to "clean your teeth" as many times a day as you wish—in the office, on the street, in a taxicab—*wherever* you happen to be! For now comes Dentoza, the remarkable new triple-action orange mouth treatment, in handy tablet form!

Dentoza is more than a deodorant—more than a breath tablet—more than just a dentifrice. Dentoza is new, different, definitely and essentially a *treatment*. While ordinary mouth washes merely *mask* an unhealthy mouth condition, Dentoza *corrects* and *rectifies!* It cleans your mouth in three essential ways: effervescing between your teeth, keeping them white and sparkling—activating your mouth glands, tissues and gums with the vitamin orange elements—neutralizing your breath with natural orange. For Dentoza is actually made from whole, fresh, sun-ripened oranges . . . skin, pulp, juice, seeds. It is Nature's method of maintaining mouth health! First thing in the morning, slip two or three Dentoza tablets into your mouth. Chew them up. Then brush your teeth. Feel your mouth "wake up", glow with vital health. Then during the day—after eating, when your voice is tired, when your mouth and throat feel dry, between dances, after smoking, when exercising—chew or dissolve in your mouth a Dentoza tablet. Feel it bubble and effervesce and *vitalize*. Dentoza alone without antiseptics, even without your tooth-brush during the day, keeps your mouth and teeth and breath sweet and clean, free from mucine and harmful film. Once you start using Dentoza you can be unafraid to be kissed—unafraid to be loved.



Only 10¢

Dentoza is so easy to buy, carry and use. A tube no bigger than your lipstick—many days' supply—cost but 10¢. Dentoza now becomes an adjunct to beauty, necessary as your compact. With Dentoza always with you—you can be unafraid of *any* social or business occasion . . . If the store in which you bought this magazine is out of Dentoza, the coupon and a 10¢ piece will bring you a full-size tube by return mail.

DENTOZA,
295 Madison Avenue,
New York, N. Y.

(Check square for offer desired)

☐ I enclose 10¢ for which please send me by return mail a full-size tube of Dentoza.

☐ Please send me your valuable booklet on mouth health.

NAME---

ADDRESS---

CITY & STATE--------------------------------------

Hot News!

By MARQUIS BUSBY

HOLLYWOOD—Last minute news as Movie Mirror goes to press:

The Talmadge sisters are hogging the limelight . . . Norma and George (stage comic) Jessel don't get together on their romance stories . . . George says he loves Norma . . . and Norma says it's only a business partnership . . . anyway they go personal appearing in theaters stop Natalie sues Buster (frozen face) Keaton for divorce . . . says he stayed out all night and didn't say why or where . . . and that means mental cruelty in Hollywood stop the Maurice Chevaliers have absolutely refused to kiss and make up so a divorce follows rapidly stop . . .

News dispatch hints darkly that Ralph (Jack Holt costar) Graves is quote under observation unquote . . . but it's only the appendix that's cutting capers stop Hollywood just let out a big yawn when Lina (twinkletoes) Basquette made another attempt at suicide . . . she tries it so-o often . . . but she left a pash note on the table addressed to "Jack" . . . Hollywood will tell you that she *meant* it for Jack Dempsey stop Mrs. Lionel Barrymore weighs right around eighty pounds . . . and still diets stop Clark (flappers' frenzy) Gable plays opposite Helen (grand actress) Hayes in "The White Sister" . . . just jiggle your memory and recall Lillian (shrinking) Gish and Ronald (recluse) Colman in the same opus years ago stop . . .

Someone wants to know who will play the broad in "The Big Broadcast" . . . or shouldn't that be mentioned question mark Sari (foreign import) Maritza got all bruised and shaken when her car tangled with another gas chariot . . . the fatal beauty was not marred stop Everyone's face turned red at one of those nite-life cafés t'other midnight . . . Helene (ex-wife) Costello was having fun with John Barrymore Colt when Lowell (Don Juan) Sherman arrived with Genevra Mitchell . . . and took a table right next to Helene . . . the ex-Mrs. Sherman moved to a distant spot in nothing flat . . . and that's life in Hollywood stop This is sorta funny . . . the director on "Hell's Highway" . . . Radio prison drammer . . . tried to tell a hard-faced extra how to adjust the manacles . . . replied the extra, "you're telling me" exclamation point And not that it will stop the presses but Zeppo Marx is playing Casino stop . . .

Another reason why they say Hollywood is "nerts" . . . Jack La Rue . . . who has only played gangster rôles . . . appears as a priest in "Farewell to Arms" . . . Frank (director) Borzage wants to tack on a happy ending to Hemingway's great novel stop Joan (back from Paris) Crawford may not have to take a salary cut with other M-G-M starlets . . . it's hinted that her salary isn't commensurate (two-bit word) with her present big time popularity . . . and Joan brightened the whole day for a lot of modistes during her trip . . . she brought back 'steen trunks of fancy feminine fripperies stop . . .

Good times are here again . . . a lot of extras who haven't been getting their gin regularly of late are rejoicing . . . 7500 ladies and gentlemen of the mob get steady work in "The Sign of the Cross" . . . and C. B. (the B. doesn't stand for bathtub) DeMille had a lot of trouble with a pigeon on his set . . . pigey-wigey just wouldn't behave stop The story just comes out that Charlie Chaplin and Michael (Green Hat) Arlen have an unusual working agreement during their conversations . . . each is allowed five minutes for uninterrupted chat about himself . . . that way each will not be bored for longer than five minutes at a time stop M-G-M has signed Charlotte (German flicker) Susa on a long term contract . . . they'd better change her name . . . lots of folks will think she's a band leader stop William (town wit) Haines says economy doesn't pay . . . he rented his big house to Tallulah Bankhead and took an apartment . . . then all the rent money went blooey in that Beverly Hills bank bust . . . Bill says now Tallulah has just been his guest for a year stop . . .

The Fredric Marches will go a-Europing as soon as Freddy gets washed-up as the Roman prefect in "Sign of the Cross" . . . the missus has never been across the big waters stop Miriam (adopted a baby) Hopkins gets a new contract . . . with more money . . . and in these times two exclamation points stop Mae (sexsational) West says she is going to write a sweetness and light novel about Hollywood . . . if she does nobody will read it . . . who wants to read about the *nice* side of Hollywood question mark And Stuart Erwin is scared to death the blessed event will turn out to be a girl baby . . . and look like him stop Sometimes gifts from fans aren't such fun . . . Bruce (Gable type) Cabot received a case of (don't get ahead of us) twelve rattlesnakes from a New Mexico fan . . . now he's wondering stop At last . . . a star who gets a big break from the autograph fiends . . . Roland Young was mobbed by fans in a Hollywood eateria . . . but the autograph-hunters were 200 college sorority girls . . . and beautiful they were, too, more exclamation points David (Billie Dove's beau) Manners has his citizenship papers and can vote come November stop . . .

Still those Barrymores come . . . now Samuel Blythe Colt will have the second male lead in "That's My Boy" . . . a moompitcher starring Richard Cromwell stop and Vilma Banky will come out of private life and do a German drammer to be filmed in the Tyrolean Alps . . . maybe the Germans won't mind that Vilma has grown just a wee bit buxom since you last saw her stop Someone was horrified at the idea of Jean (120 in the shade) Harlow in "Red Dust" . . . "what," exclaimed a studio worker, "'The Red Headed Woman' with dandruff" exclamation point stop Malcolm MacGregor . . . once famous as Viola Dana's leading man . . . is in Hollywood to try a screen comeback . . . he retired when someone left him an enormous fortune . . . fame is like dope . . . if you once get used to it you can't get along without it . . . stop Lupe Velez sleeps on black sheets . . . and kindly write your own comments stop . . .

John P. (comic writer) Medbury took his gal friend to the Hollywood wrestling matches . . . one of the mat gladiators got thrown for a toehold . . . and was making horrible grimaces right in front of the lady . . . John just got up and introduced them . . . and our village is still snickering stop There came a ting-a-ling on the Robert (sans hi-hat) Montgomery doorbell the other dawning . . . five cables from Joan Crawford and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. . . . all in different languages . . . Bob called in a translator and each message read . . . "We've learned the language" . . . The Freres Warner have announced that hereafter none of their stars will have anything to say about stories . . . o-o-oh, wonder what Ruth Chatterton, William Powell and George Arliss will say to *that* great big question mark . . .

That Lowell Sherman crack isn't bad . . . he says things are so bad down south the Mississippi River is only running twice a week stop When Mary (grown up at last) Pickford starts something she finishes it, b'golly . . . now she's going to film "Secrets" again . . . she tried it two years ago, got disgusted and burned the whole thing . . . Gary (ladies' cherce) Cooper will probably be her hero stop . . .

James (true to 'em all) Dunn has a new girl friend . . . and that's not for a change . . . he's been out rumbaing with Dorothy Lee . . . Marshall Duffield please note stop Cecilia Parker and Noah Beery, Jr., are also looking hearts and flowers stop Tallulah (world weary) Bankhead has been borrowed by M-G-M to star in "Tin Foil" . . . 'tis a story about the effects of the depression on a very rich girl . . . Tallulah doesn't think Paramount has done right by her . . . and that makes it practically unanimous stop Theda (ex-vamp) Bara made hubby Charles (director) Brabin take back all the furniture he bought . . . Theda no like-ee exclamation point They say you can almost *hear* Lyda Roberti's smell-good perfume . . . it's that potent stop . . .

Wild rumors fly about that Harry (wouldn't be Mr. Ann Harding) Bannister was secretly married to Nancy (senator's dotter) Lyon . . .

Bebe (devoted parent) Daniels returns to Warners' film factory to play Baby Doe . . . dancehall belle . . . in "The Silver Dollar" stop Columbia will be the first studio to film a Florenz Ziegfeld story . . . based on the spectacular life of the late showman . . . it will be called "The Great Glorifier" stop The two Chaplin kids are just full of cute tricks . . . Winfield (Fox Boss) Sheehan had a visit from them . . . one boy asked him if he were the chief boss . . . and when Sheehan admitted it the youngster socked him in the tummy-tum-tum . . . now was that nice question mark . . . There will be a burlesque on "Chandu, the Magician" called "Shampoo, the Musician" . . . here is a potent combination . . . it's George Raft and Mary Duncan now stop Clara ("It") Bow and Rex (cowboy) Bell . . . long missing from the Hollywood whoopie parlors . . . danced and danced at the Cocoanut Grove . . . and Ina (fashion plate) Claire . . . is giving Lil Tashman a run for the clothes horse honors . . . Ina startled the yokels by appearing at luncheon all done up in pink . . . carrying a pink muff . . . and in this climate of all things exclamation point and stop.

Fox's "Grand Hotel" will be the best seller "State Fair," in which it's planning to put Janet Gaynor, Charles Farrell, Will Rogers, James Dunn, Sally Eilers, Warner Baxter and any other stars it can think of . . . but what will Janet (rebel) Gaynor say to that question mark . . . Ann Harding and Leslie Howard will play together in "Animal Kingdom" after all . . . Radio had almost given up hope of keeping them together since Ann was scheduled for another picture . . . but production schedules have been switched around again . . . Leslie had counted for a long time on playing with Ann again and that lad seems to get what he wants stop.

Marlene Dietrich started something recently when she said that the happiest women are those whose love is peppered with jealousy stop . . . ee-magine—Estelle (sophisticated) Taylor has been partying in Hollywood with Edmund (juvenile) Burns stop Are Lila Lee and George Hill, the director, planning a merger stop Though Thelma Todd has been rumored engaged lots of times, you could have knocked Hollywood over with a feather when she turned up secretly married to Pat De Cicso . . . and Hollywood doesn't even know when and where the romance started . . . Norman Taurog, who directed "Skippy," is now studying hundreds of tests to find a Panther Woman for "The Island of Lost Souls" . . . and unknown girls all over the country are hoping they'll be chosen for this rôle stop . . . there's a plan afoot for Constance Bennett to make a picture in France after she finishes "Rockabye" . . . the life story of a famous bridge expert is going to be filmed soon when Warners screen "Grand Slam" stop.

Keeping up with the latest titles is fun . . . the hot-cha picture with Miriam Hopkins and Clark Gable which Paramount is filming won't be called "No Bed of Her Own" after all . . . instead it'll be "No Man of Her Own" . . . and what we're wondering is whether that title is supposed to be cleaner or more hot-cha stop . . . Amelia Earhart was the guest of Mary and Doug at the Olympic games stop . . . now they're saying that Greta (keeps them guessing) Garbo and not Joan (glamorous) Crawford will star in that movie based on the life of the Grand Duchess Marie of Russia . . . all Hollywood is giggling about the way the three Barrymores are banding together to keep a young boy, Tad Alexander, from stealing their picture stop . . . Add Big Romances . . . Minna (not so dumb) Gombell and David (rich real estate feller) Blankenhorn, Irene Rich's ex stop . . .

Bobbe Arnst is talking over divorce proceedings with Johnny (Tarzan) Weissmuller . . . though only a few months ago she told the world that she'd never divorce him . . . they're expected to charge incompatibility stop . . . we told you new titles were fun . . . now they've changed "Salomy Jane" with sweet little Joan Bennett in it to "Wild Girl" stop . . . Vince Barnett whose job is insulting the stars in Hollywood for other people's amusement, got a taste of his own medicine t'other day . . . while he was on his honeymoon his friends had twelve girls call him up till his new wife burned up stop . . .

George Brent discusses MARRIAGE

By ELIZABETH GOLDBECK

The past love and the present love and what about the future? All alone is Ralph Forbes, the first Mr. Ruth Chatterton. Below are Ruth and George Brent in the first of their screen love scenes

UNTIL a few months ago, George Brent was a contented divorcé.

"Marriage," he used to say sardonically, "is a liberal education," and one got the idea he had learned his lesson well and would profit by it in the future.

Then came George's famous break in pictures, as Ruth Chatterton's leading man. It happened at just the time when Ruth took to staying all night in her studio bungalow instead of returning to Ralph Forbes and their elegant home in Beverly Hills.

Since then, in less time than it takes to tell it, George has become a screen sensation, no less a figure than Warner Brothers' Gable, and as a reward or something, he is about to take a postgraduate course in matrimony, with Ruth as teacher.

Judging from George's philosophy of marriage gleaned from his first experience, he has a lot of new things to learn from Professor Chatterton.

"I was married for one month, when I was nineteen," he explained to me talking about that marriage, "and it took me two years to get out of it. Kids get married at that age. Between 18 and 22 they seem impelled to rush headlong into it. They haven't any better sense. And, of course, nobody can expect them to have sense enough to make a go of it."

Today George Brent believes marriage takes a good deal of working at, and all the intelligence one can muster. It's fatal to approach it with the haphazard and carefree attitude that is considered smart to-day.

"Neither men nor women make the slightest effort to make marriage a success," he says. "They are good actors, or good writers, or truck-drivers or musicians, but they're not good husbands or wives. Because they don't try.

"Men are really Turks. Their natural impulse is to take women and wives for granted. They very soon forget all courtesies, good manners, the thoughtfulness that women love so much, and start accepting everything as their due. That's where all the trouble comes in.

"No man should ever take any woman for granted. It's the unpardonable sin. And it's the beginning of the end of a happy marriage."

George, who has sleek black Irish hair and level Irish blue eyes and drinks his buttermilk with his napkin under his chin when in the sanctity of his own room, admitted these things generously, and then proceeded to shift some of the blame on the ladies, who richly deserve it.

"That state of affairs should never be allowed to exist," he protested; "if a woman were intelligent, she wouldn't allow a man to take her for granted. Because no matter how hard-boiled or old or cynical a man is, everything he does is controlled by some woman. I do really believe all men can be 'managed by' a woman if she cares enough and is smart enough to do it subtly.

"But women aren't smart enough. They're not smart at all, that way. They're as promiscuous as can be, they don't give a damn, and they don't use their brains to make marriage last. Divorce is too easy. It's a cinch to get separated if you don't get along, so why go to any trouble to get along?

"Of course I don't mean to say there aren't plenty of men and women who could and do make a success of it, but they're in the minority. Most of them don't bother."

Nobody can accuse the future Mrs. Brent of not bothering to make a go of her first marriage. The union of Ruth Chatterton and Ralph Forbes dates back a long way, and survived one separation, during the dreadful gap between Ruth's stage and picture careers, that gave every sign of being final. Even their most recent break, which is ending in a Reno divorce, was only arrived at after months of hanging on when both of them knew the spark was gone for good.

If Ruth brings the same persistence to her second marriage, and George applies his own fine theories, the Chatterton-Brent match ought to outlast the rather ominous predictions that are being made for it.

The trouble seems to be that Ruth wants the simplicity and ruggedness of George, and George wants the cultivation and finish of Ruth, and in the search for his own ideal, each may cease to be what the other wants. Or is that too complicated?

For instance, Ruth recently complained publicly that one of the causes of her break with Ralph Forbes was his insistence on formality at home. He conscientiously dressed for dinner every night, and expected her to do likewise, when after a trying day at the studio what she wanted most was to lounge around in pajamas and be as inelegant as possible.

Ralph is mannered, effete. He delights in etiquette, he goes in for the refinements of living, and he loves ostentation, in a quiet way. He's distinctly the butterfly type.

George is that rough diamond. He has strength, calmness, and very little personal vanity. He has been through the mill, and has reached the top with few (*Continued on page 77*)

George Brent, until he met Ruth Chatterton, was content to let romance alone. He is matter-of-fact and without illusions but he confesses he yearns for the cultured sophistication of Ruth

Hollywood's Seven Smartest Women

Marlene Dietrich is the second best dressed woman of the screen according to Annette Simpson

The Greatest of American Designers Picks Some Startling Examples and Fearlessly Names the Stars Who Overdress

By
SYLVIA
CONRAD

ANNETTE SIMPSON is going to give Movie Mirror Her Exclusive Designs! You'll see the beautiful gowns she designed exclusively for Bette Davis in this magazine next month. And you'll read the amazing story of how she designed those gowns right on Miss Davis in a crowded hotel room with nothing to aid her except the materials and a pair of scissors! It's a grand story, and from it every girl can learn just how to dress her type perfectly. The photograph above is of Mrs. Simpson.

NOT very long ago Movie Mirror received a letter from a girl who faces the same problems of dressing well on a limited income that the average girl all over the country knows.

"I make the small salary of $40.00 a month," she wrote, "$20.00 each payday, $3.00 of which is already taken up. Out of that salary, I have to pay carfare (07c) two ways, have lunch money, amusement money, charity and church money, general expense money (such as cleaning, re-soleing or re-heeling of shoes, etc.) as well as dress. Yet I do want to look nice, dress nice and feel well-groomed. I live at home, and pay very little board. It is customary for us to wear a different dress to work each day, in other words have around seven changes of work dresses.

"A number of we working girls buy little wash-dresses which are easily laundered at home, for anywhere from 77c to $1.50. I do, but I really don't like to. It always makes me feel so poor. I suppose it shouldn't, for I have a comfortable home, enough to eat, and all my family. I should be thankful, and I am. But eighteen-year-old girls usually want pretty clothes as well.

"My social occasions consist mostly of going to the theatres, going driving, to picnics and on swimming parties, to informal dances, and to social gatherings where we usually wear just a nice work-dress.

"Less and less are the girls wearing extremely formal evening gowns, for we do not have pretty dances and beautiful settings and elaborate affairs as the girls in the movies have."

That letter is so typical of the problems of the average

Constance Bennett is a perfect model for evening gowns and negligées, but another girl is about to steal her crown for smartness

girl that Movie Mirror decided to consult one of the foremost experts in the fashion world on the problems of that girl and others like her. How can the average girl adapt screen modes to her own everyday wardrobe? How can she dress smartly on a limited income?

WE brought these questions to Mrs. Annette Simpson, an outstanding fashion authority. A New York girl, she has become internationally famous as a designer. She began designing clothes for her school girl friends at the age of seventeen. When she had graduated from St. Mary's Academy, society debs, who had been her classmates, began to consult her. Today she lives and works in Europe half the year and in the United States the other half. She is always abreast of the latest mode. She has a background of seventeen years of designing. And she watches screen fashions with interest. Out of her experience as a designer and authority on fabrics who is consulted by large department stores here and by the most famous Paris couturières abroad, she knows exactly how the average American girl can adapt those screen fashions to her own wardrobe.

ANNETTE SIMPSON is a slim, dark-haired, brown-eyed woman with positive opinions. She never beats around the bush. She is direct, simple and forthright. She says what she means and means what she says. Her opinions on the way some of the screen stars dress are almost unquotable, or if they could be quoted, would lead to libel suits. She said of one screen enchantress, whose name I don't dare mention, that she dresses "like a blithering idiot." She said that a young ingénue's clothes were just plain messy. And she said of a woman who is supposed to be sophisticated that she dresses like a racketeer's mistress. So you see that there is no pretense

Norma Shearer is the best dressed American woman. She is the best model for the average girl to follow about the woman. She speaks straight from the shoulder.

She says that Paris originates fashions, but that Hollywood is the important center of the world for style consciousness. The people in Hollywood today are living 500% more ritzily than they used to.

I asked her who she thought was the smartest dressed woman on the screen. She didn't mention any of the women who are ordinarily designated as the best-dressed women.

"GARBO," she said, "is the smartest dressed woman internationally in the whole world. Her screen clothes could only have been made for a woman who is very exacting about every detail. Garbo is an inspiration to couturières all over the world. She is the only woman of the screen who has the foreign flair for clothes. The dress she wore in the fishing scene in 'As You Desire Me' was lovely.

"The next best dressed woman of the screen is Marlene Dietrich. No matter how tough she is in her screen rôles, she is always chic-tough, never tough-tough. She is an international type.

"The best dressed American type is Norma Shearer. She always looks terribly clean. She is the cleanest looking woman on the screen. She wears clean lines. She is the best all-around model for the American girl to follow. She has never been the martyr in her pictures. She always plays a sporting character. She is always cricket. And her clothes are cricket, too. I have been watching her since way back, in the days when she appeared in a bathing suit. She could wear one and wear it well. She can wear everything from knickers to bed clothes. For the small town person Shearer is the best and safest model to follow.

"Joan Crawford represents the magnified desire of every woman to wear beautiful clothes. She is the go-the-limit girl. Her clothes are go-the-limit clothes. If I were designing something very daring and spectacular, I would want to have Joan as the model. But she isn't a very safe model for the average girl to follow. Her screen clothes are too spectacular. In her scene with Robert Montgomery in 'Letty Lynton,' she could have worn one flag on a sports dress and been absolutely the last word. Instead she wore seventeen flags and was the last gasp.

"Constance Bennett is an excellent model to follow for evening clothes and bedroom things. Her negligées are stunning. Bette Davis, somewhat the same type as

Here is an off-screen shot of Garbo, taken at a country hotel outside New York. The very simplicity of her clothes spells international smartness

Gloria Swanson, no longer very young, has the intelligence to dress like a matron and not like a child

Carole Lombard, the beautiful girl who knows exactly the right clothes to choose to emphasize her beauty

This is Mrs. Simpson's little pet, Bette Davis. She prophesies that Bette will become a world fashion leader

Constance Bennett but a little less sophisticated, is an even better model for the average girl. She has Constance Bennett licked at her own game when it comes to wearing clothes.

"Lilyan Tashman's clothes are too sophisticated and artificial for the average girl.

"Carole Lombard wears clothes beautifully and wears beautiful clothes.

"For the young matron Gloria Swanson is a grand model. She is the most aristocratic looking woman on the screen, and there is something terribly real about her. Just as the young girl can learn most from Shearer, so the young matron can learn most from Swanson.

"No matter what your type is, you can find a model to follow among these seven women:

1. Garbo—if you want your clothes to look equally well in this country or abroad. An international type of smartness.

2. Marlene Dietrich—also an international type.

3. Norma Shearer—the best all-around model for the young American woman. You can adapt a wide range of costumes from Shearer, from pajamas to sport clothes.

4. Gloria Swanson—an excellent model for the young matron in any town or city.

5. Constance Bennett—a good model for evening clothes for the girl who wants to be the social leader of her town.

6. Bette Davis—for the girl who wants to look smart, but not quite as sophisticated as Constance Bennett.

7. Carole Lombard—for the blonde, blue-eyed girl of about her height, five feet two inches tall.

"SCREEN clothes are usually planned to represent some particular character, such as Letty Lynton. Off the screen no girl wants to look like a character. Screen clothes have to be adapted to the prevailing mode of the day and a girl's social and business position.

"Dress your position. Dress your social standing. And dress your type.

(*Continued on page* 86)

Is JANET GAYNOR Facing Disaster?

By
HARRIET
PARSONS

SIX years ago a slim little bundle of red-headed energy perched on a desk in the Fox publicity offices. As she turned over the leaves of a fan magazine she paused at a picture of Gloria Swanson, clenched her fists, and exclaimed passionately, "Oh, will I ever have my picture in a magazine like that!"

A few months ago a trade magazine conducted an exhibitors' poll to determine the best box-office bets on the screen. Janet Gaynor's name was second on the list, preceded only by that of Marie Dressler. And a few weeks ago the same little red-head who was once so thirsty for publicity issued a restricted list of members of the press whom she would condescend to receive. These chosen few, she said, might look at her, talk to her, and write their impressions of her—but under no circumstances could they quote her.

It is moves like that on Janet's part which have fed the fast-growing rumor that Gaynor is going temperamental. The frail little slip of a girl whose name has become a household symbol for tender charm and fragile whimsicality is now known on her home lot as "Garbo Gaynor."

What makes the public love Janet so? Scenes like this. She's sweet and lovely and in the arms of Charlie Farrell (no matter what the picture's called) she's romance itself

(Behind her back, of course.) The implication is obvious. But that nickname is more apt than even its originators could ever guess. It hits on the strange anomaly which has kept Janet from ever being completely happy in her success; the strange conflict which has caused all her so-called temperamental outbursts, and which will eventually, unless rationalized, bring disaster upon her.

Janet's case is one of the most psychologically interesting in Hollywood. Here is a girl whose outside and inside are completely divergent and constantly at war. A girl who has the tiny body and demure little face of an exquisite child—but whose mind and soul are constantly goaded and tormented by the relentless, all-consuming ambition of a Napoleon. A girl who is mentally and emotionally capable of things which her body can never achieve. There is a real tragedy there—a tragedy of frustration. And when you understand it you will understand Janet's occasional outbursts, her recurrent fits of bitter dissatisfaction with her career which lead her to quarrel with the studio which made her famous. Which cause her to hurt others—but most of all herself.

Let me go into more detail. Janet would give her soul to be a Garbo, a Crawford, or a Shearer. To be on the screen a woman of glamor, vitality and sex allure. Emotionally and artistically she is capable of it. Within her are the attributes of a great dramatic actress. But physically she has limitations which have in the past and will continue in the future to prevent her from ever fully realizing her ambition and her capabilities. The poignant little girl beauty and touching child-like treble which have won her a unique place in the hearts of movie fans are the very things which keep her from being what she would like to be. The distinctive qualities which have placed Janet in a class by herself and won her fame are the handicaps which torment her soul.

Poor little Janet after cutting her hair to look "sophisticated" had to pin on false curls in "The First Year" to make herself look adorable again

She isn't always unhappy and discontented. There are long periods when she seems to realize that it is wisest for her to continue doing the type of thing for which she is physically suited. When she seems happy in her work and at peace with herself and the world. Then suddenly something happens—and Janet goes on a rampage. She will not do what the studio wants her to. She demands rôles which seem utterly foreign to her talents. She talks intensely and determinedly of changing her type. And for a time everybody concerned is miserable. Especially Janet. Until, as suddenly as it began, her rebellion ceases and she goes back into harness docilely and apparently contentedly.

Two years ago one of these rebellions of Janet's cost her $44,000, considerable mental anguish and very nearly her future. It was just after she had completed "High Society Blues," her second talkie. Like "Sunny Side Up" it was a musical comedy, and like "Sunny Side Up" it was a success. The studio was pleased with it, the fans were pleased with it—but Janet most emphatically was not. She felt that she was being forced to cheapen her dramatic talents by playing a rôle which any beginner could have handled. She had learned to sing and dance for "Sunny Side Up," but she felt that she did neither of these things well and she did not want to continue doing them. She believed that her standing as a star, her record of past performances and hard work entitled her to some consideration. Now, of course, there was much to be said for Janet's point of view. She was right in a good many of the things on which she took issue. But so was the studio. Fox had spent a good deal of money and effort building Janet into a box-office draw. They had done well by her and they felt she should listen to reason and trust that they would continue to do what was best for her.

Instead of staying and facing the music until things could be worked out amicably Janet ran away to Hawaii. And stayed four weeks. True, she was badly in need of a rest. Her weight had gone down to 87 pounds and she had worked herself into such a state of emotional turmoil that she was actually ill. Had she consulted the studio in a friendly way all would have been well. She could have had her vacation and come back in better health and a saner frame of mind without jeopardizing her career or inconveniencing Fox. But she fled without a word to her employers. And when they cabled her to return for the lead in "Liliom," a splendid dramatic rôle, she refused. She wanted the part and by her stubbornness injured only herself. For Fox promptly took her off salary and placed Rose Hobart in the coveted rôle. Possibly Janet figured she could hold up the production until the studio came to terms and that she could then return victorious in a blaze of glory. But it didn't work out that way.

It was a good two months before she came to her senses and realized how seriously she was endangering her future. She had forfeited $44,000 in a losing fight. Fox was substituting other players in rôles that had been scheduled for her. Her contract had four years to run and she knew that if she broke it no other studio could employ her until its termination. And four years off the screen would be fatal to any star. So Janet returned to Fox. There was a touching reconciliation celebrated by a press luncheon. And all was sunshine and roses again. The whole business had been just so much wasted time, energy and money and Janet was the loser.

For two years Janet and her (*Continued on page* 92)

Five Little Stories of Garbo

You'll know after reading Them, that in Private Life the Swedish Sphinx is no Tragic Person but Just a Young Girl with a Grand Sense of Humor

By JACK JAMISON

THE present writer, in his travels about Hollywood in quest of the elusive interview, from time to time has come upon anecdotes of the equally elusive Greta Garbo. They popped up in different ways. One would arrive third-hand, told by someone to someone else to me. Another would swing into my ken by a less devious route; calling upon a friend who was also a friend of Garbo's, I would find that she had left only half an hour earlier, and then sometimes there was something she had done or said that crept into the conversation.

Though all of these stories are perfectly harmless, and some of them perfectly delightful, I have waited to tell them until the time seemed just right. Now comes the definite report that she isn't going back to Sweden to stay but that she will do two pictures a year, at least, for M-G-M. But it will be months before we will really see her again, months in which we shall have little news of her. And so, I think, these stories can now be told.

Some of these anecdotes are charming in themselves. And all of them give unexpected insight into her character, revealing her, not as a frigid and heartless woman, but as a gay and light-hearted girl with a delightful sense of humor. To read them will only make any admirer of hers love her the more.

This isn't, thank M-G-M, the last picture you'll see of Garbo. For after her Swedish vacation, she's coming back, for two pictures at least, next season

The first little story about her shows her sense of humor at its best. Always, with Garbo, humor was confined to the quick, sharp thrust rather than to the slow, ponderous sort of thing one would expect of her. It calls for a little explanation, too. All the publicity which made its way into the newspapers and magazines about her never going anywhere, was true, but it was only true in a special sense. She went a great many places indeed. Two and three evenings a week, sometimes, she went to parties. The thing was, they were parties that people in Hollywood would not call parties at all; small gatherings of intimate friends who had nothing to do with pictures; family groups; youngsters only making a beginning in the motion picture industry, and so on. She always chose friends, not because they had great names, but because she liked them. Trusting them not to betray her presence, she had a little social life all her own, a much fuller one than anybody suspected.

But to get back to the story, and her famous one-line wisecrack! On this evening, Garbo accepted an invitation to a stag-party from one of the "stags" who happened to be her friend. To call it a stag-party is to call it wrongly, for in reality the twenty boys or so there were drawn from the ranks of chorus-boys and young juveniles. The kind that wear too-fancy clothes, slave-bracelets, slick their hair until it looks as if it had been soaked in olive-oil, and are not above sneaking a bit of lip-stick and rouge on the sly, they sat around in poses of indolent handsomeness and waited for the great Garbo to arrive. Garbo did arrive. The door was opened to her, and she took one look into the smoke-filled, perfume-y room.

Clapping her hand to her forehead she exclaimed, in her low voice, "Gott! I am de best man in de room!"

* * *

THE next one has to do with the fable that, except when she is working in pictures, Greta never wears anything but a tweed suit, brogues, woolen stockings, and a beret. It is not humorous, and it is not especially important, but I give it merely as an indication that Greta could be very feminine indeed when she so desired. One of my own friends had spent the afternoon at her house. He knew that that evening, another actress was coming to visit Greta, whom she had wanted to meet for a long while, Greta finally consenting. All afternoon Greta had been lounging about in a pair (*Continued on page* 84)

Perhaps the most amazing thing about the great Garbo's whole career was that in "As You Desire Me" she revealed a new side of her personality to fans. She showed a new sweetness and thereby won thousands of new followers

Inside Stuff

From Al Jolson

Al Jolson stories are always worth re-telling, and the one about the two Jewish gentlemen inspecting their new theater, is no exception.

On reaching the foyer, one of them stopped and nodded his head, wisely.

"Vot ve need here," he said, "is a beautiful chandelier."

"Mebbe," the other replied, doubtfully, "but who could ve get to play it?"

Sports Department

My dear, you just don't belong any more unless you sling a mean tennis racket. Among those learning what "Forty-Love" really means are Bebe Daniels, Constance Talmadge, Lily Damita, Sally Eilers and others.

The gals aren't so good yet, so they put on their false beards and sneak onto the courts while no one is looking. An old meanie played a dirty trick on them up at the Santa Barbara Biltmore Hotel.

He *knew* they were planning on playing the next day, so he placed a bulletin board in the lobby. "Championship game," it announced, "between Bebe Daniels, Constance Talmadge, Lily Damita and Edith Mayer. 2 p. m."

At 2 p. m. there was a mob that would have done credit to a Yale-Harvard football game.

The girls didn't show up.

Bebe Daniels had a tennis tournament at her house the following week. Ben Lyon awarded the cups. Sally Eilers, one of the champs in the doubles, was pleased with hers until she read the inscription.

"For best female whippet," it read.

Ben had been wondering what in Sam Hill to do with those old whippet cups.

Here's little Renee Adoree, on her feet at last. This brave little fighter against a set of bad lungs will soon be back in Hollywood

One-Act Drama

(Professor, will you kindly play that Wagner storm music throughout the action?)

Paramount producer tries to walk on Marlene Dietrich set. Director Josef von Sternberg says you will over my dead body. Producer replies he has royal prerogative or something and *will* walk on. Josef says mebbe you have right but you're not coming in. Producer goes away madder'n you know what. Higher executive upholds Josef. Producer resigns. Resignation accepted. Peace on Dietrich-von Sternberg set. The End.

Ginghams For Satins

The opening of the Grand Hotel, not a moving picture but an honest-to-gosh local hotel for Hollywood people, with beds and everything, brought out hard time styles—in a luxurious manner.

Lily Damita wore a linen lace dinner dress, the kind she can wash, if you're good at imagining such things. Constance Talmadge was a knockout in a red and white check gingham evening gown. Sally Eilers was decked out in a white cotton sports dress, and Carmel Myers wore white piqué formal, whatever that is, decorated with more white piqué formal in the shape of carnations.

You couldn't be sure, but it looked as if Lily Damita and the boy friend, Sidney Smith, weren't getting on at all, a-tall. There was a lot of argument about *something* in the lobby.

More Fashion Notes

If you can bear any more fashion notes, Jean Harlow showed something new in genuine haberdashery (Jean *would*) at her own wedding reception. She received her guests in pajamas of emerald green with a cute little flaring jacket.

Helen Hayes Surprises Paramount

Nineteen publicity people at Paramount fell in a dead faint—and Helen Hayes caused all the rumpus. Helen arrived in the publicity department at ten in the morning, remarking she wasn't working that day and would be interviewed, photographed, or anything they wanted of her. And *that*, children, in a studio which must handle with gloves la Dietrich, la Bankhead and la Hopkins, almost caused a riot.

Tragedy of a Crooner

Maintaining a remarkable lack of conceit in spite of his reported $7000 weekly salary, Bing Crosby thinks it will only last for two more years. By that time the dear public will probably be interested in piccolo players. So, you see, even crooners have their problems.

And, moreover, Bing believes that Gracie Allen, of the radio team of Burns and Allen, will steal his picture, "The Big Broadcast."

Billie Burke arriving in Hollywood to make her first talkie. Little did she know that she would face tragedy in the death of her famous husband, Florenz Ziegfeld

Score Another For Connie

Sometimes Gloria Swanson must sit down and have a good cry. Connie Bennett seems destined to be the perpetual thorn in her side. The Bennett lady has triumphed over Gloria so many times. To begin with there's that little matter of the Marquis, if it isn't too rude to point. Now Connie will star in "Rockabye", the picture Gloria wished so much to do. Several years ago she bought the story for herself, but failed to interest financiers in the possibilities of the yarn. This year she sold it to RKO-Radio, thinking that Ann Harding would do the picture. Well, Connie will take the bows, but she won't hear much applause from Gloria's corner.

Hints of a Dark Past

Did you know that George Raft has a bodyguard? A certain, mysterious Mr. Finn accompanies him everywhere. You see George at the Cocoanut Grove. Just look around and you'll see Mr. Finn. George lunches at the Brown Derby. If Mr. Finn isn't at the same table, cast your eyes about. He isn't far away.

Hollywood whispers that George has had a gangster past, and feminine Hollywood thinks it's just too romantic. They'd risk a stray shot to go out with Georgie. He dances *that* well.

Notes on the Marxes

If picture business goes plumb to limbo Zeppo Marx won't worry much. Give that boy a deck of cards and he could own the United States Treasury in two hours. They do say the Zeppo won $90,000 at bridge last year.

This is the gal who made that thing called S-E-X a big success on Broadway. She's Mae West, otherwise "Diamond Lil," and she's bringing her own strange charm to Hollywood, via Paramount pitchers

Harpo, the maddest one of the family, will stop chasing any blonde if you wave a backgammon board at him.

Pauline in Peril Again

Backward, turn backward, oh, time, etc. The old serials are coming back. Universal announces a revival of "Perils of Pauline," "Exploits of Elaine" and "The New Exploits of Elaine" for 1933 release.

Memory should crowd fast upon you. Remember Pearl White, as the sensational Pauline? Pearl is wealthy now, owning her own casino on the French Riviera. She wouldn't come back to the leaping shadows if you were to give her Samuel Goldwyn and Jesse Lasky.

Lupe's Love Life

Ever since she returned to dear, old Hollywood Lupe Velez has made herself scarcer than money around the stock market. However, folks who live out that way

Loretta Young had never visited New York. She always wanted to. So Warner Bros. brought her east—and then they made her do personal appearances, the meanies, and pretty Loretta never saw anything except the theatre and the telephone book

L'il Mitzi Green is going to be "Little Orphan Annie" for Radio pictures and here she is with Harold Gray, who draws Little Annie for the newspapers

John Gilbert has cracked through with a very swell Packard roadster for Virginia Bruce.

And one of the snappiest gas buggies in Hollywood belongs to Gary Cooper. It's vivid *green and yellow.*
Hah! thought you'd be guessing!

They're saying that Lionel Barrymore doesn't get a whisper that a famous green and yellow car stands in front of her house until awfully late in the evening.

"Boots" Mallory, noted New York model, and now under contract to Fox, has bought a second hand flivver. She heard that a lot of players who bought Rolls Royces in 1930 are now washing the same cars for others in 1932.

Doesn't she look like Clara Bow? She's a new discovery of Radio's, and her name is Mary Mason. She's got youth and beauty and you'll see her first in "Age of Consent".

"Now speaking of hunting," says Gary Cooper and the whole Paramount lot stops to listen. Here he's gathered himself a nice crop of audience consisting of Jack Oakie, Sari Maritza, Lyda Roberti and Susan Fleming

How do you like Miss Colbert's new hair-do? It's a kind of a wind-blown bang business and you can achieve the effect quite easily. Cut the hair a bit shorter over the ears, comb the bang down over the forehead and voila! Maybe you'll look as booful as Claudette

square meal at home. The missus diets.

The famous Kreuger case came up for discussion the other night at Tallulah Bankhead's house.

"I don't see how he made money out of matches, anyway," said Tallulah. "They're always given away."

A very famous lady star had just a bit too much giggle water at a gay party and bit a lady whom she didn't know that well on the cheek.

Chee-ak, that handsome young Eskimo with the Gable s. a., will do another picture. You saw him in "Igloo," and he managed to be romantic while eating raw seal meat, which is more than most matinée idols can do. M-G-M signs him for "Eskimo," now getting under way in Nome.

Another Première

"Strange Interlude" . . . in its world's first showing at Grauman's Chinese . . . brought out the greatest mob of fans in the history of Hollywood. Milling masses of people . . . 200 sweating, coatless policemen trying vainly to control 25,000 spectators of fame's parade . . . straining at the ropes . . . surging over glistening limousines. Searchlights sweeping the dark heavens . . . a full moon rides serenely in the sky . . . Ropes break . . . men, women and children fall groaning to the pavement . . . a plate glass window gives way under the weight of human flesh . . . a little boy falls under the wheels of a car . . . his agonized scream . . . the piercing siren of a police ambulance . . . the riot call. Jimmy Durante announcing over the radio . . . and impatiently awaiting Garbo who never came . . . and getting all the names wrong. John Miljan doing the serious introducing . . . Corinne Griffith being welcomed back by her fans . . . Norma Shearer slipping in late . . . almost undetected by the crowds . . . Clark Gable . . . mobbed by autograph seekers . . . as

Do you recognize the stoutish gentleman in the center of this photograph? It's your old pal, Emil Jannings, at his home in St. Wolfgang, Austria. The ladies are Mrs. Jannings and her daughter

he arrived with Mrs. Gable and Marilyn Miller . . . Fredric March . . . Constance Bennett and the Marquis . . . Mary and Doug . . . John Gilbert and Virginia Bruce . . . Marion Davies . . . Gary Cooper and the ever-present Countess Frasso . . . Jean Harlow and Paul Bern . . . Fay Wray . . . Marian Nixon . . . Joan Bennett . . . Ethel Barrymore . . . witnessing her first Hollywood première . . . Olympic athletes from all corners of the globe. Hours go by . . . the lights are dimmed . . . only the faithful fans remain until the picture is over at one a. m. . . . the boulevard is littered with papers . . . broken boxes . . . assorted debris . . . a cold wind blows down the street . . . another Hollywood extravaganza is ended.

The leading figures in a quiet, touching Hollywood drama. They are the former Mrs. Creighton Hale and her two sons. Mrs. Hale is now Mrs. John Miljan and their new dad, who has supported them for years, went into court to adopt them. He loves the boys and they love him. Then their own father, once a star, now cursed with a deep thirst, appeared and everybody was unhappy. What a wise judge that case is going to need!

Olympic Jottings

The Indian polo team, swarthy young men wearing turbans, in Los Angeles for the big Olympiad excitement, were just nerts to meet Greta Garbo, Joan Crawford and Norma Shearer. Ah, there, M-G-M! An Australian lady track star said she would die for one glimpse of Gary Cooper. Someone took her to Paramount and she met Robert Coogan. Which wasn't quite the same. The Flying Finns (there's some reason why they're called that) got a lot of Douglas Fairbanks autographs when he visited their training quarters. Doug signed track pants, jerseys, hats and luggage. The Swedish grooms with that country's polo team didn't even look around when

Just in case you've been wondering where Mary Brian has been keeping herself, we hasten to report that the lass has been playing vaudeville houses in New York with her partner, Ken Murray. In order to dash easily from one theatre to another (they played two at a time) they hired a yacht and sailed the Hudson. Wotta life

RKO is so busy playing Columbus to pretty girls we can hardly keep up with them. But we like the idea of discovering new faces. Here's a pretty one belonging to Lucy Hopkins. Lucy was a stenographer

the divine Garbo paid a visit. "Do you have much rain here?" they asked, while Greta rambled across the paddock.

That Nutty Flavor

In a town famous for its bizarre social functions, John P. Medbury's party for Olsen and Johnson, stage and screen comics, topped the works. Nothing so mad ever happened before. Guests arrived in the blazing sun of California midsummer, only to be greeted inside the house by Santa Claus, distributing silly gifts from a Christmas tree.

Mysterious voices boomed from different parts of the house in response to some casual remark you had made. The house had been wired for dictographs, with a miniature broadcasting set installed in the den. There was no such thing as a private conversation.

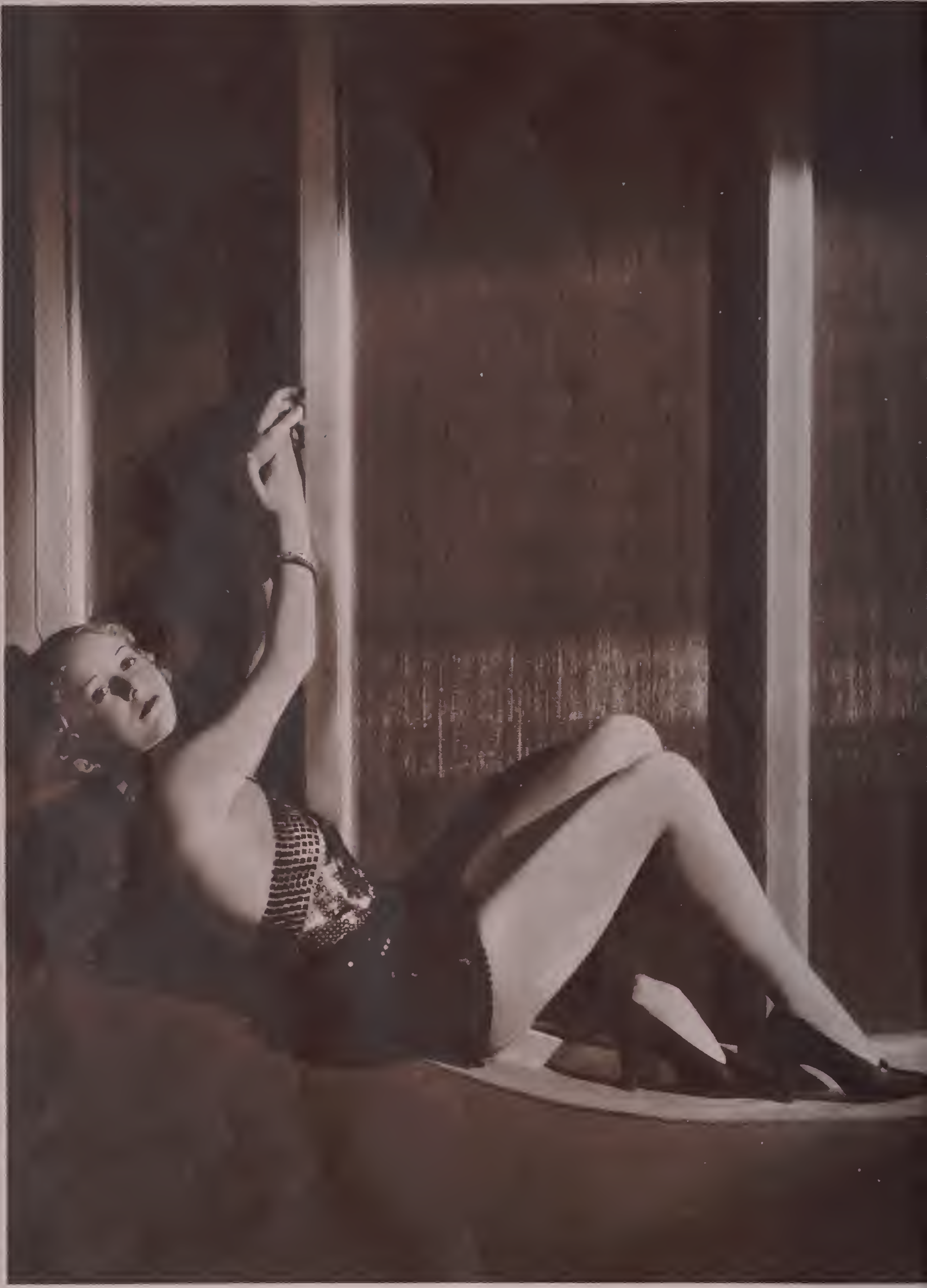
"This is one time," said Ginger Rogers, "when I'm confining my conversation strictly to the weather."

Such is the price of fame. A young lady autograph hunter eyed Harpo Marx with speculative interest as he emerged from the Brown Derby café.

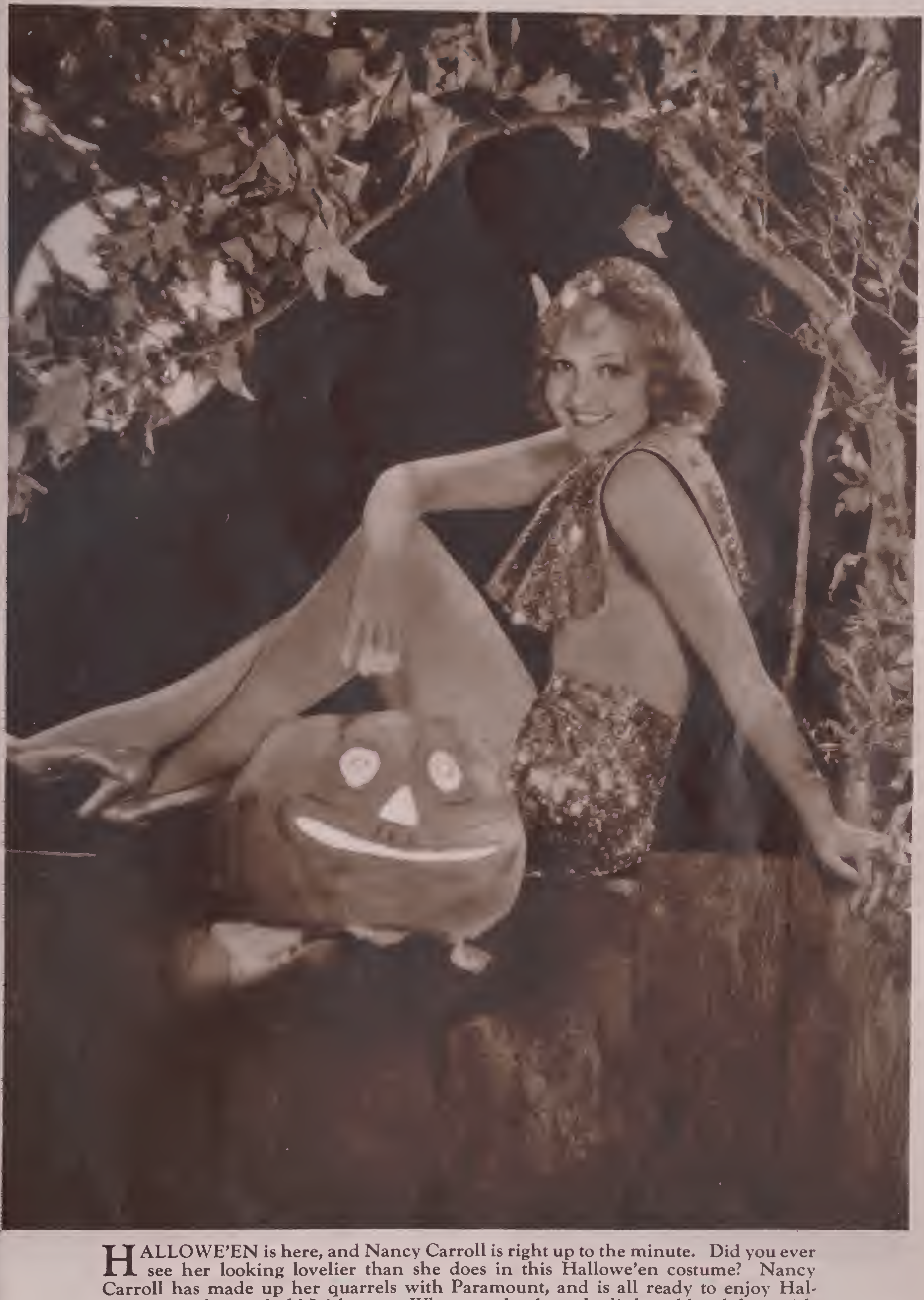
"Pardon me," she asked, politely, "but are you somebody?"

Said Tallulah

By this time the Ladies Aid Society in the Solomon Islands is probably telling the (*Continued on page* 96)



TWO movie studios fought for Gloria Stuart's services, and if you take a good look at this picture, you won't be wondering why. She is a slim blonde girl with hazel eyes, and you can see for yourself that she's very good at figures. Universal is the lucky company which has her under contract. She comes from the amateur stage. You'll see her in "The Old Dark House" and "Airmail." Universal believes she'll zoom right up to stardom



HALLOWE'EN is here, and Nancy Carroll is right up to the minute. Did you ever see her looking lovelier than she does in this Hallowe'en costume? Nancy Carroll has made up her quarrels with Paramount, and is all ready to enjoy Hallowe'en in the good old Irish way. Whatever she does, the little red-head does with all her heart. When she fights, no one could be a bigger little rebel. When she's gay, could any one be gayer?

SPENCER TRACY will never be high hat, for he threw his hat away the day he hit Hollywood and has never worn one since. Producers are always trying to star him, but Spence is sincere when he says he'd rather play small rôles (and steal the picture). He's very happily married, has a brand new baby, and a long term contract with Fox. His next picture is "The Painted Woman"

ANN DVORAK has been having contract trouble, but you'll see her soon again emoting for Warners'. Ann objected to being farmed out by Howard Hughes for big sums when she got only a small pay check. The gal's right in this, for she's zooming to stardom faster than any other young player. She's married to Leslie Fenton whom she adores. A swell person and a swell actress, this Dvorak

Here's how you enter Marie's house. Isn't it homey? No interior decorator's "touches" about—just things Marie has picked up herself

Marie Dressler has just the kind of a house you'd expect her to have, an unpretentious one on a quiet street, with pansies and roses bordering the path to the front door

If You Went to Call on Marie Dressler

You'd Find a Friendly House Run by an Adoring Couple for the Star Who Loves the Whole World

By HELEN LOUISE WALKER

MARIE DRESSLER achieved the greatest triumph of her long, rich career after she was sixty. Her work is more strenuous, her responsibilities are greater, her duties to her public are heavier now than ever before in the fifty odd years she has been working. And Marie has more affectionate friends making demands upon her time, her attention and her energy than any woman you ever saw.

How has she adapted herself to all this? How has she planned her home to suit these conditions? How does Marie, the successful, elderly motion picture actress, with no family of her own, *live?*

Well—Marie says, "The only things in life worth working to acquire—and to keep—are friends, my dear!" That is the keynote of the woman, the quality in her upon which the whole structure of her life is patterned, the answer, perhaps, to that mature and splendid triumph.

Her home is exactly the kind of home you would expect her to have. Simple and friendly. An unpretentious, red brick English house on a quiet street in Beverly Hills. Pansies border the walk which curves to the front door. Rose trees are abloom. If Marie weren't such a vigorous, up-to-date person, you would almost expect to see a door mat, bearing the encouraging legend, "Welcome!"

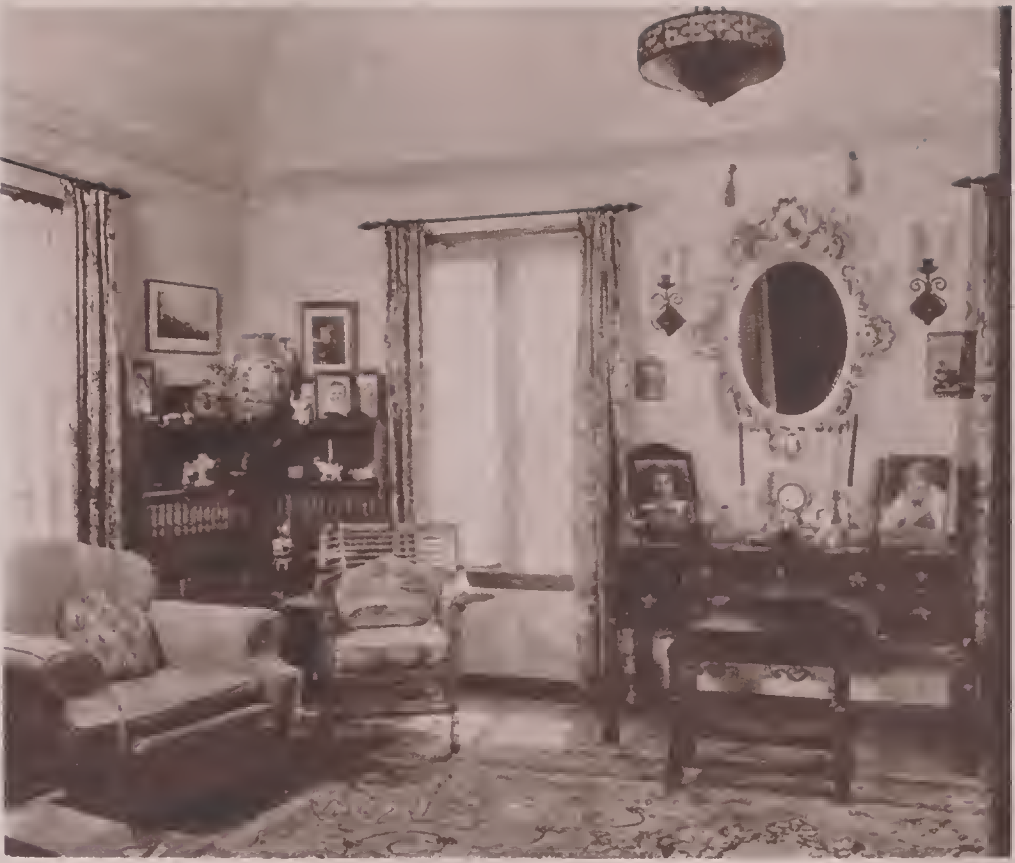
Inside it is one of the cheeriest places you ever saw. No interior decorator's achievement, this! A home, crowded with things that Marie has chosen because she *liked* them, things that express her large, kindly, comfortable self, things accumulated during a lifetime of wandering over the face of the globe. Overflowing with, literally, hundreds of gifts from people all over the world. Rugs, pictures, vases, curious inlaid boxes, rare glass, pottery—some of them priceless *objets d'art*, some of them more modest tributes from less affluent friends. All of them valued heartily and sentimentally for the givers' sakes.

Framed photographs of the great and near great crown the mantlepieces, congest the tables, the top of the piano and adorn the walls. Statesmen, members of foreign nobility, famous musicians, writers, society women, actors, artists, bankers, all inscribed affectionately to "dear Marie". Most prominently placed of all, on a table in her living room, is an enormous portrait, in a broad silver frame, of the beaming black Jerry and Mamie, the devoted pair who have served her for nearly eighteen years. That, you see, is the kind of woman Marie *is.*

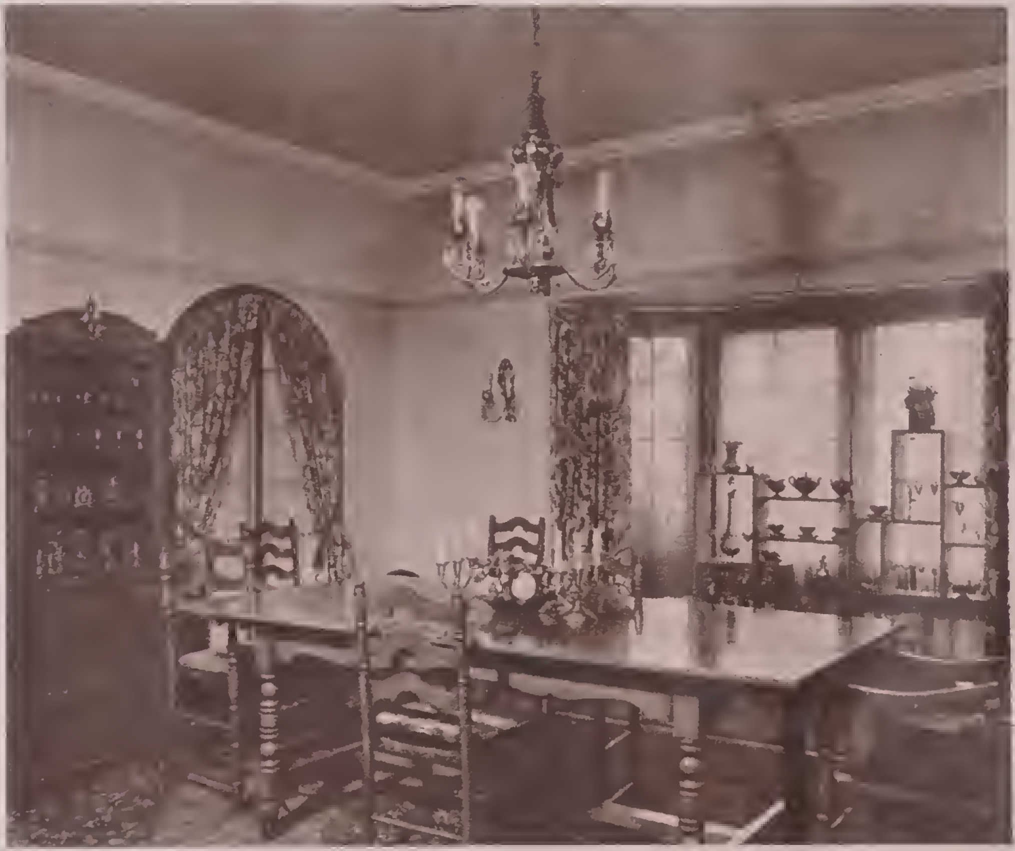
In the hallway, below the beautiful curved stairway, stands a Cornelli map screen, made for her by her friend, Lady Colebrooke. Opposite is a love seat whose exquisite embroidered upholstery was wrought by Marie herself. An arched doorway leads into the long living room, all ivory and warm tans and blues and gay shades of canary. The yellow moire divans, flanking the fireplace, were the gifts of Frances Marion. Marie admired them at Miss Marion's home one evening and the next day a truck drew up to her door to deliver them to her. A note from Frances accompanied them. "I am redecorating my house and shall not use these. I want very much for you to have them!"

A huge Empire mirror with a heavy gold frame gleams above a smoked gold console table. A low coffee table of the same smoked gold sits near the divan opposite. There are squashy chairs of gold brocade and blue damask. A grand piano, kept carefully tuned, stands in one corner, ready for the famous musicians who frequently dine there and who may be moved to impromptu performances. There are vases of fresh flowers everywhere.

A bright room. A room for old friends to settle down for gossip over their knitting. For Marie, even when she is upon the set, always has her work bag with her and her hands are never idle. Shades of our grand-



Marie's desk where she reads and answers her fan letters. Notice every inch of space is crowded with photographs lovingly inscribed



Marie's dining room is small, designed for intimate dinner and luncheon parties. It's done in tones of pale gray, green and maroon. There is a collection of colored glass against the bay window

Just a great, big livable room is Marie Dressler's living room with squashy chairs of gold brocade, low coffee tables, and lamps and fresh flowers scattered about

mothers! A charming old-fashioned custom.

The sunny little nook at the end of the living room, overlooking the garden, is called elegantly "a card room." But I have visited Marie in her home and I know what that room is mostly used for. That curious, Chinese, black-lacquer-and-mother-of-pearl desk is simply *stuffed* with letters and clippings. Letters from all over the world. Letters from friends and fans. Letters of intelligent criticism of her work. Letters of sentimental gratitude from strangers. Letters asking for money or advice. Letters from the wealthy, the successful, the cringing and the importunate. Marie reads 'em. What's more, she'll read them to you, too, if she can persuade you to listen. "Here's one from a sweet old lady in South Bend . . ." She has scant patience with the ignoble ones. "How *can* they bring themselves to confide such things to a stranger? How *can* anyone beg money from someone he has never seen? Why are people such cowards about living?" She answers them as fast as she can possibly plow through them. The advice she gives is pungent and salty . . .

The clippings are mostly reviews of her pictures. When a critic has been especially enthusiastic, her gratitude knows no bounds and she considers him, thenceforth, a valued, personal friend. She reads you, with tearful pride, the account of the minister somewhere who installed a projection machine in his Church and ran "Emma" one Sunday evening for his sermon!

Marie's grand piano is always carefully tuned. Famous musicians are always dropping in to see her, and she likes to play for herself, too

Many, many hours of Marie's leisure time are spent in that little room. You can learn a lot about her from that desk. . . .

You can see the garden from the windows, with its gold fish pool, its willows and its beds of bright, old-fashioned flowers—varieties that are "nice for bouquets!"

The dining room is small, designed for intimate luncheon and dinner parties. And those waffle and sausage breakfasts! A mellow, Oriental rug, smoked-green furniture, bright chintz drapes with a pale green ground, pale gray walls, maroon velvet cushions on the chairs.

Marie is proud of her cuisine and possesses one of the finest collections of recipes in the world. She can cook, too—and often does, when she is entertaining, if her schedule permits it. "It seems more like *my party* if I fix some of the food, myself!" She sits, rather grandly, at the head of her table and serves her guests from enormous silver platters, with the earnest Jerry hovering in attendance. Small, informal parties. So far as I know, Marie has never given a large and gaudy one since she has been in Hollywood.

Her bedroom, across the sunny front of the upstairs, is a pretty frivolous affair. French gray walls, apple green silk hangings and furniture enamelled the same shade of green, lined with black. The bed is covered with salmon silk brocade and there are lacy little French embroidered pillows strewn upon it. The dressing table is laden with creams and lotions and bottles and bottles of imported perfumes. Marie has a passion for fine perfume and her friends bestow it upon her upon all occasions. A picture of herself, grim and pathetic, as "Min," hangs above her desk. . . . There are sturdy, home-grown flowers everywhere. A little, well-equipped sewing table by a window.

An outdoor sitting room adjoins the bedroom, with comfortable wicker furniture, green Venetian blinds and gay, washable cushions. The guest rooms (two of them) are large and airy. Bright with chintzes and painted furniture. An exquisite hand drawn bedspread embellishes one of them. She usually has someone occupying them. Sometimes an old friend, fallen upon needy days, staying with her for months at a stretch, offering small services as companion and secretary, as a salve to pride. Sometimes distinguished visitors from the capitals of the world. Sometimes just someone who has "come visiting" and who lingers to enjoy that capacious hospitality.

Black Jerry and Mamie are, of course, the mainstays of her household. Mamie does the ordering, pays the bills, attends to details of laundry, cleaners, mending and so on. Jerry, Mamie's husband, is butler, houseman and generally useful individual.

When Marie moved into this house, the pair flatly refused to occupy the servants' quarters over the garage. What—leave Miss Dressler alone in the house? Not Mamie and Jerry! So a third guest room, across the hall from Marie's own room, was converted into an apartment for them, with its own snug sitting room and bath adjoining.

Aside from these two, there are Irene, the colored cook, and Meadows, the white chauffeur. And, from time to time as she is needed, a secretary.

That's how she lives—this woman who stands, at sixty, with her two capable feet planted solidly on one of the very top rungs of the motion picture ladder.

This is Marie's own bedroom, done in gray and green. The bedspread is salmon pink brocade

Another corner of Marie's room. She likes to lie on the chaise longue in the corner and do her sewing

If you could visit Marie Dressler, you might sleep in this sunny guest room. The chintz hangings match the painted furniture

Constance Cummings is Columbia's favorite starlet. She scored big in their recent "American Madness." She's simple, unspoiled and charming and you'll wish you could meet her after reading the story across the page

Up And Cummings

Little Connie Cummings Had a Checkered Career, All Ups and Downs, Till She Decided to Follow Her Own Good Judgment

By HELEN LOUISE WALKER

When everything was going dead wrong, it was Ronald Colman who persuaded Connie to stay in Hollywood and who got her a real chance

A YEAR and a half or maybe two years ago, a loud ballyhoo was raised in Hollywood over a new Sam Goldwyn "find". There is always a ballyhoo over a Goldwyn discovery—partly because Sam is an excellent picker and partly because he is a good showman who knows how to "sell" a new player. This one was Constance Cummings, a titian-haired young person from the New York stage who was to be Ronald Colman's leading woman in the Lonsdale picture, "The Devil to Pay."

As usual, there was a proper ado made over the arrival of the young lady. She was "introduced" to Hollywood amid huzzas; she was quoted as saying appropriate things in the public prints. She was photographed, stared and cooed at.

Then the studio went to work, in its usual fashion, to re-make its new property. Because, you know, whatever a studio acquires, be it a story, a play, an ancient stage coach or an actor, will never quite do just as it is. They always have to tinker with it—put numbers of people to work on it and change it until its own mother wouldn't recognize it. So they went to work to make Connie over.

Now, Miss Cummings was a girl who had made her own way, had achieved a fair amount of success upon the stage by standing on her own two feet, trusting to her own common sense and indulging a useful tendency to *find out* about things. In fact, she was fired from her first job in a New York chorus because she asked so many questions about what they were doing and *why* they were doing it that she drove the stage manager frantic. Later she learned to be less obvious about her investigations!

Inquiring of experienced people in New York as to how she should proceed when she arrived in Hollywood, she was told that all she need do was to say "Yes", at proper intervals in a polite voice. That seemed reasonable to her. "These people wanted me enough to pay me a sizeable salary," she told herself. "I know nothing about pictures. They will know what is best to do with me. I shall keep quiet and acquiesce to everything—until I learn."

So she made no protest about the costumes which made her look, somehow, like an entirely different person—at least half again as large as she was accustomed to looking. "They know how things photograph," she reminded herself, "and I don't." She did not raise her voice when she was given a new set of eyebrows which changed her entire expression. When they attempted to teach her how to walk (Connie had been a professional dancer for years!), she did her best to follow instructions—to a point at which she simply stood rigid, afraid to move a muscle unless the script specifically called for it. She deepened her voice for the microphone. She altered her gestures for the camera. There were conferences by the entire staff for each alteration.

Then one day, Sam called her into his office. "Now—ah—you'll have to blondine your hair, you know."

"I'll have to *what?*"

"Colman is dark and we must have a blonde leading woman. Your titian hair will never do. And your teeth—you'll have to wear a whitening composition on those. . . ."

For the first time, Connie expressed herself. She said, emphatically and unmistakably, the heretical word, "No!" She might wear fichus to broaden her already broad-enough shoulders. She might move like a wooden doll if she were told to do so. But risk her two most valuable permanent assets—her hair and teeth—for one picture, that she would *not* do. After the first arguments and unbelieving gasps, the studio (*Continued on page 81*)

Today's Anita, more lovely than ever but still the sleeping beauty

Anita, as she innocently arrived in Hollywood, under the amazing chaperonage of the unpleasantly famous Harry K. Thaw

What's the Matter with ANITA PAGE?

By HARRIET PARSONS

SOMEONE said to me the other day, "What's wrong with Anita Page? That youngster came into pictures with everything that it takes—youth, exceptional beauty, sex appeal and real dramatic talent. She landed a contract with a major studio and seemingly had every chance in the world to click in a big way. Yet today she's exactly where she was four years ago. What's the answer?"

I didn't know. Somehow I'd never thought about Anita in that light. If I thought about her at all it was simply as a nice kid who went on day after day without doing anything startling either on or

(*Continued on page* 82)

WHY is Anita Page re-signed by M-G-M year after year when other talented girls are let go? Why hasn't she cashed in on her youth and beauty? Has she any real future? You'll find the answers in this revealing article

Hot Papas for President!

The Four Marx Brothers want to be the Cabinet and they'd foster the eating of cabinet pudding so they'd be on the tip of every tongue

If the Hollywood Lads Were Elected, They'd Jazz Up the Congressional Record and Paint the White House Red

By MARQUIS BUSBY

WITH a hey-non-nonny and a hot-cha-cha, Hollywood is looking up big words and girding its loins (whatever that means) for the coming political fireworks.

The movie village has its own candidates for the Presidency and what bright ideas they've got. "We want Will Rogers," comes ringing forth from the exclusive environs of Beverly Hills. An answering shout is heard from the Roosevelt Hotel—"Give us George M. Cohan." The Brown Derby takes up the chant with "Durante Forever." A soprano warble from the Hollywood Girls' School chimes in with "Oakie or die."

George M. Cohan, playing the title rôle in the Paramount production of "The Phantom President," says what this country needs is a good song and dance man for president—perhaps not necessarily a *good* song and dance man.

He thinks the country needs *two* presidents. One solemn-visaged gentleman to sit in the executive chair and sign things, and another personality papa to go out spreading cheer. The good will prexy would have the important job of kissing the babies, pinning medals on channel swimmers, eating the cherry pies that are sent to the White House, rolling Easter eggs on the lawn, and endorsing the toilet soaps, the razors and the cigarettes.

Georgie has written a campaign song and figured out a platform. George M. is the *only* candidate to write his own campaign song. Did Hoover or Roosevelt ever write a song?

After hearing that song you'd go out and vote for Miss America of 1898. It's that lively.

George M.'s platform is a hot collection of planks. He believes in:

1. Establishment of bigger and better national bureaus. Bureaus of today aren't large enough to hold all the odds and ends a family collects after a few years. One may have to tear down the house to make room for the bureau, but that's the general idea.

2. The employment of a vaudeville performer who sits on a chair on top of sixteen bottles and a billiard cue to balance the budget.

3. Abolition of the anti-trust law. Why should anyone refuse to trust another? Then substitute a national credit for all.

4. A campaign for more two-for-a-nickel cigars, and make the depression-howlers smoke them.

5. Three day week for the president, so he will have more time to fish. More fish will make more fishbones in throats and more jobs for doctors.

6. For national relief, have more men at work on relief maps.

7. Revival of the Saturday night bath.

8. Increased community singing, which will drive people away from the communities and back to the farms and hence get farm relief.

9. More street parades so the public can get something out of what it's paying taxes for.

"I would make the smile the national emblem," said George M., swallowing a glass of ice water and warming up to his subject. "I'd declare open season on dead pans. Those who won't laugh would be put in museums. I'd put a broad grin on the face of every fellow whose countenance graces a postage stamp. Then the folks could ask the postmaster for ten three-cent 'smiles.'

Jimmy Durante, if elected President, would marry Garbo (that is, if she'd have him) and make her First Lady of the Land

Jack Oakie would substitute strip poker parties in place of state dinners. Thinks they would be more fun

"If I were president, I would make a sense of humor necessary to everyone who wanted to vote. If we knew how to laugh today we wouldn't be singing the blues. I would open Congress every morning with a practical joke. Of course, a lot of folks think that Congress not only opens that way but continues along the same lines indefinitely.

"If I were president I would wear no man's collar—in fact I think I would go in for those Clark Gable turtleneck sweaters. I'd have my name printed on every toothpick manufactured—then my name would be in the mouth of every person in the country. I'd insist that there be a knot-hole in every piece of lumber turned out by the big companies. The kids have got to see baseball games."

Jimmy Durante straightened his ten-gallon Stetson, tugged at his Prince Albert and snorted when he heard of George M. Cohan's political aspirations. He's also playing in "The Phantom President." Maybe George has the best scenes and that's why he's mad.

"I'm mortified at George," he said, as a tear bounced

George M. Cohan would open Congress every day with a practical joke

off his Grecian nose. "He's got all de big woids, and anyway, I want to be president."

Jimmie has it all "figgered" out, and he's ready to marry Garbo, and make her literally, the first lady of the land.

"Of course she'd have to go incognito," he said. "I couldn't have folks pointin' at me, the president, and sayin' there goes Garbo's husband. The meetings of the cabinet would all depend on Greta, too. When she said 'I tank I go home now' the cabinet would have to scram right then and there."

Jimmy, who terms himself a son of (don't get ahead of me) the soil, has selected his cabinet. Wallace Beery would be Secretary of Agriculture. He's fitted for the job because he doesn't know anything about it. Will Rogers, Secretary of the Navy, because he owned a rowboat once. Joe Brown, Secretary of Commerce. If any trouble came up he could swallow it. Mae West, Secretary of War. One look at Mae and no one would want to fight. Jimmy figures he would handle the Treasury himself.

First of all, if Jimmy lands in the Presidential chair, he's going to have the White House moved to Hollywood so the presidential duties won't interfere with his picture work.

If you're looking for a candidate with plans—Jimmy's got a million of 'em. Just to pick at random from his masterly platform . . . all soldiers will be drilled by "one, two, three—kick" instead of the old military formula. Every senator would have a theme song. Congress would meet but once in four years—that way it wouldn't get into so much trouble. The cancellation of all foreign debts—we can't collect 'em, anyhow. No offices for cabinet members. All work would be conducted in night clubs. No fishing for him—anyway if the fish are biting this year they're biting each other. Every effort would be made to keep Constance Bennett and Gloria Swanson out of foreign entanglements.

"What will you do for the farmers?" I asked this brilliant statesman. His answer was typical of this forthright politician.

"What about the farmers?" he replied. "I'll answer that in four words—*What* about the farmers?"

"How do you stand on prohibition?" I asked him next.

"With my right foot on the rail. That is, as long as I'm able to stand."

"No, no, not that," I insisted. "The prohibition question."

"I'm a man of few woids," he said, fearlessly, "and I will answer my constituents in three woids—what *is* prohibition?"

"And how do you stand on the tariff?" I asked.

"I'll take that up in my next toim of office," he answered, hastily.

Jimmy couldn't spare any more time to a political (*Continued on page* 95)

Here's the one Hollywood star who might really make the White House, Will Rogers himself

MARLENE DIETRICH wearing a wig (and oh, thank Mr. Von Sternberg, very little else) in "The Blonde Venus." Believe it or not, the rôle makes her a devoted wife and mother. Probably that's what this country needs—more wives and mothers like this!

Westerns!

"The Horse Opera" of the Wide Open Spaces, with Its He-Men Heroes, is Staging a Great Comeback

By HARRY LANG

"BRONCHO BILLY" Anderson was really the daddy of 'em all—the first of the big-shot western stars—and I'm wondering how many of you who are reading this can remember him—on the screen?

Me—I'm in my mid-thirties now (tsk, tsk, tsk! how time flies!) and the only reason I'm bothering you with that personal detail is to reminisce that I remember the day I mooched a nickel from my grandma so I could run around, in my knee pants, to the nickelodeon in the vacant store around the corner up on Lexington avenue in New York, where the big sign outside said Admission Five Cents—No Minors Allowed Unless Accompanied By Parents. So, unaccompanied, I plunked my nickel into the palm of the man at the door and went in and sat on the undertakers' chairs that were ranged in rows—and for the first time in my life, I beheld "Broncho Billy" shooting the daylights into a flock of Indians, cattle rustlers, outlaws and other varmints.

Hoot Gibson, besides starring in Westerns, yearly conducts the West's biggest rodeo, not far from where the forgotten Bill Hart lives all alone

Tim McCoy rode out of the army into pictures. George (Broadchest) O'Brien, below, has one of the most devoted publics of any star

That, you'll recall I said, was in my knee-pants days. And that goes to show just how far back into the infancy of the movies the western film goes.

Since then, western stars have come and gone—and also come back, as witness Tom Mix. The western movie—also known as "hoss opera"—has waxed and waned in popularity since those early two-reeler days. Today, it's on the surge of a new wave of popularity, with the gangster-tired, sex-surfeited public turning to the good old wild west yarn, with its clear-cut heroes and villains, for relaxworthy entertainment again. And with this new wave of popularity, there's a new crop of western stars, plus some of the old-timers still in harness. But no matter how many years, no matter how many faces, no matter how many changes in the technique of movie-making, the hoss-opera is still the same old yarn. The heroine is still the personification of all girlish virtue and sweetness, the villain is still the blackest-hearted blackguard that ever breathed a nasty breath, and the hero—ah, there, me lads, IS a hero what's a HERO. . . .!!!!

"Broncho Billy"—he who began all these heroes—was a shortish, chubby, even cherub-faced (at times) individual who, of all the cowboys and actors who were appearing in those early two-reelers, had enough force of personality to stand out and make himself one of those

The guys who began it all! Broncho Billy Anderson, top, and Bill Hart, below. Two gun boys, those. Why, Billy could even shoot two ways at once without looking, you'll notice!

early stars. His hoss-operas were always the same. There was always a gal (wasn't it Mary Fuller who used to play opposite him?) who was menaced by the gang of cutthroat cattle rustlers who were ravaging her or her dad's ranch. Or maybe it was Indians. And then there was always Broncho Billy—the sturdy stranger who arrived in the nick o' time, saw the terrible situation at a glance, and with no more ado, began yanking pistols out of holsters and perforating the villain and his gang (or the Indians) with theoretical lead.

Yet no one seems to know what's become of him. Famous as he once was, days of diligent querying in Hollywood, as this yarn was being written, failed to uncover a single individual who could state, definitely, where Broncho Billy is today, or even whether he's alive. Some thought they remembered reading that he'd died; then others said they understood he was barnstorming the sticks with a litle carnival show, while still others insisted that he'd turned his back on movies and the show business, and had gone into the everyday business world. Anyway, as far as movies are concerned, Broncho Billy Anderson, the daddy of all the western stars, is as dead as a cigar-store Indian.

And almost as dead (as far as the screen is concerned) is that King of 'em all—Two-Gun William S. Hart. Yes, Bill Hart was the King—even as Broncho Billy was the first. So definitely is William S. Hart the prototype of the American wild west character that you'll note, today, when foreign cartoonists sketch their conception of an American of the wild and woolly type, they sketch a likeness of William S. Hart with his guns out of his holsters, one in each hand, belt-high, and his face that thin-lipped mask that raised such terror and fear in the villains.

Today, Bill Hart is a pathetically lonely figure. Although he's well fixed financially, his heart is sour within him. He walls himself in within that hilltop rancho of his at Newhall, two score miles from Hollywood, which he calls the "Hill of the Wind." He bides his time there, remembering all his past glories, and contemplating, undoubtedly, the move that is generally supposed to have closed the screen to him forever—that successful suit he waged against a big movie-maker. There is, in Hollywood, what's called the "blacklist" and even though its existence has been officially denied time and again by the moguls of moviedom, there are too many of its victims to make it easy to believe "there ain't no such thing". . . . It's said that the powers have decreed that Bill Hart'll never be seen on the screen again. And so

Tom Keene used to be called George Duryea. He's six feet two, born an Easterner, but the real cowboys call him regular, which tells plenty

In a recent popularity contest Columbia's Buck Jones got more votes than Clark Gable!

Rex Bell, Clara Bow's husband, is a real rancher besides being a simple charming chap

he sits in his hilltop house, with his trophies and his memories and his riches—and whether you want to see him blazing away again or not, you'll take Tom Mix and Ken Maynard and Hoot Gibson and Rex Bell and Tom Keene and the rest of today's crop instead, and like 'em. . . .

Incidentally, it's an odd thing but a true one that Bill Hart, who kinged it over the hoss-opera domain as the greatest western hero of them all, was really a stock-show trouper from Newburgh, N. Y. There isn't a cattle range within half a continent from where Bill Hart was born!

And, on the other side of the balance, take Will Rogers and Harry Carey—two real westerners, born out in the wide open spaces where men's men, stranger! And what about 'em—why, Will Rogers plays all sorts of rôles except cowboys, and Harry Carey makes his greatest success as an African explorer!!!!—as old Trader Horn; remember?

Yet, despite this, it's Harry Carey and Will Rogers who are the great and only idols of that little army of real range-riding cowboys who now call Hollywood "home." There are better than three hundred of them—real cowhands from the ranches, who've learned that even though they work only a couple of days a week in western movies, they can make more in cinemaland than they could with plenty of hard work on the ranges. So they've drifted to Hollywood and formed their little colony there and their club—the 33 Club they call it—and they live unto themselves.

Tom Mix is the most colorful of the present western stars. Tom, fifty-two years old, is an amazing fellow. He's got a body that must be made of steel—! He's cheated Old Man Death so often that Death's given up the battle, and Tom's got married again! In everyday life, Tom's even more the western hero than he is on the screen, if that's possible. Why, you ought to see that house of his! It's jammed to the

Tom Mix and Tony, both getting on, both leading charmed lives, both something elegant in a drab, old world

Bill (movie) Boyd was a straight dramatic actor for a while but he's clicked biggest in Westerns. Ken Maynard's pony (right) is the Harlow of the horse world—the only platinum blonde of the lot!

doorsills with western gear of every kind. It's a Wild West Show in itself, from roof to cellar. And so's Tom, himself. All his life, Tom's been a Wild West showman—and he's that, twenty-four hours a day. He always dresses the part — and how! His usual costume is white, western — a colossally broad-brimmed white stetson, the most conspicuous piece. His boots are ultra-ultra — and incidentally, it's been suspected that Tom even sleeps with his boots on. You know these cowboy boots, don't you —highly ornamented things that come halfway up the lower leg, with the heel 'way up under the middle of the foot, not at the rear end, as in ordinary boots and shoes? Tom's always wearing 'em.

But Tom's prize show-stunt was that saddle he occasionally used to fasten onto the hood of the

(*Continued on page* 94)

WE are perfectly willing to come right out in public and state that Movie Mirror can hardly wait for this picture "A Farewell to Arms" from that glorious story of Ernest Hemingway's with Gary Cooper and Helen Hayes starring in it. For won't those be wonderful scenes between Gary as the lonely soldier and Helen as the little war nurse willing to die for love?

Geoff, her husband, had his arms about her. But he wasn't talking about love. He wanted her to use her charm to find out how he could make more money in Wall Street

The Crash

The Story of a Man and a Woman Who Thought Money Made Love

From the novel "Children of Pleasure" by Larry Barratto

Adapted to the screen by Earl Baldwin and Larry Barratto

Fictionized by Alma Talley

A Warner Bros. Picture Starring Ruth Chatterton

Cast

Linda Gault	*Ruth Chatteron*
Geoff Gault	*George Brent*
Ronnie Sanderson	*Paul Cavanaugh*
Marcia Peterson	*Lois Wilson*
John Fair	*Henry Kolker*
Celeste	*Barbara Leonard*
Arthur	*Hardie Albright*

JOHN FAIR put down his cocktail glass.

"An empty glass," he said. "An empty world. Our last drink together, Linda."

"It's you who insist on good-bye, my sweet." Linda's smile was like a caress. "You won't be a friend; I won't be anything else."

"Because of Geoff? In your world, Linda, wives are not always so considerate of their husbands."

Her hazel eyes were non-committal as she began drawing on her gloves and took a final lazy look about John Fair's beautiful living room, with its rugs and tapestries and paintings. She rose.

"Of course it isn't Geoff, really." John Fair followed her to the door. "It's only that you find me less entertaining than all your young men. My hopeless love for you bores you."

"And I can't endure to be bored," Linda said.

The thought stayed with her as she sat back among the thick upholstery of her town car and was driven home. She couldn't endure to be bored—but she was bored. Bored with life. Bored with Geoff, her husband. Bored with being the rich and beautiful Mrs. Geoffrey Gault. Bored with dinner parties and cocktails, and even with the expensive clothes and jewels she could no longer live without.

At her lovely house in East 73rd Street, Hodge, the butler, delivered the afternoon's messages. Mr. and Mrs. Parrish would be late for her dinner party this evening . . . a note was left for Madam.

The note was in unfamiliar feminine handwriting.

"Linda:

"This is terribly distressing in view of the years since you've bothered to know me, but things are rather horrible and I must see you.

"I shall call at six. Please see me if for no other reason than that we were once friends.

Marcia Adams Peterson."

"Who on earth—?" Indifferently she tore up the note.

Up in her boudoir, Linda lit a cigarette and lay back upon the satin-covered chaise longue, and stretched her beautiful slim legs out for Celeste, the little French maid, to remove her shoes and stockings. Listening to Celeste's chatter, she had almost forgotten the note when Marcia Peterson was announced.

Linda's maid phoned to her boy friend, Arthur, downstairs. "Buy, buy," she cried. "Mr. Fair told Mrs. Gault the market's going up"

Linda felt Geoff's fevered kisses on her cheek. "Tell me what Fair told you about the market," he begged her

"I want you, Linda, at any price," said John Fair. "Bid for me then," Linda murmured provocatively

"Hello, Marcia," Linda said, looking up from among her lace cushions, and not bothering to rise. "Sit down. I'm afraid I haven't much time. What was it you wanted?"

"Linda, you needn't make this more difficult for me than it already is," Marcia said. Marcia, like Linda, was in her early thirties, but quite unlike Linda, she was shabby and haggard and worried. She sat down gingerly on one of the little French chairs.

"If it were just for myself," she said, resentfully, "I'd starve rather than come to you. But Eric's been out of work for months, and the children—I can't let them go hungry."

"I'm sorry," said Linda indifferently. "I thought everybody was prosperous these days, the stock market higher and higher."

"What would a poor architect have to do with stocks?" Marcia spoke bitterly. "And what—I can see you're about to ask—what have you to do with a poor architect? There was a time, my friend, when you were glad to know us, glad to visit us in Clinton, glad to meet the young men we invited over." She flushed, ashamed at reminding Linda of past favors.

And Linda, thus reminded, flushed also. She had met

The crash took everything with it—Linda's townhouse, servants, even Geoff, her husband

Marcia Peterson said, "I hope you will know great unhappiness, Linda, so that you may learn to become a human being"

Geoff at Marcia's house, when she was poor and her mother sat up nights dressmaking and her bungling father was the town laughing stock.

"It's not your fault, Marcia, that you remind me of all the things I've escaped from and don't want to remember. You remind me of poverty and all those dreadful days of—" She broke off, reached for her check book, wrote a check for a thousand dollars.

"I don't know when you'll get this back, if ever," Marcia said, rising. The worried furrow disappeared from her forehead. "Shall I thank you, Linda, for bribing your conscience?"

"I haven't any," said Linda lightly.

"I wish you a great deal of unhappiness," Marcia flung back upon her departure. "It might make a living person of you, Linda."

Indignantly Linda turned her back and got up and sat before her little French dressing table with the Dresden china lamps, and began dabbing at her make-up. She frowned as Geoff entered the room, in evening clothes. He was tired, worn.

"Geoff," she said, "we're always fairly civil to each

"You couldn't be poor," Geoff said to her. "You deserve all the beautiful things in the world"

Her world had smashed about her, but Linda was safe in Bermuda and life had taken on new glamour because of a handsome man named Ronnie Sanderson

other, aren't we? I mean, no kicking or screaming?"

"I never kick at anything," Geoff said. "You don't scream. We're divinely happy, of course!"

She ignored his sarcasm. "I wonder—would we howl at each other if you couldn't pay the coal bill and I couldn't pay Celeste?"

"We'll manage Celeste and the coal. Is it money you want, Linda? An allowance of forty thousand a year is a lot!"

"I'm not asking for money," said Linda. "Although Frank Parrish gives Esther a hundred thousand."

"Frank Parrish made three millions last year. I made

Linda lived in the horrible little boarding house with the three old women eyeing her and whispering maliciously about her gowns just about half a million."

"I'm not asking for money," Linda repeated. She stood up while Celeste put the lovely white satin evening gown on her.

Geoff lit a cigarette. "Did you go out today?"

Linda hesitated. "No . . . How was your day? And the market?"

Geoff frowned. "Heavy selling. Four million shares today. I wish I knew what it means."

"My pearls, Celeste." Linda dangled them in indifferent fingers while Geoff went on about the market, his tired brown eyes vaguely following the ripple of the pearls in her fingers.

"Why not look at your wife, sometimes," said Linda, "instead of these beads? Some men find me quite desirable, you know!"

"Don't I know!" He puffed his cigarette. "I phoned John Fair a half hour ago. He's coming for dinner. You're to sound him out on the stock market. Find out if the big chaps are unloading."

"John Fair!" The pearls slid from her fingers. "Oh, Geoff! If you'd insisted, we could have had him next week."

"Linda, I love you so," murmured Ronnie. "How is this all going to end?"

Celeste, the maid, visited Arthur in prison. "I only wanted to make money quick so we could get married sooner," he cried

Celeste looked at the priceless pearls Linda was carelessly dangling from her fingers. Those pearls could save Arthur

"The market won't wait till next week. I've got to know tomorrow. If the market is really breaking, I've got to sell out and buy in lower down. But I must find out—and Fair will tell you."

"Why should he?" said Linda sharply. "You've made me ask him before. But how can I get tips without attracting men? And then you order me not to see them."

Uncomfortably, Geoff stared down at his feet. "You can find out indirectly. Has he cancelled his passage for Europe? Tell him you have money to invest. He'll recommend something, or advise waiting."

"You'll put me in a hole like this once too often, Geoff!" But she began stripping off her white satin dress, and called for her new green Lanvin which hadn't been worn before.

Linda and Geoff met in a cheap little restaurant to talk over the divorce. Words didn't come easily to either of them

"Geoff, this is Mr. Sanderson," said Linda. "Ah, the sheep man," said Geoff, stiffening

Linda was crying as she tore up the check, but her voice was soft with the tenderness of love

And very beautiful she looked, at the end of the long dining table, gleaming with silver and crystal.

"I hear you're going to Europe, Jack." Of their ten guests, John Fair sat on her right.

"On the eighteenth. At least I've booked passage then."

"But you may not go?" said Linda, so sharply that a faint suspicion flickered across his eyes.

"I may not."

"That everlasting market, I suppose! What if it does go to pieces while you're gone? You can afford it."

"I said nothing about the market," Fair said coldly. And his suspicion still persisted, when, after dinner, he joined her on the low divan in the living room where the guests chattered over their coffee and brandy.

"Why was I invited here?" John asked her. "After our good-bye this afternoon?"

"I repented, Jack." Linda patted his sleeve, and smiled the smile which had kept him enslaved for years.

"That's a lie, Linda. A graceful lie. Even a woman doesn't change in four hours. I'm middle-aged, unattractive. No man to be successful can have any illusions about himself. But I want you, Linda, at any price."

"Bid for me, then." Her laugh was provocative.

"Marry me and I'll settle fifty millions on you. I'll buy Geoff off for five millions, to keep him drunk and happy."

Linda bridled. "Geoff wouldn't be bought." She looked up. Saw Hodge removing the glasses, as if he had been listening. Fair went on, persuasively. She could have a yacht. Jewels. "Give those pearls to your maid. I'll buy you better ones."

"Please, Jack, people are looking at us!" Linda said, and added casually,

(*Continued on page* 75)

HAVE you noticed how Constance Bennett's work sparkles these days with a new humor and a grand zest for life? Connie's fans know that the Bennett girl has found happiness in her marriage to the Marquis de la Falaise. La Bennett is one of the most misunderstood girls in Hollywood. She's been called high-hat, and yet she could put on airs and doesn't. She's still Connie to her friends. Did you know that she writes exquisite poetry, plays the piano, and adores her adopted son Peter? Connie's next picture is "Two Against the World," with Neil Hamilton

ALTHOUGH he's made only one picture so far, Johnny Weissmuller has all the women cu-hrazy about him. In "Tarzan, the Ape Man" he walked, ran and swam away with all the honors. Actually Johnny is just a simple chap with a marvelous physique. He is 6 feet 3 inches tall, and is a champion swimmer. He's married to Bobbe Arnst. He doesn't smoke and never eats fish. He claims that they're his pals. You'll see him next in a sequel to "Tarzan"

MOVIES OF THE MONTH

"Downstairs" is John Gilbert's best talkie, even though his rôle isn't at all sympathetic

By MARQUIS BUSBY

(Check ✓ for the good pictures. Double check ✓✓ for the extraordinary ones that you shouldn't miss.)

COMEDY is back on the screen this month, honest-to-gosh, crazy, uproarious comedy. After a dull summer, how you'll laugh! Everybody who enjoyed that mad picture, "The Passionate Plumber," will want to see "Speak Easily," with the same swell team of Buster Keaton and Jimmy Durante. It's a wow. Will Rogers adds to the gayety of nations in "Down to Earth," and Wheeler and Woolsey are up to their old didoes in "Hold 'Em, Jail." Harold Lloyd, off the screen for about a year, is back again with a comedy that makes you wonder why he doesn't make pictures oftener. Oh, there are plenty of dramas this month, but then there are always dramas. The big news of the month is that there are some smashing good comedies.

✓✓ Speak Easily (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer)

You'll See: *Buster Keaton, Jimmy Durante, Ruth Selwyn, Weldon Heyburn, Hedda Hopper.*

It's About: *A strait-laced but curious college professor who inherits a fortune and goes into show business, of all things.*

You'll need plenty of handkerchiefs at "Back Street," as you watch John Boles' and Irene Dunne's swell performances

This bears only the slightest resemblance to that swell Satevepost story, "Footlights," but don't let that wrinkle your brow. "Speak Easily" is just as funny. Maybe it's even funnier. At least it had a preview audience going into first-class hysterics.

There have been teams and teams in the movies, but

"The Vanishing Frontier" is that same old western plot you've been seeing right along, dressed up with a nice cast and some lovely scenery

the combination of Buster Keaton and Jimmy Durante will go down in history. They're elegant together—Buster as the college professor (that does seem like a strange piece of casting—but wait!) and Jimmy as the business manager and comedian of a down-at-the-heels theatrical troupe. What happens when they combine forces would make the Sphinx giggle.

Both comedians are at their best, and in addition there is grand comedy from Henry Armetta, the iron-jaw performer in the troupe, and Hedda Hopper, the ingénue's ambitious ma. For once Hedda gets a vacation from those snooty socialites and shows a real sense of comedy values. As far as this writer is concerned it's a crime to cover up the charms of Thelma Todd. She doesn't hide

"Speak Easily," with Jimmy Durante, Buster Keaton and Thelma Todd, made a hard-boiled preview audience go into hysterics from laughter

"The Age of Consent" is a sexy but excellent picture about the younger generation and it's played by a lot of nice young actors her light under a bushel in this one. You should see her lingerie.

Go and laugh yourself out of the depression.

✓✓ Back Street (Universal)

You'll See: *Irene Dunne, John Boles, ZaSu Pitts, George Meeker, June Clyde, William Bakewell, Walter Catlett, Doris Lloyd, Noel Francis.*

The settings of "Skyscraper Souls" dwarf the players. It's fairly good entertainment, though it attempts to tell too many stories at the same time

It's About: *The woman in the back street of a man's life. Denied marriage, she is nevertheless the moving factor in his brilliant career.*

Wheeler and Woolsey are grand in their last comedy offering for Radio, "Hold 'Em, Jail"

Neil Hamilton and Constance Bennett are charming in "Two Against the World," a story about a society girl who blackens her own reputation to save her brother

Here again is that currently popular movie formula—the story which rambles down the long corridor of the years. As in all lifetimes, there are stretches which have humor and breathless drama. Then come arid areas when nothing much happens, except that the bills come in regularly. That is the chief but not very important criticism of "Back Street."

Fannie Hurst's best selling novel has been brought to the screen with intelligence. There is nothing new in the story of a woman's sacrifice for a man, and again, it is always new when acted with such consummate ability.

Not since "Cimarron" has Irene Dunne shone so brilliantly as the woman who gives up all friendships, hope of advancement, and offers of marriage for a man whom she can never marry.

John Boles plays with winning sincerity the man in the story, married, but always faithful to the other and greater love in his life. His death scene is as gripping a moment as you have witnessed in many a moon.

George Meeker, Walter Catlett, William Bakewell and Doris Lloyd are fine, but the picture belongs to the two stars. John Stahl's direction is notable.

Oh, yes, take plenty of hankerchiefs with you. You're going to have *such* a good cry.

✓ Downstairs (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer)

You'll See: *John Gilbert, Virginia Bruce, Paul Lukas, Olga Baclanova, Hedda Hopper, Bodil Rosing, Reginald Owen and Otto Hoffman.*

Edmund Lowe and Victor McLaglen are at it again in "Guilty as Hell," but this time Lowe is a reporter who solves a big mystery

"One Way Passage" is one of the most appealing and unusual stories in which William Powell and Kay Francis have ever been co-starred

It's About: *A handsome and rascally Don Juan from the servants' quarters who plays the very dickens with the womenfolk in an M-G-M Austrian castle.*

What's this! The great lover of the silent screen plays all kinds of a blackguard in "Downstairs." And John Gilbert can't utter a word of protest. He wrote the thing himself, and begged to play the leading rôle. Incidentally, even if he does play a most unsympathetic rôle, it is the best Gilbert vehicle since the screen started taking vocal lessons.

John needn't apologize for his story either. It is highly original, and as the chauffeur Casanova, the star makes life miserable for most of the feminine members of the castle household, upstairs among the quality, and downstairs among the hired help.

In his characterization of the chauffeur Gilbert proves that he isn't through on the screen by a long shot. He is extremely colorful and stands out vividly in the cast. Virginia Bruce, very soon to become Mrs. Jawn Gilbert, gives a sincere note of pathos to the little maid, and Paul Lukas is splendid as the butler. Olga Baclanova, Reginald Owen and Bodil Rosing are all fine.

✓ The Age of Consent (RKO-Radio)

You'll See: *Dorothy Wilson, Richard Cromwell, Eric Linden, Arline Judge, John Halliday, Aileen Pringle.*

It's About: *That guilty younger generation on a college campus. The boy does his necking with the wrong girl to the tune of almost disastrous results. Goodness, but this is sexy!*

Sexology seems to have been the only college course taught in "The Age of Consent" (wotta title!). The picture is one long succession of campus carryings-on, and will probably make every college president in the country start writing nasty letters about it. That's good for business, and there's no doubt about it, this red-hot, little drammer is a box office clean-up. You may not think it's in very good taste. It smacks too much of the peep show. Now that we've told you that you'll probably run (if you walk you won't find a seat) to the nearest theater where it is showing.

Disregarding the rather messy sex aspect of the picture, it has a devil-may-care youthfulness which is refreshing, and some splendid performances from the youngsters in the cast.

Dorothy Wilson, who stepped from a stenographer's desk to become a leading lady in her first picture, is as fresh and beautiful as a May morning. Lack of experience is evident, but just the same she is a genuine find.

At last a Harold Lloyd comedy! After a long time off the screen Harold Lloyd comes back, bigger, better and funnier than ever in "Movie Crazy"

Richard Cromwell, the hero who gets involved with a hot mama from the wrong side of the tracks, proves anew that he is an unusually appealing young actor. Arline Judge is the little minx who causes the disturbance, and Eric Linden is fine as the rich college playboy.

Aileen Pringle, by the way, appears as the college English professor. If someone

(*Continued on page* 85)

TIPS on TALKIES

Peggy Shannon in Fox's "Painted Woman"

(Check ✓ for the good pictures. Double check ✓✓ for the extraordinary ones that you shouldn't miss.)

By DORA ALBERT

Personally Recommended

✓✓ What Price Hollywood?
A delightful portrait of Hollywood, sparkling in its comedy and sincere when it dips into tragedy. Connie Bennett is simply grand in this. Lowell Sherman is simply incredible. He gives the most finished performance of all. And I've never seen Neil Hamilton as charming as he is in this.

✓ The Red Headed Woman
Recommended with reservations. It's somewhat risqué, but oh, how it sparkles! It's a mad, merry farce, and Jean Harlow outdoes herself in it.

✓ Lady And Gent
Some of the most delicious dialogue you've listened to in pictures. George Bancroft better than he's been in ages, and Wynne Gibson simply delightful.

—Also—

These Double Check Pictures of the Last Six Months

- ✓✓ **American Madness**
- ✓✓ **As You Desire Me**
- ✓✓ **Attorney for the Defense**
- ✓✓ **The Crowd Roars**
- ✓✓ **The Dark Horse**
- ✓✓ **The Doomed Battalion**
- ✓✓ **Grand Hotel**
- ✓✓ **Letty Lynton**
- ✓✓ **Make Me a Star**
- ✓✓ **The Miracle Man**
- ✓✓ **The Mouthpiece**
- ✓✓ **Night Court**
- ✓✓ **One Hour With You**
- ✓✓ **Scarface**
- ✓✓ **State's Attorney**
- ✓✓ **Symphony of Six Million**
- ✓✓ **Tarzan, the Ape Man**

✓✓ **AMERICAN MADNESS** (Columbia) A grand story about how a banker's faith saved a big bank from crashing. You'll want to get up and cheer for Walter Huston's magnificent performance. Pat O'Brien wins second honors. This is interesting; this is human; and you haven't seen a million other pictures about the same subject. You're bound to like it.

☆

ARM OF THE LAW (Monogram) Here's a story about a smart young reporter who solves the big mystery murder. The part's nicely played by Rex Bell, Clara Bow's young husband. Fair entertainment.

☆

✓✓ **AS YOU DESIRE ME** (M-G-M) Garbo as you desire her. In this she gives a brilliant performance, first as a jaded café entertainer, and then as a woman who is beginning to learn something of love and life. In the early sequences she wears a platinum wig, that makes her look sophisticated, world-weary. Later she discards the wig, and the contrast is startling. She's young and gay and dazzling. Never has she been lovelier in either mood. Melvyn Douglas as her leading man is delightful. Also outstanding is Erich von Stroheim. An air of glamour and romantic unreality surrounds the whole production, adding to its beauty.

☆

✓✓ **ATTORNEY FOR THE DEFENSE** (Columbia) This belongs to the cycle of pictures about clever prosecutors. The rôle affords Edmund Lowe a chance to give one of his most brilliant performances. Add to that Evelyn Brent, beautifully cast, Constance Cummings, Dorothy Peterson, Donald Dilloway, and you have a movie that promises and gives splendid entertainment.

☆

✓ **BACHELOR'S AFFAIRS** (Fox) Here is a light, gay, cheerful picture, not very important, but very amusing. It's about a middle-aged bachelor who marries a young girl, and is Adolphe Menjou grand as the bachelor? Joan Marsh is the luscious bit of loveliness he can't keep up with. It's a delightful farce, this "Bachelor's Affairs," and we can recommend it to help you forget your troubles.

☆

✓ **BIG CITY BLUES** (Warners) "Big City Blues" is a series of episodes about New York. It takes you through speakeasies, police courts, gambling joints, and big city life. Eric Linden, the boy wonder, is the Indiana lad who finds love and tragedy in New York. He gives a fine, sincere performance. Nice work also by Joan Blondell as a chorus girl.

☆

BIG TIMER, THE (Columbia) This is a fairly snappy picture, and it has a few laughs in it. Ben Lyon is adequate as a palooka prize fighter, even though he doesn't equal his performance in "Lady with a Past" and other hits. Constance Cummings does a grand piece of work as the love interest. Fair entertainment.

☆

✓✓ **BLESSED EVENT** (Warners) There's a lad named Lee Tracy who can knock you out of your seat with his whirlwind performances, and "Blessed Event" is your chance to discover him if you haven't done so already. Gosh, I could rave and rave and rave about that guy. As a wise-cracking columnist in this he's simply superb. Mary Brian is his leading lady, and gives a charming performance.

☆

✓ **BRING 'EM BACK ALIVE** (Radio) This picture is notable chiefly for its animal-thrill stuff. It's a photographic, true record of what goes on in the Malayan jungles. You'll see a tiger battling with a giant python and other thrilling jungle fights. Frank Buck, author of the book, "Bring 'Em Back Alive," makes the running explanatory comment on the film.

☆

BROKEN WING, THE (Paramount) This has romance and it has excitement, but it hasn't enough of either to make it a really outstanding picture. Leo Carrillo is a joy as usual as a Mexican bandit. Lupe Velez makes a grand little spitfire and Melvyn Douglas is all right as the conventional hero. But the plot is just one of those things; you know what to expect and it happens.

☆

BUT THE FLESH IS WEAK (M-G-M) Bob Montgomery is fairly good in this sophisticated

(*Continued on page 97*)

Do You Want to Look Sophisticated?

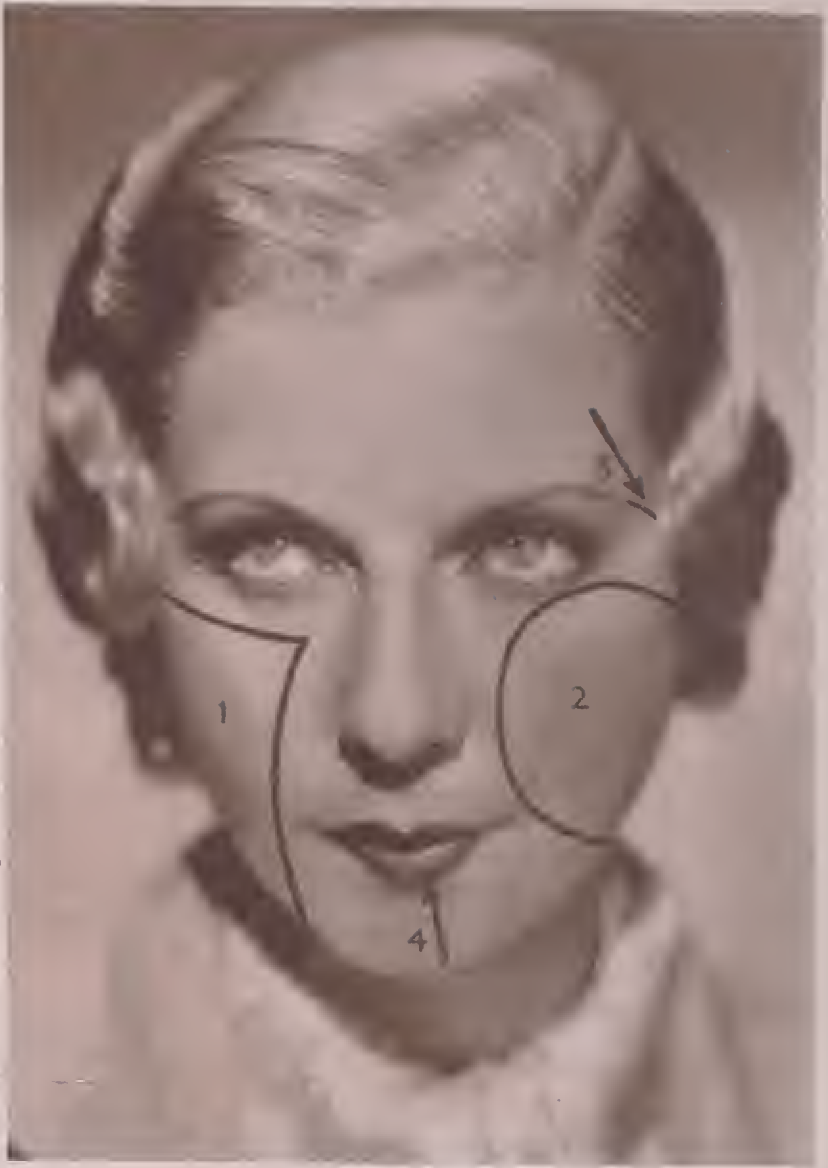
The Answer Is to Go to Extremes Delicately—and Here's Telling You How

As an added service to its readers, Movie Mirror has arranged with the Westmores, authors of this beauty series, to receive and answer mail inquiries, based on these articles, for elaboration of any particular feature which may apply to you—and on which you may wish more detailed advice. You may address such inquiries to Perc and Ern Westmore, in care of either Movie Mirror, 8 West 40th St., New York, or the Max Factor Studios, Hollywood, Cal.

Foreword: *This is the third of a series of an entirely new type of beauty articles—incisive, instructive, stripped of the hooey of generalization—whereby Movie Mirror will show its readers specifically how the outstanding beauties of the screen attain their loveliness.*

The value of these articles to you will lie in this: that in these articles, you will be advised in practical detail exactly how YOU can adapt to yourself the very beauty secrets the stars themselves use to enhance their natural good points and to overcome handicaps nature has put on them, and it will be done in such a way that you can beauty-analyze yourself.

The authoritativeness of these articles is their most important recommendation. They have been prepared by Perc and Ern Westmore, acknowledged the outstanding make-up and beauty experts of movieland. Perc is the make-up wizard who is internationally famous as the head of Warner Brothers' make-up department; Ern, his brother, holds a similar position and fame as make-up chief at Radio Pictures studios. In addition, these two men, who have often been referred to as, jointly, the champion beauty-team of the world, are affiliated with the Max Factor studios in Hollywood which advise the great majority of motion pictures' beauties on how to make the most of what nature has done for them.



Lilyan Tashman has three subtle make-up tricks that create beauty. You can learn a lot from Lilyan!

IN Lilyan Tashman, who is the subject of this month's article in this beauty-and-makeup series, we have a beauty-type that can most aptly be characterized as the direct antithesis of the type represented by Janet Gaynor, whom we beauty-dissected last month.

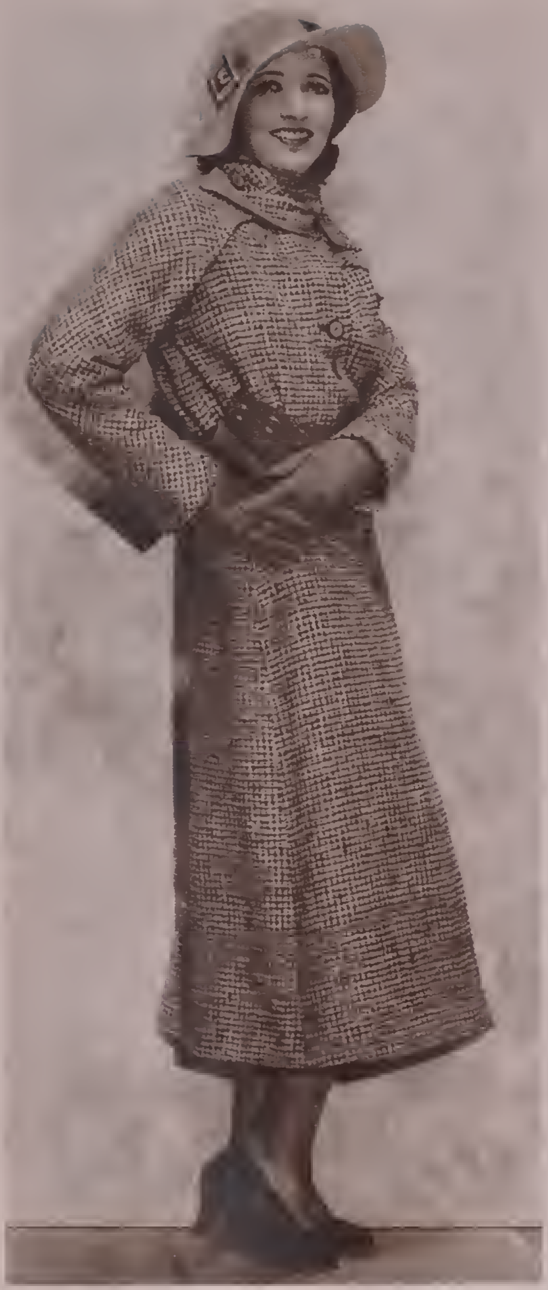
You see, while Janet's fundamental beauty secret is naturalness and simplicity, Lilyan Tashman's is at the other extreme—Lilyan Tashman's basic beauty-secret is artificiality and sophistication.

Janet must UNDER-makeup to achieve—or, rather, to accentuate that sweet, simple, naïve girlish charm of hers. On the other hand, Lilyan Tashman must OVER-makeup to achieve what may be fairly called a sophistication in appearance. For it's true that, stripped of her makeup, there'd be little or nothing of the sophisticate in Tashman's appearance. She'd be just another handsome blonde. But she's been smart enough to realize that she has certain points which are capable of accentuation by means of extreme make-up, so as to give the effect of super-sophistication, superficially, at least. And Tashman has made the most of those points.

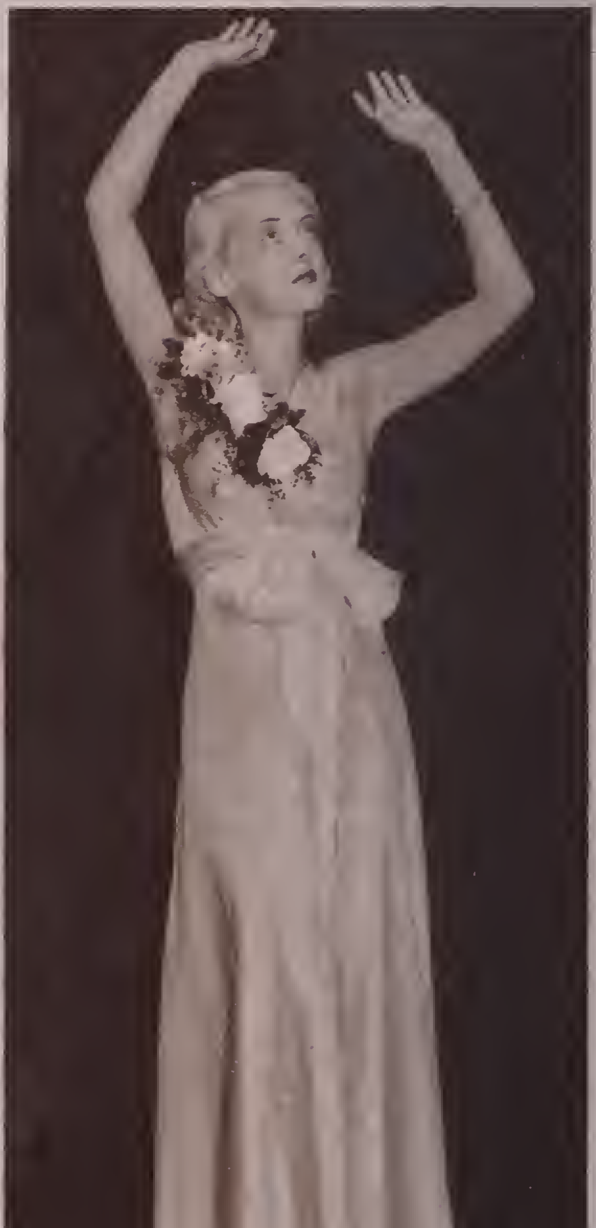
The things Tashman does are, in a large measure, applicable to countless others of her type. Many of you who read this can get the same distinctive beauty-effects which are Tashman's, merely by the delicately extreme touches which she uses. And in that phrase—"delicately extreme"—you have another clue to the Tashman beauty-secrets.

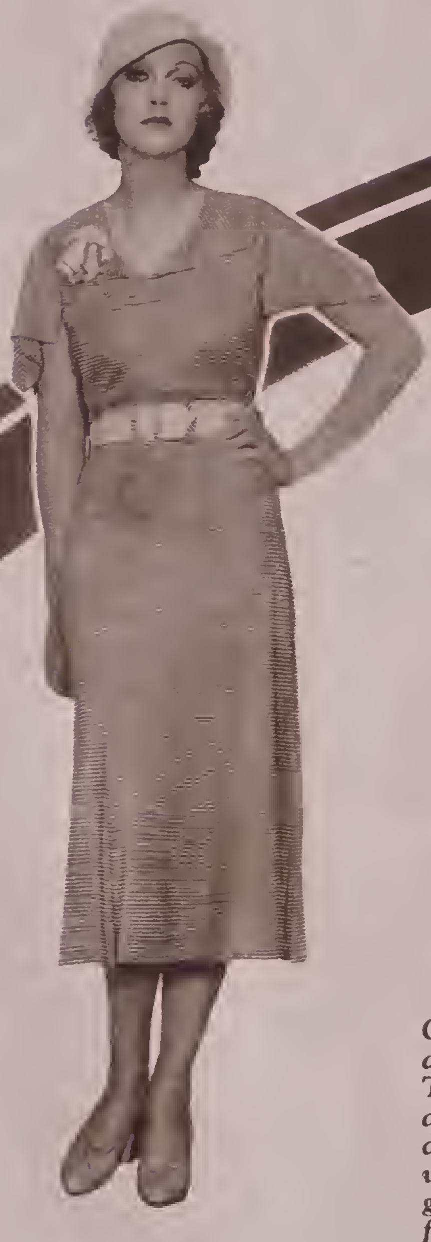
Lilyan Tashman resorts to OVER-makeup to get her results. However, there are already entirely too many girls at large on the streets and in shops and cafés and other places who use (*Continued on page* 93)

Fashion From

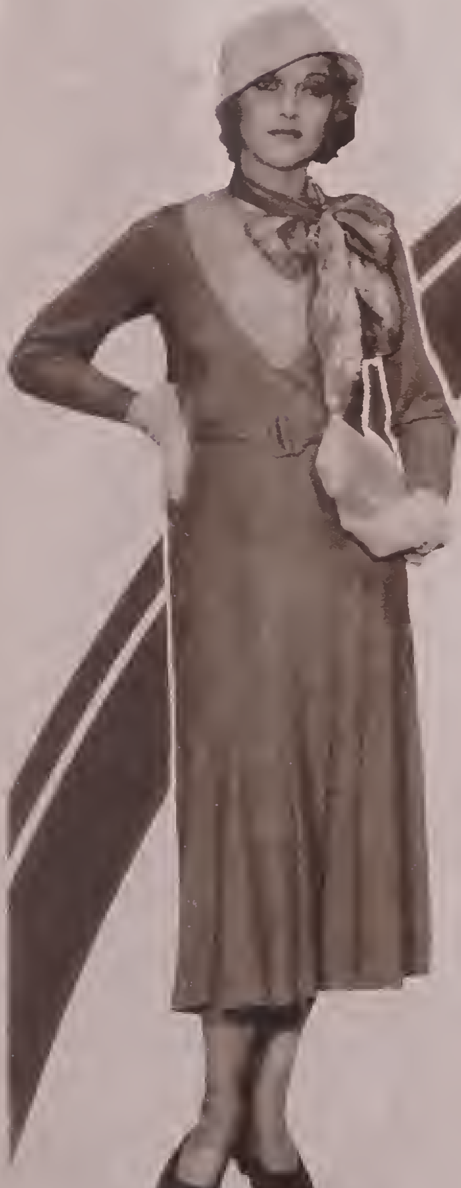


The tweed coat without a bit of fur is the very smartest thing for fall wear. Kay Francis chose checks of yellow and brown with brown and yellow bone buttons. Notice the criss-crossing neckline. That's new!





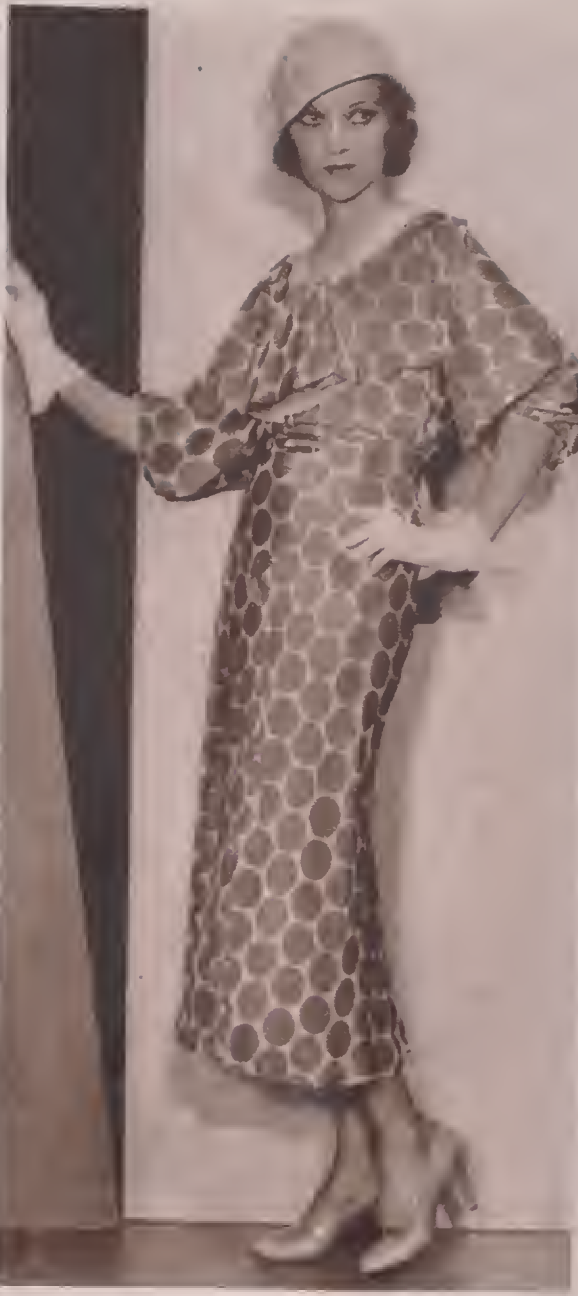
Glove silk is one of the smarter fall materials and on this gown of red and white Sheila Terry (left) wears a wide belt of gold kid (such as your evening slippers are made of). It's very dashing. Bette Davis (above) introduces a new way to drape an evening gown by tying her girdle from the back to the front with a big, floppy bow. This also produces a smart high waistline

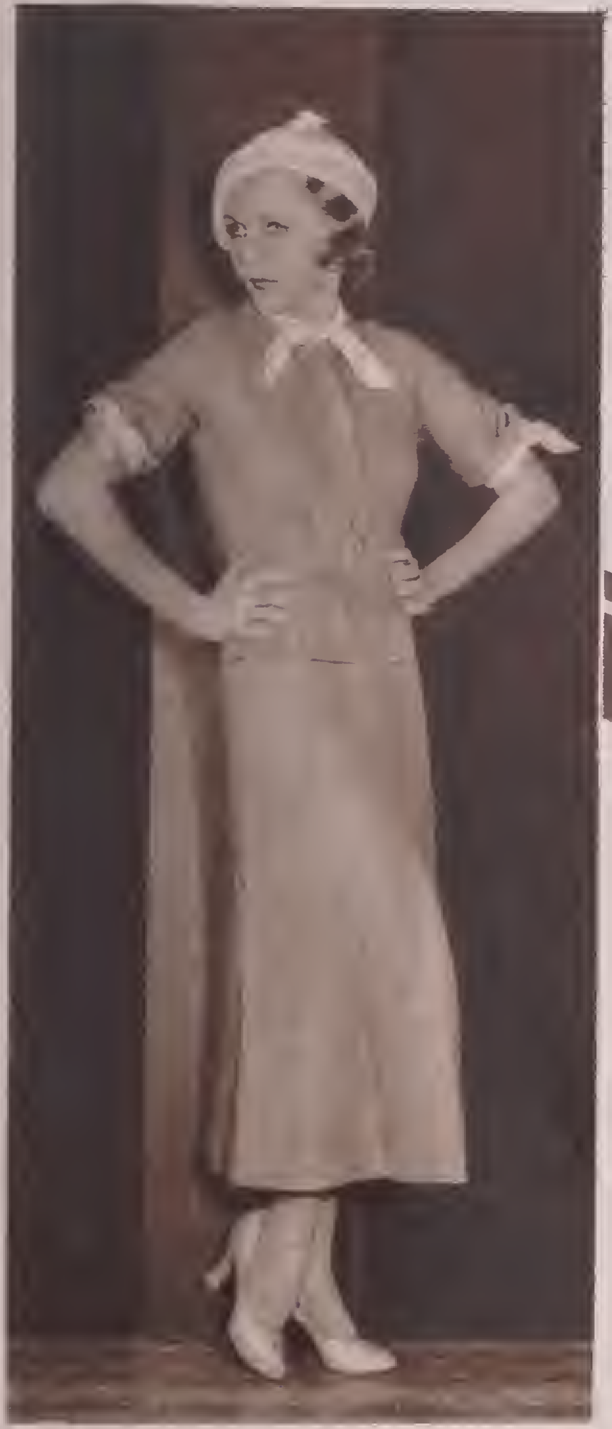


Sheila Terry has the cute idea of tying a big scarf of silk about her neck. It's cooler and less expensive than fur and yet it does away with that "undressed look" her Angora wool gown might have otherwise

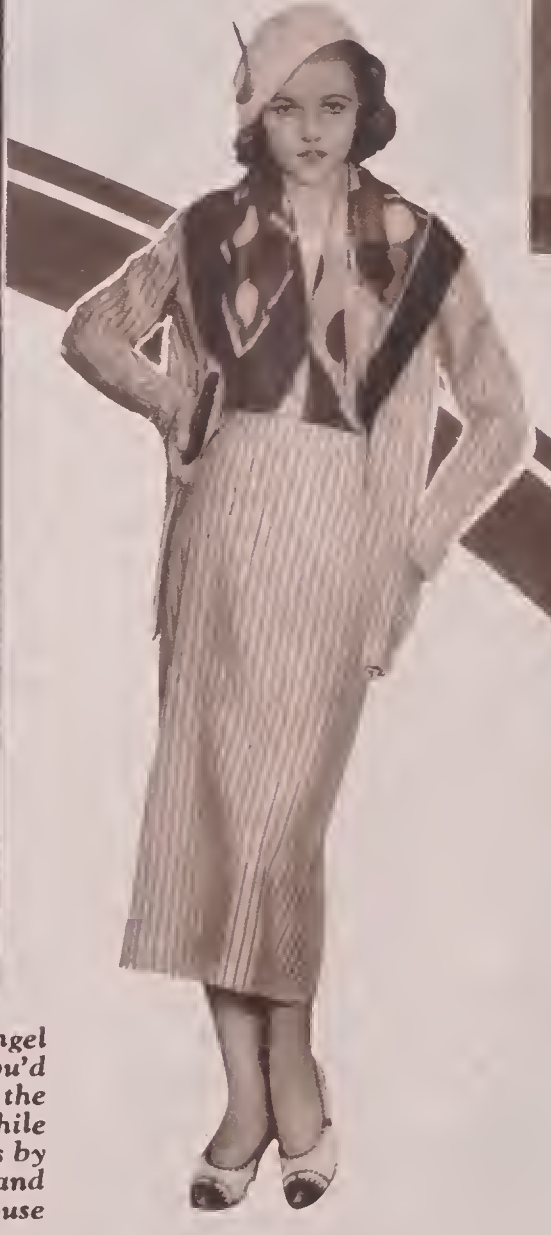
Highlights Hollywood

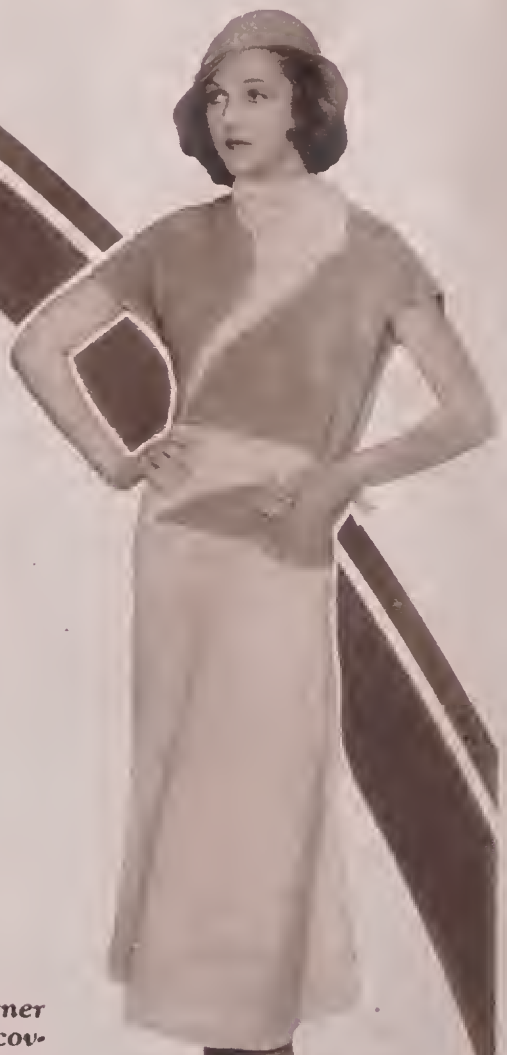
If you're going in for polka dots at all this fall you must choose great big ones! Sheila Terry has green dots on a white background, big as silver dollars. Her draped sleeves are the smartest length and that jabot collar is something to get excited over





Add to cute touches those tiny tabs of angel skin (which is just as white and soft as you'd expect) which Betty Gillette has tied about the neck and sleeves of her frock (above), while Patricia Ellis steps into the originality class by wearing a yard square scarf of blue, red and green with her suit instead of wearing a blouse





Young Miss Ellis (she's Warner Bros.' fifteen-year-old discovery) produces another innovation, that being a turtle-necked sweater knitted all in one with a sports skirt, thereby creating something very hot-cha in one-piece slipovers

SPEAK *for* YOURSELF

Letters from Our Readers

THE $20 LETTER

Once in a blue moon I stumble across somebody who gloomily remarks that he doesn't "see anything to the movies." After such an encounter I go straight home and joyously count my blessings (derived from these same movies).

One. Entertainment. By consulting the unbiased reviews in Movie Mirror I can select the brand I personally prefer and so seldom go wrong.

Two. Beauty. And in so many forms. There I can find lovely faces, captivating figures, ravishing clothes.

Three. Thrills and drama. These things don't happen to me very often, so I take them, vicariously, à la cinema.

Fourth. Glamour. Everyone might not agree, but to me this is most important of all. It's the lovely, sugary gilt on the somewhat dull pill of life.

Fifth. Experience. I can learn from the mistakes of others. Books are supposed to teach this, too, but after all, books are only words strung together, while movies *show* you actual people living and suffering.

Evelyn Fritzinger,
Alden Station, Pa.

***This is your department.* You can say what you want in it. You can rave or knock all you want. We award seven prizes every month—$20 First Prize; $10 Second; and five prizes of $1 each. Prize letters must be 200 words or less. Address Movie Mirror, 8 West 40 St., N. Y.**

THE $10 LETTER

I once thought that I had seen enough of gangster pictures. In recent months I have seen criminals of various shapes, sizes, and dispositions disport on the screen. Some, suave and sleek, making fools of the law's officers; others, recklessly brave, dying with a defiant smile on their lips.

Another gangster picture, I vowed, would be uninteresting, useless, and stupid. But I take that all back after seeing "Scarface."

Here is a picture that is superb entertainment, raw and vivid drama. The acting is perfect, the story tense and gripping. But above all, the picture made me realize what a great educational force the cinema can be. "Scarface" is more powerful than any editorial, more stirring than any sermon.

It is a sweeping indictment of our inefficient municipal government; of our own indifference and lack of initiative.

Perhaps "Scarface," by its frankness and fearlessness, will aid in stirring the law abiding element out of its apathy, and into action against the sinister menace of organized crime.

Mrs. Constance Cielska,
Baltimore, Md.

$1.00 LETTER

"How shall I decorate my sun-parlor?" Mrs. Newlywed asks herself. And then exclaims, "Oh, yes! Mrs. Jones said there was the loveliest sun-parlor in the movie, *Today's Love.* I'll go to it today, and I'm sure I'll get a lot of smart ideas."

Perhaps no such bit of dialogue as this ever occurred, but it might well have. Many persons I know copy ideas for furnishing their houses from motion pictures. Some do it unconsciously, and others deliberately. I know, for myself, I decorated my whole den after models seen in various screen productions. Sometimes I'm a little doubtful of my own judgment in such matters, but when I see something on the movies, I know it's precisely right.

Work well done deserves commendation, so I wish to take this opportunity to toss a bouquet to the men behind the scenes who decorate the sets. They're artists, first, last and always—just as much as the stars who generally get all the roses.

R. S. Gibbs,
Moscow, Idaho.

$1.00 LETTER

Did you know that the attempt to exploit the sex angle of "Tarzan" barred the picture for many a youngster who would have revelled in it? I know of five families who refused to permit their children to see it because of the catch-lines: "Lord of the jungle—he had never seen a white woman before—A giant white man, he seized what he wanted—and he wanted her for his mate."

Even the great war epic, "All Quiet", didn't escape the hotter'n hot fripperies: "A tender girl left in the path of conquest! A youth made a cog in a brutal machine! Who left them to this fate? Whose was the greatest sin?" If I remember correctly, this wasn't the all-important point of "All Quiet."

Kay Francis' "Dangerous Brunette" was chronicled as "The story of a tired business woman and her secret diversion. You will blush out loud" and "not recommended for innocent young girls."

When will the publicity departments learn that sex in advertising doesn't hold lure for the average fan? A touch of reformation in publicity, and occasionally a straight-forward, honest estimate of a picture might fill those empty theater seats.

Kay Matthews,
Seattle, Washington.

$1.00 LETTER

Someone once said that Marie Dressler was ugly. She isn't. She's beautiful. Not with a perfect, flawless, fragile beauty, like a blank white page of paper upon which life has not yet left its marks, but with a real, vital, tempered sort of glow that has its beginning in the depths of her heart, and grows until it is reflected on her face, giving it strength, character, and beauty.

Life has written things there, left little lines and signs for those who look closely to read, signs of heartaches and tragedies and despairs, signs of struggles, both physical and spiritual, and proof that a woman has at last conquered, not been conquered by, life.

Not the aggressive I-have-the-world-by-the-tail-and-I'll swing-it-whichever-way-I-please attitude, but a peaceful sort of complacency, content to take life as it comes, each day a shining jewel of varied colors and possibilities. And when the days are strung into years, and the years into a life, it is a complete and perfect thing of wondrous beauty, setting a shining example at which others may look and marvel and profit by, and then go and do likewise.

Hazel Dell North,
Fort Dodge, Iowa.

$1.00 LETTER

I am a young writer trying to be a success, but it is hard climbing for a beginner. Probably I would have given up long ago if it were not for those life stories in Movie Mirror. Stories that tell of weary trotting from studio to studio, with nothing to sustain the trotters except their stout hearts and high courage.

Here's an example: A week ago I was especially depressed because the postman brought four rejected manuscripts. I happened to read Edna May Oliver's life story in May Movie Mirror and the thing that caught my eye was this quotation:

"Believe in yourself. Know that you can deliver the goods and you'll deliver them in the end, sure as fate."

Only someone who ever felt so up against it as I did knows what a silver lining in a black cloud that was to me. She delivered her goods to an appreciative world; surely I could do the same.

So I'm keeping on, and whenever the odds seem against me, I'll get out a copy of Movie Mirror and read of the struggles of Wallace Beery, Clark Gable and others, and borrow some of their unquenchable courage to get to the top.

Teresa Vondenberg,
Tiffin, Ohio.

$1.00 LETTER

In picking out clothes for the poor working girl to wear, it seems that the director goes from one extreme to another. Take, for instance, the evening gown worn by Mary Astor in "White Shoulders". Where on earth would any girl, out of work for six months, ever get such a beautiful gown? On the other hand, where would any girl, out of work for six months, ever find such a hat and a pair of shoes as Marian Marsh wore in "Beauty and the Boss"? I admit, the pictures would have been ruined if Mary Astor had worn an old out-of-date gown, but need it be so expensive looking? Marian Marsh could have worn a hat and a pair of shoes that belong to *this* generation anyhow. Why aren't these girls dressed to suit their parts?

Frances Alexander,
Corpus Christi, Texas.

Janet Gaynor and Sophistication

When I read in your August edition of Movie Mirror that Janet Gaynor was going sophisticated I decided to quit the movies. I mean that the public is getting sick and tired of glamour and sophistication, and Janet Gaynor's sweet pictures spelled "relief" to all fans. Now, you say, she is becoming a sophisticate. Please, producer or director or whoever's responsible, stop her *before it is too late.*

Mrs. L. M. Outlaw,
Brooklyn, N. Y.

I have just gotten my August issue of Movie Mirror and find a new Janet Gaynor. Janet, with short hair, ready for a sophisticated rôle in her next picture.

But, thank goodness, short hair or assumed airs can't change that sweet and innocent expression. She still does

(Continued on page 67)

ISN'T this enough to make a Greek god whirl in his grave? Doesn't this explain why Malibu is such a popular spot with the cinema ladies? Turn back to Page 55 and look at Tarzan Weissmuller and then look at this and start your own arguments. Joel McCrea won't care. He's got such a keen sense of humor he calls himself "Joel, the dog-faced boy." He wears a costume even briefer than this in "The Bird of Paradise" and does he score a hit! Zowie!

MOVIE STARS, HOUSEWIVES ALIKE... MARVEL AT CLOPAY 10¢ WINDOW SHADES

"For 10c? ...that beautiful window shade?"

...exclaimed

JUNE COLLYER

"You mean to tell me that window shade costs only 10c?"

...marveled

MAE CLARKE

"10c for that window shade? ...It seems incredible!"

...said

LAURA LAPLANTE

"Only 10c for that window shade? Amazing!"

...said

LILA LEE

"Yes, only 10c for this window shade."

...we assured

JEAN HARLOW

"10c for that window shade... why, you must be wrong!"

...said

IRENE RICH

Think of it! Window shades you can use proudly in any room, for 10c each! No wonder movie stars marveled when they saw CLOPAY Shades—and no wonder millions of housewives have eagerly purchased them.

CLOPAY Shades look expensive at your windows—and actually outwear shades costing five to ten times as much. The patented CLOPAY fibre fabric doesn't fade, doesn't "pinhole", doesn't crack, doesn't fray. Made in such a wide range of colors and patterns you can get decorative effects impossible with other shades. New fall patterns are now on display in the stores. Be sure to see them.

At 5c and 10c stores and 5c to $1.00 stores everywhere, 10c each. Attached in a jiffy to your old rollers without tacks or tools. In Canada, 15c.

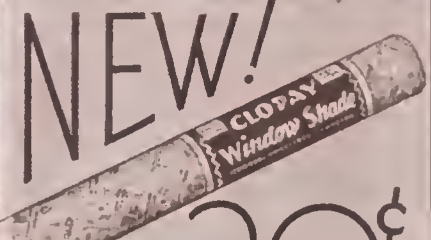
CLOPAY

Bridge Table Covers

The perfect playing surface! Cards can't stick or skid on the grained CLOPAY surface. Tight-fitting elastic corners. No tapes to tie. Three colors — French blue and [illegible] green and [illegible]. Another good CLOPAY product.

10¢

NEW!



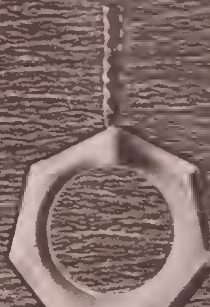
20¢

CLOPAY Shades mounted on standard wood spring rollers, with wood slat brackets, nails and screw eye. Complete for 20c each.

CLOPAY

Window Shade Pulls

Jewel-like shade pulls moulded from Bakelite and Plaskon, with double 10-inch cords. Always look like new. Washable, durable, attractive and modern. No more soiled, unsightly, crocheted shade pulls. 7 colors to match all CLOPAY Shades.



5¢

This background is from an actual photo of a CLOPAY Shade.

CLOPAY WINDOW SHADES

CLOPAY CORPORATION, 1278 YORK ST., CINCINNATI, O.

FIX YOUR HAIR AND FORGET IT

here's a bob pin that lets you forget!

VENIDA
BOB PIN
DOUBLE GRIP
PREVENTS SLIPPING
40 PINS
10¢

VENIDA DOUBLE-GRIP

40 BOB PINS ON EACH CARD for 10c

Exquisitely groomed hair—hair that stays just as you arranged it for as long as you want it to stay there—that's your assurance with Venida Double-Grips! For this new type of bob pin has an exclusive, patented DOUBLE CRIMP which can't slip. It is made of the finest watch-spring steel — that's why it's extra resilient and lasts longer. So, for perfect hair grooming, do as stars of the stage and screen do . . . arrange your hair with Venida Double-Grips—then forget all about it!

Venida Double-Grip Bob Pins
Featured by all good drug, department, and syndicate stores.

"Venida rules the waves"

VENIDA

Each 10¢

WAVESET • BOB PINS • HAIR NETS

Remember — Venida Rules the Waves!

The Crash

(*Continued from page* 53)

"Well, I'm glad the market is going to stay up. What do you think I should invest in now?"

He stamped out his cigarette in a little jade ash-tray. "It is not my custom to do something for nothing, so I shan't tell you."

"You're very generous, Jack!" said Linda, as Hodge, listening intently, leaned forward to remove a plate.

Indeed, Hodge wasted no time in dashing into the pantry and announcing, as he bumped into Celeste, that Mr. Fair had just given Madame another tip on the market. "I didn't hear what it was. You've got to listen, Celeste, upstairs tonight."

Celeste giggled excitedly. The Irish cook poked her head out from the kitchen. "It's Mr. Fair, is it? Sure and I never thought Mr. Gault would be 'avin' him here after all the talk about him and the Missus."

"Never mind the talk, Henratty," Hodge said. "You needn't worry about your margin. Hang on."

BUT Linda did not share the servants' optimism when, the party over, she faced herself in her mirror. The green Lanvin gown, the pearls, the diamond bracelets looked beautiful with her blond hair and hazel eyes and slim figure. Yes, she was beautiful. But she had failed.

"I thought you'd wait for me." Geoff entered, reeling.

"I was tired. And bored with the party and the people."

"But not too tired to talk to John Fair, I notice! Not too bored talking to a rich man like that!"

"You're drunk, as usual!" Linda said.

"Well, what did you get out of Fair?"

"Nothing." Indifferently Linda sank down among the lace pillows of her orchid satin chaise longue. "Nothing that would interest you."

"So," said Geoff, leering drunkenly, "your fatal charm is beginning to fail? Well, it couldn't last forever."

Angrily Linda sat up. Angrily her eyes blazed. "You think not? Well, I'll tell you then. It was easy, easy! The market is going up. This recession means nothing—shaking out the little fellows, like you!"

"That's all I want to know," Geoff said. "Buy yourself something tomorrow. You've earned it."

"I have enough jewelry." Linda turned away in shame.

Geoff drew up a chair beside her couch. "What's the matter with us, Linda? We used to be happy when we were poor."

Linda spoke bitterly. "It's these constant tips you make me get. I'm sick with shame."

"And what do you think I am? I wouldn't touch this money except for you. How long could I hold you without it?"

Linda's bitter face softened. "Then you do care—a little?"

"My God, Linda, I adore you." He slipped from his chair and sprawled beside her on the couch.

Outside the door, Celeste smiled, and slipped quietly away, and ran to tell Hodge and the cook about Mr. Fair's tip. "Hold on, the market will go up." Excitedly she picked up the phone.

"Arthur, Arthur, the market—it goes up. Buy all you can on margin. Oh, Arthur, *mon cher,* it is our chance, so we can marry."

But the market did not go up. For days, for weeks, for months, it fell, and fell, and fell. Frenzied traders shouted in the stock exchange. Sell, sell, sell. The panic was on. The crash had come.

CELESTE encouraged her poor Arthur. "But it will go up again. Mr. John Fair knows. Can't you borrow more money, Arthur?"

Desperate, Arthur said he would try. Thousands of Arthurs, thousands of Hodges, thousands of Geoffreys were caught in that bursting bubble, frantically raising more margin money.

And Geoff, at the end of one dreadful day, nervously paced the floor of Linda's boudoir. Linda, on a portable massage table, was getting her rub-down from the big Swedish masseuse.

"You don't suppose Fair would have lied to you, Linda?" said Geoff. "You see, because of that tip, I increased my holdings."

"Why should Fair want to do *me* harm?" said Linda coldly.

Geoff shook his head helplessly. "I had an idea—silly, wasn't it?—of coming home and putting my head in your lap. You're very beautiful, Linda. That's why I love you so terribly. You need the things beauty calls for. Well, we'll muddle through, somehow."

But the next day, as Geoff sat in his library, watching the ticker, watching prices go down and down and down, it seemed no longer possible to muddle through.

"Linda." He called to her as she passed in the hall.

"I'm late, Geoff. An appointment." She frowned.

"Forget that. I'm in trouble. You must get hold of Fair."

"What for?" she said icily. "Another tip?"

"I'm through with tips. I need a loan. Two hundred and fifty thousand."

"From John Fair? You're insane! Go to your bank."

"The bank won't lend me any more."

"I won't crawl to John Fair again."

"All right! In an hour, I'll be sold out. Clean. Know what that means? This house goes. The servants. The cars. Everything. You're afraid of poverty. Well, it's here. Only John Fair can save you." He turned away. "It's up to you."

Linda's voice shook. She protested it was just a threat. It must be a threat. But at last she said, beaten, "Very well. What security shall I offer?"

"None." Geoff whispered in shame. "Just—your charm."

"I see!" said Linda, and went out, and bitterly got into her car—perhaps next week there would be no car—and drove to John Fair's office. But Fair was not there. She drove to his house.

"He's gone to Europe, Madame," his butler admitted finally, when questioned.

NUMB with this new disaster, Linda at last came home. Geoff greeted her, sprawled in a chair, drunkenly, an empty whiskey bottle beside him.

"Well?" said Geoff. "Well? What did your lover say?"

"You think that?" Her hand reached out, and struck him. "You fool, you! You fool!"

Geoff took her hand, contritely. "It doesn't matter," he said. "Nothing matters. I was sold out at two o'clock."

"We'll have to get a small apartment," Geoff said. "One maid, perhaps. Sell the furniture."

"I can't, Geoff." Linda looked about at the familiar things in her boudoir. "I can't bear to see all my lovely things sold."

"There's nothing else to do," said Geoff.

"Perhaps, if I had time to get used to it—would it be too terrible if I hid out for awhile? Couldn't I go some place?"

"Run away?" said Geoff, unbelieving. "Where?"

"Europe? No, Europe's too far. Bermuda. That would do. And when you made some more money I could come right home."

"All right," said Geoff, still unbelieving. "I can manage to raise the money somehow."

And so, with a five thousand dollar letter of credit, Linda sailed, with Celeste, to Bermuda. "How long," she asked Geoff at the boat, "must this five thousand last?" Five thousand indeed!

"Better make it last a year," said Geoff. "I have to keep something to play with, if I'm ever to get back on my feet. Will you write often, Linda?" His voice was wistful.

"Oh no, my sweet. You know I never write letters." She caught sight suddenly of his cuff links, funny old-fashioned gold ones that had been his father's. "Geoff, where are your star sapphires? Geoff, you didn't—" But the final whistle blew, and Geoff kissed her good-bye.

Life stood still in Bermuda. Detached from the world, with its quaint old houses, its palm trees and bougainvillaea, its wealth of flowers, Bermuda made her feel inanimate, in a series of static days in which nothing ever happened.

Sipping a lonely cocktail, she fed flower petals from her little boutonniere to Pete, the turtle, the bar's mascot.

"Pete," she said, "did you ever tell a lie that made a lot of trouble for everybody?" Her voice was gentle, sad.

The days went by, leisurely, calmly. Linda in her beautiful clothes strolled about, and drank and drank, and paid her fabulous hotel bills, and watched her money dwindle.

She sent a cablegram to Geoff: "How much longer?"

And the answer came: "Indefinitely. Love, Geoff."

"Celeste," she said, "we must find a cheaper place to live."

The room Celeste found for her was in a "select" boarding house. Mrs. Hazeltine, the proprietor, kept only three other boarders.

"It's a horrible place," said Linda. She took her jewels out of their case, looked at them. She couldn't bear to sell them. She moved into the boarding house.

She sat in her new room and cried. "Bring me a high-ball, Celeste. I can't bear this."

But at last she got up and put on a lovely blue satin evening gown, and went downstairs to dinner.

The young Englishman rose and bowed. The two old ladies, in Queen Victoria clothes, looked up, and saw her Paris evening gown, and stared.

"I trust you are enjoying our Bermuda weather, Mrs. Gault," said Mrs. Hazeltine, as Linda dubiously helped herself to unappetizing roast mutton.

"Sufficiently, thank you." Unhappily Linda attacked her dinner. The old ladies gossiped together. The young Englishman, Ronald Sanderson, said nothing. He was dark, bronzed by the sun, and wore a mustache. He was very handsome, and because he was very handsome, Linda was annoyed that he said nothing.

He continued to say nothing for days, while she wandered about the grounds, and sat in the really lovely garden, and ordered high-balls continuously.

She sat looking at the stars one evening, seated in a steamer chair in the garden, sipping a high-ball. Mr. Sanderson quietly smoked in a chair nearby.

"Why don't you ever talk to me?" said Linda abruptly.

"Why don't you ever stop drinking?" said Mr. Sanderson.

"I'll stop drinking if you'll start talking," said Linda.

He left his chair and, without enthusiasm, sat beside her.

"Are you shy or something?" Linda said.

"No, I'm afraid. Afraid of beautiful women."

"How difficult for you! The world is full of them."

"Not my world," said Ronnie Sanderson. "I've a ranch in Australia. We never see a woman from one month to another."

"Tell me about it. And yourself," Linda said.

"Nothing to tell, really." But he told her. After the war, like many Englishmen, he was broke, so he migrated to Australia to raise sheep.

"Raising sheep! So that's what one does when one goes broke! I'm broke too," Linda said.

"And traveling with a maid? And with those clothes?" Ronnie regarded her white taffeta frock and its accompanying jacket, black with white dots, so unmistakably labelled "Paris." "I can't help noticing your clothes," he laughed. "They're all that keep our old ladies alive from day to day."

"Oh, my sweet, do you really like them?" said Linda, with her laugh like a caress. "Let's take a walk, and I'll tell you about my being poor, in spite of the maid and the clothes."

And now the days rolled by more pleasantly. They walked together, swam together, lolled on the beach together. No longer did Linda spend her days drinking and drinking. No longer was she bored, inanimate. Life had taken on a new interest, a new glamour, because of Ronnie.

Here's Miss Carol Lee Stuart (and a pretty name that is, too, if you ask us), making her camera début just after leaving old Doc Stork. Mama Sue Carol and Daddy Nick Stuart are doing well, too, thank you

He trailed a streamer of seaweed across her bare back as she lay dozing one day in the sand.

"You brute." But she smiled. "I was asleep. And dreaming."

"Of me?" said Ronnie.

"Partly," said Linda.

"I'll give a shilling if you'll tell me."

"But, my sweet, you can't afford a shilling."

"Can't I? Sheep-raising is more profitable than you think, Linda." He picked up her hand, looked out across the blue water where other islands huddled, with their green trees and white, white houses. "I've been happy here, Linda. A blue sea, a pink beach—and you."

"You've made me happy, too," she said softly.

"And how's it going to end?" He sat up, rigid.

"Oh, the stock market will go up one day. I shall return to New York and the same old round."

"Linda, you're a frivolous woman, but underneath . . . Oh, Linda, your soul could grow in Australia. You'd be happy there with me. It's so different, you couldn't be bored. It's new and strange and crude, but alive! Oh, Linda, I love you so. I could make you love me."

Linda gave him her warm smile. "Australia doesn't tempt me, Ronnie. But you do! I'm not a happy woman, but some day I'll be able to have again the things I need—Paris, Palm Beach, the Lido—"

"And what about you and me?" Ronnie said.

"New York calling Mrs. Gault." Mrs. Hazeltine, the landlady, dashed breathlessly out from the house, with a disapproving stare at the two of them. "Your husband calling, Mrs. Gault."

Was it all right, the operator asked, to reverse the charges? "Twenty-four dollars and seventy-five cents for the first three—"

"All right," said Linda, and Geoff's familiar voice came on the wire. "Linda, darling, I took a last try at the market yesterday. I'm wiped out. Clean."

"Oh, Geoff, how could you be so stupid when it's going down?"

"Linda, you must have some money left. Send me some to tide me over."

"Very well, I will." She saw Ronnie standing in the doorway, listening, anxious. "I'll raise it somehow. But what's to become of me? Do I look out for myself from now on?"

RONNIE turned and walked away. Nor did he come down to dinner, when, dressed especially to charm him, Linda appeared, after a trying afternoon, pawning her jewels, cabling money to Geoff.

"Mr. Sanderson had a tray sent to his room," Mrs. Hazeltine said acidly. "Perhaps he had too much sun!"

But he was quite all right, Ronnie assured her coldly, when, after dinner, she knocked on his door and went into his room.

"You might ask me to sit down," she said.

"I might. But I won't."

She sat down on the bed where he lay reading.

(*Continued on page 78*)

George Brent Discusses Marriage

(*Continued from page* 11)

illusions, very matter-of-fact, completely unimpressed, a little hard-boiled. He is sensitive to people, and knows, the minute they come in the room, what kind of people they are, but he admits being shy to the point of paralysis. When he meets people, he can't think of a thing to say.

He has very few friends, and likes to be with as few people at a time as possible. He likes quiet. Before Ruth Chatterton happened to him, he lived in a quiet spot in Toluca Lake with just his valet, and spent his week-ends visiting his two wire-haired puppies at a kennel.

What a perfect foil for Ruth's back-to-the-soil yearnings!

Yet very recently George Brent confided that the reason (besides love) that he wants to marry Chatterton is because she is so cultured, so finished, so sophisticated, so socially accomplished. He loves her because she can speak four languages and preside at an exquisitely correct table and keep the guests in their places with her wit and her supreme poise. These are the things his life now lacks, and the things with which he intends to supply it.

What is going to happen in the Brent-Chatterton household? Will they have supper in pajamas to please Ruth, or will all the glasses and forks be marshalled out nightly for George's benefit?

If Ruth is the good manager George hopes for, there'll be a little of both.

George has one quality that will help more than any other. Almost nothing gets on his nerves. "Not because I have a calm disposition," he said. "I used to have a violent temper. But I have curbed it, until almost nothing can disturb me."

George, whose personality and sudden popularity have both been compared to Clark Gable's, thinks Gable is grand. And he thinks Mrs. Gable is charming.

"I think Clark is in a tough spot, though," he said, "and I believe he would have toppled off his balance immediately in the midst of all this if he hadn't been married."

So maybe Master Brent is just using foresight. There have been rumors already linking his name with the cinema ladies, beautiful Loretta Young, for one. No less a person than Ethel Barrymore asked about him the moment she hit Hollywood. His fan mail is on the increase and the future looks very rosy.

O	L	D	■	H	O	■	H	A	S	■	F	A	R	■	B	S	■	R	U	B
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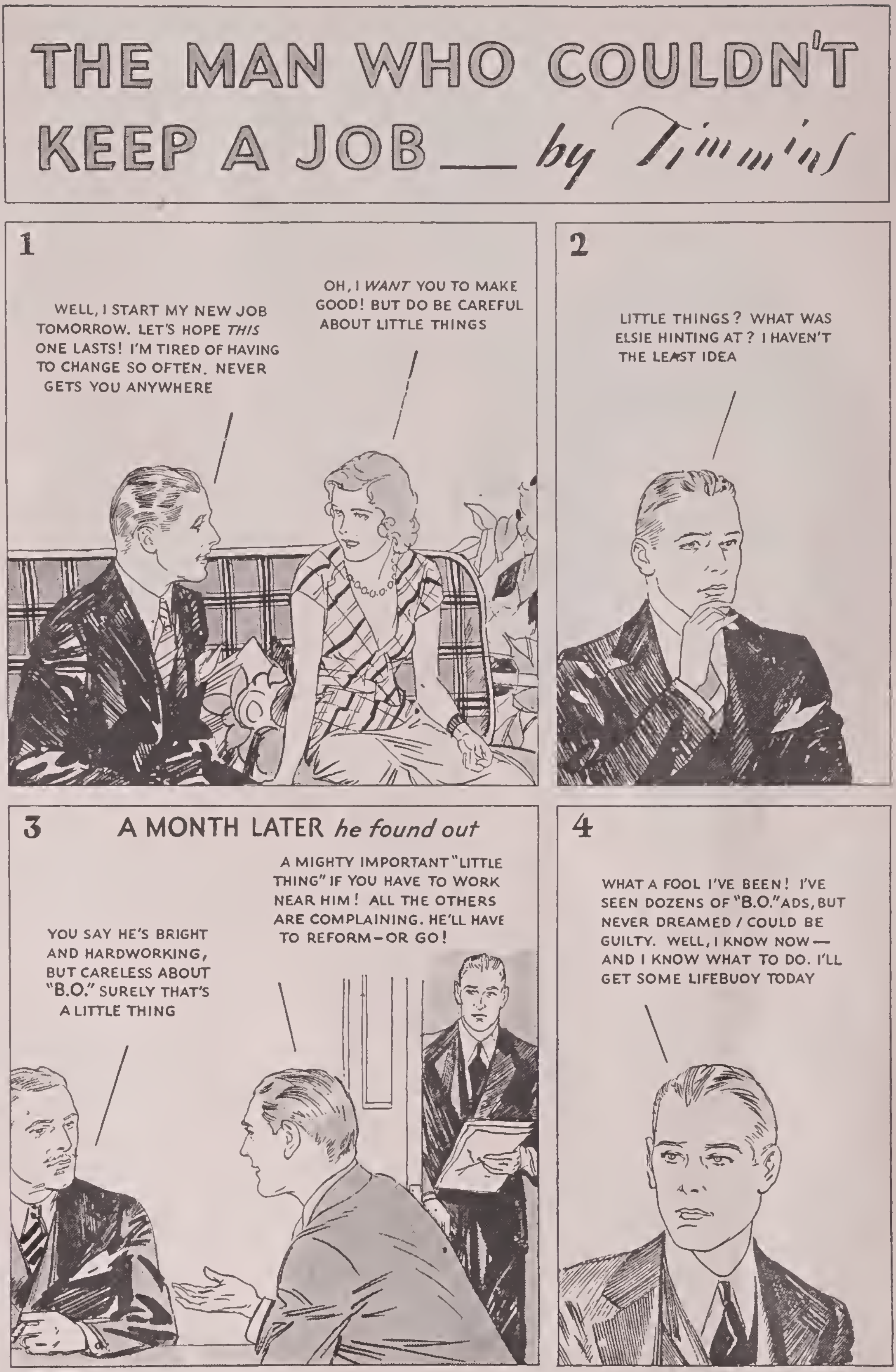
This is the answer to last month's Cross Word Puzzle.


THE MAN WHO COULDN'T KEEP A JOB — by Timmins
1
WELL, I START MY NEW JOB TOMORROW. LET'S HOPE *THIS* ONE LASTS! I'M TIRED OF HAVING TO CHANGE SO OFTEN. NEVER GETS YOU ANYWHERE
OH, I *WANT* YOU TO MAKE GOOD! BUT DO BE CAREFUL ABOUT LITTLE THINGS
2
LITTLE THINGS? WHAT WAS ELSIE HINTING AT? I HAVEN'T THE LEAST IDEA
3 A MONTH LATER *he found out*
YOU SAY HE'S BRIGHT AND HARDWORKING, BUT CARELESS ABOUT "B.O." SURELY THAT'S A LITTLE THING
A MIGHTY IMPORTANT "LITTLE THING" IF YOU HAVE TO WORK NEAR HIM! ALL THE OTHERS ARE COMPLAINING. HE'LL HAVE TO REFORM—OR GO!
4
WHAT A FOOL I'VE BEEN! I'VE SEEN DOZENS OF "B.O." ADS, BUT NEVER DREAMED *I* COULD BE GUILTY. WELL, I KNOW NOW—AND I KNOW WHAT TO DO. I'LL GET SOME LIFEBUOY TODAY

5 NO "B.O." NOW *to spoil his chances*
I'VE BEEN IN MY JOB SIX MONTHS, ELSIE HAD A NICE PROMOTION, TOO. ISN'T IT TIME TO TALK ABOUT A WEDDING?
WHENEVER YOU SAY, DEAR

Don't let "B.O." (body odor) bar your way

PORES are constantly giving off odor-causing waste. Play safe—bathe regularly with Lifebuoy. Its creamy, abundant lather *purifies* pores and removes all trace of "B.O." (*body odor*). Freshens dull complexions. Gets germs off hands—helps safeguard health. Its pleasant, hygienic scent vanishes as you rinse.

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If you don't use Lifebuoy and want to try it, send a clipping of this offer with your name and address to Lever Brothers Co., Dept. 5510 Cambridge, Mass. A full-sized cake will be sent you without cost.
(*This offer good in U.S. and Canada only.*)

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the sleeping beauty
in your eyes

with the
New Maybelline

Deep in your eyes, regardless of their color, shape, or size, is great potential beauty. Dark, long-appearing, luxuriant lashes are needed to bring out this hidden charm—the lure of lovely lashes that may be yours *instantly* with a few simple brush strokes of the New Maybelline. Applied with pure water and the dainty Maybelline brush, its magic touch will transform *your* lashes into the appearance of glossy, dark, curling fringe.

This marvelous preparation gives the very young woman the smart attractiveness she so much desires. And for the woman over thirty-five, it instantly erases at least ten years. Try it!

The New Maybelline eyelash darkener is not a dye. It is absolutely harmless, ideally tearproof, and will not smart the eyes. Its constant use keeps the lashes soft and silky and actually tends to stimulate their growth.

Truly, a real treat will be yours when you discover what the New Maybelline can do to awaken the sleeping beauty in your eyes.

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Maybelline
EYELASH BEAUTIFIER

Purse Size 10c
at 10c Stores

Maybelline

MORE THAN
A MASCARA . . . .

The Crash

(Continued from page 76)

"I won't go until you tell me what's wrong."

"I had to get hold of myself," Ronnie said. "I learned this morning on the beach that I'm flesh and blood, not just stone. I can't be kicked from heaven to hell . . . it's dangerous."

"Then let's talk about Australia," Linda cooed. "It fascinates me. Those miles of sheep. A woman might be happy there, Ronnie, in that strange lonely house with the man she loved."

"That's not true," said Ronnie bitterly. "All you want is money, and safety. This morning you heard your husband is broke. Now you're after me."

"I *am* afraid of poverty," Linda flared up. And told him of her wretched youth when sometimes there was no coal, of her mother, who was a lady, having to take in sewing. "I won't go back to that," she said defiantly. "But I'm not as rotten as you think. I do love you."

Ronnie caught her by the shoulders. "Is that true, Linda? Then you're going to New York. Get a divorce. Come back here and marry me. We'll go to Australia. But it's forever, Linda—you know that! Oh, my dear," he drew her to him. "I love you. I want you."

Her head was on his shoulder. "Me too, Ronnie. Me too."

Three days later Linda was back in New York. Geoff, astonished at her wireless, met her at the boat.

"I want a divorce, Geoff."

His jaw dropped. "You can't mean that?"

"I do mean it. It's not my idea of humor."

Geoff pleaded Hadn't they always been happy? They'd be happy again. Besides, he added, he couldn't give her alimony.

"I don't want alimony. I'm going to get married."

"To a rich man, of course!" Geoff sneered. "John Fair!"

"It's not John Fair. It's an Englishman I met in Bermuda, Ronald Sanderson. He raises sheep in Australia."

Geoff's laughter was bitter. "Linda—and sheep." But though he scoffed and pleaded, she would not change her mind.

THERE was, however, her problem of what to live on. She opened her jewel case. Nothing was left—nothing, except her beloved string of pearls. She took it to a pawnbroker. Forty-five hundred was the most that he would give her.

Discouraged, she returned the pearls to her jewel box. Still, she must have money, even to get a divorce. She went to see her lawyer.

"In New York, you'd have to charge Geoff with infidelity," he told her.

"Oh, Freddie, I couldn't do that to Geoff. How much does it cost to go to Reno?"

And when he told her it would cost about three thousand dollars, she knew that she would have to sell her pearls.

And Celeste, too, the little French maid, was having money troubles. Returning from Bermuda, she found her Arthur in jail.

"Why, Arthur?" She wept, in the visitor's room at the prison.

It was the stock market . . . that tip. He had borrowed all he could. And then he took the money from his firm to get back on his feet. "That tip of Mr. Fair's started all this trouble."

"Oh, my darling," Celeste sobbed. "It is all my fault."

"No, no," Arthur said. "I only wanted to fix it so we could get married. We've waited so long."

"Oh, *mon cher*, how much did you take?"

"Two thousand bucks. It will cost more to get out. But if I return the money, the firm won't press the charges."

"Oh, my darling, I'll get the money somehow," Celeste said.

And that is why, when Linda felt there was no way out but to sell her pearls, she found the jewel case empty.

And though Celeste looked, opening drawers and cupboards, and Linda looked, the pearls were not to be found, so at last Linda said, almost tearfully, "They've been stolen," and phoned for the house detective.

"Oh, no, madame, not the police." Celeste fell to her knees.

"Get up," Linda commanded, and saw the girl's terror, her weeping. "Celeste! Did—did *you* take them?"

CELESTE nodded, and sobbed out the story of Arthur. It was the tip, she wailed, that ruined them all, Arthur, Hodge, Mr. Gault.

Remorsefully Linda was thinking, "I've ruined even Celeste." And she told the detective that there had been some mistake.

"Then Madame will not have me arrested?" Celeste said, gratefully, on her knees when he had gone.

"Of course not," Linda said. "I wonder if I would have done the same for my husband!" She shook her head, ashamed, and got up. "Well, Celeste, the pearls are gone. We have no money. We'll both have to find jobs."

So in the smart shop where for many years she had bought her clothes, she now walked about every day, modelling dresses.

But Geoff was indignant. She joined him in the main salon with its rich rugs and hangings, where he was waiting to take her to lunch.

"I wish you'd chuck this nonsense," he said. "I'm still your husband and it's up to me to support you."

"Now don't start that again! You'll keep it up through lunch, and we've something more important to talk about."

"The divorce?" said Geoff angrily. "Why do you persist in tormenting me about that?"

"I'm not tormenting you. I'm deadly serious."

And it was just then that a salesgirl summoned Linda. Ronnie was waiting in a front booth.

"I couldn't wait to see you," he said, his brown eyes adoring her. "I'm taking you with me tonight. I've got our tickets, to Liverpool first. And then we'll go to Australia."

"But Ronnie, darling, I haven't got my divorce."

"Get it in Paris. Don't get it at all. I don't care."

With shining eyes she looked at him. Her darling, darling Ronnie. "But I have to earn money for my divorce," she insisted.

"If I'm to take care of you the rest of your life, why shouldn't I start now? I've learned, Linda, the only way to manage you is to rush you off your feet . . . that's why the tickets."

The drapes over the entrance to the booth parted. "Linda, dear," Geoff said, "it's one o'clock and if you have to be back by two—"

"Yes, Geoff. . . . This is Mr. Sanderson."

"Oh." Geoff stiffened. "The sheep man." He glared at Ronnie. "I'm afraid your trip here is just a waste of time. You'll please leave my wife alone!"

"I don't intend to," Ronnie said. "What right have you to hold a woman against her will?"

"Let Linda go? I'll die first. She's my wife."

"She'll be mine soon," Ronnie said.

"You're mistaken." Angrily, Geoff stamped out his cigarette. "She doesn't love you. She's pretty. She's spoiled. She's a flirt. You've got to be married to her for years before you understand Linda. I do understand her. A sheepherder! You can't give Linda the things she wants."

"I can give her all she needs, and more later. See here, old chap, you're barking up the wrong tree." He pulled the tickets from his pocket. "Linda and I are sailing tonight."

Dazed, Geoff looked at the tickets. "She's really going?"

"She is," said Ronnie.

Geoff lifted his hand in a pathetic, helpless gesture.

"You win. I didn't think she'd do it. I thought I knew Linda." He picked up his hat. "I had my chance, I guess. Tell her good-bye for me, will you? I—I can't see her now."

But Linda, when she came in with her hat on, was hurt that Geoff should have gone. "Without saying good-bye? That's not like Geoff." Her lips trembled. "Oh, Ronnie, I'm so tired.

"Then think what we've got to look forward to, darling. You've lots to do, if we're to get off tonight. I'll call for you about ten o'clock."

Thoughts of Geoff came crowding in upon her, but she pushed them aside. Here was Ronnie, here was life. She would think no more of Geoffrey.

But Geoff could think only of her. Linda. He couldn't lose Linda. Desperate, hour after hour, he paced the floor, and drank and drank, and tried to think of something, some plan to let him keep Linda. And at last, very drunk, in the late evening, he pushed his way past the butler into John Fair's house.

"I need a loan," he said.

"Would five hundred help?" said Fair, rather puzzled.

"I said a loan, not a hand-out! I'm not asking for myself. I can't be down and out—but I can't lose Linda!"

John stiffened at her name. "Lose Linda?"

"Yes. I've spoiled her, I guess, but it was worth it to me. And now—I haven't

●

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SKIN
INSTANTLY

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Merely dissolve a handful or more of the new Perfumed Linit in your bath — bathe in the usual way, using your favorite soap — and then feel your skin. Soft, smooth and delightfully refreshed.

After a Linit Beauty Bath there is left on the skin a fine coating of powder. This invisible "layer" of Linit makes powdering unnecessary, eliminates "shine" from neck and arms and harmlessly absorbs perspiration without clogging the pores.

Millions of women daily enjoy the Linit Beauty Bath. It is surprising that a beauty bath so luxurious, so effective in immediate results should be so inexpensive.

● *Linit, unscented, in the familiar blue package is on sale at grocers only. The new Perfumed Linit in the green, cellophane-wrapped package is sold by grocery stores, drug and department stores*

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SOFT, SMOOTH SKIN

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LINIT
DELIGHTFULLY PERFUMED FOR THE BATH

9 A.M. Freshness AT 5 P.M.

WITH THIS SIMPLE 5-MINUTE Beauty Treatment

THIS afternoon around 3 o'clock, take a look at your complexion. What does your mirror say? . . . Have you that "early morning" look of fresh, natural beauty? Or is your make-up streaked and blotchy—your nose unpowdered and shiny?

Don't be discouraged. There's an easy way to combat this mid-afternoon let-down. A simple 5-minute beauty treatment which thousands of women have adopted.

Begin tonight. Remove dirt and make-up with OUTDOOR GIRL Liquefying Cleansing Cream. It's far more effective than mere soap and water. Follow with a film of nourishing Olive Oil Cream...*Two minutes*—that's all!

Tomorrow morning spend *three minutes* this way: First, apply OUTDOOR GIRL Skin Freshener to "pep up" your face. Then, for your powder base, smooth on a bit of OUTDOOR GIRL Vanishing Cream. Now a touch of color, using either the Lipstick or Lip-and-Cheek Rouge. Finish with OUTDOOR GIRL *Olive Oil* Face Powder, or with *Lightex*, if your skin is naturally oily.

You'll be amazed to see how *lasting* this make-up is—how smooth and fresh your complexion remains from morning until night.

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any money, and she's getting a divorce. I'm losing her," he kept repeating, drunkenly. "Losing her."

"I'm sorry," Fair said. "I didn't know, you see." He gave Geoff a strange look.

"Of course not! Listen, Fair, I want money." Geoff threw a packet of letters on the table. "Here's security for a loan."

"My letters to your wife! Where did you get them?"

GEOFF held out his hand, horrified at what he had done. "Give them back to me. I didn't mean to do that!"

Fair held them tight. "Did Linda give these to you?"

"Good God, no! She's not rotten like me. I took them from her desk. Give them back to me."

"I'll buy them from you."

"No, no, give them back!"

"They're not yours." Fair's tone was contemptuous. "They're either mine or Linda's. Since they mean something to me, I'll keep them. I'd like you to know that Linda was very angry about these letters; they helped to make the break. Let's see, five letters. How about five thousand apiece for them?"

Geoff sprang up. "No, no. I won't take it."

"I'm afraid you have no choice," Fair said coldly. "We're not gentlemen now. You're selling something you don't own. I'm buying back something I never had." He thrust a check upon Geoff.

And miserably, in shame, Geoff took it. "You'll get this back, every penny," he insisted.

Triumph and shame were mingled in his feelings as he hurried to Linda's hotel. Mrs. Gault, they told him, had already checked out.

And indeed, Linda, at that moment, was sitting in a taxi beside Ronnie on their way to the boat. Hers had been a busy afternoon; quitting her job, packing, getting her passport renewed, taking what money she had from the bank.

"Love me?" Ronnie kissed her, in the darkness of the cab.

"You're exciting anyhow," Linda said.

"Of course you love me. It's the only thing I expect of a wife."

"Yes, my lord," she said with mock meekness Life with Ronnie would be so amusing, she told herself. But why did she keep thinking of Geoff? She looked out the window as they drove through Twenty-Sixth Street. Geoff lived in this street!

"Let me out here," she said suddenly. "I must say good-bye to Geoff."

And over his protests, she stopped the cab, and hurried up the steps of an old-fashioned brownstone house converted into apartments. Flight after flight she climbed, to Geoff's apartment on the top floor. Her heart pounding, she rang the bell.

"Celeste!" she said in astonishment when the door was opened. "What are you doing here?"

"But just this evening Monsieur ordered me to come back," and Celeste was even more astonished. "I thought Monsieur was with Madame. He said he was going to the hotel to get Madame."

"To the hotel?" Bewildered, Linda stepped inside the little apartment. And looked. And gasped. There was her beautiful orchid satin chaise longue, there her dressing table, the chairs from her boudoir, all those things she had loved.

"Monsieur meant them as a surprise for Madame," said Celeste.

"OH, Geoff, this is the sweetest thing you've ever done," Linda said gently. "It makes me want to cry." She put her hand on his arm. "But, Geoff, my dear, you can't hold a woman with a dressing table and chairs."

"I suppose not," said Geoff, forlornly, and then began to plead. "Linda, you don't have to go. I'm on my feet again. I've got some money for a fresh start."

Linda looked at him sharply, struck by his shamed tone.

"Geoff, what have you done?"

"I borrowed it," Geoff said, and dropped his eyes, and turned away, unable to look at her.

"Look at me, Geoff." She lifted his chin in her hands. "You borrowed it? From whom?"

"John Fair." His voice was so low she could scarcely hear him. He took Fair's check from his pocket.

"John Fair doesn't lend money like that. Tonight, Geoff, I've got to know the truth."

Miserably, unable to face her, ashamed, under her questioning, he told her about the letters. "It was his fault we lost everything," he said at last, defiantly, "giving you that phony tip."

"His fault?" Tears streamed down her face. "Oh, Geoff, my dear, my dear. I'm so ashamed. I lied to you, Geoff. I would have told you that day in the library when you were so drunk—but you accused John of being my lover. Oh, Geoff, my dear, my dear, what have I done to you!"

"Never mind, darling, we'll start over. Let's forget."

"Not on that money." She turned to him suddenly. "That's blackmail." She seized the check, moved her fingers, began to tear it up.

"No, no!" Frantically, Geoff seized the check. "It's only a loan, Linda," he pleaded.

LINDA turned, and the tears swam in her eyes, and her shoulders shook with sobs. "Oh, Geoff, what have I done to you? You were always so square. I thought we were different from other people, you and I. But I'm not, and you're not. Oh, my poor, poor Geoff."

Geoff faced her limply, with tormented eyes. "I've failed again, Linda, then," he said.

"Oh, my dear, my dear! I'm the one who has failed. I lied to you. I got you in trouble. I left you when you were in trouble. Because of me, you did this!" She seized the check from him, and quickly, before he could stop her, she tore it into a dozen pieces.

"Oh, Geoff, I've failed you so miserably! But, darling, if you still want me, I'll never fail you again."

She crept into his arms, and buried her head in his shoulder, and cried a little, and kissed him, and said, "Oh, my dear, I'll never leave you again," and her voice was soft with the softness of love. So soft that Ronnie, arriving at the top step in the hallway to tell her it was time to go, stood hesitant in the open doorway, and listened, and saw them kissing and kissing, and quietly went away.

Up and Cummings

(Continued from page 35)

was convinced that she would not. They compromised on a blonde wig and no whitening. When they had finished with her, all that remained of the original "discovery" who had arrived in Hollywood amid so much loud heralding—was her teeth!

After a few days of shooting it became apparent that this new person would not do. They had tinkered too much. The sparkling, vital personality that Sam Goldwyn had seen in her in the first place had disappeared under the too-assiduous grooming. They threw away the film which they had shot and told Connie gently that they would not be needing her for the rest of the picture.

Colman was sympathetic. The veteran of pictures, who knew all about bad breaks and undeserved failure and disappointment, believed in her. Connie was on the point of returning to New York, weary and defeated, when Ronnie introduced her to an agent who persuaded her to make a test for "The Criminal Code."

This time it was the real Connie who was photographed. She chose her own clothes for the test, put on her own make-up, used her own hair, her own voice, her own gestures, and her own walk.

She got the part. The performance she gave won her a long term contract with Columbia.

Today Constance Cummings is one of the most sought-after players in pictures.

She has shrewd judgment of herself—and no illusions. "When I first came out here, I was as fat as a pig," she tells you, ruefully. "Not that I am any sylph, now. But you should have seen me then! I know where my figure is wrong"—she shows you—"and I know that my face is by no means camera-proof. If I have anything, it is a certain personality something—and it comes out in my voice as much as anything. I *can* be photographed. *I know how, now!*"

Her voice, by the way, is surprisingly mature and cultivated. Because Connie is young. Younger than you, who have seen her upon the screen, imagine. That voice and diction indicate study—intelligent, careful, concentrated study—*learning how.* She doesn't boast of her ambitions or her expectations. She goes quietly about getting what she wants, learning her job—and has as much fun as she can along the way. I think that Connie has as much unadulterated fun as anybody I know.

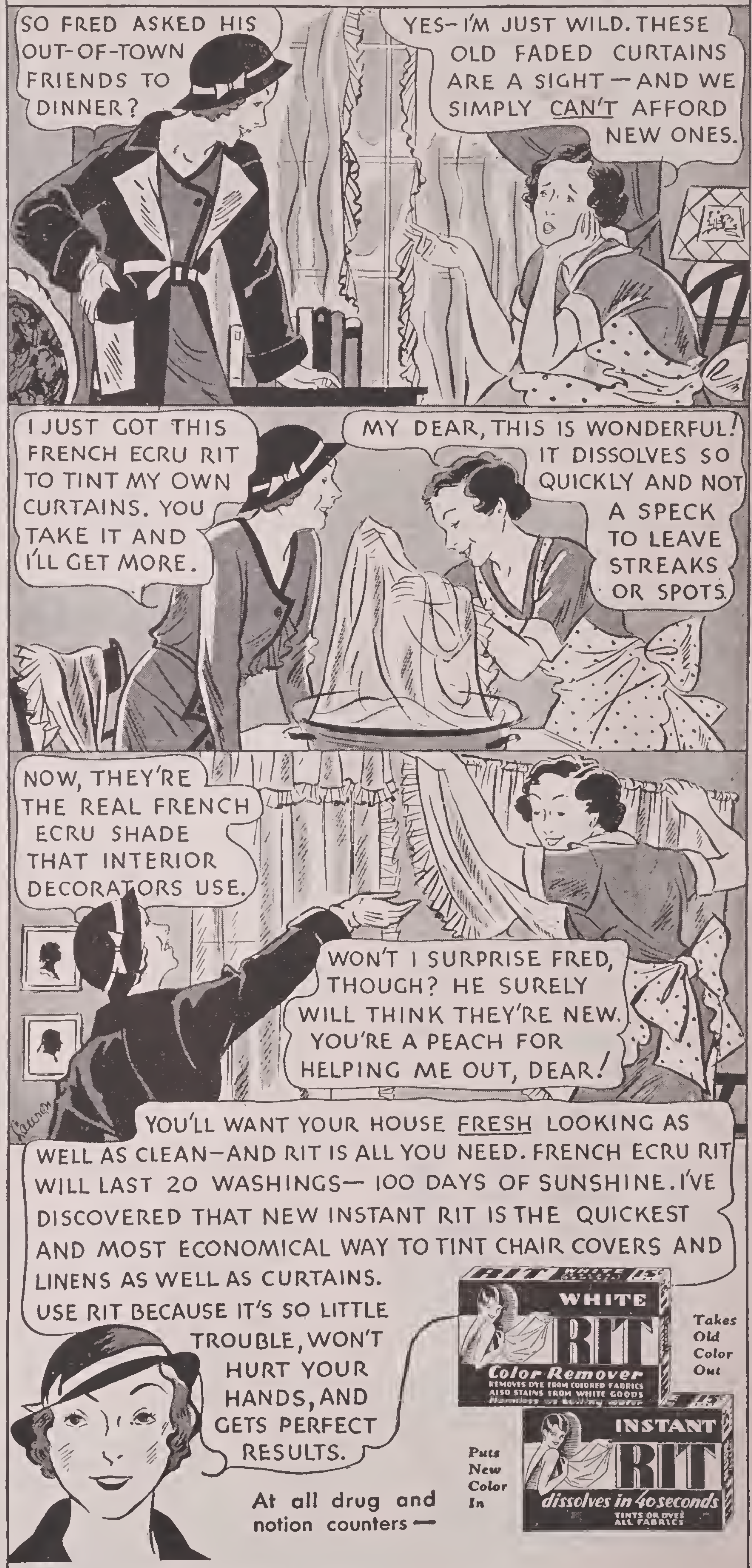
Connie is a West Coast product. She was born in Seattle and moved, when she was ten or twelve, to Coronado. She went to high school there and took part in various school plays.

She has had no notable love affairs since she came to Hollywood, having been pretty much pre-occupied with making pictures.

She lives in an apartment with a very pretty mother, drives an open roadster with the top down, takes tennis lessons without any vast enthusiasm, goes about bareheaded and wearing casual skirts and sweaters—and then startles you by appearing somewhere looking simply *too* elegant in evening clothes.

You'd like her.

A SURPRISE FOR FRED


SO FRED ASKED HIS OUT-OF-TOWN FRIENDS TO DINNER?
YES—I'M JUST WILD. THESE OLD FADED CURTAINS ARE A SIGHT—AND WE SIMPLY CAN'T AFFORD NEW ONES.
I JUST GOT THIS FRENCH ECRU RIT TO TINT MY OWN CURTAINS. YOU TAKE IT AND I'LL GET MORE.
MY DEAR, THIS IS WONDERFUL! IT DISSOLVES SO QUICKLY AND NOT A SPECK TO LEAVE STREAKS OR SPOTS.
NOW, THEY'RE THE REAL FRENCH ECRU SHADE THAT INTERIOR DECORATORS USE.
WON'T I SURPRISE FRED, THOUGH? HE SURELY WILL THINK THEY'RE NEW. YOU'RE A PEACH FOR HELPING ME OUT, DEAR!
YOU'LL WANT YOUR HOUSE FRESH LOOKING AS WELL AS CLEAN—AND RIT IS ALL YOU NEED. FRENCH ECRU RIT WILL LAST 20 WASHINGS—100 DAYS OF SUNSHINE. I'VE DISCOVERED THAT NEW INSTANT RIT IS THE QUICKEST AND MOST ECONOMICAL WAY TO TINT CHAIR COVERS AND LINENS AS WELL AS CURTAINS. USE RIT BECAUSE IT'S SO LITTLE TROUBLE, WON'T HURT YOUR HANDS, AND GETS PERFECT RESULTS.
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☐ White or Gray (Platinum) ☐ Henna ☐ Platinum ☐ Black

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10¢ AT DRUG, DEPARTMENT, AND 5c AND 10c STORES. ALSO OWL AND LIGGETT STORES ON THE PACIFIC COAST.

What's the Matter with Anita Page?

(Continued from page 36)

off the screen. But suddenly I found myself wondering about Anita, asking questions, remembering things, piecing odds and ends together.

For four years Anita Page has been under contract to a studio which is famous for star-building, M-G-M. During her stay there, featured players have come and gone, stars have arisen and stars have fallen. Other ingénues, like Madge Evans and Karen Morley, have shot to fame in a few months. Anita has had four years in which to crash through—yet she never seems quite able to make the grade. A few times, as in "Our Dancing Daughters", "Broadway Melody", and even in the atrocious "War Nurse", she revealed flashes of decided potential ability—but somehow she never seemed to follow through.

Anita seemingly started out with more than any of these youngsters who've shot up since. In the first place consider her beauty—it's definitely the pictorial type. Anita was born to be photographed. That's why you see more publicity stills and more gallery pictures of her in the fan magazines than of many a more prominent player. Editors govern their choice of pictures according to the momentary prominence of a player, but the editor never lived who could resist a new portrait of the delectable Page. She's just so darn decorative that every editor knows she'll dress a magazine up.

Second, consider Anita's sex appeal. She has the type of rounded femininity and soft fluffiness that no man can resist. True, she hasn't the glamour of Garbo or the vitality of Crawford. But for the average man Anita's the girl he'd like to sit with on the sofa.

THIRD, consider Anita's ability. Although she has only revealed it in flashes on the screen, she has great latent dramatic talent. As someone who has watched her closely phrased it, "Anita and Jackie Cooper belong in the same classification—they're natural-born actors." Anita can cry at the drop of a hat. Her face, in spite of its peaches-and-cream prettiness, is surprisingly mobile. A well-known photographer said once that he would rather work with Anita than anyone in pictures because she was so pliable, so responsive to suggestion and had such a natural feeling for posing.

Why, then, with all these natural qualifications, plus not only opportunity at a major studio but four sustained years of opportunity, has Anita never fulfilled her promise?

First of all, I think Anita has lacked driving force, initiative, and sufficient will to succeed. Her father is an electrical engineer and still maintains his little business in the east. If worse came to worse he could always support his family, although without Anita's weekly salary they would have to live considerably more modestly. Had Anita had to face Hollywood alone and unaided, knowing that her very bread and butter depended on her success, the story might have been different. Poverty is often an incentive.

As it was, pictures were more or less of a lark to her. She was movie-struck of course, but she had no very definitely formulated ideas of a career—no goal beyond the mere desire to be a "movie actress". In the back of her head was the idea that it would be a grand way to spend time 'til the right boy came along. Then, of course, she would marry and have a home and babies. There was never any question in her mind but what that would happen.

Then, too, Anita has always been very much of a family girl. During her four years in Hollywood she has lived just as she would have lived in any small town. In fact, she has been much more closely chaperoned and sheltered than the average American high school girl. Most high school girls are allowed to go out to dances or the movies with their boy friends. But not Anita. Until a very short time ago a date with Anita entailed a date with Mr. and Mrs. Pomares also.

This unduly strict supervision of Anita's life by her parents may possibly be explained by an unfortunate incident which attended her arrival in Hollywood. After playing in some independent productions in New York, Anita had been signed by a small company and sent to the coast. Her mother and small brother accompanied her. During the trip across country they discovered that the notorious Harry K. Thaw was on the train, and furthermore, that he was the silent president of the company which had signed Anita. Mrs. Pomares, knowing Thaw's background, was considerably upset. As for Anita, she had never even heard of the man. Naturally, Anita's arrival in Hollywood under the apparent sponsorship of a man like Thaw occasioned considerable gossip, and no amount of explaining could alter Hollywood's interpretation of the episode. Eventually Anita's own obvious youth and innocence gave the lie to the story, but not until it had caused her parents a good deal of heartache.

And so, Anita simply drifted along and took things as they came. She was always willing and eager to do anything that was asked of her. Unquestioningly she accepted any parts that were given to her. She was amiably indefatigable when it came to posing for fashion pictures, publicity stills, or being pleasant to studio visitors. But meanwhile she was doing nothing to improve herself or ready herself for bigger parts.

And there was so much she could have done had she only directed some small part of that energy of hers toward personal development. For one thing, she gave the impression of being too plump—which was a definite handicap. As a matter of fact, the fault was not fat but poor carriage. Her figure was perfect and she was slim for her height. But she needed lessons in both posture and poise. She could also have worked on her voice. But somehow Anita either did not realize the value of these things or was not serious enough about her career to bother with them.

I think the secret of the whole thing lay in Anita's youth. Remember that she was only seventeen when M-G-M bought her contract from the independent company which brought her to Hollywood. Most youngsters mature gradually between the ages of 17 and 21; they grow up day by day. But there are a few who seem to change not at all—who remain children much longer—and then suddenly overnight grow up.

That, I believe, is what has happened to Anita. For four years she seemed not to develop at all. Her potentialities remained potentialities. At 21 she was still promising but immature. Then suddenly in her fifth year in Hollywood she made the leap from adolescence to maturity.

Yes—although few people know it yet, Anita Page has grown up. She is still the same sweet unspoiled young person, but her viewpoint has altered. A year ago she said that if the "right man" came along she would give up the screen without a qualm. Today she says she would not marry a man who asked her to give up her career. Pictures, formerly a gay adventure to her, have now become a serious profession. True, she still wants love and marriage, but she also wants a career and feels she would be unhappy without it. In other words, Anita, after four years in the movies, has just arrived at the mental attitude which sophisticated and self-contained youngsters like Madge Evans and Karen Morley brought to their film careers at the very outset.

ALTHOUGH she still lives at home, Anita now goes out without family chaperonage, like any other modern girl her age. She is still as devoted to her family, still as much of a home girl as ever, but she has begun to gain a consciousness of her own identity apart from them. She is beginning to be aware of herself for the first time not only as the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Pomares, but as Anita Page, individual.

Now, as for M-G-M and its reasons for keeping Anita under contract all this time.

Bear in mind the fact that at regular intervals the studio hands Anita a real part. She goes along for a while playing the love interest in Marie Dressler-Polly Moran comedies—then suddenly you see her in an emotional rôle of real significance. It is almost as if the studio had a definite plan. Is it possible that wise M-G-M officials, aware of Anita's immaturity, have been nursing her along all these years, waiting for her to grow up? Testing her out at regular intervals to see if she is ready for bigger things, waiting till she should develop mentally and emotionally?

Not long ago, in "Night Court," Anita gave a performance that hinted at what we may expect from her in the near future. Perhaps the next test will be the crucial one and you will see the Anita Page for whom M-G-M has waited so long. Don't be surprised if Anita emerges shortly as one of the best emotional actresses on the screen. M-G-M won't be!

In other words the answer to "What's the Matter With Anita Page?" is . . . "Nothing, she's simply growing up."

DO YOU MIND STOPPING IN HERE FOR A MINUTE? I WANT TO SPEAK TO THE MAN WHO SOLD ME MY WASHER
WHAT SOAP SHOULD I USE IN MY NEW WASHING MACHINE? I CAN'T SEEM TO GET RICH SUDS
USE RINSO, MRS FRANK. THE MAKERS OF 40 LEADING WASHERS RECOMMEND IT
I COULD HAVE TOLD YOU THAT! I'VE USED RINSO FOR YEARS. IT GETS CLOTHES MUCH WHITER THAN ORDINARY SOAPS
I'LL CERTAINLY GET SOME RINSO ON MY WAY HOME
NEXT WASHDAY
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1 doily	8 children's dresses
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8 napkins	6 children's underwear
12 pillow cases	14 shirts
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4 table cloths	4 nightgowns
12 towels	7 men's underwear

11 pairs children's stockings

"Besides that I washed down the woodwork, sinks and tubs 3 times and washed dishes 17 times." *Mrs. R. E. Martin*
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MARY ASTOR, R K O Star—Photo by Bachrach

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Please send me one box of d'Or Egg Shampoo and Lemon Rinse. Inclosed find one dime.

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SEND 10c AND THIS COUPON

Five Little Stories of Garbo

(*Continued from page* 18)

of jeans, a sweat-shirt, and an eye-shade, looking like some strange combination of hobo and day-laborer. As the dinner hour drew near, my friend was on edge to see if Garbo was going to keep on the same outfit to meet the woman who was after all, in a way, one of her rivals. Was Greta so sure of her own beauty, of her own supremacy, that she would stick to the blue jeans?

His question was answered. Greta went upstairs, and when she reappeared her face was exquisitely made up, and she was wearing a stunning pair of satin pajamas. She was the Greta Garbo of the screen, very much the grand lady. She was going out to war in full armor.

* * *

THEN there is the little story that, at one blow, reveals her sense of humor again and at the same time throws light on the oft-quoted, "I think I go home now."

It was one evening on the huge sound-stage which nobody was allowed to enter while Garbo was working. The hands of the clock pointed to five o'clock. As you have heard, Greta always went home promptly at five. (Her maid carried a watch on the set, and they had a secret signal, the offer of a powder-puff, which meant 4:55 P. M.) It had been a particularly trying day, with a number of retakes and an extra bunch of camera set-ups, and the crew were tired. They wanted to go home to their warm suppers. But the directors wanted to stay. The boys of the crew focussed their eyes on Garbo. Everything depended upon her.

"Just this one more scene, Miss Garbo," said the director.

Garbo looked around her at the weary, sweaty faces. Around the waiting, hushed circle her beautiful eyes roved—at the grimy overalls, at the mussed hair, at the tired faces. Slowly, she smiled. One boy swears that she winked at him.

"I think I go home now," she said.

And she went. She knew.

* * *

AND now for the story of Mrs. Smith. Mrs. Smith (that isn't her real name) is a lady who lives in Hollywood with her son, a young business man. Middle-aged, sweet, kindly, and motherly, she is beloved by everyone who knows her. She was born on a mid-western farm, and, although she has lived in Hollywood for some years, she knows nothing about pictures. She doesn't even go to picture-shows. Her son, in the course of his business, meets movie people now and then, but Mrs. Smith has never given two thoughts to it. So she was not excited when her son telephoned her from the office one evening, and said, "Mother, an actress friend of mine is coming for dinner this evening. I'll be a little late. Entertain her till I come." In fact, she forgot all about it.

Shortly after six o'clock the doorbell rang. Mrs. Smith went to the door, opened it, and saw standing outside a bedraggled girl, soaked to the skin, with the rain pouring off her hat. "No, we don't want to buy anything," she said, and shut the door.

The bell rang again.

Mrs. Smith opened the door, and the same girl still stood there, looking very chilly and forlorn. "Mrs. Smith?" she said. "I—"

"No, we don't want a thing," said Mrs. Smith. "I told you."

"But I am here for dinner. I come for dinner."

"Oh. Well, come on in. I guess you're all right."

The son came home, and the three of them ate dinner. Afterwards Greta Garbo stretched out on the couch in the living-room, with a well-fed groan. "That's right, you just lie down," said Mrs. Smith maternally. "A girl that's just eaten as much as you did ought to lie down."

Greta nodded, and said nothing. She was happy.

Mrs. Smith surveyed her critically. "Are you in pictures, dear?" she asked.

Greta smiled, and said nothing. She was even happier.

"You ought to be. You're very pretty."

* * *

AND now, comes my favorite story. It deserves a special title of its own. Let's call it, "Greta Garbo's Fishing Trip."

Two elderly ladies living at Santa Monica invited a young man, a friend of theirs, to go fishing with them one morning. When they were all ready, with their rods and tackle prepared, one of the ladies, whom we will call Miss Jones, said, "We'll have to wait a minute. She'll be right over."

"Is someone going with us?" asked the young man. We'll call him Bill.

"A neighbor of ours from up the road."

The neighbor arrived, a plain girl dressed in mannish shoes, jeans, a sweater.

"Hallo, young man, how are you?" asked Greta.

The four of them walked to the wharf and got into the skiff before Bill found his tongue.

Garbo knew what was passing in his mind. With a laugh, she asked him: "Vot do you do vit yourself, yung man?"

He tried to laugh too. "Oh, I go around looking for trouble."

"Gott!" exclaimed Greta in her deep voice, clapping a hand to her forehead. "He loogs for trobble!" Her tone implied that she found more than enough of it without looking for it.

They rowed and rowed, but the fish were not biting. Bill, who had on a pair of swimming-trunks underneath, peeled off his shirt and trousers and dived overboard. Garbo understood perfectly that he was showing off.

As he came to the surface Bill thought he heard a deep voice say, "Vot a beeottiful body! Gott, I could go for him myself!"

From the water, he looked quickly towards the boat.

Garbo was staring innocently at the clouds, the faintest of smiles on her lips.

Movies of the Month

(*Continued from page* 59)

will tell us the name of that college we'll start right back to school.

✓ Hold 'Em Jail (RKO-Radio)

You'll See: *Bert Wheeler, Robert Woolsey, Edna May Oliver, Edgar Kennedy, Robert Armstrong, Rosco Ates.*

It's About: *An enterprising prison "football scout" (and that's something new) railroads Wheeler and Woolsey behind the bars so they may help win the big game for dear, old Bidemore.*

The farewell Wheeler and Woolsey comedy for Radio boasts a novel story, a top notch cast, and rates among the better chuckle offerings of the two comedians.

The big snicker comes with the football game between the two penal institutions, Bidemore and Lynwood. Rosco Ates is the quarterback—now imagine a stuttering quarterback.

Edgar Kennedy, the fellow who has those lovely "side burns," plays the warden. Edna May (sniff) Oliver is his sister, and Betty Grable is the warden's daughter and the "love interest."

✓ Skyscraper Souls (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer)

You'll See: *Warren William, Maureen O'Sullivan, Verree Teasdale, Anita Page, Gregory Ratoff, Norman Foster, Wallace Ford, George Barbier, Hedda Hopper, Jean Hersholt.*

It's About: *A man who lies and steals to build and operate a gigantic skyscraper, and the hundreds of human beings, who work and sin and love in that building.*

There must have been a great idea back of Faith Baldwin's novel. Even in the picture the idea comes through as something unusual, bogged down as it is by irrelevant detail, superfluous characters, and many-sided plot.

The central figure is the shrewd captain of finance who places his building above his God. To keep it in his own hands he plunders his associates through manipulation of the stock market. Unscrupulous in business dealings, he is as heartless in love. He sacrifices the woman who helped carve his career to attempt the seduction of her young secretary.

No less than five separate stories are loosely woven into one, and there you have the chief fault of the picture. There's too much going on.

The story and settings dwarf the players, but keep an eye on Verree Teasdale. Her performance stands out brilliantly.

✓ One Way Passage (Warners)

You'll See: *William Powell, Kay Francis, Warren Hymer, Frank McHugh, Frederick Burton, Herbert Mundin, Aline McMahon, Douglas Gerrard.*

It's About: *A shipboard romance materializes between a man who knows he faces the hangman's noose, and a woman who has been given a few weeks to live.*

Strange triangle play this—a man, a woman and death. Yet, despite the macabre content of this story, "One Way Passage" is one of the most appealing and unusual pictures to exploit the personalities of the suave William Powell and the exotic Kay Francis. Both stars are tremendously sincere.

Most of the action transpires on a liner, plying between Hong Kong and San Francisco. The two condemned ones meet and fall in love. He gives up his chance of escape to stay with her when she has a sudden heart attack.

There is nice balance between the deep drama of the story and some pleasantly light humor.

✓✓ Movie Crazy (Paramount)

You'll See: *Harold Lloyd, Constance Cummings, Kenneth Thompson, Spencer Charters, Louise Closser Hale.*

It's About: *A Merton-like rube from a small town who goes to Hollywood for pictures, and gets into the darndest messes.*

Harold Lloyd pictures are always events of the year, and in "Movie Crazy," the bespectacled comedian has found his best vehicle since "Grandma's Boy."

The story of the small town hick who descends on Hollywood has been done oftener than Lilyan Tashman changes her clothes, but Lloyd has made it seem as fresh as a whiff of salt air. From the opening sequence the picture mounts into such hysterical humor that you wonder how you can laugh any more—and then comes a bigger and better gag. There's nothing but high spots.

The star gives a bang-up performance. His personality has never shone more brightly. Constance Cummings is going to be in line for stardom after this.

You just can't afford to miss this one.

✓ Two Against the World (Warner Brothers)

You'll See: *Constance Bennett, Neil Hamilton, Helen Vinson, Allen Vincent, Gavin Gordon.*

It's About: *A spoiled darling of the upper classes who proves she has sporting blood, taking a nasty rap for her brother and sister. She loses her reputation but gets the man of her choice anyhow.*

Long about the middle of this picture someone discovered that there wasn't much of a plot, and started making up for lost time. You've never seen so much plot thrown in all at once. Prior to that "Two Against the World" is a charmingly casual

(*Continued on page* 87)

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THE BLOOM OF YOUTH

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10¢ ColorShine SHOE DRESSINGS 10¢

Hollywood's Seven Smartest Women

(*Continued from page* 15)

"The girl who works for some sporty lawyer of the ambulance chaser type won't be appreciated if she wears a neat black dress. She has to wear something that spells S-E-X. But if you work for a corporation lawyer of solid standing, he'll want you to wear simple, dignified clothes. In that kind of an office a beige dress with a white collar would be an excellent choice.

"Dress your social position. American women dress to please men. If you're going out with a boy who has a flashy roadster, he'll want you to wear flashy clothes. He'll be ashamed to be seen with you if you're not wearing something flashy—a blazer and a beret perhaps.

"Women on the screen dress their social positions. I've been watching them. Norma Shearer is married to a young, important motion picture executive. Her clothes always make her look important. Lilyan Tashman is married to Edmund Lowe. He always dresses the last word. She wears exactly the kind of last-gaspy dresses that would appeal to him. Gloria Swanson today is married to Michael Farmer, a person of high social standing. If she wore the kind of feathery head-dresses she wore in her DeMille days, she'd be thrown out of fashionable drawing rooms. Instead she looks absolutely lovely. She wears exactly the right kind of clothes for a young matron, both on and off the screen.

"Dress your type. Find out what lines are best suited to you, and then have all your dresses follow those lines. I have four suits of exactly the same kind, differing only in fabric and color.

"Women used to be definite types. Now they've gotten away from types and dress only for occasions. They wear speakeasy dresses to speakeasies and golf dresses for the golf links and boating dresses for boating. What they should do is to get back into types and wear dresses that can be adapted for different occasions. You're still you whether you're going golfing or boating. Why must you wear a different dress for golfing than for boating? Wouldn't the same white linen dress do for both?

"Take the average girl who has a very limited income to spend on clothes. Suppose you have about five dollars a week to spend on your fall and winter wardrobe. You'll probably have one light dress left over from the summer that you can wear with a dark velvet sash to make it look more wintery.

"Then start your winter wardrobe with a dark coat with a good piece of fur, that you can wear over everything. It will cost you about $50.00. Get one black crêpe dress of good quality. Women with limited incomes make the mistake of buying too many changes of dress, all of them rags. If you buy two good dresses, you'll be well dressed six months of the year. Your black crêpe dress should come from a good shop. It should be a versatile dress that you can wear all day to business and for social occasions just by changing the accessories. It should have little turnover sleeves that button trimly. For business you can wear the sleeves down. There should be a waist that acts like a tuck-in, higher for night, lower for the daytime. You'd wear a stiff leather belt for business hours. For dinner you'd change your hat, your hair and your lipstick. You'd wear a bright sash. You'd open up your sleeves and have a little lingerie showing.

"I bet you'll think I'm crazy," said Mrs. Simpson, "but I believe that the girl who has only a few dollars a week to spend on clothes should pay $25.00 for such a dress. That's the only way she can get a dress that's made well.

"Then she should have one other dress, a colored wool, which would also cost her $25.00. Most women think they're well-dressed if they have a lot of changes. They'd look a lot smarter if they wore fewer and better dresses.

"If the limited girl's budget can be stretched a little further, it would be lovely if she could get a velvet for the evening.

"The silhouette of a dress depends upon the fabric. The fabric of an inexpensive dress should be twice as good.

"Girls can learn a lot about smartness from watching the best dressed women of the screen. Hollywood is responsible for more new necklines, more new sleeves and more evening wraps than any other place in the world. Learn to know what is smart by watching the seven smartest women of the screen. Then adapt their clothes to your own needs."

Do you remember her and do you recognize him? She's Norma Talmadge and he's George Jessel. They are playing in vaudeville together and the whispers are that they will be married some day. Meanwhile there are divorces to be arranged and such

More Movies of the Month

(Continued from page 87)

✓ Bird of Paradise (RKO-Radio)

You'll See: *Dolores Del Rio, Joel McCrea, John Halliday, Skeets Gallagher, Creighton Chaney, Bert Roach.*

It's About: *The love between an American boy and a native princess on one of those idyllic South Sea isles.*

Radio paid $375,000 for Richard Walton Tully's famous play, and then wrote an entirely new story. Maybe the title is worth all of that money, for this is the patriarch of South Sea island myths. For two decades it has been a hardy perennial in the theater. By this time practically every studio has filmed it at one time or another, without giving Mr. Tully the slightest credit.

"The Bird of Paradise" reeks of hokum, but it is the sort of hokum that brings countless quarters into the box office. It is enchantingly beautiful from a photographic standpoint, and the love scenes between Dolores Del Rio and Joel McCrea are poetic in the extreme. Here are the perfect screen lovers of the year.

With her beauty of face and figure, Dolores Del Rio is ideally cast as the native girl, and Joel McCrea does his best work to date in pictures. John Halliday, Skeets Gallagher and Bert Roach are excellent. If you don't wink during the picture you will probably see Creighton Chaney in his first screen appearance.

It's a grand show with its haunting musical accompaniment, vivid native dances and tribal ceremonies. Check your credulity with your hat, and you'll really believe that the South Seas are like this.

✓ The Old Dark House (Universal)

You'll See: *Boris Karloff, Melvyn Douglas, Lilian Bond, Gloria Stuart, Charles Laughton.*

It's About: *An old dark house, and you know what that means—thunder storms, weird shadows and mad men.*

Apparently Universal has made up its mind that we're not going to have any more peaceful slumber. That studio has presented "Dracula," "Murders in the Rue Morgue," and "Frankenstein." Now comes "The Old Dark House." Less gruesome than its predecessors, it still has moments when you can feel your toes curl.

There's not a murder in it. There's not even much of a story, which *is* a disadvantage. Brilliant acting saves the day, however.

Boris Karloff plays a scarred, deaf mute butler in a way to scare children from the ages of six to sixty. Eva Moore, without the benefit of crêpe hair and a putty nose, manages to be twice as sinister. Here is a superb character actress.

It all does very nicely as the latest mystery shocker.

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Is Janet Gaynor Facing Disaster?

(*Continued from page* 17)

studio worked together in harmony and good fellowship. She made "The Man Who Came Back," "Daddy Long Legs," "Merely Mary Ann" and "Delicious." Then she went to Europe with her husband for a well-earned rest. Before she left it was agreed that she was to do "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm" on her return. Everything was set. And then Janet came back with a new bee in her bonnet. Or rather the same old bee reborn and buzzing like mad again. She would not, she announced, do "Rebecca." She was tired of ingenuous little girl rôles. She was going to change her type and be sophisticated. As far as anyone has been able to determine, there was only one scene in "Rebecca" to which she had concrete objections. That was a scene in which "Rebecca" climbs through a second story window, revealing a considerable expanse of white panties. Janet confided to a friend that she did not feel she should be asked to play a scene of that type—that she was too old and that it was undignified. Had she told the director or producer, the scene would undoubtedly have been altered to please her. Perhaps she knew that. At any rate she said nothing. She simply did not want to do the picture and that was that. So "Rebecca" was filmed with Marian Nixon in the title rôle.

Meanwhile Janet decided that she *did* want to do "The First Year"—that it would offer her a more sophisticated rôle. The story had been scheduled for Sally Eilers and Jimmy Dunn but Janet demanded it—and got it. She had had her auburn curls cut short in a new and much more severe coiffure. There was a good deal of talk about the new and different Janet Gaynor who would be revealed in "The First Year."

But when the picture came out there was the same old Janet—even to the style of wearing her hair! Apparently when it came to a showdown Janet had again had a change of heart. She must have realized, as she invariably does when her moments of rebellion are over, that she cannot ever really change her type. She is Janet Gaynor, a unique and appealing little figure. To attempt to alter herself would be suicidal. And her fans adore her for what she is. They do not want a "New Janet Gaynor." Incidentally, the abbreviated coiffure proved unbecoming in camera tests. And when actual shooting on the picture began it was necessary to add curls to restore the shapely little Gaynor head to its familiar self. Poor Janet had to go back to the demure long bob softly framing her face, and say goodby to her grown-up haircut. Even that attempt to alter her childish appearance to match her adult aspirations failed.

Now for the time being Janet is at peace again. She is pleased with "The First Year," and she has gotten another rebellion out of her system without fatalities. It is probable that she will do "Tess of the Storm Country" next—a story which is in line with her former dramatic successes—but which offers anything but a sophisticated rôle. At the moment she seems content. But how long will it last? When will the next flare-up come? And will there eventually be an outburst which cannot be smoothed over—which will result in disaster for Janet?

Up in the gossip pages you'll see a picture of Claudette Colbert wearing her new bangs and here, just as we go to press, comes a picture of the girl in her new wig for "The Sign of the Cross". Which way do you like her best? She's pretty beautiful either way

So long as her body and soul continue to be at war Janet is going to be subject to these fits of so-called temperament. She is going to go on tormenting herself with ambitions which can never be realized. Her fiery little spirit is so much stronger than her frail body that she is constantly wearing herself out. She is fanatical about her work and gives every ounce of her strength and intelligence to it. There is in her undoubtedly the stuff of genius but she lacks the physical vehicle—both in appearance and endurance—to carry that genius to its goal. And the result is turmoil, bitter suffering, a constant gruelling struggle against overwhelming odds.

Meanwhile, unable because of her physical limitations to make herself over as Garbo, Shearer and Crawford have done, into an ultra-modern, sophisticated woman of the world, a creature of glamor and sex, she resorts, in her frustration and disappointment, to foolish tactics. She refuses to be interviewed. She refuses to pose for fashion pictures. She refuses to have her name included in symposiums or general stories. And they call her "Garbo Gaynor," confusing her vital, seething, splendidly foolish ambition with conceit and temperament.

It looks like eventual tragedy for Janet unless she realizes once for all that she can never be a Garbo; and that in a different but equally distinctive way, being Gaynor is quite as magnificent an achievement as being Garbo.

Do You Want to Look Sophisticated?

(*Continued from page 61*)

OVER-makeup, and who, instead of looking anywhere near as interesting as Lilyan Tashman, look grotesque instead.

The answer is that, while they OVER-makeup as Tashman does, they don't do it either as judiciously or intelligently as Tashman. They merely lap on a lot of color, lipstick, eyeshadow, mascara and other things without plotting in advance what it is they're trying to achieve. The result is an unco-ordinated mess of makeup that looks terrible.

Now note what it is Tashman does: Lilyan, knowing definitely what she wants to achieve—a worldly, sophisticated appearance—aims every extreme touch at that goal. She goes to the extreme *delicately*, not clumsily. And when she's done, there's an ensemble of extreme touches, the net effect of which is sophistication without any first-look appearance of having been overdone. You don't notice the extreme notes until you take apart the whole. . . .

For instance, you don't notice until you begin to analyze, that Lilyan Tashman affects an extremely long eyebrow line. Look closely when you see her on the screen—or at the point marked by the Arrow 3 on the photograph on page 61—and you'll observe that with eyebrow pencil, Lilyan Tashman *extremizes* her own natural eyebrow-line and carries it 'way out to the hair line! This is certainly an extreme note—and yet, it'd be more noticeable if she did not do it than it is when she does it. Are you any good at visualizing in your imagination?—then picture to yourself this picture of Tashman without the line of the eyebrow carried out to the extreme. Can't you feel the difference?

And now for another of Lilyan's basic beauty-secrets. The most distinctive feature in Tashman's face is her mouth.

Tashman knows it. And makes the most of it—once again, by extremizing.

Look at Arrow 4 on the accompanying photo. It points to her lower lip. If ever a lower lip was extreme, Lilyan Tashman's is. She makes it up deeply, brilliantly, heavily. She lets the color curl 'way down low, actually all out of proportion to her upper lip. It's an extreme touch—and yet, it doesn't hit you in the eye as being offensive. On the other hand, it achieves precisely what Lilyan wishes—another touch of worldliness. That's because, as makeup men and Lil Tashman know, a thick, rich, heavy lower lip gives a definite appearance and effect of ultra-sexiness. And ultra-sexiness, for the most part, is confused with sophistication. It's as simple as that.

Another point about the Tashman mouth makeup: where the great majority of girls make efforts to reduce the apparent size of their mouth, Lilyan does not. She recognizes it as an asset, and instead of making it up small she goes right ahead making it fully as wide as nature meant it to be—and not infrequently, a bit wider.

Now you're probably wondering what those irregular patches marked 1 and 2 are . . . well, that's a big beauty secret that's applicable to *every* girl's face, regardless of whether or not she looks in the remotest degree like Tashman. It's the beauty-makeup-man's secret of How to Make a Full Face Look Thinner, or a Thin Face Looks Fuller. . . .

It's all a matter of the proper location of your face rouge.

Let's take up first the problem of making the full, round, fattish face appear slenderer. We say take that first because the Tashman face is naturally rounder, fuller than it actually appears. The reason is that Tashman knows the secret diagrammed in the line around Area 1—as marked on Lilyan's right cheek (the left side of the picture, as you're looking at it).

The girl who has a round, plump face, and wants to get away from its effect by having her face appear slenderer, should rouge within the area enclosed in 1. Now we don't mean to leave a sharp line, as the line appears on the picture; that's silly. The idea is, apply the rouge in that general area and shape, and *smoothly* merge it in with the white around the edges. A face properly rouged is a face whereon no line of rouge can be discerned.

Now for the girl who wants her thin face to appear rounder and plumper, we've marked Lilyan Tashman's left cheek (the right side as you look at the picture). For this effect, rouge in an almost circular area as indicated by the line around Area 2.

One other point about Lil's getting the effect of sophistication with what nature has given her. That's her hair. Lilyan is a blonde. In Hollywood, there are countless blondes, but you'd never confuse Lilyan with any of them. Lilyan's hairdress is one answer.

Across her forehead and head, the hair has been drawn ever so gently and yet ever so effectively *tighter* than the ordinary hairdress of this type. The wave is definitely tighter, closer to the head. And where, as usual, the hair fluffs at the ears, the fluff is much closer and tighter and *sleeker* than in the ordinary coiffure of this mode. And that sleekness is another factor that adds to the effect of sophistication. And, talking about hair, you'll note that Tashman mascaras her eyelashes with deliberate effect of artificiality—unlike Gaynor, once again to make the point, who has to remain looking simple and un-madeup.

Well, there you have a lot of Tashman beauty-points. Many of them you can apply to yourself, if you want to look sophisticated.

And that leaves one other matter that isn't strictly within our province—but it must be mentioned, because it's definitely a part of her beauty effect. That's the famous Tashman clothes. Like her makeup, they're ultra, they're extreme, they're artificial. She'd never be accused of triteness and ordinariness in clothes. When Tashman appears, you notice her. What's true of her makeup—artificiality, extremes—is true of her attire. And it's the keynote of her personality—SYNTHETIC SOPHISTICATION.

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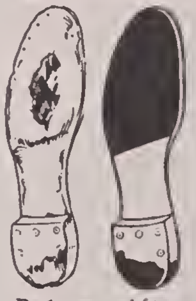

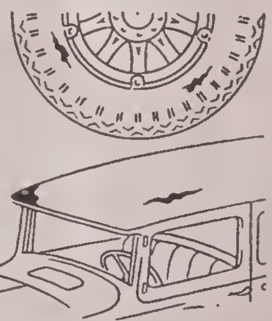

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Westerns!

(*Continued from page* 46)

gorgeous white automobile he owned. When he wanted to put on a show—for a parade, maybe, or visiting firemen from Keokuk, or just for fun—Tom'd strap the saddle on his auto, just like on a broncho, and ride the hood of his auto instead of sitting back in the seat, like plain folks. . . .!

And you can't think of Tom without thinking of Tony, his "wonder horse." Tony's twenty-two years old, now, and the most famous horse in movies. Tony's still with Tom in pictures—just as he was in the very early days of Tom's career.

And Tom swears that Tony knows much more about movies than any supervisor on any lot in Hollywood.

Tom's riding comes naturally. He was born near El Paso, Texas. Indian blood's in his veins, from his mother's side. He learned to ride as a child, from his father, a captain in the cavalry. Never a ranch hand, he nevertheless learned to rope and shoot and while yet a child, joined the circus. So Tom's a show-cowboy, rather than a real ranch cowboy. Perhaps one of his outstanding characteristics is his attitude toward the character he plays—the wild west hero. Tom has ordered that never will he play in any scene that requires him to take a drink of liquor, or in any other way to detract from the sterlingly clean, pure, upright, model character he conceives the western hero to be. That is, on the screen. . . .

NOW, let's see what some of these other today-hoss-opera-stars are like. There's Radio's Tom Keene, for instance, who used to be George Duryea. The cowboys like him, which tells a lot. He doesn't take his wild-westing as spectacularly as Tom Mix, and admits quite frankly that at roping, riding, six-shooting, broncho-busting and such things, he's nowhere near as good as any one of scores of cowhands who work extra for $7.50 a day in hoss operas, and never get their name in titles. He even plays golf, ahem! No, he's no westerner. Tom was born in Sleepy Hollow, New York, but that's the only thing sleepy about him. He worked, as a kid, on a New York farm, and headed west when wanderlust hit him. He did cowpunching in Montana, drove government stages in the Dakotas. Then went back east and tried the stage, where he got his acting training. Now he's combined the two careers. He's 6 feet 2, and can handle his dukes—as many a tough hombre from the ranges can testify!

Hoot Gibson — Ken Maynard — Bob Steele—Tim McCoy—George O'Brien—Buck Jones—these are others whose names are synonymous with western movies. They're as varied in character and type as they are in name and appearance. Others—Johnny Mack Brown, really a southerner, whose southern drawl has been transposed into a wild west setting. John Wayne, a football player who was ballyhooed big as the old west hero of "The Big Trail," and who didn't pan out so well, but who, nevertheless, is going to make some westerns for Warners. Even Bill Boyd (movie Boyd). And don't forget Rex Bell—that's Clara Bow's hubby—who's really got some right to be starred as a western hero, inasmuch as he and Clara own 1200 acres of cattle-crammed land of their own, and know the range racket from the inside out.

Oh, there's lots of them, and there's something interesting to be said about 'em all. Take Bob Steele, who goes in for stunting, and who, in one picture, leaps from the top of a runaway coach into a shallow mountain stream, falls off several horses, is swept off a galloping horse by a low tree branch, is catapulted into a ravine from an overturning buckboard, sinks up to his neck in quicksand and is dragged out with a lariat, has two knockdown and dragout fights with a man fifty pounds heavier than himself, slides down a cactus-covered hillside—and all without using a double! And Ken Maynard, whose career is strangely like Tom Mix's, in that he's Texas-born, and learned his wildwesting not on the ranch, but in the circus and wild-west circles and who now has, as his greatest hobby, airplanes instead of bronchos. Hoot Gibson, who besides being a star of hoss-operas, annually conducts one of the west's biggest rodeos on his ranch at Saugus, California, not far from where Bill Hart lives on that lonely mountain top—and Hoot, like Maynard, likes airplaning. George O'Brien, of the big chest, is the son of an ex-police chief of San Francisco but can ride circles around many a bow-legged ranchhand.

The western picture, today, is due for a great renaissance of popularity, and the western stars are going to reap the benefits—as are that gang of bow-legged, booted, sombreroed fellows who hang around, day in and day out, near the corner of Cahuenga Street and Hollywood Boulevard, in Hollywood. That corner is called "the waterhole," because that's where the cowboys of the film capital congregate and swap yarns, just as they congregate about the waterhole on the ranch.

And a veteran of that group is Silver Harr—that's the only name he's known by—who's played in western movies for many, many years, since the day, far back, when he learned it was easier and more profitable than sticking to cowpunching on the ranges. Harr says there are more good, expert cowboys in Hollywood than in all the rest of the west—for the same reason. They've learned that life in Hollywood is easier and more fun and better paid than on the ranches. And now that the western film is due for a new popularity, they're coming into Hollywood again in droves—back from the ranches and back from the wildwest shows and other fields whither they drifted during the lean years when few westerns were being made. Silver Harr himself (and this *is* irony!) was driven for a while to selling insurance for *automobiles!*

But he's back in movies again. And he has his opinions of western stars and the things they do in western pictures, and all that sort of thing. But he likes it—and as long as you fans out there like it, too—well, who's going to kick?

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Hot Papas for President!

(*Continued from page* 40)

interview. There was a Mickey Mouse picture in town he hadn't seen.

"But you may tell my many admirers," striking a noble posture at the door, with the sunlight bringing his classic profile into relief, "that the air force is still in its infantry."

That other promising young candidate, Eddie Cantor, dividing his time between stump-speaking and starring in Goldwyn's "The Kid From Spain," also has a load to remove from his chest—to say nothing of a political bee in his bonnet.

He insists that outside of the Republicans, Democrats and Independents, the country is overwhelmingly for Cantor.

"Clark Gable is the man I fear most," he said. "If he runs it will be a crooked election. Every woman will vote for him five or six times. Anyway, whether I'm elected or not, I'm beginning right now to insist on a recount."

"I have only one plank in my platform," he said, "and that's a plank steak for every voter."

Probably his most drastic change in the whole affair of administration involves the Inaugural Ball. He'd run it the way he'd run a musical show.

"First I'd break it in at Atlantic City. I'd have rehearsals, give it a real tryout, and if it clicked I'd open it in Washington with my cabinet selling tickets at speculator's prices.

"If the ball went over with a bang and we got good reviews, I'd play it over the circuit. Anyway, I'd keep the Ball rolling for four years, playing one night stands. By that time I'd have to be reelected so I could do something at the White House."

The Marx Brothers don't want to be president at all. They're out electioneering for George M. Cohan, and if he's elected they're going to be his cabinet.

Groucho would be Secretary of State, because he makes such good statements except at the first of the month when no statements are any good.

Harpo would be Secretary of the Exterior, so he would have more room to chase girls.

Chico has spoken for the post of Secretary of the Interior, because he was always interested in surgery.

Zeppo wants to be Secretary of the Ulterior, since it seems to be the most important motive in life.

"We'd open the cabinet more frequently," they say. "Especially the cooking cabinet. We'd foster the eating of cabinet pudding, so we would be on the tip of every tongue."

And the boys are quite willing to take that job of kissing the babies off the president's hands. They'd kiss all girl babies, the minimum age being sixteen.

Jack Oakie is willing to listen to reason and have his name on the ballots if he can wear sweat shirts and dirty white flannels in the White House. He also insists that State dinners be abandoned in favor of strip poker parties.

If all these men aren't elected it won't be their fault. They intend to vote early and often—and for themselves.

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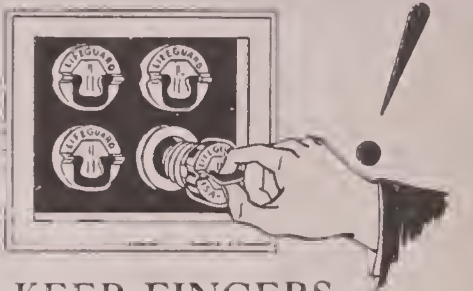

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Inside Stuff

(Continued from page 25)

story of what Tallulah Bankhead said to Gary Cooper over a Santa Barbara luncheon table. Tallulah, you know, yearns and yens for Gary. "Big Coop," on the other hand, has been pretty busy beauing the Countess Frasso. So, there *was* a barb in Tallulah's comment.

"Gary," she remarked, "you look worn to a Frasso."

Woolsey Wants Lovesey

Bert Wheeler and Robert Woolsey have kissed and made up. The two boys will co-star in a picture for Columbia. After that they will go back to Radio where they used to make their giggle-getters.

What do you suppose caused the rift in the lute? Woolsey got *so-o* annoyed because Wheeler always won the gal in the moom pitcher while he was left holding the w. k. sack. Balm will be poured on his injured feelings in the Columbia picture. He'll have a girl of his own. Now you know there is a love urge among comedians as well as Gables.

Norma She Say No

Norma Shearer is saying "huh-uh" to rumors of another blessed event in the family. She said that for quite some time before the arrival of young Irving Thalberg, Jr., but she later changed it to read "uh-huh".

There may not be another heir on the way, but Hollywood is wondering.

The New Find

Distant fields are always greener when the movie nabobs start casting eyes about for new talent. Lilian Harvey will journey from Berlin studios to make pretty faces for Fox. You may catch a preview glimpse of her in "Congress Dances," a German made picture filmed in English. Lil, they do say, will receive $3500 a week.

Finance Note

Besides the Government revealing that Charlie Chaplin was worth nearly eight million dollars, some other choice tid bits were revealed. Garbo's car is assessed at only $220, and Gloria Swanson gets taxed for a harp worth $350. Constance Bennett, rated as the highest paid film star, only gets assessed for $200 worth of furniture in her Malibu Beach house. How *can* Connie live in a house where the furniture is only worth $200?

Early DeMille Maybe

The wife of a prominent Hollywood director was shopping for a wedding present for Jean Harlow and Paul Bern. The salesman brought out an exquisite silver telephone.

"Oh, lovely," she exclaimed, "and tell me, is it an antique?"

Speak for Yourself

(Continued from page 67)

I dare say that there is not one actress in all of Hollywood that could have played the unsympathetic rôle of the red headed woman any more convincingly.

Edna Lewis,
Miami, Fla.

In my opinion there's not *one* beautiful girl in pictures.

Janet Cline,
Staunton, Va.

Everyone will agree with me when I say Joan Crawford is the best actress on the screen.

An Admirer,
Waco, Texas.

"As You Desire Me" is Garbo's masterpiece! She was divine in the first part of it but it was the second part that was so beautiful. In that dress with her hair in a halo round her face it was the sweetness and tenderness of her that struck you. She looked about nineteen.

Jeanne Townsend,
Nutley, N. J.

I saw Greta Garbo in "As You Desire Me" and I think my time was wasted.

Robert Stewart,
Cleburne, Texas.

Protest of a Red Headed Woman

"Is the red headed woman different from other women?—You'll know the answer when you see the picture!" That's the advertisement a local theatre had the audacity to print. And then I saw "Red Headed Woman". With the rest of the red haired women in this country I rise up in righteous indignation. I'm a red headed college sophomore out for a ripping good time. What's more, I possess a grand red headed temper and it's been exploded. Let the platinum Harlow be what she will, but in the name of all that's just don't go broadcasting to the world that all redheads are possessed of such a personality.

Just because such a creature can be produced upon the silver screen successfully, don't think that we of reality are proud to be accused of possessing such eccentricities of character.

Ruth Verhey,
Holland, Mich.

"The Miracle Man"

Two weeks ago I saw my first talkie, and strangely enough, that talkie was "The Miracle Man."

I have been, for a good many years, a cripple—been flat on my back. The doctors gave me up, and in desperation I turned to religion with the result that I can sit up and walk with crutches. So you can imagine how surprised I was when, in the movies, I saw evidence of the same thing to which I was clinging! "The Miracle Man" was just another demonstration of faith's transfiguring power—a power that cures cripples and converts crooks into God-fearing men. No wonder I came out of that theatre feeling richer.

F. K. Beckwith,
Seattle, Wash.

Tips on Talkies

(*Continued from page 60*)

story of two paupers who set out to marry wealthy women. Aubrey Smith lends splendid support. Heather Thatcher and Nora Gregor are the two women in the story. They might be interesting, but unfortunately they are miscast, and the story suffers from this miscasting.

☆

✓✓ **DARK HORSE, THE** (Warners) Probably the gayest political satire that's ever been screened. You'll have a perfectly grand goofy time at this, and after you've seen it you'll probably put Guy Kibbee way at the top of your list of comedians. Not that Warren William and Bette Davis aren't swell; but Guy Kibbee, in a rôle that's a "natural," runs away with the picture. He plays a blundering, dumb political candidate, who makes all the mistakes that a candidate can possibly make. If you miss him in this, you'll be just cheating yourself.

☆

✓ **DEVIL'S LOTTERY** (Fox) You don't like melodrama? Wait! The chances are you'll like this. It's so well cast, so nicely produced, that you won't care whether it's believable or not, it's so exciting. And it contains some of Elissa Landi's best work. Hectic but enjoyable.

☆

✓✓ **DOOMED BATTALION, THE** (Universal) Are you fed up on the usual movie fare? Do you clamor, the way so many people do, for something "different"? If you do, then you owe it to yourself to see this. It's a tale of love and self-sacrifice against war's horrors. But far more important than the story is the scenic beauty and power of the production as a whole. Most of the scenes were filmed in the Alps. For sheer beauty, they rival any picture. Tala Birell, the Universal Garbo, and Luis Trenker, who play the leading rôles, are striking personalities.

☆

✓ **DR. X** (First National) One of the shivery-est thrillers that has ever been transferred to the screen. What's more, it's the first horror picture to be filmed in Technicolor. The story's about a noted doctor who's given 48 hours to solve a series of weird murders. There are splendid performances by Lee Tracy, Fay Wray and Lionel Atwill. "Dr. X" will make your blood run cold, but you'll like it.

☆

FORGOTTEN COMMANDMENTS (Paramount) Paramount's mistake of the season. It thought it could put a great picture together by combining big scenes from Cecil DeMille's silent thriller, "The Ten Commandments," with a picture of modern Russian life; but something went flooey. It introduces Sari Maritza, however, the foreign find with a lot of sex appeal. Given a better picture, she may make a hit.

☆

✓✓ **GRAND HOTEL** (M-G-M) The picture you've been waiting to see. For months you've been reading about its super-super cast—Greta Garbo, Joan Crawford, both Barrymores, Wallace Beery, Jean Hersholt, Lewis Stone and others. It is to the deep credit of the cast, directors and makers of the film, that the picture lives up to everything one would expect of it. Garbo's performance is extraordinary. She seems to live her rôle. Lionel Barrymore also gives a performance of great depth.

☆

✓ **HIGH SPEED** (Columbia) So you thought that Buck Jones could only ride horses, did you? Well, he rides racing autos in this, and how he rides them! You'll be delighted. He plays a speed-loving mechanic who takes his pal's place in a race and gets framed. But in the end does he get the villains who did the dirty work, and does he win the race and does he win the girl? He *does!*

☆

HUDDLE (M-G-M) While Novarro fans have practically been pleading for a romantic talkie-singie with Novarro, the producers have put him in a football rôle. It's inevitable, if you're a Novarro fan, that you'll be annoyed at such miscasting. Novarro does his best. you can see that; but he doesn't seem the type. Not even Ramon's singing a romantic love song in Italian to beautiful Madge Evans can make the picture better than fair entertainment.

☆

✓ **IGLOO** (Universal) One of the most unusual pictures of the year, with a cast of native Eskimos. You'll learn a great deal from this about how the primitive Eskimos live in the land of the Arctic. You'll see their fierce struggle for existence. There is suspense in the scenes showing their escape across breaking ice floes, and there's romance of a different and charming kind. Chee-ak, the native hero, has an appealing smile and a likeable personality. But essentially "Igloo" is an educational picture, and is better than a thousand lessons in geography.

☆

✓ **JEWEL ROBBERY, THE** (Warners) Two scrumptious performances by Kay Francis and William Powell lift this picture above the average. It's fictiony stuff, laid in Vienna, about a suave crook and a beautiful woman who falls in love with him while he's engaged in a big jewel robbery. If you're a sufficiently hot Francis or Powell fan, you won't care about the story's implausibility. It's really a musical comedy without music.

☆

✓✓ **LETTY LYNTON** (M-G-M) Here is vivid, modern entertainment. It brings together Joan Crawford and Robert Montgomery in as fascinating a story as you could ask. Joan plays a modern girl into whose life real love suddenly comes. But her Latin-American lover (superbly played by Nils Asther) threatens to tell all. Joan gives a vivid, dramatic performance. Bob Montgomery is utterly charming.

☆

LOVE IS A RACKET (Warners) About the love life of a gossip columnist. This seems to be the new cycle in pictures. There isn't anything new about the story itself, though the performances of Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Ann Dvorak, and Lee Tracy make the picture fairly entertaining.

☆

✓✓ **MAKE ME A STAR** (Paramount) Here's the talkie remake of "Merton of the Movies." Stuart Erwin makes one swell Merton, grand in the comedy scenes and equally fine when the story approaches tragedy. Joan Blondell, perfectly cast, gains new laurels. The high light of the picture is the scene where Merton's first picture is previewed. And there's a swell ending.

☆

MAN ABOUT TOWN (Fox) With such a cast as this has, Karen Morley, Warner Baxter and Alan Mowbray, it seems a pity that a better story couldn't have been found for their talents. Warner Baxter is a lot of fans' favorite actor. In this he's been cast as a secret service man and made to play out-dated melodrama. He tries his best to save the picture, but the story's beyond saving.

☆

MAN FROM YESTERDAY, THE (Paramount) One of the mysteries of Hollywood is why Claudette Colbert is always put in pictures that are terribly dull. This, for instance, is. It's about a woman who thinks she's a war widow and is ready to fall in love again, when back into the picture comes her husband, and he suffers and she suffers and everybody suffers. Not even the fact that Clive Brook is in the picture can make this entertaining.

☆

✓ **MERRILY WE GO TO HELL** (Paramount) After seeing "Merrily We Go To Hell" you'll be just about ready to swear that Fredric March and Sylvia Sidney are the grandest, swellest, most scrumptious team in the movies. How beautifully they work opposite each other in this! Fredric March, gay and charming; Sylvia Sidney wistful and appealing. The story's about an irresponsible young playboy of a reporter who marries an heiress, and how their marriage almost goes on the rocks while they go merrily to hell. The picture has heart-throbs and comedy. See it.

☆

✓✓ **MIRACLE MAN, THE** (Paramount) A picture that gets away down deep inside you. It was made years ago as a silent. It was great then, and in its talkie revival it's still swell. This Sylvia Sidney gal has something that lifts all her performances into a class above the ordinary. She's great as the lovely crook who needs reforming. John Wray as "The Frog," Ned Sparks, Chester Morris and Hobart Bosworth are all good.

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✓ **MISS PINKERTON** (Warners) Here's excitement for you! Here's mystery! Here's a corking good plot. It's one of those spooky things in which there's murder and danger, and you suspect one person after another. Joan Blondell does swell work. George (not another Gable) Brent is the detective who investigates the murders, and also takes care of the love interest. He's darn likeable. If mystery and romance are your dish, you'll find this picture a splendid combination of both.

☆

✓✓ **MOUTHPIECE, THE** (Warners) This is the story of a great criminal lawyer. It's interesting; it's amusing; it's thrilling. What more do you want? Warren William has his best rôle to date as the lawyer. Little Sidney Fox is the sweet young thing. Aline MacMahon contributes a vivid performance as a hard-boiled gal. And the courtroom scenes are positively grand.

☆

NEW MORALS FOR OLD (M-G-M) In spite of its title, there's nothing new to this picture, and very little to recommend it. It's just another one of those stories about whether the modern generation is going to the dogs and what of it? Robert Young gives a fair performance. Margaret Perry débuts in this, and the part's too much for her. Even Lewis Stone, good old reliable Lew, doesn't shine in his rôle. You can't blame the actors. The picture's very mediocre entertainment.

☆

✓✓ **NIGHT COURT** (M-G-M) "Night Court" was meant to be just another program picture; but it has a vividness about it that makes it more than just another picture. It's the story of a crooked judge who railroads an innocent woman to prison and of her husband's efforts to vindicate her. Walter Huston turns in a superb performance as the judge. Phillips Holmes, at last given that different sort of rôle his fans craved for him, makes the most of it. "Night Court" is worth seeing.

☆

✓✓ **ONE HOUR WITH YOU** (Paramount) When Maurice Chevalier grins in that irresistible way of his, what more is there to be said? You know very well that he's at his best when Jeanette MacDonald is his leading lady and Ernst Lubitsch directs. "One Hour With You" in this case means an hour laden with spicy, sophisticated entertainment, with love scenes and lyrics that steal your heart away.

☆

✓ **RADIO PATROL** (Universal) If you must have super-super epics, the chances are you won't appreciate this. But if you're just an average movie-goer, who likes a good picture whether there are big star names in it or not, you'll find this vastly entertaining. It's the story of two young cops who fall for the same girl. The girl, June Clyde, is charming. Lila Lee, having conquered illness and defeat, comes back in this, giving a fine performance. The men are Robert Armstrong and Russell Hopton.

☆

✓ **RED HEADED WOMAN, THE** (M-G-M) I'm almost afraid to recommend "The Red Headed Woman" because it's *that* naughty. But oh, is it fun! It's the sexiest, fastest-moving, most laughable farce that's been screened in a long time, and nine chances out of ten you'll enjoy it. It isn't at all like the book, which was a serious character study. Instead, it's a whale of a comedy. Jean Harlow is at her best in this. In spite of some excellent support from Chester Morris, Leila Hyams, Una Merkel and a swell cast, the picture's all Jean Harlow's.

☆

✓ **RIDER OF DEATH VALLEY, THE** (Universal) Tom Mix is back in the saddle, and here is his second talkie. If you're a Tom Mix fan, you can be sure you won't be disappointed in this, because both Tom and Tony, his wonder horse, are grand. Lois Wilson is the heroine for love of whom Tom dares all.

☆

RIDING TORNADO, THE (Columbia) A typical wild west show with Tim McCoy sitting a mean saddle. There's some first rate riding in the picture, which'll recommend it to the Western fans. But there's nothing new for those who don't like Westerns.

☆

ROAR OF THE DRAGON (Radio) This picture of the war in China comes a little late. Anyway, it isn't so hot. It has some big thrill scenes, but on the whole it's pretty confused. Gwili Andre débuts in this, and she is stunning, but she lacks fire and needs more camera experience. Richard Dix is fine as a river captain. The picture on the whole is only fair at best.

☆

✓ **SCANDAL FOR SALE** (Universal) He-Man Bickford adds to his laurels in this. He plays a hot news editor who prints the kind of news that makes tabloids and movies. Pat O'Brien is ingratiating, but the picture is Charles Bickford's from start to finish.

☆

✓✓ **SCARFACE** (Caddo) Never mind what you think of gang pictures. This so far tops all the others that you simply have to see it. It's brutal, it's cruel, it's horrible with its picture of violence but so is gangland itself. And there's no sentimentalizing here. This is the picture that brings Paul Muni back to the screen. He's magnificent here. Ann Dvorak and Karen Morley are also grand. If the censors let you, you'll see one of the most powerful pictures ever filmed.

☆

✓ **SKY BRIDE** (Paramount) Dick Arlen and Jack Oakie team up again in an entertaining show, which has some fine air-thrill stuff. Arlen plays a flier who loses his nerve after his buddy cracks up. A girl helps him find it again. Virginia Bruce is the girl.

☆

✓ **SO BIG** (Warners) Remember when Colleen Moore played in this? Now Barbara Stanwyck adds to her screen laurels with this tremendously emotional story. If you're honest in saying you're sick of the screen's crop of gunmen, murderers, sex-inflamed men and women, see this. It's a great story of mother love. Bette Davis plays a small rôle brilliantly. And here's your chance to see George Brent.

☆

✓ **SOCIETY GIRL** (Fox) In this Jimmy Dunn goes James Cagney and does a neat job of it. He plays a prize fighter who falls for a society girl who's just kidding him along. His manager (splendidly played by Spencer Tracy) tries to snap him out of it. Jimmy Dunn and Spencer Tracy give the best performances. Peggy Shannon is the girl. The picture can be recommended for its excellent performances and its swell fight scenes.

☆

✓✓ **STATE'S ATTORNEY** (Radio) If you're a Barrymore fan (John Barrymore, darlings), you'll go for him in a big way in this. He plays this rôle with a lot of zest, dash and humor. The story's not unlike "The Mouthpiece." It isn't as powerful or compelling a picture, but it has more humor, and the romance is better. Some of the dialogue's grand. Helen Twelvetrees gives one of her better performances in this.

☆

✓ **STRANGE CASE OF CLARA DEANE, THE** (Paramount) If you haven't seen "The Sin of Madelon Claudet" you'll probably think this is a swell picture. If you have, you'll like it anyway, but wish that so fine a production as this had been given to a more original story. Wynne Gibson gives a fine performance. Frances Dee's fans will be delighted at the way the girl comes through. Cora Sue Collins, the four-year-old wonder, steals a nice slice of the picture. Take that extra hanky along.

☆

✓ **STRANGE LOVE OF MOLLY LOUVAIN, THE** (Warners) You're going to get a lot more entertainment out of this picture than you expect. You see, there are no big star names to lure you inside, but once you're in, what a grand time you'll have! Ann Dvorak comes through in a big way in this. And Lee Tracy gives as snappy a performance as I've seen in a long time.

☆

THUNDER BELOW (Paramount) If you feel that there's enough tragedy in daily life without going to the movies to see more of it, for heaven's sake, don't go to see this! It's a hopeless triangle tragedy set in the tropics. Tallulah Bankhead, married to Charles Bickford, loves Paul Lukas. Just when she's about to tell her husband the truth, he admits he's going blind. There doesn't seem to be any solution to a triangle like that, but still you'll be startled by the tragic ending. Although the picture has been given a splendid production and you couldn't ask a better cast, it falls short of greatness. You get tired of talk, talk, talk when there's so little action.

TOM BROWN OF CULVER (Universal) Here's a pleasant little picture, absolutely clean, pure and wholesome and I know I ought to like it, but I was only mildly entertained by it. I think the story's too slim, and that there aren't enough thrills to go round. It shows the progress of a young lad through a military academy. Tom Brown is awfully nice as the young lad, and Richard Cromwell is very appealing as his friend. There's nice acting in this picture and you can take the whole family.

☆

TWO SECONDS (Warners) An interesting idea this. What does a man think about in the two seconds before his death in the electric chair? Warners handed this picture to Edward G. Robinson, and let him play the part. The picture's all Robinson. Perhaps too much so, unless you're a confirmed Robinson fan.

☆

✓ **UNASHAMED** (M-G-M) Do you remember the newspaper story where a sister testified against her own brother because he had killed her lover? "Unashamed" is based on those headlines. Helen Twelvetrees rises to great dramatic heights in some of the scenes in this. Lewis Stone and John Miljan are swell as the two opposing attorneys, and Robert Young is very likeable. "Unashamed" is a satisfactory picture, though not great.

☆

✓ **WASHINGTON MASQUERADE, THE** (M-G-M) If you're wild about Lionel Barrymore, you'll think "The Washington Masquerade" is swell stuff in spite of its faults, because it's nearly all Lionel. The trouble with the picture is that there are too many long-winded speeches in it. But Lionel is splendid in some of the scenes, and he'll tear the heart out of you. Karen Morley steals what's left of the picture as a sophisticated, worldly-wise woman.

☆

WESTWARD PASSAGE (Radio) This is the picture which introduces "the new Ann Harding." She wears a permanent wave in this, and plays a supposedly sophisticated divorcée. I'm sorry to say this, but I don't like the new Ann Harding. She seems uncertain of herself. Laurence Olivier plays nicely opposite her, and ZaSu Pitts is grand in a comedy rôle.

☆

✓ **WET PARADE, THE** (M-G-M) "The Wet Parade" is half propaganda, half drama, and as a result it's a good movie rather than a great one. That's true in spite of some fine casting, splendid production, and excellent performances by Lewis Stone, Walter Huston, Dorothy Jordan and Robert Young. Jimmy Durante supplies the humor and how! This gives both sides of the liquor question and the drama is swift and emotionally very moving.

☆

✓✓ **WHAT PRICE HOLLYWOOD?** (RKO-Pathé) Here's a picture you mustn't miss, both because it gives you an amazingly true idea of what Hollywood is like and because Connie Bennett and Lowell Sherman give such brilliant performances. It's the story of how a pretty waitress becomes a great star and of the price she later pays for that stardom. "What Price Hollywood?" is a picture of what really goes on behind the scenes in Cinematown, of its heartbreak and glamour and of what it does to people. Connie Bennett is splendid as the young star, and yet it's Lowell Sherman who steals the picture. He is heart-breaking as a drunken director. Neil Hamilton is charming.

☆

✓ **WHEN A FELLER NEEDS A FRIEND** (M-G-M) Jackie Cooper's acting makes this worth seeing. He's splendid as a little crippled boy who longs to play like other children. Without Jackie Cooper's heart-rending performance, the picture would tend to be a little sugary, but his acting makes you cry and laugh with him. Chic Sale does his usual old man characterization.

☆

✓ **WINNER TAKE ALL** (Warners) Hot stuff, babies, hot stuff. In this Jimmy Cagney plays a tough mugg of a prize fighter who falls for a society frail (Virginia Bruce) when all the time there's a sweet, pure girl who really loves him (Marian Nixon). This picture is right down Jimmy's alley. Maybe it isn't his best picture, but, oh, what a lot of laughs it'll give you!

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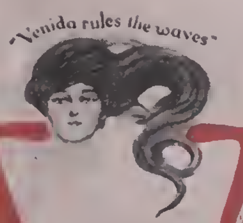

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